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VOLUME XLVII.—NUMBER 279

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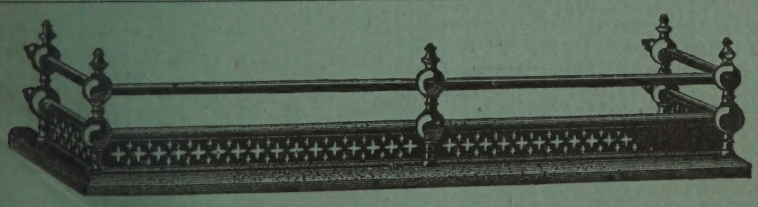

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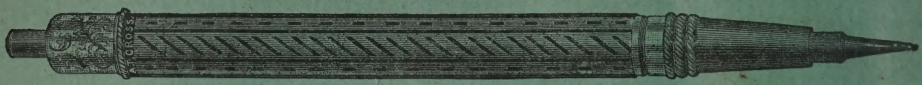

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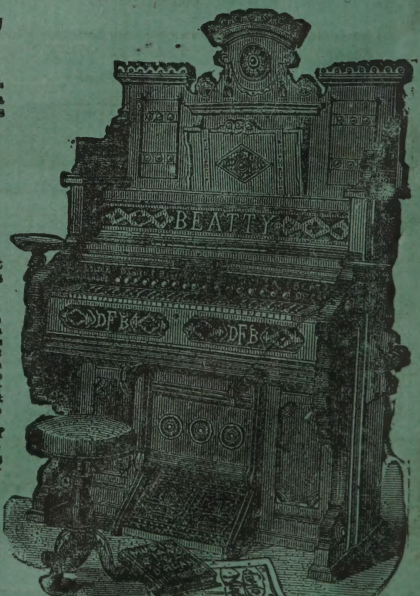

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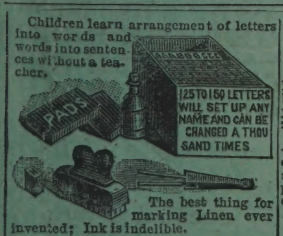

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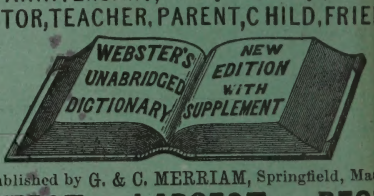

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THE

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THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

XI.

Ralph took a resolve after this not to misinterpret her words, even when Miss Stackpole appeared to strike the personal note most strongly. He bethought himself that persons, in her view, were simple and homogeneous organisms, and that he, for his own part, was too perverted a representative of human nature to have a right to deal with her in strict reciprocity. He carried out his resolve with a great deal of tact, and the young lady found in her relations with him no obstacle to the exercise of that somewhat aggressive frankness which was the social expression of her nature. Her situation at Gardencourt, therefore, appreciated as we have seen her to be by Isabel, and full of appreciation herself of that fine freedom of composition which to her sense rendered Isabel's character a sister spirit, and of the easy venerableness of Mr. Touchett, whose general tone, as she said, met with her full approval, — her situation at Gardencourt would have been perfectly comfortable, had she not conceived an irresistible mistrust of the little lady to whom she had at first supposed herself obliged to pay a certain deference as mistress of the house. But she presently discovered that this obligation was of the lightest, and that Mrs. Touchett cared very little how Miss Stackpole behaved. Mrs. Touchett had spoken of her to Isabel as a "newspaper-woman," and expressed surprise at her niece's having selected such a friend; but she had immediately added that she knew Isabel's friends were her own affair, and that she never undertook to like them all, or to restrict the girl to those she liked.

"If you could see none but the people I like, my dear, you would have a very small society," Mrs. Touchett frankly admitted; "and I don't think I like any man or woman well enough to recommend them to you. When it comes to recommending, it is a serious affair. I don't like Miss Stackpole, — I don't like her tone. She talks too loud, and she looks at one too hard. I am sure she has lived all her life in a boarding-house, and I detest the style of manners that such a way of living produces. If you ask me if I prefer my own manners, which you doubtless think very bad, I will tell you that I prefer them immensely. Miss Stackpole knows that I detest boarding-house civilization, and she detests me for detesting it, because she thinks it is the highest in the world. She would like Gardencourt a great deal better if it were a boarding-house. For me, I find it almost too much of one! We shall never get on together, therefore, and there is no use trying."

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Mrs. Touchett was right in guessing that Henrietta disapproved of her, but she had not quite put her finger on the reason. A day or two after Miss Stackpole's arrival she had made some invidious reflections on American hotels which excited a vein of counter-argument on the part of the correspondent of the Interviewer, who in the exercise of her profession had acquired a large familiarity with the technical hospitality of her country. Henrietta expressed the opinion that American hotels were the best in the world, and Mrs. Touchett recorded a conviction that they were the worst. Ralph, with his experimental geniality, suggested, by way of healing the breach, that the truth lay between the two extremes, and that the establishments in question ought to be described as fair middling. This contribution to the discussion, however, Miss Stackpole rejected with scorn. Middling, indeed! If they were not the best in the world, they were the worst, but there was nothing middling about an American hotel.

"We judge from different points of view, evidently," said Mrs. Touchett. "I like to be treated as an individual; you like to be treated as a 'party.'"

"I don't know what you mean," Henrietta replied. "I like to be treated as an American lady."

"Poor American ladies!" cried Mrs. Touchett, with a laugh. "They are the slaves of slaves."

"They are the companions of freemen," Henrietta rejoined.

"They are the companions of their servants, — the Irish chambermaid and the negro waiter. They share their work."

"Do you call the domestics in an American household 'slaves'?" Miss Stackpole inquired. "If that 's the way you desire to treat them, no wonder you don't like America."

"If you have not good servants, you are miserable," Mrs. Touchett said, serenely. "They are very bad in America, but I have five perfect ones in Florence."

"I don't see what you want with five," Henrietta could not help observing. "I don't think I should like to see five persons surrounding me in that menial position."

"I like them in that position better than in some others," cried Mrs. Touchett, with a laugh.

"Should you like me better if I were your butler, dear?" her husband asked.

"I don't think I should; you would make a very poor butler."

"The companions of freemen, — I like that, Miss Stackpole," said Ralph. "It 's a beautiful description."

"When I said freemen, I did n't mean you, sir!"

And this was the only reward that Ralph got for his compliment. Miss Stackpole was baffled. She evidently thought there was something treasonable in Mrs. Touchett's appreciation of a class which she privately suspected of being a mysterious survival of feudalism. It was perhaps because her mind was oppressed with this image that she suffered some days to elapse before she said to Isabel, in the morning, while they were alone together, —

"My dear friend, I wonder whether you are growing faithless!"

"Faithless? Faithless to you, Henrietta?"

"No, that would be a great pain; but it is not that."

"Faithless to my country, then?"

"Ah, that I hope will never be. When I wrote to you from Liverpool, I said I had something particular to tell you. You have never asked me what it is. Is it because you have suspected?"

"Suspected what? As a rule, I don't think I suspect," said Isabel. "I remember now that phrase in your letter, but I confess I had forgotten it. What have you to tell me?"

Henrietta looked disappointed, and her steady gaze betrayed her.

"You don't ask that right, — as if you thought it important. You are changed, — you are thinking of other things."

"Tell me what you mean, and I will think of that."

"Will you really think of it? That is what I wish to be sure of."

"I have not much control of my thoughts, but I will do my best," said Isabel.

Henrietta gazed at her in silence for a period of time which tried Isabel's patience, so that our heroine said at last, —

"Do you mean that you are going to be married?"

"Not till I have seen Europe!" said Miss Stackpole. "What are you laughing at?" she went on. "What I mean is that Mr. Goodwood came out in the steamer with me."

"Ah!" Isabel exclaimed quickly.

"You say right. I had a good deal of talk with him; he has come after you!"

"Did he tell you so?"

"No, he told me nothing; that 's how I knew it," said Henrietta, cleverly. 'He said very little about you, but I spoke of you a good deal."

Isabel was silent a moment. At the mention of Mr. Goodwood's name she had colored a little, and now her blush was slowly fading.

"I am very sorry you did that," she observed at last.

"It was a pleasure to me, and I liked the way he listened. I could have talked a long time to such a listener; he was so quiet, so intense; he drank it all in."

"What did you say about me?" Isabel asked.

"I said you were on the whole the finest creature I know."

"I am very sorry for that. He thinks too well of me already; he ought not to be encouraged."

"He is dying for a little encouragement. I see his face now, and his earnest, absorbed look while I talked. I never saw an ugly man look so handsome!"

"He is very simple-minded," said Isabel. "And he is not so ugly."

"There is nothing so simple as a great passion."

"It is not a great passion; I am very sure it is not that."

"You don't say that as if you were sure."

Isabel gave rather a cold smile.

"I shall say it better to Mr. Goodwood himself!"

"He will soon give you a chance," said Henrietta.

Isabel offered no answer to this assertion, which her companion made with an air of great confidence.

"He will find you changed," the latter pursued. "You have been affected by your new surroundings."

"Very likely. I am affected by everything."

"By everything but Mr. Goodwood!" Miss Stackpole exclaimed, with a laugh.

Isabel failed even to smile in reply; and in a moment she said, —

"Did he ask you to speak to me?"

"Not in so many words. But his eyes asked it, — and his hand-shake, when he bade me good-by."

"Thank you for doing so." And Isabel turned away.

"Yes, you are changed; you have got new ideas over here," her friend continued.

"I hope so," said Isabel; "one should get as many new ideas as possible."

"Yes, but they should n't interfere with the old ones."

Isabel turned about again. "If you mean that I had any idea with regard to Mr. Goodwood" — And then she paused; Henrietta's bright eyes seemed to her to grow enormous.

"My dear child, you certainly encouraged him," said Miss Stackpole.

Isabel appeared for the moment to be on the point of denying this charge, but instead of this she presently answered, "It is very true; I did encourage him." And then she inquired whether her companion had learned from Mr. Goodwood what he intended to do. This inquiry was a concession to curiosity, for she did not enjoy discussing the gentleman with Henrietta Stackpole, and she thought that in her treatment of the subject this faithful friend lacked delicacy.

"I asked him, and he said he meant to do nothing," Miss Stackpole answered. "But I don't believe that; he 's not a man to do nothing. He is a man of action. Whatever happens to him, he will always do something, and whatever he does will be right."

"I quite believe that," said Isabel. Henrietta might be wanting in delicacy; but it touched the girl, all the same, to hear this rich assertion made.

"Ah, you *do* care for him," Henrietta murmured.

"Whatever he does will be right," Isabel repeated. "When a man is of that supernatural mould, what does it matter to him whether one cares for him?"

"It may not matter to him, but it matters to some one's self."

"Ah, what it matters to me, that is not what we are discussing," said Isabel, smiling a little.

This time her companion was grave. "Well, I don't care; you have changed," she replied. "You are not the girl you were a few short weeks ago, and Mr. Goodwood will see it. I expect him here any day."

"I hope he will hate me, then," said Isabel.

"I believe that you hope it about as much as I believe that he is capable of it!"

To this observation our heroine made no rejoinder; she was absorbed in the feeling of alarm given her by Henrietta's intimation that Caspar Goodwood would present himself at Gardencourt. Alarm is perhaps a violent term to apply to the uneasiness with which she regarded this contingency; but her uneasiness was keen, and there were various good reasons for it. She pretended to herself that she thought the event impossible, and, later, she communicated her disbelief to her friend; but for the next forty-eight hours, nevertheless, she stood prepared to hear the young man's name announced. The feeling was oppressive; it made the air sultry, as if there were to be a change of weather; and the weather, socially speaking, had been so agreeable during Isabel's stay at Gardencourt that any change would be for the worse. Her suspense, however, was dissipated on the second day. She had walked into the park, in company with the sociable Bunchie, and after strolling about for some time, in a manner at once listless and restless, had seated herself on a garden bench, within sight of the house, beneath a spreading beech, where, in a white dress ornamented with black ribbons, she formed, among the flickering shadows, a very graceful and harmonious image. She entertained herself for some moments with talking to the little terrier, as to whom the proposal of an ownership divided with her cousin had been applied as impartially as possible, — as impartially as Bunchie's own somewhat fickle and inconstant sympathies would allow. But she was notified for the first time, on this occasion, of the finite character of Bunchie's intellect; hitherto she had been mainly struck with its extent. It seemed to her at last that she would do well to take a book; formerly, when she felt heavy-hearted, she had been able, with the help of some well-chosen volume, to transfer the seat of consciousness to the organ of pure reason. Of late, however, it was not to be denied, literature had a less absorbing force, and even after she had re-

minded herself that her uncle's library was provided with a complete set of those authors which no gentleman's collection should be without, she sat motionless and empty-handed, with her eyes fixed upon the cool green turf of the lawn. Her meditations were presently interrupted by the arrival of a servant, who handed her a letter. The letter bore the London postmark, and was addressed in a hand that she knew, — that she seemed to know all the better, indeed, as the writer had been present to her mind when the letter was delivered. This document proved to be short, and I may give it entire : —

My dear Miss Archer, — I don't know whether you will have heard of my coming to England, but even if you have not, it will scarcely be a surprise to you. You will remember that when you gave me my dismissal at Albany, three month ago, I did not accept it. I protested against it. You in fact appeared to accept my protest, and to admit that I had the right on my side. I had come to see you with the hope that you would let me bring you over to my conviction ; my reasons for entertaining this hope had been of the best. But you disappointed it ; I found you changed, and you were able to give me no reason for the change. You admitted that you were unreasonable, and it was the only concession you would make ; but it was a very cheap one, because you are not unreasonable. No, you are not, and you never will be. Therefore it is that I believe you will let me see you again. You told me that I am not disagreeable to you, and I believe it ; for I don't see why that should be. I shall always think of you. I shall never think of any one else. I came to England simply because you are here. I could n't stay at home after you had gone ; I hated the country because you were not in it. If I like this one at present, it is only because you are here. I have been to England before, but I have never enjoyed it much. May I not come and see you for half an hour ? This at present is the dearest wish of, yours faithfully, Caspar Goodwood.

Isabel read Mr. Goodwood's letter with such profound attention that she had not perceived an approaching tread on the soft grass. Looking up, however, as she mechanically folded the paper, she saw Lord Warburton standing before her.

XII.

She put the letter into her pocket, and offered her visitor a smile of welcome, exhibiting no trace of discomposure, and half surprised at her self-possession.

"They told me you were out here," said Lord Warburton ; "and as there was no one in the drawing-room, and it is really you that I wish to see, I came out with no more ado."

Isabel had got up ; she felt a wish, for the moment, that he should not sit down beside her. "I was just going in-doors," she said.

"Please don't do that ; it is much pleasanter here. I have ridden over from Lockleigh. It 's a lovely day." His smile was peculiarly friendly and pleasing, and his whole person seemed to emit that radiance of good feeling and well-being which had formed the charm of the girl's first impression of him. It surrounded him like a zone of fine June weather.

"We will walk about a little, then," said Isabel, who could not divest herself of the sense of an intention on the part of her visitor, and who wished both to elude the intention and to satisfy her curiosity regarding it. It had flashed upon her vision once before, and it had given her on that occasion, as we know, a certain alarm. This alarm was composed of several elements, not all of

which were disagreeable; she had, indeed, spent some days in analyzing them, and had succeeded in separating the pleasant part of this idea of Lord Warburton's making love to her from the painful. It may appear to some readers that the young lady was both precipitate and unduly fastidious; but the latter of these facts, if the charge be true, may serve to exonerate her from the discredit of the former. She was not eager to convince herself that a territorial magnate, as she had heard Lord Warburton called, was smitten with her charms; because a declaration from such a source would arouse more questions than it would answer. She had received a strong impression of Lord Warburton's being a personage, and she had occupied herself in examining the idea. At the risk of making the reader smile, it must be said that there had been moments when the intimation that she was admired by a "personage" struck her as an aggression which she would rather have been spared. She had never known a personage before; there were no personages in her native land. When she had thought of such matters as this, she had done so on the basis of character, — of what one liked in a gentleman's mind and in his talk. She herself was a character, — she could not help being aware of that; and hitherto her visions of a completed life had concerned themselves largely with moral images, — things as to which the question would be whether they pleased her soul. Lord Warburton loomed up before her, largely and brightly, as a collection of attributes and powers which were not to be measured by this simple rule, but which demanded a different sort of appreciation, — an appreciation which the girl, with her habit of judging quickly and freely, felt that she lacked the patience to bestow. Of course, there would be a short cut to it, and as Lord Warburton was evidently a very fine fellow it would probably also be a safe cut. Isabel was able to say all this to herself, but she was unable to feel the force of it. What she felt was that a territorial, a political, a social magnate had conceived the design of drawing her into the system in which he lived and moved. A certain instinct, not imperious, but persuasive, told her to resist, — it murmured to her that virtually she had a system and an orbit of her own. It told her other things besides, — things which both contradicted and confirmed each other: that a girl might do much worse than trust herself to such a man as Lord Warburton, and that it would be very interesting to see something of his system from his own point of view; that, on the other hand, however, there was evidently a great deal of it which she should regard only as an incumbrance, and that even in the whole there was something heavy and rigid which would make it unacceptable. Furthermore, there was a young man lately come from America who had no system at all, but who had a character of which it was useless for her to try to persuade herself that the impression on her mind had been light. The letter that she carried in her pocket sufficiently reminded her of the contrary. Smile not, however, I venture to repeat, at this simple young lady from Albany, who debated whether she should accept a brilliant English viscount before he had offered himself, and who was disposed to believe that on the whole she could do better. She was a person of great good faith, and if there was a great deal of folly in her wisdom, those who judge her severely may have the satisfaction of finding that, later, she became consistently wise only at the cost of an amount of folly which will constitute almost a direct appeal to charity.

Lord Warburton seemed quite ready to walk, to sit, or to do anything that Isabel should propose, and he gave her this assurance with his usual air of being particularly pleased to exercise a social virtue. But he was, nevertheless,

not in command of his emotions, and as he strolled beside her for a moment in silence, looking at her without letting her know it, there was something embarrassed in his glance and his misdirected laughter. Yes, assuredly, — as we have touched on the point, we may return to it for a moment again, — the English are the most romantic people in the world, and Lord Warburton was about to give an example of it. He was about to take a step which would astonish all his friends and displease a great many of them, and which, superficially, had nothing to recommend it. The young lady who trod the turf beside him had come from a queer country across the sea, which he knew a good deal about; her antecedents, her associations, were very vague to his mind, except in so far as they were generic, and in this sense they occurred to him with a certain vividness. Miss Archer had neither a fortune nor the sort of beauty that justifies a man to the multitude, and he calculated that he had spent about twenty-six hours in her company. He had summed up all this, — the perversity of the impulse, which had declined to avail itself of the most liberal opportunities to subside, and the judgment of mankind, as exemplified particularly in the more quickly-judging half of it; he had looked these things well in the face, and then he had dismissed them from his thoughts. He cared no more for them than for the rosebud in his button-hole. It is the good fortune of a man who for the greater part of a life-time has abstained without effort from making himself disagreeable to his friends that, when the need comes for such a course, it is not discredited by irritating associations.

"I hope you had a pleasant ride," said Isabel, who observed her companion's hesitancy.

"It would have been pleasant if for nothing else than that it brought me here," Lord Warburton answered.

"Are you so fond of Gardencourt?" the girl asked, more and more sure that he meant to make some demand of her; wishing not to challenge him if he hesitated, and yet to keep all the quietness of her reason if he proceeded. It suddenly came upon her that her situation was one which a few weeks ago she would have deemed deeply romantic: the park of an old English country-house, with the foreground embellished by a local nobleman in the act of making love to a young lady who, on careful inspection, should be found to present remarkable analogies with herself. But if she were now the heroine of the situation, she succeeded scarcely the less in looking at it from the outside.

"I care nothing for Gardencourt," said Lord Warburton. "I care only for you."

"You have known me too short a time to have a right to say that, and I cannot believe you are serious."

These words of Isabel's were not perfectly sincere, for she had no doubt whatever that he was serious. They were simply a tribute to the fact, of which she was perfectly aware, that those he himself had just uttered would have excited surprise on the part of the public at large. And, moreover, if anything beside the sense she had already acquired that Lord Warburton was not a frivolous person had been needed to convince her, the tone in which he replied to her would quite have served the purpose.

"One's right in such a matter is not measured by the time, Miss Archer; it is measured by the feeling itself. If I were to wait three months, it would make no difference; I should not be more sure of what I mean than I am to-day. Of course I have seen you very little; but my impression dates from the very first hour we met. I lost no time; I fell in love with you then. It was at first sight, as the novels say; I know now that it is not a fancy phrase, and I shall think better of novels forever-

more. Those two days I spent here settled it. I don't know whether you suspected I was doing so, but I paid — mentally speaking, I mean — the greatest possible attention to you. Nothing you said, nothing you did, was lost upon me. When you came to Lockleigh, the other day, — or rather when you went away, — I was perfectly sure. Nevertheless, I made up my mind to think it over, and to question myself narrowly. I have done so; all these days I have thought of nothing else. I don't make mistakes about such things; I am a very judicious fellow. I don't go off easily, but when I am touched it 's for life. It 's for life, Miss Archer, — it 's for life," Lord Warburton repeated in the kindest, tenderest, pleasantest voice Isabel had ever heard, and looking at her with eyes that shone with the light of a passion that had sifted itself clear of the baser parts of emotion, — the heat, the violence, the unreason, — and which burned as steadily as a lamp in a windless place.

By tacit consent, as he talked, they had walked more and more slowly, and at last they stopped, and he took her hand.

"Ah, Lord Warburton, how little you know me!" Isabel said, very gently; gently, too, she drew her hand away.

"Don't taunt me with that: that I don't know you better makes me unhappy enough already; it 's all my loss. But that is what I want, and it seems to me I am taking the best way. If you will be my wife, then I shall know you, and when I tell you all the good I think of you, you will not be able to say it is from ignorance."

"If you know me little, I know you even less," said Isabel.

"You mean that, unlike yourself, I may not improve on acquaintance? Ah, of course, that is very possible. But think, to speak to you as I do, how determined I must be to try and give satisfaction! You do like me, rather, don't you?"

"I like you very much, Lord Warburton," the girl answered; and at this moment she liked him immensely.

"I thank you for saying that; it shows you don't regard me as a stranger. I really believe I have filled all the other relations of life very creditably, and I don't see why I should not fill this one, — in which I offer myself to you, — seeing that I care so much more about it. Ask the people who know me well; I have friends who will speak for me."

"I don't need the recommendations of your friends," said Isabel.

"Ah, now, that is delightful of you. You believe in me yourself."

"Completely," Isabel declared; and it was the truth.

The light in her companion's eyes turned into a smile, and he gave a long murmur of satisfaction.

"If you are mistaken, Miss Archer, let me lose all I possess!"

She wondered whether he meant this for a reminder that he was rich, and, on the instant, felt sure that he did not. He was sinking that, as he would have said himself; and indeed he might safely leave it to the memory of any interlocutor, especially of one to whom he was offering his hand. Isabel had prayed that she might not be agitated, and her mind was tranquil enough, even while she listened and asked herself what it was best she should say, to indulge in this incidental criticism. What she should say, had she asked herself? Her foremost wish was to say something as nearly as possible as kind as what he had said to her. His words had carried perfect conviction with them; she felt that he loved her.

"I thank you more than I can say for your offer," she rejoined at last; "it does me great honor."

"Ah, don't say that!" Lord Warburton broke out. "I was afraid you would say something like that. I don't see what you have to do with that sort

of thing. I don't see why you should thank me; it is I who ought to thank you, for listening to me, — a man whom you know so little, coming down on you with such a thumping demand. Of course it's a great question; I must tell you that I would rather ask it than have it to answer myself. But the way you have listened — or at least your having listened at all — gives me some hope."

"Don't hope too much," Isabel said.

"Oh, Miss Archer!" her companion murmured, smiling again in his seriousness, as if such a warning might perhaps be taken but as the play of high spirits, — the coquetry of elation.

"Should you be greatly surprised if I were to beg you not to hope at all?" Isabel asked.

"Surprised? I don't know what you mean by surprise. It would n't be that; it would be a feeling very much worse."

Isabel walked on again; she was silent for some minutes.

"I am very sure that, highly as I already think of you, my opinion of you, if I should know you well, would only rise. But I am by no means sure that you would not be disappointed. And I say that not in the least out of conventional modesty; it is perfectly sincere."

"I am willing to risk it, Miss Archer," her companion answered.

"It's a great question, as you say; it's a very difficult question."

"I don't expect you, of course, to answer it outright. Think it over as long as may be necessary. If I can gain by waiting, I will gladly wait a long time. Only remember that in the end my dearest happiness depends upon your answer."

"I should be very sorry to keep you in suspense," said Isabel.

"Oh, don't mind. I would much rather have a good answer six months hence than a bad one to-day."

"But it is very probable that even six months hence I should not be able to give you one that you would think good."

"Why not, since you really like me?"

"Ah, you must never doubt of that," said Isabel.

"Well, then, I don't see what more you ask!"

"It is not what I ask; it is what I can give. I don't think I should suit you; I really don't think I should."

"You need n't bother about that; that's my affair. You need n't be a better royalist than the king."

"It is not only that," said Isabel; "but I am not sure I wish to marry any one."

"Very likely you don't. I have no doubt a great many women begin that way," said his lordship, who, be it averred, did not in the least believe in the axiom he thus beguiled his anxiety by uttering. "But they are frequently persuaded."

"Ah, that is because they want to be!" And Isabel lightly laughed.

Her suitor's countenance fell, and he looked at her for a while in silence.

"I 'm afraid it 's my being an Englishman that makes you hesitate," he said, presently. "I know your uncle thinks you ought to marry in your own country."

Isabel listened to this assertion with some interest. It had never occurred to her that Mr. Touchett was likely to discuss her matrimonial prospects with Lord Warburton.

"Has he told you that?" she asked.

"I remember his making the remark; he spoke, perhaps, of Americans generally."

"He appears himself to have found it very pleasant to live in England," said Isabel, in a manner that might have seemed a little perverse, but which expressed both her constant perception of her uncle's picturesque circumstances and her general disposition to elude any obligation to take a restricted view.

It gave her companion hope, and he immediately exclaimed, warmly, —

"Ah, my dear Miss Archer, old England is a very good sort of country, you know! And it will be still better when we have furbished it up a little."

"Oh, don't furbish it, Lord Warburton; leave it alone; I like it this way."

"Well, then, if you like it, I am more and more unable to see your objection to what I propose."

"I am afraid I can't make you understand."

"You ought at least to try; I have got a fair intelligence. Are you afraid — afraid of the climate? We can easily live elsewhere, you know. You can pick out your climate, the whole world over!"

These words were uttered with a tender eagerness which went to Isabel's heart, and she would have given her little finger at that moment to feel, strongly and simply, the impulse to answer, "Lord Warburton, it is impossible for a woman to do better in this world than to commit herself to your loyalty." But though she could conceive the impulse, she could not let it operate; her imagination was charmed, but it was not led captive. What she finally bethought herself of saying was something very different, — something which altogether deferred the need of answering: "Don't think me unkind if I ask you to say no more about this today."

"Certainly, certainly!" cried Lord Warburton. "I would n't pain you for the world."

"You have given me a great deal to think about, and I promise you I will do it justice."

"That 's all I ask of you, of course, — and that you will remember that my happiness is in your hands."

Isabel listened with extreme respect to this admonition, but she said after a minute, "I must tell you that what I shall think about is some way of letting you know that what you ask is impossible, without making you miserable."

"There is no way to do that, Miss Archer. I won't say that, if you refuse me, you will kill me; I shall not die of it. But I shall do worse: I shall live to no purpose."

"You will live to marry a better woman than I."

"Don't say that, please," said Lord Warburton, very gravely. "That is fair to neither of us."

"To marry a worse one, then."

"If there are better women than you, then I prefer the bad ones; that 's all I can say!" he went on, with the same gravity. "There is no accounting for tastes."

His gravity made her feel equally grave, and she attested it by again requesting him to drop the subject for the present. "I will speak to you myself, very soon," she said. "Perhaps I will write to you."

"At your convenience, yes," he answered. "Whatever time you take, it must seem to me long, and I suppose I must make the best of that."

"I shall not keep you in suspense; I only want to collect my mind a little."

He gave a melancholy sigh, and stood looking at her a moment, with his hands behind him, giving short, nervous shakes to his hunting-whip. "Do you know I am very much afraid of it — of that mind of yours?"

Our heroine's biographer can scarcely tell why, but the question made her start, and brought a conscious blush to her cheek. She returned his look a moment, and then, with a note in her voice that might almost have appealed to his compassion, "So am I, my lord!" she exclaimed.

His compassion was not stirred, however; all that he possessed of the faculty of pity was needed at home. "Ah! be merciful, be merciful!" he murmured.

"I think you had better go," said Isabel. "I will write to you."

"Very good; but whatever you write, I will come and see you." And then he stood reflecting, with his eyes fixed on the observant countenance of Bunchie, who had the air of having understood all that had been said, and of pretending to carry off the indiscretion by a stimulated fit of curiosity as to the roots of an ancient beech. "There is one thing more," said Lord Warburton. "You know, if you don't like Lockleigh, — if you think it's damp, or anything of that sort, — you need never go within fifty miles of it. It is not damp, by the way; I have had the house thoroughly examined; it is perfectly sanitary. But if you should n't fancy it, you need n't dream of living in it. There is no difficulty whatever about that; there are plenty of houses. I thought I would just mention it; some people don't like a moat, you know. Good-by."

"I delight in a moat," said Isabel. "Good-by."

He held out his hand, and she gave him hers a moment, — a moment long enough for him to bend his head and kiss it. Then, shaking his hunting-whip with little quick strokes, he walked rapidly away. He was evidently much excited.

Isabel herself was excited, but she was not agitated, as she would have expected beforehand to be. What she felt was not a great responsibility, a great difficulty of choice; for it appeared to her that there was no choice in the question. She could not marry Lord Warburton; the idea failed to correspond to any vision of happiness that she had hitherto entertained, or was now capable of entertaining. She must write this to him, she must convince him, and this duty was comparatively simple. But what excited her, in the sense that it struck her with wonderment, was this very fact that it cost her so little to refuse a great opportunity. With whatever qualifications one would, Lord Warburton had offered her a great opportunity; the situation might have discomforts, might contain elements that would displease her, but she did her sex no injustice in believing that nineteen women out of twenty would accommodate themselves to it with extreme zeal. Why, then, upon her also should it not impose itself? Who was she, what was she, that she should hold herself superior? What view of life, what design upon fate, what conception of happiness, had she that pretended to be larger than this large occasion? If she would not do this, then she must do great things, she must do something greater. Poor Isabel found occasion to remind herself from time to time that she must not be too proud, and nothing could be more sincere than her prayer to be delivered from such a danger; for the isolation and loneliness of pride had for her mind the horror of a desert place. If it were pride that interfered with her accepting Lord Warburton, it was singularly misplaced; and she was so conscious of liking him that she ventured to assure herself it was not. She liked him too much to marry him, — that was the point; something told her that she should not be satisfied, and to inflict upon a man who offered so much a wife with a tendency to criticise would be a peculiarly discreditable act. She had promised him that she would consider his proposal, and when, after he had left her, she wandered back to the bench where he had found her, and lost herself in meditation, it might have seemed that she was keeping her word. But this was not the case; she was wondering whether she were not a cold, hard girl; and when at last she got up and rather quickly went back to the house it was because, as she had said to Lord Warburton, she was really frightened at herself.

XIII.

It was this feeling, and not the wish to ask advice, — she had no desire what-

ever for that, — that led her to speak to her uncle of what Lord Warburton had said to her. She wished to speak to some one ; she should feel more natural, more human ; and her uncle, for this purpose, presented himself in a more attractive light than either her aunt or her friend Henrietta. Her cousin, of course, was a possible confidant ; but it would have been disagreeable to her to confide this particular matter to Ralph. So, the next day, after breakfast, she sought her occasion. Her uncle never left his apartment till the afternoon ; but he received his cronies, as he said, in his dressing-room. Isabel had quite taken her place in the class so designated, which, for the rest, included the old man's son, his physician, his personal servant, and even Miss Stackpole. Mrs. Touchett did not figure in the list, and this was an obstacle the less to Isabel's finding her uncle alone. He sat in a complicated mechanical chair, at the open window of his room, looking westward over the park and the river, with his newspapers and letters piled up beside him, his toilet freshly and minutely made, and his smooth, fine face composed to benevolent expectation.

Isabel approached her point very directly : " I think I ought to let you know that Lord Warburton has asked me to marry him. I suppose I ought to tell my aunt ; but it seems best to tell you first."

The old man expressed no surprise, but thanked her for the confidence she showed him. " Do you mind telling me whether you accepted him ? " he added.

" I have not answered him definitely, yet ; I have taken a little time to think of it, because that seems more respectful. But I shall not accept him."

Mr. Touchett made no comment upon this ; he had the air of thinking that, whatever interest he might take in the matter from the point of view of sociability, he had no active voice in it, " Well, I told you you would be a success over here. Americans are highly appreciated."

" Very highly indeed," said Isabel. " But at the cost of seeming ungrateful, I don't think I can marry Lord Warburton."

" Well," her uncle went on, " of course an old man can't judge for a young lady. I am glad you did n't ask me before you made up your mind. I suppose I ought to tell you," he added slowly, but as if it were not of much consequence, " that I have known all about it these three days."

" About Lord Warburton's state of mind ? "

" About his intentions, as they say here. He wrote me a very pleasant letter, telling me all about them. Should you like to see it ? " the old man asked, obligingly.

" Thank you ; I don't think I care about that. But I am glad he wrote to you ; it was right that he should, and he would be certain to do what was right."

" Ah, well, I guess you do like him ! " Mr. Touchett declared. " You need n't pretend you don't."

" I like him extremely ; I am very free to admit that. But I don't wish to marry any one just now."

" You think some one may come along whom you may like better. Well, that 's very likely," said Mr. Touchett, who appeared to wish to show his kindness to the girl by easing off her decision, as it were, and finding cheerful reasons for it.

" I don't care if I don't meet any one else ; I like Lord Warburton quite well enough," said Isabel, with that appearance of a sudden change of point of view with which she sometimes startled and even displeased her interlocutors.

Her uncle, however, seemed proof against either of these sensations.

" He 's a very fine man," he resumed, in a tone which might have passed for

that of encouragement. "His letter was one of the pleasantest letters I have received in some weeks. I suppose one of the reasons I liked it was that it was all about you; that is, all except the part which was about himself. I suppose he told you all that."

"He would have told me everything I wished to ask him," Isabel said.

"But you did n't feel curious?"

"My curiosity would have been idle, once I had determined to decline his offer."

"You did n't find it sufficiently attractive?" Mr. Touchett inquired.

The girl was silent a moment.

"I suppose it was that," she presently admitted. "But I don't know why."

"Fortunately, ladies are not obliged to give reasons," said her uncle. "There is a great deal that 's attractive about such an idea; but I don't see why the English should want to entice us away from our native land. I know that we try to attract them over there; but that is because our population is insufficient. Here, you know, they are rather crowded. However, I suppose there is room for charming young ladies everywhere."

"There seems to have been room here for you," said Isabel, whose eyes had been wandering over the large pleasure-spaces of the park.

Mr. Touchett gave a shrewd, conscious smile.

"There is room everywhere, my dear, if you will pay for it. I sometimes think I have paid too much for this. Perhaps you also might have to pay too much."

"Perhaps I might," the girl replied.

This suggestion gave her something more definite to rest upon than she had found in her own thoughts, and the fact of her uncle's genial shrewdness being associated with her dilemma seemed to prove to her that she was concerned with the natural and reasonable emotions of life, and not altogether a victim to intellectual eagerness and vague ambitions, — ambitions reaching beyond the copious honors of Lord Warburton's petition to something indefinable and possibly not commendable. In so far as the indefinable had an influence upon Isabel's behavior at this juncture, it was not the conception, however unformulated, of a union with Caspar Goodwood; for, however little she might have felt warranted in lending a receptive ear to her English suitor, she was at least as far removed from the disposition to let the young man from Boston take complete possession of her. The sentiment in which she ultimately took refuge, after reading his letter, was a suppressed irritation at his having come abroad; for it was part of the influence he had upon her that he seemed to take from her the sense of freedom. There was something too sensible, something oppressive and restrictive, in the manner in which he presented himself. She had been haunted at moments by the image of his disapproval, and she had wondered — a consideration she had never paid in an equal degree to any one else — whether he would like what she did. The difficulty was that more than any man she had ever known, more than poor Lord Warburton (she had begun now to give his lordship the benefit of this epithet), Caspar Goodwood gave her an impression of strength. She might like it or not, but at any rate there was something very firm about him; even in one's usual contact with him one had to reckon with it. The idea of a diminished liberty was particularly disagreeable to Isabel at present, because it seemed to her that she had just given a sort of personal accent to her independence by making up her mind to refuse Lord Warburton. Sometimes Caspar Goodwood had seemed to range himself on the side of her destiny, to be the stubbornest fact she knew; she said to herself at each moment that she might evade him for a time, but that she must make terms with him at

last, — terms which would be certain to be favorable to himself. Her impulse had been to avail herself of the things that helped her to resist such an obligation; and this impulse had been much concerned in her eager acceptance of her aunt's invitation, which had come to her at a time when she expected from day to day to see Mr. Goodwood, and when she was glad to have an answer ready for something she was sure he would say to her. When she had told him at Albany, on the evening of Mrs. Touchett's visit, that she could not now discuss difficult questions, because she was preoccupied with the idea of going to Europe with her aunt, he declared that this was no answer at all; and it was to obtain a better one that he followed her across the seas. To say to herself that he was a kind of fate was well enough for a fanciful young woman, who was able to take much for granted in him; but the reader has a right to demand a description less metaphysical.

He was the son of a proprietor of certain well-known cotton-mills in Massachusetts, — a gentleman who had accumulated a considerable fortune in the exercise of this industry. Caspar now managed the establishment, with a judgment and an energy which, in spite of keen competition and languid years, had kept its prosperity from dwindling. He had received the better part of his education at Harvard University, where, however, he had gained more renown as a gymnast and an oarsman than as a votary of culture. Later, he had become reconciled to culture, and though he was still fond of sport he was capable of showing an excellent understanding of other matters. He had a remarkable aptitude for mechanics, and had invented an improvement in the cotton-spinning process, which was now largely used and was known by his name. You might have seen his name in the papers in connection with this fruitful contrivance; assurance of which he had given to Isabel by showing her in the columns of the New York Interviewer an exhaustive article on the Goodwood patent, — an article not prepared by Miss Stackpole, friendly as she had proved herself to his more sentimental interests. He had great talent for business, for administration, and for making people execute his purpose and carry out his views, — for managing men, as the phrase was; and to give its complete value to this faculty he had an insatiable, an almost fierce, ambition. It always struck people who knew him that he might do greater things than carry on a cotton-factory; there was nothing cottony about Caspar Goodwood, and his friends took for granted that he would not always content himself with that. He had once said to Isabel that, if the United States were only not such a confoundedly peaceful nation, he would find his proper place in the army. He keenly regretted that the civil war should have terminated just as he had grown old enough to wear shoulder-straps, and was sure that if something of the same kind would only occur again he would make a display of striking military talent. It pleased Isabel to believe that he had the qualities of a famous captain, and she answered that, if it would help him along, she should n't object to a war, — a speech which ranked among the three or four most encouraging ones he had elicited from her, and of which the value was not diminished by her subsequent regret at having said anything so heartless, inasmuch as she never communicated this regret to him. She liked, at any rate, this idea of his being potentially a commander of men, — liked it much better than some other points in his character and appearance. She cared nothing about his cotton-mill, and the Goodwood patent left her imagination absolutely cold. She wished him not an inch less a man than he was; but she sometimes thought he would be rather nicer if he looked, for instance, a little different.

His jaw was too square and grim, and his figure too straight and stiff; these things suggested a want of easy adaptability to some of the occasions of life. Then she viewed with disfavor a habit he had of dressing always in the same manner. It was not, apparently, that he wore the same clothes continually, for, on the contrary, his garments had a way of looking rather too new. But they all seemed to be made of the same piece; the pattern, the cut, was in every case identical. She had reminded herself more than once that this was a frivolous objection to a man of Mr. Goodwood's importance; and then she had amended the rebuke by saying that it would be a frivolous objection if she were in love with him. She was not in love with him, and therefore she might criticise his small defects as well as his great ones, — which latter consisted in the collective reproach of his being too serious; or, rather, not of his being too serious, — for one could never be that, — but of his seeming so. He showed his seriousness too simply, too artlessly; when one was alone with him he talked too much about the same subject, and when other people were present he talked too little about anything. And yet he was the strongest man she had ever known, and she believed that at bottom he was the cleverest. It was very strange; she was far from understanding the contradictions among her own impressions. Caspar Goodwood had never corresponded to her idea of a delightful person, and she supposed that this was why he was so unsatisfactory. When, however, Lord Warburton, who not only did correspond with it, but gave an extension to the term, appealed to her approval, she found herself still unsatisfied. It was certainly strange.

Such incongruities were not a help to answering Mr. Goodwood's letter, and Isabel determined to leave it a while unanswered. If he had determined to persecute her, he must take the consequences, — foremost among which was his being left to perceive that she did not approve of his coming to Gardencourt. She was already liable to the incursions of one suitor at this place, and, though it might be pleasant to be appreciated in opposite quarters, Isabel had a personal shrinking from entertaining two lovers at once, even in a case where the entertainment should consist of dismissing them. She sent no answer to Mr. Goodwood; but at the end of three days she wrote to Lord Warburton, and the letter belongs to our history. It ran as follows: —

Dear Lord Warburton, — A great deal of careful reflection has not led me to change my mind about the suggestion you were so kind as to make me the other day. I do not find myself able to regard you in the light of a husband, or to regard your home — your various homes — in the light of my own. These things cannot be reasoned about, and I very earnestly entreat you not to return to the subject we discussed so exhaustively. We see our lives from our own point of view; that is the privilege of the weakest and the humblest of us; and I shall never be able to see mine in the manner you proposed. Kindly let this suffice you, and do me the justice to believe that I have given your proposal the deeply respectful consideration it deserves. It is with this feeling of respect that I remain very truly yours, Isabel Archer.

While the author of this missive was making up her mind to dispatch it, Henrietta Stackpole formed a resolution which was accompanied by no hesitation. She invited Ralph Touchett to take a walk with her in the garden, and when he had assented with that alacrity which seemed constantly to testify to his high expectations she informed him that she had a favor to ask of him. It may be confided to the reader that at this infor-

mation the young man flinched; for we know that Miss Stackpole had struck him as indiscreet. The movement was unreasonable, however; for he had measured the limits of her discretion as little as he had explored its extent; and he made a very civil profession of the desire to serve her. He was afraid of her, and he presently told her so.

"When you look at me in a certain way," he said, "my knees knock together, my faculties desert me; I am filled with trepidation, and I ask only for strength to execute your commands. You have a look which I have never encountered in any woman."

"Well," Henrietta replied, good-humoredly, "if I had not known before that you were trying to turn me into ridicule, I should know it now. Of course I am easy game, — I was brought up with such different customs and ideas. I am not used to your arbitrary standards, and I have never been spoken to in America as you have spoken to me. If a gentleman, conversing with me, over there, were to speak to me like that, I should n't know what to make of it. We take everything more naturally over there, and, after all, we are a great deal more simple. I admit that; I am very simple myself. Of course, if you choose to laugh at me for that, you are very welcome; but I think, on the whole, I would rather be myself than you. I am quite content to be myself; I don't want to change. There are plenty of people that appreciate me just as I am; it is true they are only Americans!" Henrietta had lately taken up the tone of helpless innocence and large concession. "I want you to assist me a little," she went on. "I don't care in the least whether I amuse you while you do so; or, rather, I am perfectly willing that your amusement should be your reward. I want you to help me about Isabel."

"Has she injured you?" Ralph asked.

"If she had I should n't mind, and I should never tell you. What I am afraid of is that she will injure herself."

"I think that is very possible," said Ralph.

His companion stopped in the garden walk, fixing on him a gaze which may perhaps have contained the quality that caused his knees to knock together. "That, too, would amuse you, I suppose! The way you do say things! I never heard any one so indifferent."

"To Isabel? Never in the world."

"Well, you are not in love with her, I hope."

"How can that be, when I am in love with another?"

"You are in love with yourself, — that is the other!" Miss Stackpole declared. "Much good may it do you! But if you wish to be serious once in your life, here is a chance; and if you really care for your cousin here is an opportunity to prove it. I don't expect you to understand her; that 's too much to ask. But you need n't do that to grant my favor. I will supply the necessary intelligence."

"I shall enjoy that immensely!" Ralph exclaimed. "I will be Caliban, and you shall be Ariel."

"You are not at all like Caliban, because you are sophisticated, and Caliban was not. But I am not talking about imaginary characters; I am talking about Isabel. Isabel is intensely real. What I wish to tell you is that I find her fearfully changed."

"Since you came, do you mean?"

"Since I came, and before I came. She is not the same as she was."

"As she was in America?"

"Yes, in America. I suppose you know that she comes from there. She can't help it, but she does."

"Do you want to change her back again?"

"Of course I do; and I want you to help me."

"Ah," said Ralph, "I am only Caliban; I am not Prospero."

"You were Prospero enough to make her what she has become. You have acted on Isabel Archer since she came here, Mr. Touchett."

"I, my dear Miss Stackpole? Never in the world. Isabel Archer has acted on me, — yes; she acts on every one. But I have been absolutely passive."

"You are too passive, then. You had better stir yourself, and be careful. Isabel is changing every day; she is drifting away, — right out to sea. I have watched her, and I can see it. She is not the bright American girl she was. She is taking different views, and turning away from her old ideals. I want to save those ideals, Mr. Touchett, and that is where you come in!"

"Not surely as an ideal?"

"Well, I hope not," Henrietta replied, promptly. "I have got a fear in my heart that she is going to marry one of these Europeans, and I want to prevent it."

"Ah, I see!" cried Ralph. "And to prevent it you want me to step in and marry her?"

"Not quite; that remedy would be as bad as the disease, for you are the typical European from whom I wish to rescue her. No; I wish you to take an interest in another person, — a young man to whom she once gave great encouragement, and whom she now does n't seem to think good enough. He 's a noble fellow and a very dear friend of mine, and I wish very much you would invite him to pay a visit here."

Ralph was much puzzled by this appeal, and it is perhaps not to the credit of his purity of mind that he failed to look at it at first in the simplest light. It wore, to his eyes, a tortuous air; his fault was that he was not quite sure that anything in the world could really be as candid as this request of Miss Stackpole's appeared. That a young woman should demand that a gentleman whom she described as her very dear friend should be furnished with an opportunity to make himself agreeable to another young woman, whose attention had wandered, and whose charms were greater, — this was an anomaly which for the moment challenged all his ingenuity of interpretation. To read between the lines was easier than to follow the text, and to suppose that Miss Stackpole wished the gentleman invited to Gardencourt on her own account was the sign not so much of a vulgar as of an embarrassed mind. Even from this venial act of vulgarity, however, Ralph was saved, and saved by a force that I can scarcely call anything less than inspiration. With no more outward light on the subject than he already possessed, he suddenly acquired the conviction that it would be a sovereign injustice to the correspondent of the Interviewer to assign a dishonorable motive to any act of hers. This conviction passed into his mind with extreme rapidity; it was perhaps kindled by the pure radiance of the young lady's imperturbable gaze. He returned this gaze a moment, consciously resisting an inclination to frown, as one frowns in the presence of larger luminaries. "Who is the gentleman you speak of?"

"Mr. Caspar Goodwood, from Boston. He has been extremely attentive to Isabel, — just as devoted to her as he can live. He has followed her out here, and he is at present in London. I don't know his address, but I guess I can obtain it."

"I have never heard of him," said Ralph.

"Well, I suppose you have n't heard of every one. I don't believe he has ever heard of you; but that is no reason why Isabel should n't marry him."

Ralph gave a little laugh. "What a rage you have for marrying people! Do you remember how you wanted to marry me the other day?"

"I have got over that. You don't know how to take such ideas. Mr. Goodwood does, however; and that 's what I

like about him. He 's a splendid man and a perfect gentleman; and Isabel knows it."

"Is she very fond of him?"

"If she is n't, she ought to be. He is simply wrapped up in her."

"And you wish me to ask him here," said Ralph, reflectively.

"It would be an act of true hospitality."

"Caspar Goodwood," Ralph continued, — "it 's rather a striking name."

"I don't care anything about his name. It might be Ezekiel Jenkins, and I should say the same. He is the only man I have ever seen whom I think worthy of Isabel."

"You are a very devoted friend," said Ralph.

"Of course I am. If you say that to laugh at me, I don't care."

"I don't say it to laugh at you; I am very much struck with it."

"You are laughing worse than ever; but I advise you not to laugh at Mr. Goodwood."

"I assure you I am very serious; you ought to understand that," said Ralph.

In a moment his companion understood it. "I believe you are; now you are too serious."

"You are difficult to please."

"Oh, you are very serious indeed. You won't invite Mr. Goodwood."

"I don't know," said Ralph. "I am capable of strange things. Tell me a little about Mr. Goodwood. What is he like?"

"He is just the opposite of you. He is at the head of a cotton-factory, — a very fine one."

"Has he pleasant manners?" asked Ralph.

"Splendid manners, — in the American style."

"Would he be an agreeable member of our little circle?"

"I don't think he would care much about our little circle. He would concentrate on Isabel."

"And how would my cousin like that?"

"Very possibly, not at all. But it will be good for her. It will call back her thoughts."

"Call them back, — from where?"

"From foreign parts and other unnatural places. Three months ago she gave Mr. Goodwood every reason to suppose that he was acceptable to her, and it is not worthy of Isabel to turn her back upon a real friend simply because she has changed the scene. I have changed the scene, too, and the effect of it has been to make me care more for my old associations than ever. It 's my belief that the sooner Isabel changes it back again the better. I know her well enough to know that she would never be truly happy here, and I wish her to form some strong American tie that will act as a preservative."

"Are you not a little too much in a hurry?" Ralph inquired. "Don't you think you ought to give her more of a chance in poor old England?"

"A chance to ruin her bright young life? One is never too much in a hurry to save a precious human creature from drowning."

"As I understand it, then," said Ralph, "you wish me to push Mr. Goodwood overboard after her. Do you know," he added, "that I have never heard her mention his name?"

Henrietta Stackpole gave a brilliant smile. "I am delighted to hear that; it proves how much she thinks of him."

Ralph appeared to admit that there was a good deal in this, and he surrendered himself to meditation, while his companion watched him askance. "If I should invite Mr. Goodwood," he said, "it would be to quarrel with him."

"Don't do that; he would prove the better man."

"You certainly are doing your best to make me hate him! I really don't think I can ask him. I should be afraid of being rude to him."

"It 's just as you please," said Henrietta. "I had no idea you were in love with her yourself."

"Do you really believe that?" the young man asked, with lifted eyebrows.

"That 's the most natural speech I have ever heard you make! Of course I believe it," Miss Stackpole answered, ingeniously.

"Well," said Ralph, "to prove to you that you are wrong, I will invite him. It must be, of course, as a friend of yours."

"It will not be as a friend of mine that he will come; and it will not be to prove to me that I am wrong that you will ask him, — but to prove it to yourself!"

These last words of Miss Stackpole's (on which the two presently separated) contained an amount of truth which Ralph Touchett was obliged to recognize; but it took the edge from too sharp a recognition that, in spite of his suspecting that it would be rather more indiscreet to keep his promise than it would be to break it, he wrote Mr. Goodwood a note of six lines, expressing the pleasure it would give Mr. Touchett the elder that he should join a little party at Gardencourt, of which Miss Stackpole was a valued member. Having sent his letter (to the care of a banker whom Henrietta suggested), he waited in some suspense. He had heard of Mr. Caspar Goodwood by name for the first time; for when his mother mentioned to him, on her arrival, that there was a story about the girl's having an "admirer" at home, the idea seemed deficient in reality, and Ralph took no pains to ask questions the answers to which would suggest only the vague or the disagreeable. Now, however the native admiration of which his cousin was the object had become more concrete: it took the form of a young man who had followed her to London; who was interested in a cotton-mill, and had manners in the American style. Ralph had two theories about this young man. Either his passion was a sentimental fiction of Miss Stackpole's (there was always a sort of tacit understanding among women, born of the solidarity of the sex, that they should discover or invent lovers for each other), in which case he was not to be feared, and would probably not accept the invitation; or else he would accept the invitation, and in this event would prove himself a creature too irrational to demand further consideration. The latter clause of Ralph's argument might have seemed incoherent; but it embodied his conviction that if Mr. Goodwood were interested in Isabel, in the serious manner described by Miss Stackpole, he would not care to present himself at Gardencourt on a summons from the latter lady. "On this supposition," said Ralph, "he must regard her as a thorn on the stem of his rose; as an intercessor he must find her wanting in tact."

Two days after he had sent his invitation he received a very short note from Caspar Goodwood, thanking him for it, regretting that other engagements made a visit to Gardencourt impossible, and presenting many compliments to Miss Stackpole. Ralph handed the note to Henrietta, who, when she had read it, exclaimed, —

"Well, I never have heard of anything so stiff!"

"I am afraid he does n't care so much about my cousin as you suppose," Ralph observed.

"No, it 's not that; it 's some deeper motive. His nature is very deep. But I am determined to fathom it, and I will write to him to know what he means."

His refusal of Ralph's overtures made this young man vaguely uncomfortable; from the moment he declined to come to Gardencourt Ralph began to think him of importance. He asked himself what it signified to him whether Isabel's admirers should be desperadoes or lag-

gards; they were not rivals of his, and were perfectly welcome to act according to their peculiar temperaments. Nevertheless, he felt much curiosity as to the result of Miss Stackpole's promised inquiry into the causes of Mr. Goodwood's stiffness, — a curiosity for the present ungratified, inasmuch as when he asked her, three days later, whether she had written to London, she was obliged to confess that she had written in vain. Mr. Goodwood had not answered her.

"I suppose he is thinking it over," she said; "he thinks everything over; he is not at all impulsive. But I am accustomed to having my letters answered the same day."

Whether it was to pursue her investigations, or whether it was in compliance with still larger interests, is a point which remains somewhat uncertain; at all events, she presently proposed to Isabel that they should make an excursion to London together.

"If I must tell the truth," she said, "I am not seeing much at this place, and I should n't think you were, either. I have not even seen that aristocrat, — what 's his name? — Lord Washburton. He seems to let you severely alone."

"Lord Warburton is coming to-morrow, I happen to know," replied Isabel, who had received a note from the master of Lockleigh in answer to her own letter. "You will have every opportunity of examining him."

"Well, he may do for one letter; but what is one letter, when you want to write fifty? I have described all the scenery in this vicinity, and raved about all the old women and donkeys. You may say what you please, scenery makes a thin letter. I must go back to London and get some impressions of real life. I was there but three days before I came away, and that is hardly time to get started."

As Isabel, on her journey from New York to Gardencourt, had seen even less of the metropolis than this, it appeared a happy suggestion of Henrietta's that the two should go thither on a visit of pleasure. The idea struck Isabel as charming; she had a great desire to see something of London, which had always been the city of her imagination. They turned over their scheme together, and indulged in visions of æsthetic hours. They would stay at some picturesque old inn, — one of the inns described by Dickens, — and drive over the town in those delightful hansoms. Henrietta was a literary woman, and the great advantage of being a literary woman was that you could go everywhere and do everything. They would dine at a coffee-house, and go afterwards to the play; they would frequent the Abbey and the British Museum, and find out where Dr. Johnson had lived, and Goldsmith and Addison. Isabel grew eager, and presently mentioned these bright intentions to Ralph, who burst into a fit of laughter which did not express the sympathy she had desired.

"It 's a delightful plan," he said. "I advise you to go to the Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden, — an easy, informal, old-fashioned place, — and I will have you put down at my club."

"Do you mean it 's improper?" Isabel asked. "Dear me, is n't anything proper here? With Henrietta, surely I may go anywhere; she is n't hampered in that way. She has traveled over the whole American continent, and she can surely find her way about this simple little island."

"Ah, then," said Ralph, "let me take advantage of her protection to go up to town as well. I may never have a chance to travel so safely!"

XIV.

Miss Stackpole would have prepared to start for London immediately; but Isabel, as we have seen, had been notified that Lord Warburton would come

again to Gardencourt, and she believed it to be her duty to remain there and see him. For four or five days he had made no answer to her letter; then he had written, very briefly, to say that he would come to lunch two days later. There was something in these delays and postponements that touched the girl, and renewed her sense of his desire to be considerate and patient, not to appear to urge her too grossly, — a discretion the more striking that she was so sure he really liked her. Isabel told her uncle that she had written to him, and let Mr. Touchett know of Lord Warburton's intention of coming; and the old man, in consequence, left his room earlier than usual, and made his appearance at the lunch-table. This was by no means an act of vigilance on his part, but the fruit of a benevolent belief that his being of the company might help to cover the visitor's abstraction, in case Isabel should find it needful to give Lord Warburton another hearing. This gentleman drove over from Lockleigh, and brought the elder of his sisters with him, — a measure presumably dictated by considerations of the same order as Mr. Touchett's. The two visitors were introduced to Miss Stackpole, who, at luncheon, occupied a seat adjoining Lord Warburton's. Isabel, who was nervous, and had no relish for the prospect of again arguing the question he had so precipitately opened, could not help admiring his good-humored self-possession, which quite disguised the symptoms of that admiration it was natural she should suppose him to feel. He neither looked at her nor spoke to her, and the only sign of his emotion was that he avoided meeting her eye. He had plenty of talk for the others, however, and he appeared to eat his luncheon with discrimination and appetite. Miss Molyneux, who had a smooth, nun-like forehead, and wore a large silver cross suspended from her neck, was evidently preoccupied with Henrietta Stackpole, upon whom her eyes constantly rested in a manner which seemed to denote a conflict between attention and alienation. Of the two ladies from Lockleigh, she was the one that Isabel had liked best; there was such a world of hereditary quiet in her. Isabel was sure, moreover, that her mild forehead and silver cross meant something, — that she was a member of a High Church sisterhood, or was versed in works of charity and piety. She wondered what Miss Molyneux would think of her if she knew Miss Archer had refused her brother; and then she felt sure that Miss Molyneux would never know, — that Lord Warburton never told her such things. He was fond of her and kind to her, but on the whole he told her little. Such, at least, was Isabel's theory: when, at table, she was not occupied in conversation, she was usually occupied in forming theories about her neighbors. According to Isabel, if Miss Molyneux should ever learn what had passed between Miss Archer and Lord Warburton, she would probably be shocked at the young lady's indifference to such an opportunity; or no, rather (this was our heroine's last impression) she would credit the young American with a high sense of general fitness.

Whatever Isabel might have made of her opportunities, Henrietta Stackpole was by no means disposed to neglect those in which she now found herself immersed.

"Do you know you are the first lord I have ever seen?" she said, very promptly, to her neighbor. "I suppose you think I am awfully benighted."

"You have escaped seeing some very ugly men," Lord Warburton answered, looking vaguely about the table, and laughing a little.

"Are they very ugly? They try to make us believe in America that they are all handsome and magnificent, and that they wear wonderful robes and crowns."

"Ah, the robes and crowns have gone out of fashion," said Lord Warburton, "like your tomahawks and revolvers."

"I am sorry for that; I think an aristocracy ought to be splendid," Henrietta declared. "If it is not that, what is it?"

"Oh, you know, it is n't much, at the best," Lord Warburton answered. "Won't you have a potato?"

"I don't care much for these European potatoes. I should n't know you from an ordinary American gentleman."

"Do talk to me as if I were one," said Lord Warburton. "I don't see how you manage to get on without potatoes; you must find so few things to eat over here."

Henrietta was silent a moment; there was a chance that he was not sincere.

"I have had hardly any appetite since I have been here," she went on at last; "so it does n't much matter. I don't approve of *you*, you know; I feel as if I ought to tell you that."

"Don't approve of me?"

"Yes; I don't suppose any one ever said such a thing to you before, did they? I don't approve of lords, as an institution. I think the world has got beyond that, — far beyond."

"Oh, so do I. I don't approve of myself in the least. Sometimes it comes over me, — how I should object to myself if I were not myself, don't you know? But that 's rather good, by the way, — not to be vainglorious."

"Why don't you give it up, then?" Miss Stackpole inquired.

"Give up — a" — asked Lord Warburton, meeting her harsh inflection with a very soft one.

"Give up being a lord."

"Oh, I am so little of one! One would really forget all about it, if you wretched Americans were not constantly reminding one. However, I do think of giving up — the little there is left of it — one of these days."

"I should like to see you do it!" Henrietta exclaimed, rather grimly.

"I will invite you to the ceremony; we will have a supper and a dance."

"Well," said Miss Stackpole, "I like to see all sides. I don't approve of a privileged class, but I like to hear what they have got to say for themselves."

"Mighty little, as you see!"

"I should like to draw you out a little more," Henrietta continued. "But you are always looking away. You are afraid of meeting my eye. I see you want to escape me."

"No, I am only looking for those despised potatoes."

"Please explain about that young lady, — your sister, — then. I don't understand about her. Is she a Lady?"

"She 's a capital good girl."

"I don't like the way you say that, — as if you wanted to change the subject. Is her position inferior to yours?"

"We neither of us have any position to speak of; but she is better off than I, because she has none of the bother."

"Yes, she does n't look as if she had much bother. I wish I had as little bother as that. You do produce quiet people over here, whatever you may do."

"Ah, you see, one takes life easily, on the whole," said Lord Warburton. "And then, you know, we are very dull. Ah, we can be dull when we try!"

"I should advise you to try something else. I should n't know what to talk to your sister about; she looks so different. Is that silver cross a badge?"

"A badge?"

"A sign of rank."

Lord Warburton's glance had wandered a good deal, but at this it met the gaze of his neighbor.

"Oh, yes," he answered, in a moment; "the women go in for those things. The silver cross is worn by the elder daughters of viscounts."

This was his harmless revenge for

having occasionally had his credulity too easily engaged in America.

After lunch he proposed to Isabel to come into the gallery and look at the pictures; and though she knew that he had seen the pictures twenty times she complied without criticising this pretext. Her conscience now was very easy; ever since she sent him her letter she had felt particularly light of spirit. He walked slowly to the end of the gallery, looking at the paintings and saying nothing; and then he suddenly broke out, —

"I hoped you would n't write to me that way."

"It was the only way, Lord Warburton," said the girl. "Do try and believe that."

"If I could believe it, of course I should let you alone. But we can't believe by willing it; and I confess I don't understand. I could understand your disliking me; that I could understand well. But that you should admit what you do" —

"What have I admitted?" Isabel interrupted, blushing a little.

"That you think me a good fellow; is n't that it?" She said nothing, and he went on: "You don't seem to have any reason, and that gives me a sense of injustice."

"I have a reason, Lord Warburton," said the girl; and she said it in a tone that made his heart contract.

"I should like very much to know it."

"I will tell you some day when there is more to show for it."

"Excuse my saying that in the mean time I must doubt of it."

"You make me very unhappy," said Isabel.

"I am not sorry for that; it may help you to know how I feel. Will you kindly answer me a question?" Isabel made no audible assent, but he apparently saw something in her eyes which gave him courage to go on. "Do you prefer some one else?"

"That 's a question I would rather not answer."

"Ah, you *do* then!" her suitor mur mured, with bitterness.

The bitterness touched her, and she cried out, —

"You are mistaken! I don't."

He sat down on a bench, unceremoniously, doggedly, like a man in trouble; leaning his elbows on his knees and staring at the floor.

"I can't even be glad of that," he said, at last, throwing himself back against the wall, "for that would be an excuse."

Isabel raised her eyebrows, with a certain eagerness.

"An excuse? Must I excuse myself?"

He paid, however, no answer to the question. Another idea had come into his head.

"Is it my political opinions? Do you think I go too far?"

"I can't object to your political opinions, Lord Warburton," said the girl, "because I don't understand them."

"You don't care what I think!" he cried, getting up. "It 's all the same to you."

Isabel walked away, to the other side of the gallery, and stood there, showing him her charming back, her light, slim figure, the length of her white neck as she bent her head, and the density of her dark braids. She stopped in front of a small picture, as if for the purpose of examining it; and there was something young and flexible in her movement, which her companion noticed. Isabel's eyes, however, saw nothing; they had suddenly been suffused with tears. In a moment he followed her, and by this time she had brushed her tears away; but when she turned round her face was pale, and the expression of her eyes was strange.

"That reason that I would n't tell you," she said, "I will tell it you, after all. It is that I can't escape my fate."

"Your fate?"

"I should try to escape it if I should marry you."

"I don't understand. Why should not that be your fate, as well as anything else?"

"Because it is not," said Isabel, femininely. "I know it is not. It's not my fate to give up, — I know it can't be."

Poor Lord Warburton stared, with an interrogative point in either eye.

"Do you call marrying me giving up?"

"Not in the usual sense. It is getting — getting — getting a great deal. But it is giving up other chances."

"Other chances?" Lord Warburton repeated, more and more puzzled.

"I don't mean chances to marry," said Isabel, her color rapidly coming back to her. And then she stopped, looking down with a deep frown, as if it were hopeless to attempt to make her meaning clear.

"I don't think it is presumptuous in me to say that I think you will gain more than you will lose," Lord Warburton observed.

"I can't escape unhappiness," said Isabel. "In marrying you, I shall be trying to."

"I don't know whether you would try to, but you certainly would: that I must in candor admit!" Lord Warburton exclaimed, with an anxious laugh.

"I must not, — I can't!" cried the girl.

"Well, if you are bent on being miserable, I don't see why you should make me so. Whatever charms unhappiness may have for you, it has none for me."

"I am not bent on being miserable," said Isabel. "I have always been intensely determined to be happy, and I have often believed I should be. I have told people that; you can ask them. But it comes over me, every now and then, that I can never be happy in any extraordinary way; not by turning away, by separating myself."

"By separating yourself from what?"

"From life: from the usual chances and dangers; from what most people know and suffer."

Lord Warburton broke into a smile that almost denoted hope.

"Why, my dear Miss Archer," he began to explain, with the most considerate eagerness, "I don't offer you any exoneration from life, or from any chances or dangers whatever. I wish I could; depend upon it, I would! For what do you take me, pray? Heaven help me, I am not the Emperor of China! All I offer you is the chance of taking the common lot in a comfortable sort of way. The common lot? Why, I am devoted to the common lot! Strike an alliance with me, and I promise you that you shall have plenty of it. You shall separate from nothing whatever, — not even from your friend Miss Stackpole."

"She would never approve of it," said Isabel, trying to smile and take advantage of this side-issue; despising herself, too, not a little, for doing so.

"Are we speaking of Miss Stackpole?" Lord Warburton, asked impatiently. "I never saw a person judge things on such strange, such theoretic grounds."

"Now I suppose you are speaking of me," said Isabel, with humility; and she turned away again, for she saw Miss Molyneux enter the gallery, accompanied by Henrietta and by Ralph.

Lord Warburton's sister addressed him with a certain timidity, and reminded him that she ought to return home in time for tea, as she was expecting some company. He made no answer, — apparently not having heard her; he was preoccupied, — with good reason. Miss Molyneux looked lady-like and patient, and awaited his pleasure.

"Well, I never, Miss Molyneux!" said Henrietta Stackpole. "If I wanted

to go, he would have to go. If I wanted my brother to do a thing, he would have to do it."

"Oh, Warburton does everything one wants," Miss Molyneux answered, with a quick, shy laugh. "How very many pictures you have!" she went on, turning to Ralph.

"They look a good many, because they are all put together," said Ralph. "But it 's really a bad way."

"Oh, I think it 's so nice. I wish we had a gallery at Lockleigh. I am so very fond of pictures," Miss Molyneux went on, persistently, to Ralph, as if she were afraid that Miss Stackpole would address her again. Henrietta appeared at once to fascinate and to frighten her.

"Oh, yes, pictures are very indispensable," said Ralph, who appeared to know better what style of reflection was acceptable to her.

"They are so very pleasant when it rains," the young lady continued. "It rains so very often."

"I am sorry you are going away, Lord Warburton," said Henrietta. "I wanted to get a great deal more out of you."

"I am not going away," Lord Warburton answered.

"Your sister says you must. In America the gentlemen obey the ladies."

"I am afraid we have got some people to tea," said Miss Molyneux, looking at her brother.

"Very good, my dear. We 'll go."

"I hoped you would resist!" Henrietta exclaimed. "I wanted to see what Miss Molyneux would do."

"I never do anything," said this young lady.

"I suppose in your position it 's sufficient for you to exist!" Miss Stackpole rejoined. "I should like very much to see you at home."

"You must come to Lockleigh again," said Miss Molyneux, very sweetly, to Isabel, ignoring this remark of Isabel's friend.

Isabel looked into her quiet eyes a moment, and for that moment seemed to see in their gray depths the reflection of everything she had rejected in rejecting Lord Warburton, — the peace, the kindness, the honor, the possessions, a deep security, and a great exclusion. She kissed Miss Molyneux, and then she said, —

"I am afraid I can never come again."

"Never again?"

"I am afraid I am going away."

"Oh, I am so very sorry," said Miss Molyneux. "I think that 's so very wrong of you."

Lord Warburton watched this little passage; then he turned away and stared at a picture. Ralph, leaning against the rail before the picture, with his hands in his pockets, had for the moment been watching him.

"I should like to see you at home," said Henrietta, whom Lord Warburton found beside him. "I should like an hour's talk with you; there are a great many questions I wish to ask you."

"I shall be delighted to see you," the proprietor of Lockleigh answered; "but I am certain not to be able to answer many of your questions. When will you come?"

"Whenever Miss Archer will take me. We are thinking of going to London, but we will go and see you first. I am determined to get some satisfaction out of you."

"If it depends upon Miss Archer, I am afraid you won't get much. She will not come to Lockleigh; she does n't like the place."

"She told me it was lovely!" said Henrietta.

Lord Warburton hesitated a moment.

"She won't come, all the same. You had better come alone," he added.

Henrietta straightened herself, and her large eyes expanded.

"Would you make that remark to

an English lady?" she inquired, with soft asperity.

Lord Warburton stared.

"Yes, if I liked her enough."

"You would be careful not to like her enough. If Miss Archer won't visit your place again, it's because she does n't want to take me. I know what she thinks of me, and I suppose you think the same, — that I ought n't to bring in individuals."

Lord Warburton was at a loss; he had not been made acquainted with Miss Stackpole's professional character, and did not catch her allusion.

"Miss Archer has been warning you!" she went on.

"Warning me?"

"Is n't that why she came off alone with you here, — to put you on your guard?"

"Oh, dear, no," said Lord Warburton, blushing; "our talk had no such solemn character as that."

"Well, you have been on your guard, — intensely. I suppose it 's natural to you; that 's just what I wanted to observe. And so, too, has Miss Molyneux, — she would n't commit herself. *You* have been warned, any way," Henrietta continued, addressing this young lady; "but for you it was n't necessary."

"I hope not," said Miss Molyneux, vaguely.

"Miss Stackpole takes notes," Ralph explained, humorously. "She is a great satirist; she sees through us all, and she works us up."

"Well, I must say I never have had such a collection of bad material!" Henrietta declared, looking from Isabel to Lord Warburton, and from this nobleman to his sister and to Ralph. "There is something the matter with you all; you are as dismal as if you had got a bad telegram."

"You do see through us, Miss Stackpole," said Ralph, in a low tone, giving her a little intelligent nod, as he led the party out of the gallery. "There is something the matter with us all."

Isabel came behind these two; Miss Molyneux, who decidedly liked her immensely, had taken her arm, to walk beside her over the polished floor. Lord Warburton strolled on the other side, with his hands behind him and his eyes lowered.

For some moments he said nothing; and then, —

"Is it true that you are going to London?" he asked.

"I believe it has been arranged."

"And when shall you come back?"

"In a few days; but probably for a very short time. I am going to Paris with my aunt."

"When, then, shall I see you again?"

"Not for a good while," said Isabel; "but some day or other, I hope."

"Do you really hope it?"

"Very much."

He went a few steps in silence; then he stopped, and put out his hand.

"Good-by."

"Good-by," said Isabel.

Miss Molyneux kissed her again, and she let the two depart; after which, without rejoining Henrietta and Ralph, she retreated to her own room.

In this apartment, before dinner, she was found by Mrs. Touchett, who had stopped on her way to the drawing-room.

"I may as well tell you," said her aunt, "that your uncle has informed me of your relations with Lord Warburton."

Isabel hesitated an instant.

"Relations? They are hardly relations. That is the strange part of it; he has seen me but three or four times."

"Why did you tell your uncle rather than me?" Mrs. Touchett inquired, dryly but dispassionately.

Again Isabel hesitated.

"Because he knows Lord Warburton better."

"Yes, but I know you better."

"I am not sure of that," said Isabel, smiling.

"Neither am I, after all; especially when you smile that way. One would think you had carried off a prize! I suppose that when you refuse an offer like Warburton's it 's because you expect to do something better."

"Ah, my uncle did n't say that!" cried Isabel, smiling still.

Henry James, Jr.

"Yᴱ TOMBE OF Yᴱ POET CHAUCER."

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Abbot and monks of Westminster
Here placed his tomb, in all men's view.
"Our Chaucer dead?" — King Harry said, —
"A mass for him, and burial due!"
This very aisle his footsteps knew;
Here Gower's benediction fell, —
Brother thou were and minstral trewe;
Now slepe thou wel!

There died with that old century's death,
I wot, five hundred years ago,
One whose blithe heart, whose morning art,
Made England's Castaly to flow.
He in whose song that fount we know,
With every tale the sky-larks tell,
Had right, Saint Bennet's wall below,
To slumber well.

Eftsoons his master piously
In Surrey hied him to his rest;
The Thames, between their closes green,
Parted these warblers breast from breast, —
The gravest from the joyfulest
Whose notes the matin chorus swell:
A league divided, east and west,
They slumber well.

Is there no care in holy ground
The world's deep undertone to hear?
Can this strong sleep our Chaucer keep
When May-time buds and blossoms peer?
Less strange that many a sceptred year,
While the twin houses towered and fell,
Alike through England's pride and fear,
He slumbered well.

The envious Roses woefully
By turns a bleeding kingdom sway;
Thrones topple down, — to robe and crown
Who comes at last must hew his way.
No sound of all that piteous fray,
Nor of its ceasing, breaks the spell;
Still on, to great Eliza's day,
He slumbers well.

Methinks, had Shakespeare lightly walked
Anear him in the minster old,
He would have heard, — his sleep had stirred
With dreams of wonders manifold;
Even though no sad vibration told
His ear when sounded Mary's knell, —
Though, when the Mask on Charles laid hold,
He slumbered well.

In climes beyond his calendar
The latest century's splendors grow;
London is great, — the Abbey's state
A young world's eager wanderers know;
New songs, new minstrels, come and go;
Naught as of old outside his cell, —
Just as of old, within it low,
He slumbers well.

And now, when hawthorn is in flower,
And throstles sing as once sang he,
In this last age, on pilgrimage
Like mine from lands that distant be,
Come youths and maidens, summer-free,
Where shades of bards and warriors dwell,
And say, "The sire of minstrelsy
Here slumbers well;"

And say, "While London's Abbey stands
No less shall England's strength endure!"
Ay, though its old wall crumbling fall,
Shall last her song's sweet overture;
Some purling stream shall flow, be sure,
From out the ivied heap, to tell
That here the fount of English pure
Long slumbered well.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

SMITH.

An old acquaintance of mine, who has gone away into the dark with all his mirthful sayings, once described an English servant as "the valet of the Shadow of Death." The *mot* was said not to be original with my friend, but I have heard so many brilliant things from those same lips that I do not care to go further in search of an owner for what is sufficiently characteristic of him to be his. Whoever first said it gave us in a single phrase the most perfect croquis that ever was made of the English serving-man. We all know him in the English novel of the period, and some of us know him in the flesh. I chance myself to be familiar with a mild form of him. I speak of him as if he were a disease: in his most aggravated type I should say he might be considered as an affliction. Thackeray — the satirist and biographer, the Pope and Plutarch, of Jeemes — frankly admitted he was afraid of the creature. That kindly keen blue eye, which saw through the shams and follies of Mayfair, was wont to droop under the stony stare of his host's butler. I hasten to confess to only a limited personal knowledge of the august being in plush small-clothes and pink silk stockings who presides over the grand houses in England, for I carried my pilgrim's wallet into few grand houses there; but I have had more or less to do with certain humble brothers of his, who are leading lives of highly respectable gloom in sundry English taverns and hotels.

It is one of these less dazzling brothers who furnishes me with the *motif* of this brief study. More fortunate than that Roman emperor who vainly longed to have all his enemies consolidated into a single neck, I have secured in a person named Smith the epitome of an entire class, — not, indeed, with the cruel intent of dispatching him, but of photographing him. I should decline to take Smith's head by any less gentle method.

In London there is a kind of hotel of which we have no counterpart in the United States. This hotel is usually located in some semi-aristocratic side street, and wears no badge of its servitude beyond a large, well-kept brass door-plate, bearing the legend "Jones's Hotel" or "Brown's Hotel," as the case may be; but be it Brown or Jones, he has been dead at least fifty years, and the establishment is conducted by Robinson. There is no coffee-room or public dining-room, or even office, in this hotel; the commercial traveler is an unknown quantity there; your meals are served in your apartments; the furniture is solid and comfortable, the attendance admirable, the *cuisine* unexceptionable, and the bill abominable. But for ease, quietness, and a sort of 1812 odor of respectability, this hotel has nothing to compare with it in the wide world. It is here that the intermittent homesickness you contracted on the Continent will be lifted out of your bosom; it is here will be unfolded to you alluring vistas of the substantial comforts that surround the private lives of prosperous Britons; it is here, above all, that you will be brought in contact with Smith.

It was on our arrival in London, one April afternoon, that the door of what looked like a private mansion, in D—— Street, was thrown open to us by a boy broken out all over with buttons. Behind this boy stood Smith. I call him simply Smith for two reasons: in the first place because it is convenient to do so, and in the second place because that is what he called himself. I wish it were as facile a matter to explain how this seemingly unobtrusive person instantly took possession of us, bullied

us with his usefulness, and knocked us down with his urbanity. From the moment he stepped forward to relieve us of our hand-luggage, we were his, — and remained his until that other moment, some weeks later, when he handed us our parcels again, and stood statuesque on the door-step, with one finger lifted to his forehead in decorous salute, as we drove away. Ah, what soft despotism was that which was exercised for no other end than to anticipate our requirements, — to invent new wants for us only to satisfy them! If I anywhere speak lightly of Smith, if I take exçeption to his preternatural gravity (of which I would not have him moult a feather), if I allude invidiously to his life-long struggle with certain rebellious letters of the alphabet, it is out of sheer envy and regret that we have nothing like him in America. We have Niagara, and the Yosemite, and Edison's Electric Light (or shall have it, when we get it), but we have no trained serving-men like Smith. He is the result of older and vastly more complex social conditions than ours. His training began in the feudal ages. An atmosphere charged with machicolated battlements and cathedral spires was necessary to his perfect development, — that, and generation after generation of lords and princes and wealthy country-gentlemen for him to practice on. He is not possible in New England. The very cut of his features is unknown among us. It has been remarked that each trade and profession has its physiognomy, its own proper face. If you look closely you will detect a family likeness running through the portraits of Garrick and Kean and Booth and Irving. There 's the self-same sabre-like flash in the eye of Marlborough and Bonaparte, — the same resolute labial expression. Every lackey in London might be the son or brother of any other lackey. Smith's father, and his father's father, and so on back to the gray dawn of England, were serving-men, and each in turn has been stamped with the immutable trade-mark of his class. Waiters (like poets) are born, not made; and they have not had time to be born in America.

As a shell that has the care of inclosing a pearl like Smith, Jones's Hotel demands a word or two of more particular description. The narrow little street in which it is situated branches off from a turbulent thoroughfare, and is quite packed with historical, social, and literary traditions. Here at the close of his days, dwelt the learned and sweet-minded philosopher, John Evelyn, the contemporary and friend of everybody's friend, Mr. Samuel Pepys, of the admiralty. I like to think of Evelyn turning out of busy Piccadilly into this more quiet precinct, accompanied, perhaps, by the obsequious Samuel himself. According to Jesse, the witty Dr. Arbuthnot also resided here, after the death of his royal patroness, Queen Anne, had driven him from his snug quarters in St. James's Palace. Hither came Pope, Swift, Gray, Parnell, Prior, and a flock of other singing-birds and brilliant wits to visit the worthy doctor. As I sit of an evening in our parlor, which is on a level with the sidewalk, the ghostly echo of those long-silent footfalls is more distinct to my ear than the tread of the living passers-by. The earthly abiding places of obsolete notabilities are very thick in this neighborhood. A few minutes' walk takes you to the ugly walled mansion that once held the beauty, but could not hold all the radiance, of Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, and a little further on is Apsley House.

But we need not wander. D—— Street still has high pretensions of its own. I take it that several families whose consequence is to be found in Debrett's Peerage have their town-houses here. Over the sculptured door-way of a sombre edifice which sets somewhat back behind a towering iron *grille* with gilded spear-heads, I have noticed a

recently hung hatchment, — an intimation that death is no respecter of English nobility. At the curb-stone of a spacious, much-curtained mansion directly opposite the hotel, there is a constant arrival and departure of landaus and broughams, with armorial blazons and powdered footmen. From these carriages descend bewitching slips of English maidenhood with peach-bloom complexions, and richly-dressed, portly dowagers shod with perfectly flat-soled shoes. But I confess that the periodical rattling by of a little glazed cart lettered "Scarlet the Butcher" interests me more; for no mortal reason, I suppose, except that Scarlet seems a phenomenally appropriate name for a gentleman in his line of business.

I am afraid my description of Jones's Hotel is very like one of those old Spanish comedies,

> "In which you see,
> As Lope says, the history of the world
> Brought down from Genesis to the Day of Judgment."

The building itself, arguing from the thickness of the walls and the antiquated style of the interior wood-work, must have stood its ground a great many years. I do not know how long it has been a hotel; perhaps for the better part of a century. In the first instance it was doubtless the home of some titled family. I indulge the fancy that there was a lot of lovely, high-bred daughters, who drew gay company here. The large, lofty-studded rooms were meant for an opulent, hospitable kind of life to inhabit them. Opening on the wide hall — where Buttons is always sitting, a perfect young Cerberus, waiting for the door-bell to ring — is a small dressing-cabinet, in which, I make no question, his lordship has many a time sworn like a pirate over the extravagance of the girls. I know he has discharged the butler there. A fitful, evasive odor, as of faded rose-leaves in a forgotten drawer, seems to linger in these chambers, and I think there are hints in the air of old-time laughter and of sobs that have long since hushed themselves into silence. The parlor is full of suggestions to me, especially at twilight, before the candles are brought in. Sometimes I can almost hear a muffled, agitated voice murmuring out of the Past, "Leave me, Bellamore!" and I have an impression that he did n't leave her. How could he, with those neat diamond buckles glistening at her instep, and her pretty brown hair frosted with silver powder, and that distracting dot of court-plaster stuck near the left corner of her rosy mouth! The old walls are very discreet, not to say incommunicative, on this subject; it is not for them to betray the joys and sorrows and sins of yesterday, and I have to evolve these matters out of my own synthetic imagination. But I am certain that Bellamore did n't leave her!

Overhead there are suites of apartments identical with our own, and I believe they are occupied — by serious-minded families of phantoms; they come and go so softly. There is no loud talking on the staircase, no slamming of doors, no levity of any description among the inmates of this hostelry. Whoever comes here finds his nature subdued to the color of his surroundings, like the dyer's hand. The wildest guest shortly succumbs to the soothing influence of Smith. He pervades the place like an atmosphere, and fits it so perfectly that, without jarring on the present, he seems a figure projected out of that dusky past which has lured me too long, and will catch me again before we get through.

Smith is a man of about forty, but so unassuming that I do not think he would assume to be so old or so young as that: tall and straight, with scant, faded brown hair parted in the middle, and a deferential cough; clammy blue eyes, thin lips, a sedentary complexion, and careful side-whiskers. He is always in evening dress, and wears white cotton

gloves, which set your teeth on edge, during dinner service. He is a person whose gravity of deportment is such as to lend seriousness to the coal-scuttle when he replenishes the parlor fire, — a ceremony which the English April makes imperative, the English April being as raw as an American February.

Smith's respect for you, at least its outward manifestation, is accompanied by a deep, unexpressed respect for himself. He not only knows his own place, but he knows yours, and holds you to it. He is incapable of venturing on a familiarity, or of submitting to one. He can wrap up more pitying disapprobation in a scarcely perceptible curl of his nether lip than another man could express in a torrent of words. I have gone about London a whole forenoon with one of Smith's thin smiles clinging like a blister to my consciousness. He is not taciturn, but he gives you the impression of unconquerable reserve. Though he seldom speaks, except to answer an inquiry, he has managed in some occult fashion to permeate us with a knowledge of his domestic environment. For the soul of me, I cannot say how I came by the information that Smith married Lady Hadelaide Scarborough's first maid twelve years ago, nor in what manner I got hold of the idea that Lady Hadelaide Scarborough's first maid rather stooped from her social status when she formed a matrimonial alliance with him. Yet these facts are undeniably in my possession. I also understand that Smith regards Mrs. Smith — who quitted service at the time of this *mésalliance* — as a sort of fragment (a little finger-joint, if that will help convey my meaning) of Lady Hadelaide herself. There 's an air of very good society about Smith. He evidently has connecting tendrils with beings who, if they are not roses themselves, have the privilege of constituting the dust at the roses' feet. If Smith were to make any statement to me concerning the movements of Royalty, I should believe him. If he were to confide to me that Her Majesty, accompanied by the Princess Beatrice, walked for a few seconds yesterday afternoon on the terrace at Windsor, I should know it was so, even if I failed to see the event recorded in The Times.

Smith has been very near to Royalty. To be sure, it was fallen royalty, so I shall waste no capital letters on it. It fell at Sedan, and picked itself up in a manner, and came over to London, where Smith had the bliss of waiting upon it. "The Hemperor was a very civil-spoken gentleman," observed Smith, detailing the circumstances with an air of respectful patronage, and showing that he had a nice sense of the difference between an English sovereign and an uncurrent Napoleon.

The plain truth is that Smith is an arrant gossip about himself without in the least having the appearance of it. He so ingeniously embroiders bits of his autobiography on alien textures that one is apt to get a detail or two quite unawares. I do not know how or when six little Smiths glided into my intelligence (they cost me a shilling a head), but I think it was in connection with an inquiry on my part as to what hour the morning train left Paddington Station for Stratford-upon-Avon. Two nights out of the week Smith retires to his domestic domicile; situated, I infer, in some remote suburb of London, for he always takes a bag with him, — a respectable, drab-colored hand-bag, with a monogram on it. At a little distance the twisted initials, in raised worsted, resemble a reduced copy of the Laocoön, the prominent serpentine S having, I suspect, no small share in producing that effect. I somehow pose and mix up the six little Smiths in this monogram.

I have said that Smith took possession of our party immediately on its arrival at Jones's Hotel, but we were not at once conscious of the fact. We had

arrived there in high spirits, glad to have left a tedious sea-voyage behind us, and rejoiced to find ourselves in London, — the London we had dreamed of these ten or twenty years. But presently we felt there was something in the temperature that chilled our vivacity. We were a thousand miles from suspecting what it was. Our purpose in London was to see the sights, to visit all those historic buildings and monuments and galleries which were wrested from us by the war of 1776. Our wanderings through the day were often long and always fatiguing; we returned jaded to the hotel, frequently after the dinner hour, and in no mood to undertake radical changes in our costume. There stood Smith in his crisp neck-tie and claw-hammer coat and immaculate gloves. The dinner was elegant in its appointments, and exquisitely served. The dressing of the salad was rivaled only by the dressing of Smith. Yet something was wrong. We were somehow repressed, and for three days we did not know what it was that repressed us. On the fourth day I resolved to give our party a little surprise by appearing at dinner in conventional broadcloth and white breastplate. Each of the other two members of the coterie — insensibly under the magnetism of Smith — had planned a like surprise. When we met at table and surveyed each other, we laughed aloud, — for the first time in three days in Smith's presence. It was plain to see that Smith approved of an elaborate dinner toilette, and henceforth we adopted it.

Presently we were struck, and then began to be appalled, by the accuracy, minuteness, and comprehensiveness of Smith's knowledge of London. It was encyclopædic. He was a vitalized timetable of railways and coaches and steamboats, a walking, breathing directory to all the shops, parks, churches, museums, and theatres of the bewildering capital. He had stamped on his brain a map of all the tangled omnibus routes; he knew the best seats in every place of amusement, the exact moment the performance began in each, and could put his finger without hesitating a second on the very virtuoso's collection you wanted to examine. This is not the half of his accomplishments. I despair of stating them. I do not see how he ever had the leisure to collect such a mass of detail. It seems to substantiate a theory I have that Smith has existed, with periodic renewals of his superficial structure, from the time of the Norman Conquest. Before we discovered his almost wicked amplitude of information, we used to consult him touching intended pilgrimages, but shortly gave it up, finding that our provincial plans generally fell cold upon him. He was almost amused, one day, at our desire to ascertain the whereabouts of that insignificant house in Cheapside — it is No. 17, if I remember — in which Keats wrote his sonnet on Chapman's Homer. Our New World curiosity as to certain localities which possess no interest whatever to the Londoner must often have struck Smith as puerile. His protest or his disapproval — I do not know how to name it — was always so delicate and shadowy that he cannot be said to have expressed it; it was something in his manner, and not in his words, — something as vague as a fleeting breath on a window-glass; but it dampened us.

There is a singular puissance in a grave, chilling demeanor, though it may be backed by no solid quality whatever. Nothing so imposes on the world. I have known persons to attain very high social and public distinction by no other means than a guarded solemnity of manner. Even when we see through its shallowness, we are still impressed by it, just as children are paralyzed by a sheeted comrade, though they know all the while it is only one of themselves playing ghost.

I suppose it was in the course of nat-

ure that we should have fallen under the domination of Smith, and have come to accept him with a degree of seriousness which seems rather abject to me in retrospect. Without acknowledging it to ourselves, we were affected by his intangible criticism. I would not have had it come to his ears for a five-pound note that I had a habit of eating a chop in a certain snuffy old coffee-house near Temple Bar, whenever lunch-time chanced to catch me in that vicinity.

"O plump head-waiter at The Cock,"

to which I most resorted, I should have been ashamed to have Smith know that I had the slightest acquaintance with you, though Tennyson himself has sung your praises! Nor would I have had Smith get wind of the low-bred excursion I made, one day, up the Thames, in a squalid steamer crowded with grimy workingmen and their frouzy wives and children. I hid in my heart the guilty joy I took in two damaged musicians aboard, — a violin and a flageolet. The flageolet — I am speaking of the performer — had such a delightfully disreputable patch over his right eye! By the way, I wonder why it is that vagrant players of wind-instruments in England usually have a patch over one eye. Are they combative as a class, or is it that they now and then blow out a visual organ with too assiduous practice in early youth? The violin-man, on the other hand, — perhaps I ought to say on the other leg, — was lame. Altogether the pair looked like the remains of a band that had been blown up by a steam-boiler explosion on some previous trip on the river. They played a very doleful tune; full of unaccountable gruffnesses and shrillnesses, which it was my mood to accept as the ghostly replication of the cries and complaints of their late comrades on the occasion suggested. There was a rough crowd on board, with a sprinkling of small shop-keepers, and here and there a group of gaudily-dressed young women, not to be set down in the category of doubtful characters. These people were off on a holiday, and it was curious to observe the heavy, brutal way they took their pleasure, turning it into a hardship. I got a near view of a phase of English life not to be met with in the rarefied atmosphere of D—— Street, and I regret to admit that I have many a time enjoyed myself less in better company. When I returned to the hotel that night, Smith stood rebukefully drying The Pall Mall Gazette for me before the parlor fire.

A year or two of Smith would make it difficult for a man to dispense with him. With Smith for a valet, one would have no distinct wants to perplex one, for Smith's intuition would head them off and supply them before they were formulated. He was, as I have more than hinted, an invaluable servant. Sometimes, as I looked at him, and reflected on his unmurmuring acceptance of a life of servitude, and the kind of sober grace he threw about its indignity, I used to call to mind that disgruntled, truculent waiter described by John Hay in his charming Castilian Days. "I know a gentleman in the West," says Mr. Hay, "whose circumstances had forced him to become a waiter in a backwoods restaurant. He bore a deadly grudge at the profession that kept him from starving, and asserted his unconquered nobility of soul by scowling at his customers and swearing at the viands he dispensed. I remember the deep sense of wrong with which he would growl, 'Two buckwheats, be gawd!'"

As to Smith's chronic gloom, it really had nothing of moroseness in it, — only an habitual melancholy, a crystallized patience. We doubtless put it to some crucial tests with our American ideas and idioms. The earlier part of our acquaintanceship was fraught with mutual perplexities. It was the longest time before we discovered that *ay ill* meant Hay Hill Street, Smith making

a single mouthful of it, thus, — *ayill.* One morning he staggered us by asking if we would like "a hapricot freeze" for dessert. We assented, and would have assented if he had proposed iced hippopotamus; but the nature of the dish was a mystery to us, and perhaps never, since the world took shape out of chaos, was there simple mould of apricot jelly looked forward to in such poignant suspense. It is scarcely permissible in so light a paper as this to touch on anything so heavy as philology; but I cannot forbear wondering what malign spirit has bewitched the vowels of the lower-class Englishman. When he finds it impossible to elide the vowel at the beginning of a word, he invariably covers it with an *h*, — the very letter that plays the deuce with him under ordinary circumstances. An Oxford scholar once informed me that this peculiarity was the result of imperfect education, and left me to settle it for myself why the peculiarity was confined to England. Illiterate Americans — if there are any — do not drop their *h*'s. But as I have said, this is too heavy a text.

It seems almost an Irish bull to say that one can be in London only once for the first time. In other places you may renew first impressions. A city on the Continent always remains a foreign city to you, no matter how often you visit it; but that first time in London is an experience which can never be made to repeat itself. Whatever is alien to you fades away under your earliest glances; the place suddenly takes home-like aspects; certain streets and courts where you never set foot before strike you familiarly. It is a place where you might have lived, — this great seething metropolis, — where perhaps you once did live, in hose and doublet or knightly harness, in some immemorial century. I doubt if an American ever visited England without feeling in his bosom the vibration, more or less distinct, of these invisible threads of attachment. Everywhere in the lucid prose of Hawthorne's English Note-Books and Our Old Home this sentiment lies imbedded, like a spray of fossilized fern.

The architecture, the language, and the customs are yours, or must have been yours long ago. Smith himself dawns upon you as a former acquaintance. Possibly he was one of your retainers in the time of Henry VIII. (You like to picture yourself with retainers; for to be an Englishman, and not be a duke or an earl, is to miss four fifths of the good luck.) Your imagination gives you a long lease of existence when you fall into reveries of this nature; you fancy yourself extant at various interesting periods of English history; it costs you no effort, while you are about it, to have a hand in a dozen different reigns. What a picturesque, highly decorative, household-art sort of life you may lead from the era of the Black Prince down to the Victorian age! How lightly you assume the responsibility of prolonging Smith through all this! He holds the bridle of an extra horse for you at Poitiers, and also at that other bloody field of Agincourt; and then, somewhat later, sits on the box of your glass coach (which Mr. Samuel Pepys, surveying it from his chamber window, pronounces "mightily fine"), as you drive through the shrewish winter morning to the Palace of Whitehall to witness the removal of Charles the First's head. It is easy to shape any kind of chimera out of that yellowish London fog. Immediately after this epoch, however, your impressions of having been personally associated with the events of English history become dimmer, if not altogether confused; possibly your spirit was about that time undergoing certain organic changes, necessary to the metempsychosis which befell you later.

You break from your abstraction to the consciousness that you are a stranger in your native land. The *genius*

loci does not recognize you; you are an altered man. You are an American. Yet a little while ago the past of England was as much your past as it is Smith's, or that of any Briton of them all. But you have altered, and forfeited it. Smith has not altered: he is the same tall, efficient serving-man he was in the time of the Plantagenets. He has that air of having been carefully handed down which stamps so many things in England. (If this has been said before, I beg somebody's pardon; I am treading on much-walked-over ground.) There, indeed, Nature seems careful of the type. The wretched woman who murders Kathleen Mavourneen in the street under your window shares this quality of permanency with Smith. She, or one precisely like her, has been singing ballads for ages, and will go on doing it. Endless generations of American tourists, lodging temporarily at Jones's perpetual Hotel, will give her inexhaustible shillings, and Smith will carry them out to her on his indestructible waiter. The individual Smith may occasionally die, but not the type, not the essence. My mind can take in Macaulay's picture of the New Zealander sitting on a broken buttress of London Bridge, and cynically contemplating the débris, — "a landscape with figure," as the catalogues would put it, — but I am unable to grasp the idea of the annihilation of anything so firmly established by precedent as Smith. I fancy that even out of the splintered masonry his respectful, well-modulated chest voice would be heard saying (through sheer force of habit), "Will you 'ave a look at the hevening paper, sir?" or, "If you please, sir, the 'ansom is at the door!"

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

GETTING MARRIED IN GERMANY.

Mary and I had been engaged nearly a year and a half, so that our story begins where most others end. We had both been in Europe several years: I had been working for my degree at Berlin and Heidelberg, and she had been living quietly with her mother at Munich, Florence, and finally at Dresden, studying the languages, and painting a little in water-colors. Mary thought it would be nice to be married in Paris, but there were rumors of so many formalities and possible delays that we had given it up and agreed that Germany should be the favored land; and, as each of us chanced to have either friends or relatives in Berlin, it was decided that that should be the place, and that June should be the happy month. "Let it be the 1st," I had pleaded, and she had consented. We planned to go quietly in the morning to some little church, or to some clergyman's study, and afterwards, perhaps, to ask our friends to a lunch or breakfast in a private parlor in some hotel, — such as I had once been invited to by a friendly *Docent* in the university, who married on an income of five hundred dollars a year.

One lovely morning early in May, two weeks before my final examination, I received a letter from Mary saying she had heard that I could not possibly be married without a passport. Her friend, Miss Allen, had a cousin whose chum, an American, had been married in Germany, two years before, to a German lady, and it had first to be done at a common police office, she wrote, and there a passport was required. Now Mary knew that I had criminally evaded the German law, and this was the way

it came about: Before I had been settled two days in Berlin my kind-hearted landlady took occasion to explain to me that I must be *announced* at the police office, and that there a passport would be demanded within ten days. A passport would cost twenty-eight marks, she informed me, at the office of the American legation; and if I cared to save money, and would give her ten marks, she would risk the penalty (as she had done before for my countrymen, for whom she had a great liking), and not announce me at all, and I could remain unmolested and unrecorded as long as I wished. I had paltered with the temptation, and finally, with the aid of an extemporized theory about the relations of natural and legal justice, villainously capitulated, and saved eighteen marks.

Here seemed, at first sight, a dilemma which was not to be evaded without a plump lie. If I obtained and presented a passport now, I should be asked how long I had been in the city, and if it were more than two weeks I might possibly be ordered to leave it for violating the city ordinances, as an unfortunate acquaintance of mine had been six months before. My landlady would certainly be heavily fined for not announcing me, and possibly, if her other delinquencies in that line should come to light, she might be also deprived of her *pension* license. If, on the other hand, I declared that I had just arrived, my answers to the long cross-questioning to which I was liable to be subjected at the bureau might excite surprise, and a single inquiry at the post-office or of the letter-carrier would be sure to involve us both in far deeper complication. I promptly remembered the *Trinkgeld* I had so long forgotten to give the postman, and sought counsel of my landlady. She at first seemed quite dismayed at the situation, but at length reminded me that a few days before I had made a trip to Potsdam.

"Give me your passport," she said, "and remember, you arrived in Berlin last Tuesday evening." Precisely what she did with it, or told the police, my conscience never let me inquire; but a few days later I was summoned to the police office, where, in answer to many interrogations, I explained that I had been in the city *something more than a week;* did not know precisely how long I might stay, but would give information when I decided; that I was there to study, and what; that when I did leave I might go home, and might travel, and where; and at last left with a light heart, feeling that my answers had been so transparent that if there had been any suspicion that I meditated another attempt upon the venerable Kaiser's life it had been effectually allayed. The next morning I was waked at daybreak by a call from a magnificent police officer, who politely explained that the bureau had some trouble in deciphering the middle name of my honored *Frau* mother. Foreign names were sometimes very hard, he added. I wrote it out (in my *robe de nuit*, upon the back of my visiting-card, in the steadiest hand I could command, — "Cymantha"), and handed it to him in the corridor through the peep-hole in the door. He apologized again, saluted, retired, and came no more. A week later my passport was returned with a number of official stamps upon it. I carried it thenceforth always with me, as we never fail to carry our legitimation cards after matriculation; feeling that in the big green seal of the legation and the fair round hand of our ambassador I possessed not only a sort of warrant of citizenship in two countries, but a key to the adytum of Hymen's temple.

My examination was now to occur in a week. I had paid my preliminary fee, almost finished my thesis, and was cramming at my very best pace with a team of three other *Repetents*. Still I had found time to order my wedding suit and get the bridal ring, with June

1st and my initials engraved on it, and one morning I ran into the house of our American clergyman, long resident in Berlin, to ask him to perform the ceremony. What was my consternation to be told that the laws of Germany would not allow him to marry us!

"But," I pleaded, "we are Americans. It might be done quietly, and the authorities here need not know it. I am sure it is none of their business."

"There is a new international arrangement, — I don't know precisely what; but I am positive it would not be safe for either of us to attempt it," he said.

I retired, meditating that the reverend gentleman had no fine feeling for the delicacy of a situation like ours, to say the least.

After losing several hours, now very precious for study, in puzzling over the matter, I resolved to call upon our ambassador himself. Ill though he was, he received me very kindly.

"Are American citizens ever married in this office?" I inquired.

"It has been done once only, I think, under one of my predecessors; but there were some very exceptional reasons."

"Well and good; that is my case. Can you marry me here next Wednesday?"

"The lady is not ill, I hope?"

"Not in the least."

"Then your best way is to go to England. If you choose the simplest form, and are married by an independent clergyman, it is only necessary that one of the parties should reside there two weeks before the ceremony can be performed."

"But that is really impossible in this case," I replied. "My — Miss — that is, the lady is rather High Church, and I have an examination just ahead. Besides, we have made *all* the arrangements for here and the 1st of June."

"I think I may say you will find that out of the question."

"Then you refuse, — you really cannot do it?" I asked, with a strange, unsteady feeling about the corners of my mouth. "Is not this office construed by international law as American soil?" I added, bringing out the grand strategic point of all my morning's meditation.

"So far from it under the new arrangement, if it were done here and knowledge of the fact should come to the ears of the authorities, not only should I be myself seriously compromised for ignorant or willful violation of the laws I am here to see observed, but the officiating clergyman would be arrested at the door, and the marriage would be declared void even in an American court, and even though the case be first tested years hence. A marriage must now be valid according to the laws of the place where it is celebrated, or it is null and void," he explained.

I made an ill-disguised attempt to smother something in my throat, and I am ashamed to say I retired awkwardly, abruptly, ungratefully. What a fool I had been not to learn this before; and Mary would of course think so, too, however much I might plead intense preoccupation with my studies! It could never be concealed, and it would be a joke which my acquaintances would never forget. Besides, her dresses were probably all ordered or ready, and everything would be out of fashion, perhaps, long before the German authorities — whom I knew to be very fussy about such matters — would let us get married. Mary's father had left his driving business for six weeks to see the ceremony, and was now upon the sea, and I knew must go back with his wife in July. My old chum, Will Murrey, who had been spending the winter in Italy, was to be in Berlin in time to act "best man" for me so far as was needful, and I knew Mary had asked Miss Punto to sustain her in whatever sense might be needful during the ceremony. Besides, early June was the best time, so everybody said, to start on a trip through the prov-

inces along the Danube, where I had planned to make our wedding tour.

It was in no very happy frame of mind that I sat down that night to write the result of my day's investigation to Mary. What I wrote I no longer remember, nor will she aid me to do so. It must have been, to say the least, queer, for when I pressed her afterwards to let me see that letter she seemed very serious, and confessed at last that she had made a note on the margin of it which she did not wish me to see, but kindly searched the letter out and burned it before my eyes.

I waited nearly two days for an answer, during which I was of course in no mood for work. After all, she wrote, it was perhaps just as well. She would prefer to wait rather than to go to England, unless her father should very strongly urge it. It would be nice and funny, as well as probably very impressive, to take the Lutheran forms, she thought, and ended by exhorting me not to let trifles like that interfere with needful preparation for my degree, because when she *did* marry me she had her heart set on being a *Frau Doctor*.

This time I was bound to make sure work, and so, with the best information I could procure, started off for the civil bureau (*Standes Amt*) to ascertain precisely what was required.

"Upon what business do you come?" demanded the pompous servant at the door.

"I am an American citizen, and want to know how to get married in Germany," I faltered.

He opened the door of the main office, and shouted, "Ein Herr Amerikanner wishes to marry himself!" and then showed me into a large and well-filled waiting-room to take my turn, every occupant of which gazed fixedly at me without winking for some minutes. One thin, dark, wiry man in soiled linen, and bright yellow kid gloves, had dropped in to announce the death of his third wife. A trembling young mother was sharply reprimanded for letting the legal third day pass before announcing the death of her child. A somewhat seedy clerk had come, with a radiant face, to announce the birth of a boy fourteen hours old, and to be called Johannes Conrade Hermann Degenermeister. A servant-girl and her lover were waiting in one corner, — she red and giggling, he erect, dignified, and taciturn as a head-waiter, — to be made man and wife. I had plenty of time to observe, for nearly an hour passed before my turn came. At length I was shown into a long room, with half a dozen clerks at one end, who twisted their necks, adjusted their glasses, and gazed and listened with open-mouthed wonder.

"I wish to get married in the very simplest and quickest way," I said, presenting my passport. "Will you please tell me how to do it?"

"It is extremely simple," said the officer. "We must have a certificate of your birth [*Geburtsschein*] signed by the burgomaster of the town in which you were born, and with its seal, and witnessed in due form. Your certificate of baptism [*Taufschein*] should also be sent, to guard against all error, sealed and witnessed by the present pastor or the proper church officers. These must be presented here by each of the contracting parties, with their passports, as the first step."

I carefully noted this, and he proceeded: —

"The parents, if living, should certify to their knowledge and approval of the marriage. We must also be satisfied that there is no obstacle, legal, moral, or otherwise, to it; whether either of you have been married before, and if so whether there are children, and if so their names and ages. The parents' names should be in full; also their residence, occupation, age, and place of birth should of course be given for record here."

I begged for another scrap of paper and made further notes.

"When we have these here in this desk," he continued, patting fondly that piece of furniture, "then either we can publish the bans [*Aufgebot*] by posting a notice of your intention in the *Rathhaus* for fourteen days, or else you can have it printed in the journal of the place where you reside in America, and bring us a copy here as evidence that it has actually appeared. After the expiration of this time you can be married in this office."

"Must it be here?" I queried.

"Of course," he said. "This is the only place which the law now recognizes. Poor people are content with civil marriage only, but all who move in good society go from here to the church for a religious ceremony."

"Is it not possible to shorten the time?" I timidly ventured to inquire. "We had made all the arrangements for an earlier day, and are seriously incommoded by the delay. I did not know the requirements. It takes four weeks to hear from America, and then two weeks more here, and — You do not, perhaps, exactly understand, and yet I hardly know how to explain. But there is really haste. We are pressed for time."

"Haste? Pressed for time?" he repeated. "Perhaps I do not understand. I am sorry, but it cannot possibly be sooner. You think we are slow in Germany. True, but we are sure. We require our people to take time to think over the matter beforehand, and divorce with us is far from being the easy matter I have heard it is in America."

I was in no mood for opening a discussion of the statutes of Indiana, and so demurely withdrew, feeling that it was no use to try to wriggle into matrimony through such mazy meshes of red tape, and that Mary would of course now consent to England. This was naturally implied throughout the letter I dispatched that evening. But I was mistaken. She "could not think of England for a moment now. It would be *so* interesting in Berlin," she wrote. We could be very comfortable for six weeks. The middle of July was not very late, after all, in that latitude. I must write at once the details of the requirements, and she would send for her papers. I complied, and sat down to write for mine.

Now I happened to be born in a little, remote Western hamlet, where I did not at present know a soul, nor in all probability did my parents. How to get the certificate of my birth, or, in other words, how to prove at the civil bureau that I had been really and legally born, was no trivial matter. I finally addressed a detailed and courteous letter to the mayor of Hornersville, begging him to have the fact and date of my birth from the town sent me, witnessed and over the town seal; and in order to inclose two dollars in United States postage-stamps, I ran at random into the nearest bank. I was counting out my German money, and the first clerk had gone to the back office for the stamps, when the brisk junior principal stepped up and asked me if my head was in any way diseased. I thanked him heartily, but not without some surprise, and assured him that it had never been better. "Because," he continued, "it is customary in our country to remove the hat in all offices of this importance." I doffed it instantly, and begged pardon, I am sorry to say, before I thought; and, although I had been taught the same lesson once before in a little shoe-store, regretted passionately half the way home that I had not thoroughly wrung his impertinent nose, in honor of the American eagle.

I next passed to the consideration of the baptismal question, the precise relations of which to the natal problem I have not been able to this day precisely to understand. The least forgery or evasion was of course not to be thought

of, however justifiable in a moral point of view I might deem it under the cruel circumstances, because that would make the marriage itself null and void. This I clearly inferred from my interview at the civil bureau. Moreover, no certificate whatever could have the least value unless it was stamped with an official seal; and, again, every error would necessitate an additional delay of four weeks; and, lastly, it was better to do too much than too little. These ground categories, I reflected, must never be lost sight of.

Now the fact was I had never been baptized. My father, although a good church member, entertained, twenty years ago, some rather independent views on the question of infant baptism, and so, despite my mother's wishes, the matter lingered until I was too big. In Germany, where every boy baby must be either baptized or circumcised, I was a monster, for whom her law made no provision. Mary's parents held no latitudinarian scruples, and she had been baptized thoroughly as an infant, and again later by immersion. Why had no one hinted to me, when I left home, that it might be convenient to take a Taufschein along with my passport!

After instituting inquiries, I ascertained that, among several other obstacles, I was now too old to be baptized in Germany, and that an English baptism would not help me. I could not think of leaving my examination and crossing the ocean, to be sprinkled in the normal way. Only one thing remained, namely, to get my parents' pastor and parish clerk to certify amply and strongly, under oath and seal and before witnesses, that, although duly born, I had never been duly baptized, and that such omissions, unfortunately, were not unfrequent in the United States, and were attended there by no civil or temporal disabilities. In my letter I begged my parents to send a certificate of their consent to my marriage, giving them a favorable description of Mary, inclosing her photograph, and gently hinting at the end that if they withheld their approval it would simply necessitate our running over to England. Another letter to my uncle, who happened to be a district judge, begging him to certify that I had never been married before, and that, according to his and my families' best knowledge and belief, there was no obstacle, "legal, moral, or otherwise," to my marriage with Miss Mary Adelaide Prout, of New York, seemed to me to complete the business. Yet, no: it would be best to have the bans printed in our little home paper, strange as it would look there, and have a copy — or better two, in case a steamer should be sunk at sea — sent me. That *might* save two weeks And again, it might be well to copy all these letters, and send a duplicate of each a week later, to make assurance doubly sure. If there *should* be any additional delay by error, there would be some consolation in having the fault on Mary's side, I reflected. I now had thirty-six hours for cramming before my examination, and at it I went.

Here were the lecture notes of five semesters and two small shelves of textbooks which ought to be reviewed. As the case seemed desperate, I resolved to concentrate myself on anatomy and chemistry, where I was weakest, and risk the seven other ample sciences which a doctor is required to know. Two of my examiners were aware that I had been a diligent student, and I would get a certain good friend of mine to call on another of them and hint that I had been distracted by family troubles, and perhaps, in case of need, they would advocate tempering justice with mercy, and letting me through easily, as it is said is often done with American students. I worked well all day and till about one o'clock at night, and then fell asleep over the group of peptones.

At nine in the morning, while I was

taking my coffee, a letter came from Mary requesting more detailed directions for ordering her papers, and when it was answered I realized that I was in a mood which made study impossible. I took a bath, and ran into the gymnasium, but was no better; drank a glass of beer, and read the American papers at the bank, but grew worse; then started off for a long walk in the Thiergarten, and came back only in time to make my toilet for the dread ordeal. In evening dress, I was ushered into a long room and seated at one end, while my examiners were discussing a comfortable spread at the other, — paid for, I knew, out of the two hundred thalers I had given for being admitted to examination. Of the three hours of mental anguish I here endured I will attempt no description. I was passed from one inquisitor to another, and at last, after waiting ten minutes in an anteroom, recalled to learn that, notwithstanding the excellence of my theme, and my diligence, good conduct, etc., my "oral examination had not been in all respects entirely satisfactory;" and I was advised to take advantage of the new regulations, and present myself again as a Repetent in the autumn.

I retired, scarce knowing what I did, and walked bareheaded in the cool night air a couple of hours, overwhelmed with shame, wondering over and over again what Mary, what my parents and friends, would think of me; and at last returned, jaded and haggard, designing to slip into my room unobserved and seek the oblivion of sleep. What should I find, however, on opening my door, but my hostess and several friends festively drinking wine around my table, on which was a magnificent piece of confectionery like a skeleton Gothic tower. It had turrets and minarets and festoons, and was wreathed in flowers, and a ginger-snap banner high above all was done off on one side in stripes and stars with red, white, and blue candy-work, and on the other side stood *Herr Doctor* above my initials. Herr Studiosus Ottfried Wilhelm Griesebach, my best German friend, sprung up and hugged and kissed me in spite of myself, and the congratulations of the others were so loud and given with such beery impetuosity that it was some time before I could make them comprehend the awful truth that I had "fallen through." They were really silenced then for an instant, during which I caught a glimpse of my hostess, with real delicacy of feeling, stealthily breaking off the candied, doctored ginger-snap banner and slipping it slyly into her pocket.

It was but for an instant, however, and it was Herr Griesebach, to my surprise, who first attempted to meet what he considered the demands of the occasion. Springing again to his feet, and, I actually believe, brushing away a tear, he thumped upon the table, and cried *Silentia!* in true convivial German-student style, though it was just then as still as the grave.

"Honored Herren," he began glibly enough, "love and science are jealous rivals, but thrice, four times happy the man who is favored by either. Our dear friend was going to become a doctor one week and wed a beautiful girl the next." "The bride *lebe hoch!*" shouted one of my visitors, and all rose, clinked their glasses, and drank deeply, nodding and smiling to me. "The gods were envious, and in their councils it was ordained that instead of completing a four years' course of medicine then, as he intended, he should pause for a short course on the German marriage law. In his native land," — "Americans *leben hoch!*" was shouted and drank to as before, — "they say, I have heard, that time is money. [These words in English, — all he knew, I believe; but he graciously repeated them *sotto voce* in German, with a benevolent glance at my hostess.] Well," slowly shrugging his shoulders and raising his eye-brows, "our friend's faculty has given him four months' time," lay-

ing his forefinger aside his nose at the word "four," and tapping it again at the word "time." This was execrable and exasperating enough, it will be confessed, and I suppose my face fell still more and that my convivial friend noticed it; at any rate, he stepped to my side, grasped and wrung my hand, and added in changed and almost tender accents, "I have been in the university eight years. My head is mossy enough, but of many American students I have known our friend is the only one with true German *Gemüth;* and before I say *dixi* I propose that we rub a vigorous salamander to the Herr Bräutigam. Let him live high, high, high!" he cried, raising his glass and drinking long and deep, as did the rest, after which all rattled their glasses noisily at his command till he gave the usual signal for silence, and then sat down.

He had done his awkward best, and so did all the rest in more informal words of consolation, but it was of no use. It only revealed to me how great and lifelong in German eyes was the disaster which had overtaken me.

When they had gone I sank back in my chair (a rocking-chair, by the way, which I had got made only with infinite pains, after satisfying myself that I could not obtain one otherwise in all the city; indeed, it was the only one I ever saw in all Germany), and tried to think things over calmly and gather courage; but the longer I sat the more completely unmanned I became. I could think of nothing, in fact; but the words, I have failed! I have failed! kept repeating themselves in my mind over and over again, like the inexpugnable "Punch, brothers, punch with care," etc., which Mark Twain has described. I sat there for hours, benumbed, in a sort of Oriental trance. I had no wish, no strength even, to go to bed, though I knew dreamily that my condition was morbid. I remember thinking, on the whole, rather favorably of the project of going back to the Thiergarten and shooting myself, as an American student had done in the autumn before, — without a quarter of my provocation, I was sure. But that would require too much effort. Many other absurd things flitted through my mind, while the day dawned and the sunshine stole in at my feet. I wished for half an hour that the window of my room was open; I knew the air was not the best, but I could not summon the resolution to get up and open it. At length I was roused by the knock and entrance of my hostess, who informed me that my usual breakfast hour was considerably passed. I ate mechanically, and came back to my chair in a room with freshened atmosphere, and slowly began to realize that I was suffering from a nervous reaction which might become indefinitely serious. I will not here pause to go into professional details. Suffice it to say that, following the best medical advice, it was several weeks before I at all recovered my health and spirits.

During the first few days I had been too listless to do more than glance over Mary's letters as they came, and deferred answering them, always only for an hour or two at a time, till at length, on the fourth day, becoming really alarmed at hearing nothing from me, she had come on to Berlin with her mother, and surprised me at dinner. She seemed to understand the situation at once; found out — Heaven knows how — the regimen that had been prescribed for me, and kept me up to it. She got me out on long walks, astonished me by her own endurance as my companion, and did her best to amuse and keep me cheerful. It must have been a dreary task, for I was so *blasé* to every intellectual interest, so indifferent to every enthusiasm or even to my own future, that only true love could have made my companionship endurable. And yet she brought me slowly out of my trouble back again to life.

Four weeks had meanwhile elapsed. Mary's father had come and returned

alone without her mother, and I began to hear from my home letters. First came my parents' consent to my marriage to Miss Prout, drawn up in stately and formal terms; for my father was a country squire, and knew something about how a legal period should be stuffed. At the bottom of this my sister had roguishly imprinted the motto of her class in the seminary, of which, as secretary that year, she chanced to have the metallic stamp. It was a Greek translation of the phrase, "I will find a way or make one." It was as big as an English penny, and with a bit of red ribbon affixed looked so imposingly official that I thought it best to let it stand; and good service it did me in the end.

My uncle, the judge, promptly declared that to the best of his knowledge there was no obstacle to my marriage, and affixed the stamp of the county to his certificate that I had never been married before.

Then came the baptismal paper, and a most lame and beggarly document it was. First came the statement of the pastor. He had good-heartedly taken it upon himself to instruct the German government all too elaborately that, much as it was to be regretted, it was nevertheless a fact that scarcely one half of the native-born Americans were nowadays baptized, as the ceremony was not here required by law. After some expatiation upon this point, he graciously added that he had always seen much to commend in the German practice in the matter. His declaration was accompanied by my father's apologetic statement of his earlier scruples about infant baptism. From my letter and inclosure to the mayor of Hornersville I have never heard to this day. I had, however, anticipated this possibility, and as, fortunately for me, all four of my grandparents were living, asked them to certify to the dates of my parents' marriage and of my birth. This they did, and as the town where they resided possessed no stamp or seal, the town clerk good-naturedly pasted round pieces of green paper and a few inches of red ribbon at the bottom of each declaration. These documents, making with my passport seven in all, were carefully laid aside. Within a week Mary had the same number of papers, and, without stopping to examine them, I made them into a formidable budget, and again visited the civil bureau, only to learn that they must all be officially translated, and that each paper must bear the two-dollar stamp of the American legation in witness of the accuracy of the translation. As the office was then quite full of business, five or six days elapsed before this was accomplished. Upon returning to the German bureau, carrying now twenty-eight documents instead of fourteen (some of which, however, proved eventually to be useless or superfluous), it was promptly found that Mary's papers certified to her two baptisms, but failed to make out that there was no legal or pecuniary obstacle to her marriage. I had heard of the tedious litigations about inheritances which, under the former laxer laws, had grown out of carelessness about this point, but supposed Mary's mother, who had remained with her, could satisfy the authorities upon that point. Therefore I waited in silence for my own papers to be examined, hoping that if my irregular baptismal certificate was challenged, Mary's supererogatory baptism might be somehow vicariously credited to me. Mine, however, was accepted, but nothing which Mary's mother could do or say was sufficient to satisfy the German law that I might not be capturing an heiress by methods which it deems inadmissible. There was therefore no way but for Mary to cable her father in New York, "Certify consent and no pecuniary obstacle to marriage," and for us to wait two weeks more for the documents. A delay of another fortnight was needful for the bans, or *Aufgebot*. Mary herself began to be impatient. It was August,

and the heat was intense; all our friends had left the city, and both my best man, Will Murrey, and Mary's friend, Miss Punto, had returned to America, and were eventually married before we were. The dresses were getting out of season and out of fashion, and it was too late to travel anywhere but in Russia, Sweden, or Scotland, and we were not as enthusiastic about any of those countries as we had been about the Danube.

But the day long sighed for, long delayed, came at last. As I had to be my own best man, and attend to all the thousand and one little unexpected jobs that turned up, I had hired a faithful man-servant for a week, to whom I entrusted the arrangements at the church, the preparation of the spread, the care about carriages, getting off the baggage, etc. Before I escaped in the morning, the house porter, three servants, the washer-woman, coal man, two servants from the laboratory, and a tailoress called, — most of them in their best attire, and several bringing flowers or bouquets, — to give me their parting *Glückwunsch*, expressed in all the pretty phrases for such occasions in which the German language abounds. They were all moderately feed, but were happy. Some of them almost wept — so I fancied — as I drove off with Johann mounted beside the driver. Mary was ready, and with a half dozen friends we were soon in the little back parlor of the civil bureau. Here again was a long delay. One of the two witnesses required by German law was six months too young, and not one of our friends had the requisite papers of legitimation with them to take her place. One of the latter was personally known to the officiating squire, and another was the wife of a well-known public man, but this was not "regular." Even my servant had no "paper with a stamp" about him, and none of the idlers in the office, who are sometimes called in for a shilling in such emergencies, was any more fortunate. One of Mary's friends became indignant, and began a caustic history of our vexatious delays in broken German to the officer, until at length he turned his back upon her, tore off his swallow-tail coat, which had been donned for the ceremony, put on an inky gown, and retired to his desk, leaving us to find a way out of the fuss as best we could. None of the party lived nearer than two miles away, but luckily one of them remembered a lady acquaintance upon the next street, and went forth to find her. Although she was ill, she rose, dressed, took her papers, and drove to our rescue. The marriage service was rather long, and under other circumstances might have been impressive. When it was done we signed our names, I took a few more papers for use at the church, tipped four bobbing ushers who had opened four doors for us, left orders for a marriage certificate, — which is not necessary in Germany, but which we thought might be interesting to our friends at home, — and got into the carriage.

"Mary," I said, "we are really and truly married already, and let 's cut the church. It is an hour and a half late; our friends will all have been tired waiting, and have gone home. Besides, I have stood about enough of this. I have kept patient during two months of this rigmarole, but I am afraid a reaction is coming, and that I shall knock the minister down."

She replied only by pressing my arm more closely with her own as we stopped at the church door. A carpet was laid, and the organ struck up as we were ushered up the main aisle and seated in front of the altar in velvet-cushioned chairs. The clergyman had become tired waiting for us and had gone home to lunch, and we sat there ten minutes until he came in, out of breath, in a black robe and skull-cap. The length of this service depends somewhat upon the fee which he expects, and we found it very long. To me, at least, it was not partic-

ularly solemn. He whispered to us in broken English what responses to make, and where to kneel, stand, join hands, etc., as if he feared we did not understand German. When it was all over there were extra fees: one for the fine chairs we sat in, one for opening the church, another for the carpet on the sidewalk, and one each for the organist and bellows-boy. We were invited at the door to buy photographs of the church and clergyman, and his pamphlet discourses, and a printed copy of the Lutheran marriage service. We did so, and drove off to our spread. The thing was done at last.

Here, too, my story ends. It is my first, and will be the last I ever write. Marriage ceremonies and preliminaries were never made so complex, it is said, as the civil marriage law — the compulsory clause of which was repealed, I believe, last spring — made it in Germany for foreigners; and therefore only the eight or ten American couples who passed the same ordeal during its full operation are as thoroughly married as we.

A WINTER JOURNEY IN COLORADO.

The journey from the Atlantic seacoast to the foot of the Rocky Mountains is singularly well adapted to prepare the mind to appreciate their noble features. From the hills of the Appalachian system westward for three days of railway journey, the earth is in its quietest mood. The rocks lie in the attitudes given them when they were built on the old sea-floors; neither glacial frosts nor volcanic fires have done much to assail them, and so the great rolling plains stay as they were made, substantial images of the oceans that long surged above them; with their monotonous horizons they fit the eye for the strong outlines beyond, as a journey over the sea prepares it for rejoicing in the beauties of the land.

In its human aspect, too, the westward journey towards the great American mountains is a good preparation for the end. Out of the diversified lands of the Atlantic coast, where strips and patches of fertility lie mixed with the desert places of the worn rocks, where men have a scanty, poor relation's share of earth, the road slips quickly away into the prairies of the central part of the continent, — lands that love the plow, or at least submit to it, as the ox gives himself to the yoke. From the mouth of the Mohawk on, for fifteen hundred miles, there is not an acre of land to be seen that does not invite tillage and is not capable of sustaining a human life. There is an almost painful monotony in this utter giving up of the earth to the profitable uses of man. The soil grows fatter and more fertile as we go nearer the centre of the Mississippi Valley, until in Illinois it seems a perfect desert of tall, withered corn-stalks and wheat stubble that stretches to the horizon. The towns have a look of squalid plenty. Corn is trodden under foot, and about the stations its grains often are as thick in the mud as are pebbles in New England. The wealth of the soil has not yet gone into buildings. Here and there over the wide fields a little rectangular patch of snow shows the roof of the master of a domain big enough for a lord. The sky, too, is prairie-like in its uniformity; it is a vacuous expanse of clearness or cloud, without the diversity that a varied surface alone can give to it.

Undoubtedly, the energy that men

bring with them to this land of monotonous fertility, together with the protective influences of institutions, literature, and travel, will secure them from the effects which the stranger feels there, and in time art will come to diversify that which nature has so dismally uniformed.

The rich bottom of the Mississippi Valley begins to diminish in its fertility as we enter the high-lying valley of the Kaw or Kansas River. There the ridges which border the alluvial valley already feel the shrinkage of the rainfall, caused by the great mountain wall that rises six hundred miles to the west. We see the perennial drought first in the dwindling forest trees. In the Eastern prairies there are here and there humid spots along the borders of the streams, or in the bottoms of the swales of the plain, where the trees have been made safe against the sweep of the autumn fires, and there the forest shows its strength again; but as we go up the Kansas Valley the familiar Eastern forms drop out one by one, until a few shrunken cottonwoods and one or two species of elms, shorn of all their fair proportions, make a low fringe close along the river banks, or at the foot of the steep escarpments of the valley, where the springs dampen the ground.

The valley of the Kansas shows us the front of the battle that man is making with this wilderness. Until we pass Topeka, the result is an easy victory. The settlers seem to have earth and air in their favor, and the farms and men wear the look of confidence that comes with swift success. Beyond them, though there is much fertile land, we see that the settlements are crowded nearer and nearer to the streams, and there are now and then wide spaces where the desert gains on the valley. The river shrinks; the sands are heaped in its bed, and the stream crawls slowly and uncertainly through them. The houses are more and more temporary and experimental. We see that men are making a trial with their tillage, and that they half expect failure. The earth is rich; each little stream shows high banks of deep soil, that the ages have been gathering from the decay of the rocks below, but the rains of heaven forget their share of the task of making a fertile land. These changes from fertility to barrenness are slowly made; two hundred miles of the river valley go by in the gradual shadowing of the rich land into the waste of the upper plains. At Wallace Station we have definitely passed beyond the line of the plow, and the slow-rising valley has lifted us three thousand feet above the sea into the great table-land of our Western plains. The shrunken river, which is now only lazy pools among the lines of sand that mark its course, no longer has a distinct valley, but from its border the seared plains stretch away to a billowy horizon of low hills. In the early morning and at sunset the light gives the surface a rich glow, and under the quiet skies of night there is a majesty about its lifeless immensity, but in full day it is inexpressibly cheerless. In winter there is a light powder of dust-strewed snow drifting along through the grass tufts, — snow that looks as if it might have journeyed all the way from the Arctic circle, so worn and dirty is it. With the sun comes a fierce wind that blows as steadily as upon the sea, and with a power that holds the train on a slant as it runs along. The ranchers' houses are mostly half underground, and are a sort of gopher holes, generally with sod roofs, and with a heap of empty tin cans excreted at the only opening of the den. Although the thermometer is at zero, the cattle pasture under the lee of the low escarpments of the hills, and droves of antelopes trot away in long Indian files, as the train interrupts their feeding. Now and then they seem to herd among the cattle, as if their misery required sympathy. At Hugo I left the train, and walked for an hour across the plain. It repays close observation.

The surface is as hard as a well-beaten street, and almost as smooth. Bushes of greasewood and scattered tufts of buffalo grass, with one or two other grasses, give a sparse covering, but between the tufts of grass there are often yards of smooth ground, whitened by the thin crust of alkalies. Here and there are seen little bunches of gopher mounds, with the openings closed, for the creatures sleep through the long winter, or at least limit their movements to their underground ways. Each of these heaps is composed of pebbles, — the waste of the rocks in the mountains which are still beyond the horizon. A little further on, the road passes over the headland or divide of the Kansas waters at a height of over five thousand feet above the sea, and we get the first fair view of the Western mountain world. Pike's Peak is the first to greet us. It rises far away in the southwest, a bit of darkened earth cloud, around which the storm clouds whirl, as about an irrupting volcano. It is the most isolated and the lowest based of all the Rocky Mountain peaks, and is the stateliest, though by no means among the highest. Next, Long's Peak shows on the northwest, only less noble than its fellow-sentinel on the south, and then, as the road crosses the divide, two hundred miles of mountain front wall in the western horizon. At first the line is seen from seventy miles away, across a valley a thousand feet deep. The plain is in sunshine, but the mountain tops are in swift succession wrapped in driving snow-storms. In no other region have I ever seen such rapidity in the development of storms. From the time when the peaks begin to grow dim in the gathering vapor, it will be but a few minutes until the mountains for a stretch of fifty miles are all wrapped in black cloud. In a little while the storm is discharged; the sunlight pierces through it, showing the peaks with their robe of fresh snow; the storm rack rolls off in great billows over the plain, and melts away in the dry air. After a few minutes of calm, the wind rages again over the new snow, whirling it in banners from the peaks through the clear air, until it lodges in the gorges below.

As we come nearer the mountains their wall-like aspect grows stronger. Here and there a sharp cone juts above the rampart, but the whole is of singular steepness and uniformity. The plain flows in against it as a quiet sea against the land. There are no outlying hills to make a prelude to the change, but the line is drawn like an old-fashioned front of battle, close-set and continuous. There is probably no other region where the two great earth types, plains and mountains, have such unqualified contact as here. This suddenness of meeting is a gain to the grandeur of the mountains, but is a loss to their beauty. The plain holds its unaltered desert look close up to the hills. The small rain-fall, due to the barrier that the heights make between the plains of the sea, is not a bit mitigated as we come near the foot of the mountains. Buffalo grass and greasewood, a feathering of cotton-woods and willows next the slender streams, is all their vegetation. Art will in time give fertility to the belt of land next the mountains; already there are great projects for taking the head-waters of the Platte where they escape from their cañons, and leading them off on to the plains in canals for irrigation purposes. Although the amount of water in these streams is at best small, there is no doubt that a million or so acres can be made exceedingly fruitful in this way. The soil is a deep store of the fatness that the ages of drought have allowed to accumulate in them, unwasted by vegetation of any amount. A little water during the growing months of May and June, when the mountain streams are swollen by the melting snows, will give wonderful crops of wheat and other quick-ripening grains.

The city of Denver ends the plain travel. After the long journey through a region where the waves of civilization seem to die away among the alkali plains and antelopes, it is a strange sensation to find one's self once again in a full-grown and prosperous town, with Paris fashions in homes and people, and the look of thrift that usually comes only with time. It needs the iron wall on the west to persuade one that he is on the very front of civilization, and that what he sees about him has been scarce a score of years in its making. Except that the town is *squared*, and not close knit, it might belong in Ohio, or even in New England. There are shops that would do credit to Broadway, and houses that would fit in our oldest towns. In the people there is no more of the frontier than one may find in all the towns west of the Alleghanies. The laboring miner has been called to the mountains, and except that he comes here to spend his gains, or to show his "prospects" to men of capital, Denver is out of his range. Probably no other American city has such a noble site. The eastern slope of the Platte rises evenly and gradually from its sandy bed, until in a mile it gains a height of two or three hundred feet. From any house-top and all the streets one gets majestic views out over the vast eastern plain or over the mountains. A canal brought on to the ridges of the plain from the Platte cañon supplies ditches, through which, in summer, water finds its way along the street, and by little sluice gates into the gardens that surround every house. For the time the irrigation of this long-parched soil has brought about much sickness, so that the town seems to be temporarily unwholesome; but this condition must soon pass, and leave the city with almost ideal conditions of salubrity. Free from parching heats and withering cold, nearly snowless, with the sweet, dry air of the mountains and the oasis-like fertility that irrigation will in time give to its surroundings, it may hope for a noble future.

At Denver the railways abandon their ordinary size, and in the shape of narrow-gauge ways begin a wonderful struggle with the difficulties that abound in the contracted gorges and steep slopes. The only train that goes to the end of the road in the direction of Leadville leaves Denver at nine P. M., and passes the night in its journey of one hundred miles. We first see the signs of the wilderness people in the train; the little sleeping-cars are crammed with a motley lot of humanity, supercivilized and savage in all degrees.

The moon is full, and the mountains show almost as well as by day. Night quiets the winds here and settles the mists and drifting snows, so that for seeing the time is almost as good as day. The road quickly crosses the strip of plain between the town and the hills, and enters the deep cañon of the Platte as it would a door in a wall. These mountain streams all pass out of the hills through deep and narrow gorges. Their upper waters are in broad, trough-like valleys, sometimes in wide, mountain-high plains, but when they get near the edge of the hill country they suddenly plunge into deep rifts that let them quickly down some thousands of feet to the level of the plains below; out of such a rift comes the Platte from its gathering ground in the South Park. Its lower fifty miles of mountain journey is as tortuous as a cañon's windings alone can be, and the path of the railway through it is a marvel of daring engineering. The walls of the gorge are generally from a few score to two or three hundred feet wide at the base, and they stand as steep as cliffs can, with their fantastic, spired battlements a thousand feet above the stream that winds through their ruins below. All the moods of ruined architecture, spires, castle towers, and city walls, are mimicked in their infinite variations of shape. The moon

flies along the ragged southern crest and throws a flood of light upon the north wall, so that half of the scene is in shadow and half in light. For four hours, with throttle-valve wide open and a steady, panting breath, the engine toils up the steep and crooked way, gaining about five thousand feet in height, escaping from the gorge into the vast mountain plain called the South Park.

The South Park is one of the many high-walled plains which characterize the geography of the eastern part of the Cordilleras of North America. It is in structure a great basin, about nine thousand feet above the sea, and bordered by a rim of varied mountains which lift their heads three to five thousand feet above its level. In size it is about sixty miles in length by thirty in width, or nearly one fifth the area of Massachusetts. Its surface, though generally a vast rolling plain, is diversified by outlying hills that rise up like islands from its sea of snow. We left a mild, easy winter air at Denver, but the five thousand feet of altitude has taken us to an arctic climate, where the cold and scant atmosphere makes every step a task. At the end of the railroad the traveler sees the unmistakable frontier. First there is a great stretch of platforms heaped with the motley supplies that are to begin their wagon journeys to the many camps beyond the mountains; quantities of horse feed make the largest element of the stores; next, mining machinery; and last, the provisions for the vagarious animal whose strange hunger causes all this disorder in the wilderness. There are other broad platforms stacked up with bars of bullion, — dull-looking heaps, where each piece is so heavy with lead that it would seem no temptation to thieves. Hundreds of wagons are unloading this bullion, or storing their return loads. Over the wide, billowy plain caravans of them creep on their ways out or in.

The road ended in the town of Weston, a village that was just a month old when we saw it, and destined to have but another month of life; for then the railway would have its terminus twenty miles further on, and its season for living would have passed. All along the tracks of these Western roads we can see the slender foundations of temporary towns that encamp themselves for a day or two while they are at the edge of civilization, and move on as the border line advances. A hundred or so houses, sheds, and tents, all rattling in the strong wind that seems never to be quiet in the day-time, a horde of sturdy camp followers of this frontier army, squalid dram shops, and shanties with the signs of famous hotels upon them make up the huddle of a town.

The train discharges its freight into a dozen coaches, which set off for the mountain pass that lies between Norton and Leadville; they rattle off through the whirling snows towards the range of mountains, which is already thick with storms. Our own way lies across the South Park towards a lower part of the Arkansas Valley; for ten miles the four horses hurry the light open wagon over the snow-covered plain, through the blinding snow that flies before the blasts rushing down from the mountain ravines. Then we find our way upon the regular freighting road that leads in a devious course through the mountain gorges to Leadville. It is a way for which little has been done except by the wheels of the endless trains of wagons; but nature meant this land for roads; the scant foliage and slight rain-fall leave each of the ravines a natural road, and the frost has now bound mud and stones together. Every mile of this trail is occupied by a long caravan of the freighting teams that carry in provisions and take out bullion. The ordinary train consists of many teams, each composed of two wagons, the hinder one being without a tongue, and the two coupled together as closely as two railway cars. Sometimes

there are three wagons in the string. Eight or ten mules and a single driver supply the motive power. With this "outfit" one dexterous driver will drag about ten thousand pounds of freight at the rate of twenty-five miles a day. Some of the trains are individual ventures, but commonly a dozen teams are under one wagon-master, who fixes the marches and determines the places where the train shall halt to pass the tides of wagons that set the other way. These caravans give us the most picturesque aspects of this mountain life; the drivers are a strange selection from the vigorous frontiermen. The labor is extremely arduous and the life of the rudest, but the profits are very large, many of these teams earning from thirty to fifty dollars per day net for a half year at a time. The men live and generally sleep with their animals, even in this fierce cold. They are silent, indefatigable fellows, brutal in every outward aspect, yet withal singularly patient with their difficulties and helpful of each other, unless the other is a "greaser." A courteous word or two will always get their aid in passing through the perplexing blockade, where trains going in opposite directions meet in a narrow defile. Their life is one of trials. We are rarely out of sight of dead horses or mules which have broken their legs or died of overwork, and every precipice along the road shows the wreck of wagons that have slipped over the edge into the gorge below. In two hundred miles' travel with them I did not hear a brutal word from one man to another, and I was indebted to them for many considerate acts. They are a marvelously profane lot, but their swearing has a curiously impersonal character. In his difficulties with the teams a man will lift up his voice and address the Infinite in diabolic homily that would befit Milton's Satan, and then, subsiding like a geyser, remain silent for the rest of the day. At night, when they gather around the fire, in the low-walled, turf-covered ranches, they are perfectly mute; they sit on the benches as still as mummies, until they slip down upon the floor and snore until morning. They seem wrapped up in their own thoughts, or in the place where their thoughts ought to be. They often camp alone by the roadside; indeed, many of them seem to prefer the absolute isolation that they find in bivouacking in the scrub woods ten miles from neighbors. One night I sought directions from one of these solitary men. He was a huge, grizzle-bearded fellow, whom I surprised cooking his supper by a little fire in a niche in the rocks near his team. His ugly visage stood out in the blaze of his bacon, which he was toasting on a stick. He gave me sufficient answers without looking up to see who it was shouting at him out of the darkness.

Out of the South Park a low pass leads into the waters of Trout Creek, a tributary of the Arkansas. The descent is rapid, so that we are soon below the nearly treeless heights of the Park, down among steep mountain slopes, covered by the close-set yellow pine, or by the orchard-like growths of the Pignole, one of the characteristic pines of the Rocky Mountains. As in all the stream gorges of this region, the rocks are cut into forms of the most singular variety. As the snow veil blows aside with the changing storm, the time-worn, pinnacled mountains on either side loom out in simulation of gigantic castles, with all sorts of fantastic ornaments in walls and towers. Gradually we creep down beneath the storm line, and turn out into the valley of the Arkansas. Although the wandering snow-storms wrapped the summits of the majestic mountains that wall in this river, the view we had of the valley was wonderfully fine. There is a magnificent simplicity and directness in the architecture of the Rocky Mountains that is nowhere better shown than here. The valley itself is a trough, near-

ly direct in its course for one hundred miles, ending below where the river falls down to the plain in a cañon of wonderful depth and sheerness of walls. As we ascend the stream there is a gradual widening of the valley, until in its middle part it is a noble sweep of slopes from the base of the hills, which are several miles apart, down to the swift stream. On either side the mountains rise in one great step to meet higher regions. On the west their crests are about fourteen thousand feet above the sea, as solid as a wall, with a few commanding peaks at the heads of the valleys. As the cloud of snow sways aside we look up through those gorges of gray rock to the vast snow fields of their summits, now all aglow in the evening sun that is struggling through the subsiding storm.

The road up the valley lies over the long slopes and ridges of the moraines left here by the last glacial period. These mountains of waste are more massive and less diversified than those of Switzerland. The valley seems to have long been a glacial lake, in which the waste was much sorted and reduced to uniformity of outline. All along the stream of the Arkansas we see workings in the gravel where miners have sought gold. The mountains on the west from Mount Harvard northward are full of lodes bearing gold quartz. The grinding action of the ice during the glacial period has worn down hundreds of feet of this auriferous mass, and left the gravels made in the process rich in gold. Almost anywhere over the surface of these gravel beds the miner's test-pan shows a grain or two of gold in each twenty pounds of gravel. When the streams have washed over this gravel, bearing away the lighter waste, the gold is concentrated into a less bulk of matter, and then the gold hunter makes a rich winning with his sluices and rockers. The bed rock is in such cases strewn with the little nuggets. From one of these side streams, known as California Gulch, where Leadville now stands, not less than six millions of dollars were taken in a few years by the modest methods of washing the gravel, and in time it is likely that all the streams hereabouts will yield largely to the miner's labor. At present the discoveries of silver have drawn away the interest from these slower and surer sources of profit, but here and there a man who prefers small certainties to the exciting risks of other mining is still winning moderate fortunes out of the border-lands of these streams.

At Buena Vista we encounter the first of the hamlets of the Arkansas Valley. It is curious to notice the perfect forlornness of these mountain settlements; it is a distinctly higher order of miserableness than any other regions can afford. A wide range of experience in the backwoods of lower levels does not prepare one for the utterly groveling look that hangs over these shanty towns. It is perhaps the contrast between the enduring architecture of the hills and the pitiful congregation of sheds that makes the impression the more painful. There is a grand lithographed plan of Buena Vista with public squares and avenues of metropolitan length, but there is many a Pennsylvania farmer's barn that contains more timber in it than the town. Whenever we get among the mining camps of this region, there is a sense of utility and thrift about the structures and of dauntless energy in the men that makes one overlook all else; but in the cross-roads hamlets, that depend upon the small chances of travel and trade, we find the camp-follower element in all its debasement.

At the edge of night-fall we set out on our road up the valley. With the setting sun came the calm in the atmospheric torment that night-fall seems always to bring in these mountains. The peaks disrobe themselves one by one, and stand out in the evening light as godlike as the ancient statues of gold and ivory in their temples of the upper air

The teamsters gather their wagons into parks on the roadside, and are resting about their fires of pitch pine, that perfume the still air of the valley and cast a glow of ruddy light over the crowded wagons, massed to make a wall against the wind. The road is hemmed by rocks close to the river that winds its way about in a maze of great bowlders. The ice had stilled the stream, so that the gorges were as silent as caverns. On the west the vast snow fields of Mount Harvard rose to the great dome-like summit now lit by the full moon.

Late in the evening we made the hamlet of Granite, the oldest settlement in this region, once the busy centre of a gold-mining interest that has now fallen to decay. The dilapidation that comes to these hut towns is very rapid; soon nothing remains but a modern kitchen midding of broken bottles and crushed tin cans. But a decent inn has survived the ruin of Granite, in which we gladly found shelter from the intense cold. About the fire was a grim crowd of wayfarers, none of whom answered the greeting we gave them except by a look of a questioning sort. The town has a bad name for lawlessness, even the judge on the bench having made acquaintance with the bullet argument. Our guide had been promised a warm reception on account of an old feud, and spent some time looking around for it; but except a belated fellow who insisted that we had his room and seemed disposed to assert his rights, we had nothing to mar the night.

The morning dawned in the perfection of stillness. The mercury was ten degrees below zero, but the air had a curious softness, and save for the short breath caused by the height, life in it was delightful. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the white mountains against the purple blue of the western sky at dawn. When the sun strikes their summits the winds at once awake, and wave the snow banners to and fro. In an hour or two the winds gain strength enough to sweep down into the valley, and we are again in the torrent of snow driving before the northern gales. We tried to get away before the benumbed freighters had thawed themselves out and sworn their blood into circulation. For a few miles we have the road free, but from every sheltered place the trains stream out and block the roads already gorged with snow-drifts. The twenty miles to Leadville were trying to one's blood. The road rises all the way fifty feet for every mile; the snow deepens and the mercury crawls down. The Arkansas Valley widens above Granite, as all these mountain valleys do in their upper regions. It is no longer a gorge, but a wide, park-like expanse walled about by mountains. The old glaciers did great work here, where they survived longest, enduring after they had shrunk away on the lower ground. Turning sharply to the east from the main valley, which is a wild, open-looking country, we find ourselves on the skirts of Leadville: a scattering of wooden huts among the bushy pines; then a grimy smelting furnace with its slag heaps, where the waste is still glowing with the fire or sputtering as the snow drifts over it; then more huts and more "smelters," and we are at once in the streets of this the swiftest grown of all American towns.

Although haste, incompleteness, and the disorder of overgrowth are upon every line of the town's shape, Leadville has a look of decency and thrift that is surprising. Thirty months ago the little towns of Oreville and Malta, that had grown up while this gulch was yielding its millions of gold from the gravel washings, had rotted away, until the remnants were reduced to the name of Slabtown. Then it happened that a man skilled in such matters passed this way, and recognized ores rich in silver in the waste of the washings, — a heavy, ferruginous-looking stuff, that the placer miners had called iron ore, and much be-

rated because it filled their sluices and spoiled their work. A little prospecting gave him the "lead," and the new life of the camp began. In the two years thereafter five thousand shafts had been driven at random into the hills about this gulch, and from ten to twenty thousand men were after the new-found treasure. Perhaps fifty of the shafts have paid and as many miners found fortunes, but the prizes have been large, and who cares for blanks in the world's lottery! Once a month some one strikes "big pay," and the rest of the herd dig the harder and strive to make their last pound of bacon carry them deeper in their holes, that they may have the next chance. Capital has come in scores of millions to organize the work, and the prospecter is drifting away over the hills to find fresh fields and new underground pastures, — glad if he is a little ahead in money to carry him to new regions. Those who remain mostly work for "grub stakes," that is, they are fed by small capitalists, who get half what they find by their labor. The miner is an inveterate hoper; nothing dampens his ardor, and very few things enrage him. He knows that his temporal salvation is awaiting him somewhere underground, and is content to bide his time. All summer long, with his blanket, tools, and small stores, he is content to crawl about through these wild hills, utterly alone, demanding admittance to the earth's stores of precious metals. Not until the snows grow deep is he driven to the towns. Then miners swarm in the streets of Leadville, trying to find some Eastern capitalist to buy their claims; for though a miner rather hates the "tenderfoot," as he calls him, he must use him if he is to develop the fortune that he has found over the divide. Every new-comer he scans with a hungry look, for he may be his man. Beside the work of this floating population there are the regular mines, great business enterprises, among the best conducted and the most prosperous of such works in the world, yielding fortunes each month, and some of them likely to live for a score of years. They give a solid basis to the community, and their enduring success is giving character to the town. The permanent element of the population probably has no equal for intelligence and the other marks of power in a place of equal size. They hold the vice and crime of the swarm of wild folk who crowd into the place in an iron grip, — a grip so strong that it does not need to be harsh. The vigilantes, as the constables of Judge Lynch are called, have needed to sit on only one or two occasions. A year ago they hanged two men to lamp-posts, and on their backs placarded the names of others whom they meant next to hang. The men took the warning, and left the country. In another year civilization, with its strange penetrating power, will have subdued the little of barbarism that is left.

The hills rise steeply above Leadville. Upon those on the south of the gulch are the principal mines; Carbonate Hill and Freyer Hill have upon them all the great mines contained within the space of a few hundred acres. About them in every direction there are hundreds of small huts, where men are at work in their search for the great deposits of silver. The vein lies upon a slope so gradual that it can be attacked from a very wide horizontal field, and can be made to yield its treasures a hundred times as fast as a deposit that stood at a steep angle.

The traveler is fortunate if he can make sure of the hospitality of some of the great mines upon these hills, for he is then lifted out of the noisy and narrow valley in which Leadville lies, where there are no views of the hills, to a level in an upper and refined air where, with the amenities of life about him, he may enjoy the majestic prospect over the mountains that divide the waters of the two great oceans. In the

dawn of a winter's morning, while the night stays over the western heavens, the vast Sierra of the continent, snow white down to its forest slopes, lies in a calm immensity that transcends any mountain view the Alps afford. The scene can never have anything of the graciousness or the human interest that lends beauty to the Alps, but it has a grandeur all its own. It is calm, serene, and cast in a large mould, as are all the feature lines of this rather grim continent. Our fierce American life may beat against this upper land as long as it will, but it will never be marred by its doings; to the last these hills will remain with the same invincible look they now wear. When the well-selected race that is now gathering here shall have been shaped to the country, this strong nature will surely stamp itself upon it. We may then expect to find here the most distinctly American of our peoples, — a race that will, we may hope, be cast in the large mould of the nature that surrounds it. The fierce, eager mood that is now upon this people will in time pass away, and they will lose restlessness and gain strength in contact with the great strong land where their lot is cast.

N. S. Shaler.

THE WIVES OF POETS.

I.

The subject which I propose to treat in these articles, The Wives of Poets, is one which might be dealt with from several points of view. There might be a biographical treatment, and this more or less affecting either mere matter of fact or an anecdotical method; or a sentimental treatment; or a speculative or theoretic one. A writer might come ready prepared with some scheme into which he fitted all the details, well matching or ill matching, as so many illustrative examples. Now this is not what I propose to do. I propose to deal with our subject mainly in its biographical aspect; to collect together a number of facts, and present them in such order as I can; and then to reconsider them, and draw from them whatever inference they shall seem to warrant. At the same time it should be understood that I do not regard the details as merely miscellaneous and unconnected: I gather and scan them with a certain object in view, but without any desire to make them subserve that object, — only to use them as a fair basis for a reasoned opinion.

Let me state what this object is. It has often been alleged, and with considerable strength of assertion, that poets are not well suited for married life; that the very constitution of their minds predisposes them to disappointment and discontent if they commit the imprudence of matrimony; and that, as a matter of fact, the married poets have very generally been unhappy family men. Their intellectual subtilty, their ideal aspirations, we are told, will not comport with the commonplace conditions of conjugal life; they dream of goddesses, and they find their spouses to be not goddesses, but women, — and sometimes very ordinary women, too. But I will not define this opinion merely in my own words, but will quote from two authors who have given it a decided and efficient expression. The first of the two is Trelawny, in his interesting book, Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author; and the second is Karl Elze, the writer of a valuable life of Byron in German, which has been translated into English.

And now for Trelawny, who not only gives us his own opinion, but cites from Byron (in Don Juan), Shelley (in Epipsychidion), Milton (in Paradise Lost), and Shakespeare (in Antony and Cleopatra), in confirmation. He says: —

"Poets, like priests, have hosts of communicants, and should be sworn to celibacy. A catalogue of the domestic grievances of the poets and their wives, from the omniscient Shakespeare and solemn Milton to scoffing Byron and the martyr Shelley, would show that men of imagination all compact are devoid of what women call domestic virtues; that is, propriety of conduct and submission to the conventional customs of the time. Byron says: —

"'But O ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not henpecked you all?'

"Shelley: —

"'With one chained friend, perhaps a jealous foe,
The dreariest and the longest journey go.'

"Milton: —

"'Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning:
And of their vain contest appeared no end!'

"Shakespeare: —

"'As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another.
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife!'"

So far Trelawny. Next Elze: —

"Genius, living in its own ideal world, is not inclined to adapt itself to everyday life, or to tolerate its defects and annoyances; and the poet, to whom Jove's heaven ever stands open, discovers the incompatibility of the fetters and clogs of prosaic common life with his divine aspirations. Genius, in accordance with its nature, withdraws into its own inner life; it tends to become self-sufficing and self-absorbed. What other mind, compared with his own, could have value to Byron, or excite interest in him? These defects, to use the fine expression of Moore, are the shadow which genius casts. The fancy, too, of the poet or artist is a foundation far too loose for so solid a building as marriage, and Pegasus fastened to the yoke never becomes a useful plow-horse. In fact, almost all great poets, artists, or scholars have led a more or less unhappy domestic life, and it is an ascertained result of experience that no woman has been happy with a man of genius, nor, conversely, any woman unhappy because of the narrowness of her husband's intellect. Moore mentions the cases of Dante, Petrarch, and Pope; he might have added Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Burns, Mozart, Bürger, Goethe, and a hundred others."

This, then, is the point I wish to ascertain, — whether the general view of the matter taken by Trelawny and Elze is or is not a fair deduction from an adequate amount of evidence; and indeed I may say that thinking over the passage from Trelawny was my main incentive to attempting the subject at all. To put the thing to the proof, I know of no better means than to take as many married poets as I conveniently can, and inquire, one by one, whether the records show the man to have been a happy or unhappy husband, and what sort of a person his wife was, and what his own marital conduct, and, if unhappy, *why* he was unhappy. I take only a certain number of the *good* poets, be it understood, including all those mentioned by Trelawny and Elze, except Petrarch and Pope, who never were married, and Mozart, who was a musician; the bad ones, as I would rather not read their poetry, so I lay no stress upon their matrimonial fortunes, fair or foul. But, of the good poets, I have not at all attempted to pick and choose such as might subserve one or other theory, but I take them as they happen to come, and look without *parti pris* into their domestic interiors.

I shall arrange my poets according to their nationality, and then in order of date, ending with our own English au-

thors; and I shall give a few biographical particulars in each case, and as many details as I can cull and as my space allows regarding the wives and the mutual relation of wife and husband. After coming to the end of these several cases, I shall see whether any and what general conclusion can be formed, and shall ask my reader's attention to the results. I must of course be very brief about many points which would properly invite amplification; otherwise I should never, in the course of a few magazine-articles, get to the end of my rather extensive and multiform subject matter. Among the poets of antiquity I am aware of only two who can be cited in the present inquiry, — one Greek and one Latin. Of the others, some are known not to have been married, and as to such as were married I know of no apposite details.

The Grecian poet is the great tragedian Euripides, born of Athenian parentage in Salamis towards 480 B. C., — perhaps on the very day (September 23d) when the ever-memorable battle of Salamis cleared the seas of the invading fleet of the Persian despot Xerxes. He is said to have written his first tragedy at the age of eighteen, and he exhibited plays up to the seventy-third year of his life, which terminated two years afterwards, in 406. Euripides has been numbered in the ranks of the matrimonial unfortunates, — not only his first wife, it is alleged, but also his second, having played him false. Modern criticism, however, has scrutinized the grounds of these assertions, and finds them very defective, — so defective that we are left wholly in doubt as to the facts; and when in doubt the only safe and candid course is to confess that we know not how the truth really stood. The old story was that Euripides married a certain Chœrilla; that her unfaithfulness induced him to write the tragedy of Hippolytus, wherein the incestuous passion of Phædra for the youthful hero reflects disgrace upon the female sex; and that he proceeded to divorce Chœrilla. But looking to the dates, we find that Hippolytus was acted in the year 428; that Euripides was still, to all appearance, domesticated with Chœrilla, fourteen years later, in 414; and that at this later date she must have been fifty years of age, or thereabouts, and hardly likely to go astray. After Chœrilla he is said to have espoused Melitto, who intrigued with one Cephisophon; and the chagrin hence accruing to Euripides, aggravated by the gibes which comic poets vented against him, induced him, we are told, at the advanced age of seventy-two, to abandon Athens for the court of King Archelaus of Macedon. But here again we are encountered by an awkward fact, namely, that the tragedian continued up to the date of his death on good terms with Cephisophon. And so we must either whitewash the tarnished reputations of both the wives of Euripides, or confess that the circumstances are too mysterious to be reconciled, or, which comes to much the same thing, simply suspend our judgment. One other alternative statement only tends further to confuse us, namely, that he had two wives at once. But under all this smoke there may not improbably have been some fire: in other words, Euripides may have been a not particularly happy husband. His own character has been much canvassed. Some say that he was profligate and a confirmed misogynist; but the former allegation appears to be a mere calumny, and the latter is more than disputable. According to others, he was a serious and unmirthful man; which we may believe without attributing to him anything amiss. His detractors say that he was at last killed by some women, when going out at night to keep a criminal assignation; perhaps his age, seventy-four or seventy-five, may be deemed a sufficient answer to this imputation. The ordinary

account of his death sounds legendary, and yet it is generally accepted as true. Two rival poets, Arrhidæus and Cratinus, are branded to eternal infamy as having set the dogs of King Archelaus upon the aged tragedian, and by these brute auxiliaries of hellish envy he is reputed to have been torn to death.

Our Latin poet is Lucretius, — Titus Lucretius Carus, — the author of the austere philosophic poem De Rerum Natura, or On the Nature of Things; epicurean in its physical and moral doctrines, expounding the Infinite of Anaximander and the Atoms of Democritus; one of those monumental works which bridge the centuries across, and form the wonder of the last as of the first generation of students. There is a curious old tradition about Lucretius and his wife which our Tennyson has made the occasion of an eloquent poem; and I am content to go astray with Tennyson, if astray it is. The tradition is this: that Lucilia, the wife of Lucretius, being piqued at the philosophical abstraction of her husband, and possessed with jealous imaginings, gave him a love potion, in the hope of recalling his affection to herself; but the potion unhinged his reason, and henceforth he had only intervals of calm sense. At last, in a fit of frenzy, he killed himself, aged only forty-three the day of his death, in the year B. C. 52, being the very day when Virgil assumed the adult toga. Tennyson, on the scent of a moral purpose, gives a rather different turn to this story: his Lucretius, beset by carnal ideas under the influence of the potion, and hence lowered in his own eyes, stabs himself in an interval of sanity. This is very nearly all that we know about the career of Lucretius, either as a married man or otherwise; and even this we are far from believing. The story is a legend, — an unauthenticated legend, — which, even in the most credulous mood, one does not seriously allow to pass muster as a fact.

We now stride from the antique to the mediæval world, but remain still in Italy. I shall speak of two Italian poets, — Dante and Alfieri.

Dante Alighieri, one of the most vast minds and of the greatest poets that ever lived, — of all poets whatsoever certainly the most intense and awful, — was born in Florence on May 14, 1265, and died an exile in Ravenna on September 14, 1321. At the age of nine, if we may trust his own account, supplemented by some nearly contemporary writers, — but it has often been questioned whether the statements are to be construed literally or symbolically, — he fell deeply in love with a girl of much the same age, Beatrice Portinari. She, however, at the age of twenty-one, married another man, Timon de' Bardi, and less than three years afterwards, June, 1290, she died, leaving Dante in an anguish of grief. His friends, seeing his excessive misery, pressed him to marry, and after a contest he yielded, in 1292; the lady selected being Gemma de' Donati, a daughter of Manetto and a connection of Corso de' Donati, the latter of whom eventually became one of Dante's bitterest political enemies. The family was of the most ancient and important in Florence, and Dante himself was of correspondingly high birth. There is considerable controversy as to Dante's lot in married life. No one brings any grave charge against Gemma, but it is said (and Boccaccio, the most important of the poet's early biographers, is our chief authority for these statements) that she had a harsh, vehement temper, and would have her husband account to her for every sigh which he heaved, and interfered with his studying and doing what he liked; and in especial Boccaccio affirms that Dante, when once divided from her by political storms, would never either go where she was, or suffer that she should come where he was. This leads us to a few details regarding his public career.

Dante was one of the six *priori*, or chief magistrates, of Florence for two months in the year 1300. The great contest of that age was between the Ghibellines and Guelfs, or partisans respectively of the holy Roman Empire and of the Pope. Florence was entirely Guelf; but in our poet's time she was vexed with a subdivision between the so-called Black party and White party, — the Blacks being Guelfs of the extremer kind, and the Whites Guelfs of a milder and more tolerant tone. Dante and the other priori of his day saw fit to banish the heads of both these factions from Florence; but after a time the Whites were recalled, while the Blacks remained in exile, and the poet, though then no longer in office, was thought to have connived at this measure. Party spirit ran high. Corso Donati, the kinsman of Gemma, returned to Florence in arms; Dante, with many others, was heavily fined and banished, and in March, 1302, he was actually sentenced to be burned alive if he returned. His houses had already been fired, and his lands laid waste. The proud and illustrious exile, who now took part with the Ghibelline cause, might at one time have gone home, if he would have consented to humble himself and do public penance; but this he loftily refused, and during his nineteen years' residue of life he remained a banished man, roaming from city to city as necessity and party interests dictated. In exile he wrote the great majority of his Divine Comedy.

Dante and Gemma had a family of seven. He did not need to feel any anxiety about the material interests of his wife, for her connections were of the triumphant faction; and she succeeded in saving a part of his property as dowry, and used it discreetly for herself and her children. In the scantiness of records of events and the impossibility of judging of motives beyond a certain point, these facts must give us pause before we conclude that the husband and wife remained apart voluntarily, because of dislike or indifference on either side or on both; for it is clear that there were strong family interests pleading with Gemma to continue in Florence. Nevertheless, after all that can be urged on her behalf, both in this matter and generally, the profoundest Dantesque scholar of our day, Karl Witte, adheres to the opinion, and has lately expressed it in an elaborate paper, that the complaints against her are true, and that the poet was really unhappy in his married life.

Dante was of middle stature, long face, aquiline nose, large eyes, projecting under jaw, dark complexion, hair black and curled, — his expression that of profound thoughtfulness chastened by fierce fortune, with a fixed, sad severity; his gait was composed, his garb decorous, his manners grave and sedate, his address courteous, though reserved, and not free from haughtiness and caustic rigidity when he liked. He was temperate, and had the absence of mind incidental to constant study. Of Gemma I cannot give any portrait. Dante, it is generally considered, never once mentioned her in his writings; although, indeed, there is one rather long section of his autobiographic love story, the Vita Nuova, in which he refers to a certain "lady of the window," who used to gaze upon him with deep sympathy during his passions of grief for the dead Beatrice, and it has sometimes been thought that this was Gemma de' Donati. He speaks of her as "a gentle lady, young and very beautiful, looking very pitifully, so that all pity seemed to be summed up in her." As the houses of the Alighieri and the Donati faced in the rear, there is the more plausibility in supposing that this lady who eyed Dante from a window may have been Gemma. Certain it is, however, that Dante, in one of the most abstruse of his writings, declares the lady in question to have been a very impersonal personage, namely,

Philosophy; but whether this symbolical interpretation entirely excluded some natural one as well is a question which must be left to those most diverse-minded of mortals, the Dantesque commentators.

On the chance that the lady of the window may have been Gemma de' Donati, I give, in the translation made by my brother, one of the sonnets to her contained in the Vita Nuova: —

"Mine eyes beheld the blessed pity spring
Into thy countenance immediately,
Awhile agone when thou beheldst in me
The sickness only hidden grief can bring;
And then I knew thou wast considering
How abject and forlorn my life must be,
And I became afraid that thou shouldst see
My weeping, and account it a base thing.
Therefore, I went out from thee; feeling now
The tears were straightway loosened at my heart
Beneath thine eyes' compassionate control.
And afterwards I said within my soul:
'Lo! with this lady dwells the counterpart
Of the same love who holds me weeping now.'"

There is nothing to show that Dante was in any way unfaithful to his marriage vow so long as he lived with his wife; but he is stated to have been of a very amorous temperament, and evidence exists — I will not say conclusive evidence — that after his exile he had some love affairs with other ladies. As many as five have been named, and careful inquirers are inclined to assent at any rate to two, — Gentucca, a noble Lucchese lady, who afterwards married one of the Altelminelli family, and the Montanina (mountain damsel) of Casentino.

Let me add that two of Dante's sons were among the earliest of his commentators; that a daughter, Beatrice, became a nun in Ravenna; and that his direct line was extinct in 1509, but the blood of Dante and Gemma still runs in the Marquises Serego Alighieri of Verona.

About Dante Alighieri everybody knows something; but English-speaking people in general do not know much about my next Italian poet, the Count Vittorio Alfieri, the most famous tragedian of his country. He was born at Asti, in Piedmont, in January, 1749, of a noble and wealthy family; was in youth impetuous, unscholarly, a rapid and somewhat extensive traveler, and extraordinarily fond of horses; he was a man of gallantry, and had some curious love adventures, more particularly in English high life. He began writing drama towards 1773, but did not publish anything till 1781: altogether he composed, besides other works, twenty-four tragedies, remarkable for severe dignity and passionate laconism. All the incidents connected with his marriage are of uncommon interest; and as he wrote a detailed autobiography, an admirable book, we know a great deal about them.

A very small German sovereign, the last reigning prince of Stolberg-Gedern, had a cousin, Louisa Maria Caroline, born in 1753, who at the age of nineteen, having theretofore been a canoness, married no less a personage than Charles Edward Stuart, whom we call the young Pretender, but who, in the eyes of his adherents, the men of the '45, was king of England, Scotland, and Ireland. At this time, 1772, bonny Prince Charlie, the hero of Waverley, was aged fifty-two, and was a confirmed drunkard. He soon treated his consort, commonly known as the Countess of Albany, with brutish indifference, and at times with brutal violence. The marriage was a childless one. In 1776, Alfieri met this royal lady for the first time in Florence, and in the autumn of 1777 he was presented to her in her own house, and very soon fell in love with her, — a love, he says, of the mind as well as heart, which incited him to increased intellectual exertion. In 1780, resolved to bear her husband's outrages no longer, the countess quitted him; and in May, 1781, she settled in Rome, keeping up a handsome establishment, for which she had ample means. Alfieri was with her in Rome, but not in the same house; their intimacy, however, caused some scandal, and

in subsequent years, from 1784 till 1788, they joined company in Colmar and in Paris, always dwelling apart, and at times separated for some months, during which he wrote her very long and ardent letters. It was towards February, 1788, in Paris, that the countess received the news that her husband had died in Rome. She was genuinely distressed, Alfieri says; adding that "no artifice ever entered into that most candid and most unmatchable disposition." From this time forth they were completely united.

Whether the tie which had undoubtedly already for some while existed between Alfieri and the Countess of Albany was ever confirmed by an actual marriage is a question not yet solved by any positive evidence; but it is generally assumed that this was so, and as no motive is apparent for the contrary we may reasonably accept it as a fact. It would seem that no two people could be happier together than they. No stripling in the fervor of a first love for an unattainable beauty could write of her more enthusiastically than did this highly distinguished author and man of society of his countess, — "my lady," as he invariably terms her, — when he had attained the age of about forty-one and she of thirty-seven, and again when, shortly before his death, at the age of fifty-four, he completed his autobiography. He speaks of "a sweet fire in her very black eyes, coupled (which is rare) with an exceedingly white skin and blonde hair;" of her "golden temper" and her many other excellences, including a knowledge of languages and literature sufficient to enable her husband-lover to talk to her of all his work. In 1791, when chance had led to his reencountering one of his early flames, a lady who partly by his means had forfeited an eminent place in English society, he narrated the whole affair to the Countess of Albany, and he remarks, — a crucial point, indeed, to test a married couple's happiness, — "Between us there was never any feigning, nor mistrust, nor disesteem, nor bickering." He composed in her honor many sonnets and other pieces; and he wrote her epitaph along with his own, in Latin, terming her "preëminent in birth, beauty, character, incomparable candor of soul; beloved by Vittorio Alfieri beyond all things, and by him constantly held and served as a mortal deity." They lie buried together in the famous church of Santa Croce in Florence, under a monument for which the countess commissioned Canova: Alfieri having died in October, 1803, of gout telling upon a constitution lowered by continual application and the most sparing diet, and she having, after many years, followed him to the tomb in January, 1824. She had continued dwelling in Florence, in active intercourse with persons of distinction in literature, art, and society; and the praises which her husband had lavished upon her were generally, however faintly, echoed by others. There is some idea, but it remains only a conjecture, that, many years after Alfieri's death, she married a French historical painter named Fabre, who was, at all events, left her general legatee.

Alfieri was an honorable man and constant friend; proud, irascible; a great hater of the French, especially after he had been disappointed in the course of the French Revolution, and had suffered some considerable personal troubles therein; tall, thin, pallid, with red hair and a very powerful voice; a contemner of money, an aristocrat, and a republican. "By none despised unless it were by himself" is the haughty phrase which he embodied in his own epitaph.

Thus far of the Italian poets, and next of the Spanish. Here again I shall take two, and these contemporaries in the greatest period of Spanish literature, — Cervantes and Lope de Vega.

Cervantes as the author of Don Quixote is known to all; as a poet to few of

us. He was, however, a poet of very considerable note in his time and country, and still is so, with a difference of degree, to his compatriots. He wrote some twenty or thirty plays, of which only two, along with some comedies and interludes, still survive, — the Numancia and the Trato de Argel, or Algerine Dealings. The former, on the memorable siege of Numancia by the Romans, has a stern, heroic terribleness which makes it very impressive, though not in like measure poetic. There was also, near the end of his life, the Journey to Parnassus, a semi-burlesque poem, which is accounted his most decided success in the form of verse; likewise other works which I need not here mention.

That the Numancia tragedy should be heroic is no wonder; for Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, born at Alcalá de Henares, in New Castile, in the autumn of 1547, of a dignified if not noble family in straitened circumstances, was as genuine a hero as ever breathed, — as genuine as his own Don Quixote (and that is saying a good deal), without having so loud buzzing a bee in his bonnet. At the age of twenty-three he became a private soldier; fought splendidly against the Turks in the glorious sea-fight of Lepanto, and there had his left hand maimed for life; was in 1575 captured at sea by the Moors, and kept five years a slave in Algiers, displaying the most noble powers of endurance, enterprise, and self-sacrifice in the interest of his fellow-captives. At last a large ransom was paid for him, and he returned to soldiering and eventually to authorship. Subordinate official government, neglect, poverty, and temporary imprisonment, made Cervantes one of the most ill-starred of literary geniuses; he met all his trials with rare sweetness and buoyancy of spirit. One of the few defects attributed to him is a habit of unthrift and restlessness. At last, in 1603, when he was fifty-five years of age, he brought out his Don Quixote, Part I., and in 1615 Part II. Both were received with transcendent applause, and the work obtained more readers than any other which had appeared since the invention of printing. Yet — an almost unaccountable instance of ill-luck — he made little by it. Still poverty-stricken, he died in Madrid of dropsy, on April 23, 1616, — not properly the same day, though it is generally spoken of as the same, on which Shakespeare expired.

In December, 1584, Cervantes had married a young lady (as it has been said) "of apparently very limited fortune and unlimited respectability," — Doña Catalina de Palacios Salazar y Vozmediano, — living in Esquivias, near Madrid. His prose pastoral of Galatea, published in the preceding year, is interspersed with lyrics inspired by his love for this lady, who is indeed the Galatea of the story, and himself the Elisio. From a pastoral no real knowledge of anybody is to be gathered; and of Doña Catalina next to nothing is known otherwise. It is surmised that the couple lived at first upon her dowry. In 1603 they were dwelling in Valladolid: he drudging at the humblest literary employments, and she eking out their income by needlework, in which she was assisted by a natural daughter of her husband and by three other ladies of the family, — all housed together. One of these ladies, with Doña Catalina herself, assumed the habit of St. Francis in 1609, thus binding themselves to certain acts of piety. The daughter, Isabel, who shared all her father's troubles and was the object of his deep affection, had been borne to him by a noble Portuguese lady about two years before his marriage; there were no children by his wife. About four years before the death of Cervantes Isabel became a nun; and five months after he was laid in his grave a license was granted to his widow and executrix to print for her own benefit his last romance, The Sorrows of Persiles and Sigismunda, — probably the only property

he had to leave her. Of her person I find no description, nor anything beyond a general inference that the pair were mutually helpful and attached. Cervantes was a man of ordinary stature, stammering speech, and aquiline features, with a small mouth and chestnut hair.

From the step-son of fortune we pass to her spoiled child, — from Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra to Lope Felix de Vega Carpio, or Lope de Vega, as he is commonly called, who was born in Madrid of a noble but not wealthy family, in 1562, fifteen years later than the author of Don Quixote. Apart from his literary work he led a sufficiently active life: spent some time in travel; served as a soldier in the Spanish Armada, — Invincible, so called; married twice; was private secretary to the Duke of Alva and the Count of Lemos; entered holy orders as a priest and honorary member of the brotherhood of St. Francis; showed hot religious zeal; and amassed great riches, and spent them largely, being a man both of display and of charity. But all this is as nothing to his literary labors, in comparison with which the labors of Hercules would hardly seem exhausting. Suppose a man, in something less than seventy-three years of life, — the span allotted to Lope, — were to write a million verses; would my reader think that a large number? I should, — a barely credible number. But Lope is said to have written and printed 21,300,000, among which are included 1800 plays actually performed on the stage. This is the estimate of a panegyrist, and must, I suppose, be rejected as an absolute impossibility. But it is certain that he wrote comedies, tragi-comedies, tragedies, sacred dramas, epics, and verse of every other sort, besides a mass of prose: 518 of his plays are still extant in print, and several of them continue to be acted; of his epics, one is a continuation of the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto (he wrote this when shipped in the Armada), and another, named La Diagontea, is on the death of Sir Francis Drake, the *bête noire* of all Spaniards. He himself says he had written more than 1500 plays, 100 of them being done in as many days. With such miraculous facility, it cannot be expected that the compositions should be of a profound or monumental character, taken individually; flowing abundance and the faculty of treating any and every story dramatically are the generally admitted merits. Lope was, and indeed he deserved to be, enormously popular: he wrote for popularity, conscious that he had it in him to do something of a more solid and permanent kind. He was rightly called "the prodigy of nature," and his name became such a synonym for excellence that his contemporaries would speak of a Lope diamond, a Lope afternoon, and so on. In personal character he is said to have been kindly and vivacious: we cannot conceive of his being otherwise, any more than we could imagine a fertile soil which brings forth hundred fold to look as if it were arid and grudging. He had a firm, well moulded countenance, with dark eyes, large, slightly aquiline nose, and very short upper lip, — discerning, clear-headed.

As I have said, Lope de Vega was twice married. In early youth he wedded Doña Isabel de Urbino, a lady of rank. He loved her tenderly, but had to quit her in consequence of a duel, returning to his family and his native Madrid after some years. He had not been back long when his wife died, and his joining the Armada, which was in 1588, is said to have been prompted by his wish to escape the pain of memory. His second nuptials, at the age of twenty-eight, were with Doña Juana de Guardia, a Madrid lady; with her also he was happy. She died after ten years or so of wedded life, following to the grave a son on whom the poet doted, and leaving behind her two daughters. As he had sought to assuage his first grief in the clash of arms, so he retreated

from the second into the ecclesiastical life. After the statistics I have given of his poems, I need not say that he still continued writing when he had entered the priesthood. His Autos Sacramentales, or sacred dramas, number at least four hundred. Such, in scanty outline, was the father of the Spanish drama, and the most prodigal and colossal of all examples of literary productiveness.

We will next take the French poets, four of them, — all men of the seventeenth century.

Pierre Corneille — the great Corneille, as his countrymen call him, not undeservedly — was born at Rouen, in June, 1606, his father being a lawyer and official, ennobled during the poet's youth. The son was also a lawyer, but did next to nothing in his profession. His first drama, Mélite, was produced when he was aged twenty-three; two years afterwards came his early masterpiece, The Cid, the success of which was altogether vast and unprecedented; then in later years Les Horaces, Polyeucte, and several others; the latest of high celebrity was the Œdipus, written at the age of fifty-three; others succeeded, testifying to declining powers. In 1663 Corneille was pensioned by the king, Louis XIV., with two thousand livres per annum, — an amount which was not always punctually paid, and in these intervals the poet was not well off. He died in Paris in September, 1684. A stern magnanimity, a stress of lofty character which lapses into the bombastic if it overshoots the heroic, mark the great but very unequal genius of Corneille.

The details of his courtship and married life are pretty well known to us. Love is said to have been his first inspirer to the drama. A friend of his, who was paying his addresses to a young lady, introduced Corneille to her, and she soon showed a preference for the new-comer. This led him to write his first play, Mélite, which deals with a similar incident, and found favor with the public. If I understand the narrators aright, this was the same lady whom he afterwards married, — Mademoiselle Marie de Lampérière, daughter of the lieutenant-général des Andelys, in Normandy. In this case the engagement must have been a decidedly long one, for Mélite was written in 1629, and the marriage did not take place till about 1640. The lady's father did not approve of having Corneille as a son-in-law. The young dramatist was at first one of the so-called "Five Poets" of the all-powerful Cardinal de Richelieu; their business being to work up into plays the ideas which the cardinal threw out, but for the execution of which he had neither the leisure nor perhaps the faculty. Corneille did not altogether please Richelieu in this employ, and he ceased to be one of the five poets towards 1637. Richelieu however, continued to allow him five hundred crowns a year, and also befriended him in his suit; for it is said that the poet having called on the cardinal, one day, sadder than usual, and being asked whether he was writing anything, he replied that he was too much harassed by love, being passionately enamored of Mademoiselle de Lampérière, whose father would not let him have her; and Richelieu thereupon sent for the father to Paris. He attended, in no small trepidation at receiving so sudden and mysterious a summons from the terrible minister; and, on hearing what it was all about, was only too glad to consent to the match, and so return to his province. The lady's dowry was trifling, and the patrimony of Corneille the like. Married, and in course of time the father of six children, the dramatist found all his pleasure in his family; and, allowing for a melancholic temperament in the man, gruff manners, quick self-esteem without the anodyne of vanity, and a great inaptitude for business affairs, he seems to have had a substantially happy home. Of his *brusquerie* and

indifference we have the anecdote that Corneille having engaged one of his daughters to a suitor whose money matters went amiss, the young man called on him one day, explaining that unfortunate circumstances compelled him to break off the match, and the poet replied, "Pray speak about it to my wife, without interrupting me. I know nothing about such affairs." He lived in the same household, practically speaking, with his brother, Thomas Corneille, also a poet of recognized, though inferior merit. Their harmonious *bonhomie* was conspicuous. Thomas, twenty years younger than Pierre, was married to a sister of Pierre's wife, also twenty years younger than that lady. They had the same number of children, and they held all things so much in common that, in twenty-five years of joint marriage, they never partitioned the properties of their wives; and this was done only after the death of Pierre, who lived without expense and died without goods. His family is still extant. One of his daughters was an ancestress of the too celebrated Charlotte Corday, and the philosopher Fontenelle was his nephew.

This writer has given us some valuable details about his illustrious relative. "Corneille," he says, "was somewhat tall and stout; his air very simple and very ordinary; always negligent, and unconcerned about appearances. His visage was sufficiently agreeable: nose large, mouth fine, eyes full of fire. He spoke but little. He was in essentials very easy to live with; a good husband, good relative, tender, and full of kindliness. His temperament was somewhat inclinable to love, never to libertinism, and seldom to powerful attachments. His spirit was lofty and independent; no suppleness, no finessing." And to this let me add the terse phrase of the mighty Napoleon: "If Corneille were alive, I would make him a prince."

William M. Rossetti.

A SYMPOSIUM OF SIXTY YEARS AGO.

We had occasion, not long since, in speaking of the somewhat affected and ambiguous attitude of Mr. Mallock toward the faith which he has undertaken to defend, to contrast him with those valiant sons of the church's own body who have carried her banner most gallantly in recent times, and especially with that most memorable and chivalric of them all, Count Joseph de Maistre. It is only incidentally, of course, that two men, as yet so widely separated in intellectual ranks, can be compared at all. Mr. Mallock has apparently suffered too severely from that wasting malady of the modern mind whose chief symptoms of spiritual unrest, moral bewilderment, and enervating melancholy are unhappily so familiar to us all, to be able wholly to recover from it, though never so willing to take the most heroic treatment. From invalidism of this description, at least, the great writer named above was always and absolutely free, and it is his superb mental health, his endurance and virility, his humor and high spirit, and the soldierly enthusiasm with which he fought out to its calm close the long, hard battle of his life, which especially fascinate us with his memory. It is not, therefore, as a controversialist, and as little as possible as a Catholic, but rather as a profound, courageous, and often most consolatory thinker on the perpetual problems of existence, that we propose to consider him to-day, and to glean a little from the abundant riches of his latest and

most popular work, — his own favorite, also, and that into which he himself tells us that he had put his whole soul, — the Soirées de Saint Pétersbourg.

A brief outline of Count de Maistre's story may serve to explain to those who are not freshly familiar with his life and work the circumstances under which the book was prepared.

Joseph de Maistre was born at Chambéry in the year 1758, of one of the oldest and most honorable families in Savoy. "Voltaire," says Sainte-Beuve, "as he gazed upon Mont Blanc from Ferney, little dreamed that there was growing up under the shadow of the mountain, and would one day issue thence, his own most formidable enemy and keenest satirist." Both Joseph and his brother Xavier, the future author of the enchanting Tour Round my Chamber, received a careful and severe early training, especially in classical studies; and the story is told, to illustrate the excellence of Joseph's memory, that he once repeated off-hand and without missing a word an entire book of Virgil, on a challenge from a college classmate. Being reminded of this feat nearly forty years afterward, M. de Maistre said, "And, if you will believe me, I can repeat that book of Virgil still."

The first thirty years of his life were prosperous and uneventful. He was elected to the senate of Savoy at the age of twenty-two; he was made a magistrate at twenty-four. He married, and enjoyed for some years a singularly complete domestic happiness. He was an enthusiastic student still, always possessed by some literary predilection, which he followed up with ardor in his leisure hours; but he wrote little, and published nothing save a few pamphlets and memorial addresses. He accumulated a great body of notes at this time, many of which perished in the revolutionary catastrophe which was at hand; but their results remained in the constant growth and enrichment of the eager and exuberant mind. It was the outbreak of the great French Revolution which suddenly formed the author and determined his vocation. Sainte-Beuve, who has devoted to the imperial character of Count de Maistre one of his most elaborate and consummate studies, thinks that he finds traces, among the scant records of those quiet years, of the fact that the great orthodox champion who was to be had once his leanings toward liberal opinions and the philosophism of his youthful day. He indulged in some rather towering rhetoric about the American Revolution: "Freedom, insulted in Europe, has winged her way to another hemisphere. She floats above the snows of Canada. She is arming the peaceful Pennsylvanian, and *from the heart of Philadelphia* she cries to the English, 'Why have you outraged me, — you who were wont to boast that to me you owe your greatness?'" etc. But then it is so easy to enjoy the fire-works of a revolution at a distance of three thousand miles! By birth, breeding, and divine foreordination M. de Maistre was, in the finest sense of the word, an aristocrat, — loyal, martial, and devout; and 1792, which dazed so many brains, cleared his. It dispelled his dreams, and brought him to the full command of his senses. Even then, before the clang of the first tocsin had died away, and with all the tremendous force of his nature, he revolted from the Revolution. He saw in it the sum of all political and social iniquity. He saw also, as a matter of course, the inevitable result of Protestantism. To him the genius of the whole movement was simply — to use his own strong word — *satanic;* and he engaged instantly and single-handed in a warfare against it, which was destined to cease not, day or night, till he was called to his final rest, nearly thirty years afterward.

When the French troops invaded Savoy, — in September, 1792, — M. de

Maistre followed the flight of his king. He returned in January, 1793, under an amnesty offered to the *émigrés*, but could bear the new *régime* no more than three months. In April of the same year he retired to Lausanne, where the presence of many distinguished refugees made a most brilliant society just then, despite the pecuniary straits of most of its members. It was there that M. de Maistre first met Madame de Staël, whom he saw later at St. Petersburg, and later yet in her own house at Paris, after the Restoration. They were always good friends and warm antagonists. The lady graciously allowed that the gentleman possessed genius, but his judgment of her was expressed in more piquant terms. "I never knew," he wrote to a friend at this time, "a mind more utterly perverted. Such is the infallible effect of modern philosophy *on any woman whatever*. Yet her heart is by no means bad. As for wit, she is extraordinarily brilliant *when she is not trying to be so*. Our studies in religion and politics had been utterly unlike, and scenes occurred between us in Switzerland fit to make one die of laughter. Yet we never lost temper."

These years at Lausanne were the first and by far the most cheerful of an exile which was to last a quarter of a century. Later, when M. de Maistre had followed his dethroned sovereign to Venice, though still accompanied by his beloved family, he was harassed by extreme poverty. He lived in a small suite of rooms on the first floor of the Austrian embassy, but would accept no further assistance from a foreign government. Nevertheless, he bated not one jot of heart or hope concerning the ultimate triumph of those principles of religious and political order to which he was devoted, and which appeared, on all hands, to be sinking or submerged. "All this," he used to say, "is but the motion of the wave. To-morrow it may bear us only too high, and then, indeed, it will be hard to steer." And while loathing the excesses of the Revolution, as only one fiery and tender as himself could do, he yet saw in those very excesses the surest hope for the future. "It is these horrors themselves," he triumphantly exclaimed, "which will yet preserve for us the integrity of *the first of all kingdoms after the kingdom of heaven!*" For France was in truth the fatherland of his soul, and he loved her no less passionately than he hated and mourned her crimes. At length, in 1802, he was sent by the restored king of Sardinia, Charles Emanuel IV., as minister plenipotentiary to St. Petersburg. It was a barren honor indeed, in the way of emoluments: for his impoverished sovereign could pay him no salary; he could not have his family with him; and he continued so poor during the greater part of his long stay in the Northern capital that he dined most frequently, when at home, on bread and tea, and received among his friends — as we learn from his spiritual daughter, Madame Swetchine — the affectionate *sobriquet*, out of Walter Scott, of the *Caleb of diplomacy*.

His official duties were, however, hardly more than nominal, and he had abundant leisure, during his fourteen years' residence, for the studies in which he reveled, and for the chief literary labors of his life: his works on the authority of the Pope and on the Generative Principle of Political Constitutions, his translation of Plutarch's essay on the Delays of Divine Justice, and the greater part of his Conversations on the Providence of God in the Government of the World, first published in the year after the author's death under the leading title of the Soirées de Saint Pétersbourg.

The interlocutors in these conversations are represented as three: the senator, a Russian statesman and devout Greek Christian; the chevalier, a young French *émigré* of fair mind and open

nature slightly tinged by the philosophism of the time; and the count himself, "the noblest Roman of the Holy Father's sons." But in truth they are all the count, and we hardly think of the speakers as individuals, but rather as voices representing different phases of the one vehement and positive yet versatile mind.

The first of the great and universally interesting questions broached by this trinity of thinkers is that of the distribution of happiness and misery in the world, or, in the words of the senator, that *grand scandale de la raison humaine*, the prosperity of the bad and the sufferings of the good. The count starts as to a trumpet-call at the reproach implied in this statement of the question, and replies, with the buoyant intrepidity which usually animates him at the point where other men are disheartened, that there is no subject on which he feels himself stronger than this.

"It is with perfect conviction," he says, "nay, with delicious satisfaction, that I shall proceed to expound to two men whom I tenderly love the thoughts on this theme which have been gathering in my mind during what is already a long life." He questions, in the first place, the good faith of most of the complainants. "They mistake the sophisms of a rebellious heart for genuine doubts of the understanding. If oftentimes," he adds, in his epigrammatic way, "superstition, according to the common reproach, *undertakes to believe* [*croit croire*], far oftener, rest assured, pride *undertakes to disbelieve*." But even those who are honestly perplexed have needlessly confused the question. "That crime in general prospers in this world while virtue suffers is palpably false. On the contrary, the proof is overwhelming that the goods and ills of life are a sort of lottery, where any person whatever may draw either a prize or a blank. It is necessary, then, to change the question, and to inquire why, in the temporal order, the just man is not exempt from the ills which afflict the guilty, and why the sinner is not denied the happiness which the good man is able to enjoy. But this question is entirely different from the other, and I shall be much surprised if its very statement does not demonstrate to you its absurdity. If the good man suffered because he was good, and the bad prospered by reason of his badness, this eternal objection against Providence might be unanswerable. It falls to the ground if only we suppose that joy and sorrow are distributed indifferently to all. . . . But false opinions are like bad money: struck in the first instance by great rascals, and then passed by honest men, who perpetuate the crime, not knowing what they do. It was impiety which first bruited abroad this objection. Levity and good nature have repeated it. . . . A good man is killed in battle; is this an injustice? No, it is a misfortune. If he have the gout or the stone, if his friend betrays him, if he is crushed by a falling building, it is still a misfortune, but no more, because all men, without distinction, are subject to these *disgraces*. . . . Never lose sight of this great truth: that if a general law be just for all it cannot be unjust for the individual. You did not have a given disease, but you might have had it. You had it, but you might have been exempt. He who fell in the battle might have escaped. He who returned might have remained. *All have not died, but all were there to die.* The just law is not that which is executed upon all, but that which is made for all. To find difficulties in such an order of things, one must love them. Alas, they are loved; they are sought. The human heart, in its perpetual revolt against the authority that galls it, tells tales to the credulous mind. We accuse Providence that we may avoid accusing ourselves; raising difficulties which we should blush to raise against a human sovereign or simple administrator in

whose wisdom we confided. Strange that we should find it easier to be just to men than to God!"

All have not died, but all were there to die, — this is the heroic note which the reader will hear struck again and again by the controlling voice in this comprehensive and searching colloquy, the tonic to which all the solutions lead. We are here in this world to face the worst. For this cause were we born. Shame on us if we do it not bravely! "I know not if I am wrong," says the modest young chevalier in another place, "but it seems to me as if there could be nothing so unfortunate for a man as never to have experienced misfortune. For how could such a man be sure of himself, or understand his own worth? Sufferings are to the righteous man what battles are to the soldier. They perfect him and accumulate his deserts. Does the brave man complain to the army because he is chosen for the most perilous expeditions? Nay, rather he covets them, he glories in them! For him *suffering is an occupation and death an adventure.*"

This high military spirit finds occasion for yet more explicit utterance when the whole subject of war comes up for discussion, in the seventh conversation. Why, the question is propounded, should war be held so great an evil, so dark a mystery? "The business of war does not, as one might expect or fear, if not taught by experience, tend in the least to degrade, to render hard and ferocious, him who exercises it. Rather it tends to perfect the man. The honorable soldier is the most honorable of men; and for my own part [it is the senator who speaks now] I have always set a special value upon military good sense. I prefer it infinitely to the roundabout methods of business men. In the ordinary intercourse of life, military men are more amiable, more facile, nay, even, I think, more conciliatory than others. Amid political storms they are usually the intrepid defenders of antique maxims, and the most dazzling sophisms vanish before their rectitude. . . . Religion with them is often allied to honor in a remarkable manner, and those who have most deeply offended her in matters of conduct will draw the sword for her in case of need. . . . Much has been said of the license of camps. It is great, no doubt; but the soldier seldom finds his vices in camp. He carries them there. A moral and austere people always furnishes an excellent soldiery, — terrible upon the battle-field, if nowhere else. Virtue and even piety are closely linked with military courage. Far from enfeebling the warrior, they ennoble him. *The hair shirt of Saint Louis did not gall him under his shirt of mail.* . . . Oh, yes, gentlemen, the soldier's functions are terrible, but it must needs be that they are connected with a great spiritual law; and it is no marvel that all the nations of the earth have united to see in the scourge of war something more especially divine than in all others. It is not without good and deep reason, believe me, that the title *God of battles* flashes from every page of holy writ." Seven distinct reasons are then formally adduced for believing in the divine appointment of war: It is divine because it is a law of the world. It is divine in its supernatural consequences, both general and personal (and among these last is unhesitatingly reckoned the privilege of dying in the field, — that "great prize of death in battle" of which one of our own poets has sung in the most thrilling of his strains). It is divine in the mysterious glory, the inexplicable attraction, which invests it; divine in the protection so strangely accorded to its great captains; divine in the mode of its declaration; divine in its results, which absolutely escape the calculations of human reason; divine in the indefinable forces which determine its success.

Inconsistent as all this appears with the recited creed of modern philanthropy, it undoubtedly appeals to an instinct deeply implanted in the breast of some of the purest and most peaceable of mankind. And, at all events, it is easy to comprehend how a brave and religious man who had seen the French Revolution, and "twice," in his own words, "been stricken by its lightnings," yet survived to witness the Napoleonic wars, should have arrived at this point of view. We can perfectly understand also the sharp contrast in the mind of such a man between the functions of "those two slayers by profession," the soldier and the executioner. "They occupy the two extremes of the social scale. No man is nobler than the first; none more abject than the second. I employ no mere play upon words when I say that their functions approach one another through their remoteness only, as the first degree of the circle touches the three hundred and sixtieth, — precisely because they are as far apart as possible." We can even read the count's own celebrated but positively blood-curdling picture of the *headsman*, in the first conversation, with a kind of shuddering acceptance, when we remember what manner of men they must have been who served the guillotine.

But it is not altogether so easy for persons whose "youth sublime" has been "nourished" on theories of evolution to hearken with submission and edification to our dear philosopher's eloquent harangues on the supernatural origin of language, the fall of man from a state both of moral innocence and mental illumination such as never can be regained, and the hopeless degradation of the savage nations. M. de Maistre candidly admits that the subject of original sin seems at the outset to present some difficulties, but he assures us that these will vanish before a close and honest scrutiny. Nay, we shall find, in the end, that this dogma explains everything, and that without it nothing can be explained. There are, indeed, two orders of original sin. "As the sick man differs from the sickly man, so does the guilty differ from the vicious. The acute malady is not transmissible, but that which vitiates the *humors* becomes an *original malady*, capable of ruining a whole race. So it is with moral maladies. Some belong to the common state of human imperfection, but there are sins, or consequences of sin, which degrade a man beyond recovery. Hence come savages, concerning whom so much nonsense has been uttered, and who have served especially as an unfailing text to J. J. Rousseau, who persists in mistaking the savage for the primitive man, whereas he is and can be but the descendant of a man detached from the tree of civilization in consequence of some crime. . . . The essence of every intelligence is to know and to love. The bounds of his knowledge are the bounds of his nature. The immortal being learns nothing. He knows of his very essence all which he ought to know. On the other hand, it is inconceivable that an intelligent being should love evil naturally, — that is, by virtue of his essence; for in that case God must have made him bad, which is impossible. If, then, man is subject to ignorance and to evil, he can be so only by reason of some accidental degradation, which must needs be the consequence of a crime. That need, that greed of knowledge which agitates him, is but the natural tendency of his being toward its primitive state, and shows him what he is. He *gravitates*, if I may say so, toward the regions of light." A whole cloud of heathen witnesses, ancient and modern, are called to attest the corruption of man, his degeneracy from a lost ideal, — Hippocrates, Plato, Cicero, Virgil, Ovid, Seneca. "Even Greece, *mendacious Greece, who has dared all in history*, confesses to the age of gold. Even Voltaire is betrayed into saying,

'L'age d'or le premier se montra sur la terre.' 'But will you not,' says the young chevalier, 'explain yourself a little more fully about the savages?' 'That I will,' responds the count, 'for on that subject I am, like Job, *full of matter*. If all men come from the three pairs who repeopled the world (after the flood), and if the human race began by knowledge, the savage can only be, as I have said, a bough severed from the social tree. Now it matters not at what period any given bough may have been cut off. It is so. That is enough. . . . The chief of some tribe, having changed the moral principle within himself by one of those transgressions which are apparently no longer possible in our day, since, happily, *we no longer know enough* to incur the same degree of guilt, — this chief, I say, transmits the anathema to his posterity; and every constant force being by its very nature cumulative, this degradation, weighing incessantly upon his descendants, has finally made of them what we call savages. This is that lowest degree of brutalization which Rousseau and the likes of him [*ses pareils*] call the *state of nature*. Two totally different causes have contributed to shed a deceitful glamour over this abominable savage state. The one is old; the other appertains to our century. The one is the immense charity of the Catholic priesthood, which, in speaking of those men, has often put its own desires in place of the reality; . . . the other is to be found in the philosophy of our time, which has made use of the savage to support its vain and guilty declamations against the social order. But the slightest attention will suffice to protect us against the errors both of charity and bad faith. One cannot fix his eye upon the savage for one instant without reading the anathema written not merely upon his soul, but upon his outward frame. He is a deformed child, robust and ferocious, in whom the fire of intelligence sheds but a pale and intermittent light. A terrible hand, laid heavily upon these devoted races, has effaced in them the distinctive characteristics of our greatness, — foresight and perfectibility. The savage cuts down the tree to gather its fruit. He unharnesses the ox which the missionaries have bestowed upon him, and cooks it with the wood of the cart. For three centuries the savage has been gazing at ourselves, desiring nothing of us except powder to kill his fellows and brandy to kill himself. He has never dreamed of manufacturing these commodities. He relies on our avarice, which will never fail him. And as the lowest and most revolting substances are still susceptible of a certain deterioration, so the vices of humanity are vitiated in the savage. He is thievish, cruel, and dissolute, but he is so after a fashion different from ours. In order to be criminal, we surmount our nature. The savage follows his. He thirsts for crime and is incapable of remorse."

How would some of our Poncaphiles have liked listening to this? It is certain, however, that their presence in Count de Maistre's circle would have stimulated rather than checked the tide of his sonorous denunciation. He would have called in his reserves of damnatory adjectives with the same resolute voice, yet humorous gleam of the eye, with which, long afterward, when arranging the material for the Soirées, he used to say of some of his more savage thrusts at the iconoclasm of his time, "Let us leave that in; it will make them so furious *over there* [meaning in Paris]! *Laissez leur cet os à ronger!*"

And however amazing severally, and even repugnant, the fierce ultramontanisms of Count de Maistre may sound to the languid and indifferent *esprits forts* of the present day, no one who loves logical consistency can fail to admire the intricate beauty of their interdependence, — the manner in which they im-

ply and necessitate one another. Life, thought, language, the direct gifts of God to man; the forfeit and the redemption; the divine deposit of truth in the church, and its paramount authority to that of the Scripture; hierarchy in the church and in its secular image the state; *reversibility*, or the obvious necessity that one should suffer for another, and hence the "sweet reasonableness" that one should intercede and atone for another; purgatory, the doctrine of common sense, — all these dogmas unite to form a flawless and symmetrical structure of faith. They have a unity like that of those consummate Greek temples whose several blocks of marble have become fused by a sort of crystalline accommodation hardly distinguishable from a vital process. As we look up at the rock-founded citadel (*supra hanc petram*), along whose ramparts we follow the glancing of this bold champion's armor, we own that to the eye at least the position is impregnable. We fancy that if we were stationed at his side we could "smile at Satan's rage" no less ironically than he, and "face a frowning world" with equal confidence and cheer.

Of the splendors and terrors of Count de Maistre's tactics in personal onset we have three notable instances in the Soirées: his attack on Voltaire, his arraignment of Lord Bacon, and his dismemberment of Locke. The first is matchless as a piece of impassioned invective, and very interesting from having been one of the latest additions ever made to the manuscript of the Soirées, but in spite of the importance assigned to it by Sainte-Beuve, it seems to us little more. The second is but a fragment as we have it here, but was subsequently expanded into a weighty critical essay. The third is less towering in tone and tremendous in import than either of the others; but it is radiant with wit, — one might almost say fun, — and altogether delightful. The reader will easily divine what an offensive savor Locke's *bourgeois* doctrine of the sensible origin of all ideas must have had in the quivering nostrils of our haughty Platonist; but it is perhaps a feeling akin to that confessed by the chevalier — the joy of being avenged, though late, for the tedium endured in the attempt to read Locke's Essay — which gives its keenest edge to our relish of this critique.

"Tell me on your honor," says the count to his young friend, "did you ever read Locke?"

"There is no reason why I should lie about it," replies that debonair person. "I never did. I do recollect opening the book one rainy day in the country, but it was only an *attitude*."

"Really," rejoins the count, "you are sometimes very felicitous in your expressions. In effect that book of Locke's is seldom opened except *par attitude*. It is the least read of all serious books. A great desire of mine, but one which can never be gratified, is to know how many men there are in Paris who have read from beginning to end the Essay on the Human Understanding. [It should be borne in mind that Locke was in high fashion in Paris at that time.] It is often mentioned, often quoted, but always *from memory*. For my own part, I used to talk of it without having read it as glibly as another. At last, wishing to acquire the right of speaking conscientiously, — that is to say, with full knowledge of cause, — I did read it deliberately, pen in hand, from the first word to the last. But I was fifty years old at the time, and in all my life I never swallowed such *ennui*. You know, too, my hardihood in this direction."

"Indeed, I do," says the chevalier. "Did I not see you last year reading a mortal German octavo on the Apocalypse? I remember that when I saw you close that book in full health and vigor I told you that you were like a cannon which had sustained a double charge."

"Nevertheless, I can assure you that, compared to the Essay on the Human Understanding, that German book is a light pamphlet, — a mere literary pastime," etc.

The linked malice long drawn out of the examination which follows should be read in connection by all those people of taste who take an unselfish pleasure in the artistic dissection of their fellowmen. But we must not be too much captivated by the vivacity of M. de Maistre in his malign and aggressive moods, for with him these were never lasting. More natural to his noble mind, and ever more habitual as his years declined, was the exalted frame which called forth his eulogy on the Psalms of David, in the seventh conversation, — that beautiful mosaic from the grand Vulgate, — an ode in all but measure; the moving fervor of the various exhortations to prayer; and the magnificent defense, in the tenth, of the doctrine of reversibility on the ground of the unity of the human race in God.

The conversations were to have been twelve. They are only ten and a fragment. The unfinished eleventh is, perhaps, the most keenly interesting of all to readers of the present day. It begins with a discussion of those wide-spread presentiments which M. de Maistre, with his rich and ready learning, shows to have been the forerunners of all the great events of history. He descants *con amore* upon the Pollio of Virgil, refusing, with characteristic scorn, to admit a doubt of its Messianic meaning. He owns that he is himself possessed even now by such a presentiment, — the vague forecast of a great spiritual crisis, — which sometimes takes the form of a terrific judgment of infidelity, and again of some glorious revival; a "third Revelation," which shall arrest and dispel the fast-deepening dusk of faith by an unprecedented illumination. He dwells with sorrowful eloquence on the seeming decline of Christianity (would his loyal heart have been lightened had he lived till now?); he will expound more fully than he has done as yet the responsibility of the so-called Reformation for that decline, showing it to be the inevitable result of that "insensate yet fundamental" doctrine of Protestantism first proclaimed during the "imbroglio of the sixteenth century," — the "right of private judgment." But the pen drops here; the imperious voice is hushed; the rest is never said.

Shall we, with Paul de Saint Victor, lament this particular loss as one of the saddest and most irreparable which could have befallen us, or shall we rejoice that words which might well have been harsh and unfair were never spoken? Count de Maistre had already said in his day things frightful for Protestants to hear, as, for instance, when he loudly defended that "salutary institution" the Spanish Inquisition, or cut short Madame de Staël's voluble enthusiasm over the English church by informing her that the English church was, among Protestant churches, like the orang-outang among apes. But he had likewise said upon the same subject most generous and tender things; like this: "We believe in the Word, while our *dear enemies* believe in the Scripture only. But if the Scripture be not vivified by the eternal life of the Word, it can never become word that is life. Let others, then, invoke the dumb word, if they will. We may smile secure at that false god of theirs, while yet we await with loving impatience the moment when its partisans, undeceived, shall fall into the open arms which for three centuries have been extended toward them." And it is certain that amid his ardent polemics he was ofttimes haunted by the vision of an all-embracing spiritual unity.

To the unfinished paragraph which closes the eleventh conversation is appended the suggestive note, *Cetera desideranter*. Like those earlier seers of

whose kindred he was and whose tone he unconsciously adopted, M. de Maistre died with vast desires unfulfilled, — straining his fading eyes in vain to discern the daybreak. But his faith in the providential order was so secure, his heart so staunch, his submission so habitual and sincere, that we need no written testimony to his having borne his last disappointment bravely. He had embraced the spirit, if not the letter, of that Talmudic saying from which the prophetic soul of Emanuel Deutsch derived a solemn consolation: *It is not incumbent upon thee to complete the work.* If sometimes he cried out in a momentary sadness of spirit, "We were born out of due time. We have endured all the horrors of the storm, but we shall never rejoice in the sunlight which will shine over our graves," oftener, far oftener, he could have repeated from his heart the beautiful words with which he had sought long before to console the bereaved mother of Eugene Costa: "There is no pain which does not purify, no violence which the principle of evil does not turn against itself. It is sweet to catch amid universal ruin a presentiment of the divine plan." [1]

We like to dwell upon the bright side of his latest days. He died at home, the exile of so many years, from whom the pang of separation from his nearest and dearest had wrung this heart-rending expression: "At the close of my monotonous days I fall upon my bed, and the sleep which I invoke will not come at my call. I toss and turn, saying like Hezekiah, 'From day even unto night wilt thou make an end of me.' My heart is torn with poignant thoughts of my family. *I think I hear them weeping at Turin.*" He found the dear circle unbroken by death. His king honored him; Paris hailed and fêted him, — the daughter whom he had never seen when she was twelve years old, and to whom he had written from St. Petersburg, "The idea of leaving the world without knowing thee is the most terrible I can conceive," was his constant companion and minister. But it was a brief reunion. The poverty-plagued ambassador had after all lived lavishly. The brain was worn out with superhuman labor; the high heart spent with its violent pulsations. Count de Maistre died of old age at sixty-eight; that is to say, he died as good men with whom nature has her gentle way die oftener at eighty-five, — suddenly, painlessly, by the mere failure of the body's works, but with the eye of the mind undimmed and its force unabated. "He is like our Ætna," said a Sicilian who saw him first when the end was very near, — "snow on his head, and fire upon his lips."

It is impossible in a cursory sketch, like the present, to do anything like justice to more than one phase of so complex and overshadowing a character as Joseph de Maistre's. We have desired chiefly to illustrate his valor as a son of the church militant; the chivalrous and manful quality of his Christianity; that superb spirit by virtue of which he informed once more with fire and force the disused and faded titles of Soldier of the Cross and Defender of the Faith. Regarding him thus, and his contrast with the weary and futile apologists for belief by whom he has been succeeded, we forget the sting of the wounds he dealt in action, and salute his great shade with reverential regret.

"He passed, — a soul of nobler tone;
My spirit loved and loves him yet,
Like some poor girl whose heart is set
On one whose rank exceeds her own."

Harriet W. Preston.

[1] "Here," says Sainte-Beuve, "is a *suave mari magno* which breathes the true unction of Christianity!" To attempt writing briefly on a theme on which Sainte-Beuve has written fully is to be distracted by a perpetual desire for quotation. But to quote without acknowledgment would be in this case too obvious and insensate a felony.

SOCIOLOGY AND HERO-WORSHIP.

AN EVOLUTIONIST'S REPLY TO DR. JAMES.

In his interesting article entitled Great Men, Great Thoughts, and the Environment, published in The Atlantic Monthly for October last, Dr. William James calls attention to the striking analogy between "geniuses" and what are known to modern zoölogists as "spontaneous variations." Nothing could be more satisfactory than the manner in which (on pages 444–447) Dr. James expounds the nature of this analogy, and emphasizes the truly philosophic character of Mr. Darwin's method of dealing with so-called spontaneous variations. The analogy between those variations, on the one hand, of which the zoölogist takes cognizance, and on the other hand those "sociological variations" known as geniuses or "great men," consists essentially in the similarity of causal relations in the two cases. Both kinds of variations may be described as *deviations from an average* which are severally unaccountable. Every species of animals or plants consists of a great number of individuals, which are nearly but not exactly alike. Each individual varies slightly in one characteristic or another from a certain type which expresses the average among all the individuals of the species. Thus, if one inch be the average length of the proboscis of a certain species of moth, it may well be that of the million individuals which make up the species the great majority have the proboscis a little shorter or a little longer than an inch: in most instances the deviation may not exceed a hundredth or a thousandth part of an inch; but there may be half a dozen individuals in the species which have the proboscis as long as two inches or as short as half an inch. So, the average height of men in the United States may be about five feet and eight inches, very few men being shorter than five feet and four inches, or taller than six feet; yet in the side-tents which accompany that "great moral exhibition," the circus, one may, for a quarter of a dollar, see giants eight feet in height, or dwarfs like General Tom Thumb. It is just the same with men's intellectual capacities as with their physical dimensions, though the one cannot exactly, like the other, be measured with a foot-rule. In every community of men and women there is a certain average standard of mental capacity; which, in the case of a progressive race like ours, may be roughly described as that degree of ability to meet the complicated exigencies of civilized life which will leave the next generation somewhat better equipped than their parents for meeting these exigencies. Those men whom we regard as conspicuously successful in life — using the term "successful" in no narrow and mercantile, but in the broadest possible sense — are the men, more or less numerous, whose mental capacity rises somewhat above this average standard. A like number of men, through various kinds and degrees of ill-success, reveal a mental capacity that is more or less below the average. And along with these numerous moderate variations from the common level we meet in every age with a few extreme variations, — men of giant intelligence, such as Darwin or Helmholtz, who rise as far above the average of the race as idiots and cretins sink below it.

Now the moth with his proboscis twice as long as the average, or the man eight feet in height, is what we call a spontaneous variation, and the Darwin or the Helmholtz is what we

call a "genius;" and the analogy between the two kinds of deviation is obvious enough. But obviously, too, the individual which we single out as a spontaneous variation is in no wise essentially different from his fellow-individuals. If five feet and eight inches be the normal height of a race of men, the man who measures six feet is a variation as much as he who measures eight, — only the one instance does not attract our attention, and the other does. In any species whatever, the greater number of individuals are no doubt variations, either in one respect or in another. Throughout nature, where a great number of mutually-balancing forces coöperate to produce a set of results, we are likely to find the results distributed about a certain average, very much like the shots at a target. A little way from the centre there is a spot where the shots are thickly gathered; some few have hit the bull's-eye; some have been caught away out on the rim; some have perhaps flown by without hitting at all. It is just the same with the distribution of sizes, strengths, forms, or any attributes, physical or mental, in a species of animals, or in a race of men. These things all differ, according to the general laws of deviation from an average; and the forces concerned in the result are so hopelessly complicated — it is so utterly beyond our power to unravel them — that this is all we know about the matter. We cannot tell why a given moth has a proboscis exactly an inch and a quarter in length any more than we can tell why Shakespeare was a great dramatist.

I agree, therefore, with Dr. James, that "the causes of production of great men lie in a sphere wholly inaccessible to the social philosopher. He must simply accept geniuses as data, just as Darwin accepts his spontaneous variations." The problem of the social philosopher, undoubtedly, so far as he speculates about the influence of great men, is to take them for granted, and inquire how far they affect the environment, and how far or in what ways the environment affects them. Dr. James goes on to assert, with entire justice, that the relation of the environment to the genius in sociology is strictly analogous to the relation of the environment to the variation in biology: "it chiefly adopts or rejects, preserves or destroys, in short *selects* him." If environing circumstances are such as to render an extra quarter of an inch of proboscis advantageous to our species of moths, then the tendency will be for the variations in excess of length of proboscis to survive and leave offspring, while the variations in the opposite direction are starved out; so that by and by the average in the length of proboscis will have been shifted by a quarter of an inch. It may be truly said, in a certain sense, that these moths which have varied in the right direction have, by being preserved, changed the character of the moth society to which they belong. Similarly with the preservation of the great man, save that, in the immensely greater complexity of the social problem, the effects are immeasurably more multifarious. For the great man, says Dr. James, acts as a powerful ferment, unlocking vast reservoirs of force in various directions, and thus alters the whole character of his environment, very much as the introduction of a new species may alter the characters and relations of the fauna and flora throughout a whole neighborhood. Dr. James concludes, then, that "the mutations of societies from generation to generation are in the main due directly or indirectly to the acts or the example of individuals whose genius was so adapted to the receptivities of the moment, or whose accidental position of authority was so critical, that they became ferments, initiators of movement, setters of precedent or fashion, centres of corruption, or destroyers of other persons, whose gifts,

had they had free play, would have led society in another direction."

I am careful to emphasize these conclusions of Dr. James, because, as far as they go, they are my own, and, I believe, are in general the views of that "Spencerian or evolutionist school" toward which Dr. James seems to cherish such an intense antipathy. Perhaps I may not be quite clear as to what the Spencerian "school" may be. One characteristic of thinkers of such calibre as Mr. Spencer is that they do not so much found schools as bring about a shifting of the intellectual stand-point and an enlarging of the intellectual horizon for the whole contemporary world. The ideas of which Mr. Spencer is the greatest living exponent are to-day running like the weft through all the warp of modern thought, and out from their abundant suggestiveness have come the opinions of many who do not profess any especial "allegiance" to Mr. Spencer, — of many, even, who are inclined to scoff at the teacher, while all unconscious of the debt they owe him. But while I cannot undertake to make confident assertions as to the views of a Spencerian school, I think I may venture to speak with some confidence as to the attitude of Mr. Spencer himself toward the present question.

So far is Dr. James from realizing how closely he has been following in Mr. Spencer's own line of thought that he begins his paper by seeking to use a certain alleged opinion of Mr. Spencer as a "foil" whereby to set off and illustrate the truth of his own statements. The problem before us is, "What are the causes that make communities change from generation to generation, — that make the England of Queen Anne so different from the England of Elizabeth, the Harvard College of to-day so different from that of thirty years ago?" Dr. James replies, "The difference is due to the accumulated influences of individuals, of their examples, their initiatives, their decisions." Very good. When taken with the proper qualification — which I shall presently specify — there is nothing in this reply to which Mr. Spencer need offer an objection. But according to Dr. James the Spencerian school holds that "the changes go on irrespective of persons, and are independent of individual control. They are due to the environment, to the circumstances, the physical geography, the ancestral conditions, the increasing experience of outer relations; to everything, in fact, except the Grants and the Bismarcks, the Joneses and the Smiths."

Now if "Mr. Herbert Spencer and his disciples" really maintain any such astonishing proposition as this, it must be difficult to acquit them of the charge of over-hasty theorizing, to say the least; if they do not hold any such view, it will be difficult to avoid the conclusion that somebody has been guilty of over-hasty assertion. To ascertain Mr. Spencer's own opinion, one cannot do better than to read carefully the third chapter of the little book on the Study of Sociology. The subject of this chapter is the Nature of the Social Science, and the first general conclusion arrived at is that this science "has in every case for its subject matter the growth, development, structure, and functions of the social aggregate, *as brought about by the mutual actions of individuals*, whose natures are *partly like those of all men, partly like those of kindred races, partly distinctive.*" After this lucid statement, which in its triple specification seems comprehensive enough to include the Grants and Bismarcks, as well as the Joneses and Smiths, Mr. Spencer goes on to say, "These phenomena of social evolution have of course to be explained with due reference to the conditions each society is exposed to, — the conditions furnished by its locality, and by its relations to neighboring societies. *Noting this merely to prevent possible*

misapprehensions, the fact which here concerns us is that . . . given men having certain properties, and an aggregate of such men must have certain derivative properties which form the subject matter of a science."

A deliberate and methodical statement like this, forming the burden of half the chapter in which Mr. Spencer lays out the ground for his work, must of course be received as an authoritative expression of his opinion. It will be observed that Mr. Spencer takes precisely the same position as that which is taken by Dr. James when he says that the changes which go on in society are "due to the accumulated influences of individuals, of their examples, their initiatives, their decisions." So decidedly does Mr. Spencer put himself in this position that it occurs to him that he may possibly be misinterpreted as ignoring the influence of environing conditions, and he therefore adds the qualification that in interpreting social changes we must make "due reference" to the outward conditions to which society is exposed. Not even Mr. Spencer's wide experience of the infinite possibilities of misconception could have led him to suspect that in this instance he might be charged with ignoring the individual Smiths and Joneses of whom society is composed!

This due reference to surrounding conditions is the qualification to which I alluded a moment ago as necessary to give completeness to Dr. James's statement. When we say that the difference between the England of Queen Anne and the England of Queen Elizabeth is due to the accumulated influence of the initiatives and decisions of individuals, to what initiatives and decisions do we refer? Certainly not to the abortive ones; not to those initiatives and decisions that had been promptly crushed out or held in check, but to those that had been allowed to develop and fructify in the great events which make up the English history of the seventeenth century. In other words, we refer to those individual initiatives and decisions which had been *selected for preservation* by the aggregate of the conditions in which English society at that time was placed. So that, even in stating the case as Dr. James states it, we find ourselves unable to get along without tacit reference to the environment.

It is true that in regarding the changes of society from age to age as due to the cumulative effect of individual actions in relation to environing conditions, one may nevertheless deal with the subject practically in more than one way. One writer may turn his attention chiefly to the consideration of those individual variations in opinion and conduct which, in our ignorance concerning their complex modes of genesis, we call spontaneous variations. Another writer may be more deeply interested in pointing out such circumstances as those of geographical position, of commercial intercourse, of political cohesiveness, by which the broad outlines of history have been more or less determined. The two points of view seem to me complementary rather than opposed to each other, though it is a common fault among speculative writers to ignore the existence of all the doors that cannot be unlocked with their own particular little key. Mr. Bagehot — in that "golden little book" which I admire as much as Dr. James does — deals more especially with the interior or psychical aspects of the causes of changes in society. Mr. Grant Allen, on the other hand, is deeply impressed with the manifold and remarkable ways in which the histories of nations have been affected by their geographical position; though by "geographical position" he means something far more considerable than that household drudge of superficial writers, *the climate:* he means the entire situation of a nation, strategic, industrial, commercial, and literary, in relation to other nations. Mr. Allen attaches so much

value to considerations of this kind that he is led to stigmatize Mr. Bagehot's method as unscientific and unfruitful in good result. Mr. Bagehot, as a thinker of more catholic mind, would hardly, I believe, have been equally ready to undervalue Mr. Allen's work. As *explanations after the fact* — which are pretty much the only kind of explanations we can expect to have where the concrete events of history are concerned — speculations like those of Mr. Allen are extremely interesting and suggestive. I agree in the main, however, with Dr. James in his views as to the inadequacy of Mr. Allen's method. It is no doubt true that "no geographical environment can produce a given type of mind; it can only foster and further certain types, . . . and thwart and frustrate others." No doubt, too, Mr. Allen makes a very extravagant statement when he says that "if the people who went to Hamburg had gone to Timbuctoo they would now be indistinguishable from the semi-barbarian negroes who inhabit that central African metropolis; and if the people who went to Timbuctoo had gone to Hamburg they would now have been white-skinned merchants driving a roaring trade in imitation sherry and indigestible port." In reading such a statement as this, one seems, indeed, to have fallen upon pre-Darwinian days; nay, more, one wonders whether Mr. Allen has ever studied as carefully as he ought to have done the biological teachings of Mr. Spencer, whose opinions Dr. James quotes him as representing!

Mr. Allen has brilliantly illustrated several points in connection with the doctrine of evolution, more especially in the department of psychology; but there is no good reason why he should be selected for quotation as the representative of all Spencerian evolutionists, or why all Spencerian evolutionists should be held responsible for Mr. Allen's peculiar opinions. The only connected outline of Spencerian sociology as yet in existence (save what has been published by Mr. Spencer himself) is that which is contained in the second volume of my Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy. That the opinions therein expressed harmonize in the main with Mr. Spencer's I have the strongest possible reasons for asserting. Yet the line of thought followed in this part of my work, and especially in the chapter on Conditions of Progress, is far more closely parallel with Mr. Bagehot's line of thought than with Mr. Allen's. Separate passages might be cited to the same effect; as, for example, where it is said (vol. ii. p. 199) that the ecclesiastical reforms of Gregory VII. have — in their remote results, of course — had more influence upon American history than the direction of the Rocky Mountains or the position of the Great Lakes. On the next page, alluding to Mr. Buckle's theory that the difference in Arabian civilization before and after the time of Mohammed was due to the difference between the *soil* of Arabia and that of Spain, Persia, and India, I say, "To exhibit the utter superficiality of this explanation, we have only to ask two questions: First, if the Arabs became civilized *only* because they exchanged their native deserts for Spain, Persia, and India, why did not the same hold true of the Turks when they exchanged their barren steppes for the rich empire of Constantinople? Though they have held for four centuries what is perhaps the finest geographical position on the earth's surface, the Turks have never directly aided the progress of civilization. Secondly, how was it that the Arabs ever came to leave their native deserts, and to conquer the region between the Pyrenees and the Ganges? Was it because of a geologic convulsion? Was it because the soil, the climate, the food, or the general aspect of nature had undergone any sudden change? One need not be a profound student of history to see the absurdity

of such a suggestion. It was because their minds had been greatly wrought upon by new ideas; because their conceptions of life, its duties, its aims, its possibilities, had been revolutionized by the genius of Mohammed. The whole phenomenon requires a psychological, not a physical, explanation." And again (vol. ii. p. 237), in speaking of Comte, — a writer whose views of history were often profound, though his philosophic position was diametrically opposite to that of Mr. Spencer and the evolutionists, — I say, "He did not fall into the error that individual genius and exertion are of little or no account in modifying the course of history. He did not forget that history is made by individual men, as much as a coral reef is made by individual polyps. Each contributes his infinitesimal share of effort; nor is the share of effort always so trifling. Considering the course of history merely as the resultant of the play of moral forces, is there not in a Julius Cæsar or a Themistokles as large a manifestation of the forces which go to make history as in thousands of common men?"

These views of mine, as being the opinions of a "disciple" of Mr. Spencer, may perhaps be set off against those which Dr. James quotes from Mr. Allen. They seem to me to be quite in harmony with the whole spirit of Mr. Spencer's philosophy, but it would be very difficult to find, anywhere in Mr. Spencer's writings, anything that would serve as a justification for Mr. Allen's extraordinary statement about the Timbuctoo negroes and the merchants of Hamburg.

Dr. James, however, does quote from Mr. Spencer one passage which seems to him to ignore or to underrate the importance of individual initiative as an agent in the production of social changes. But when carefully considered in connection with its context, this passage does not appear to be responsible for the direful corollaries which Dr. James has deduced from it. Commenting on the "great-man theory" of history, especially as held by Carlyle, Mr. Spencer reiterates in his peculiar language the familiar criticism that after all the great man is a "product of the age." "The genesis of the great man," says he, "depends on the long series of complex influences which has produced the race in which he appears, and the social state into which that race has slowly grown. . . . All those changes of which he is the proximate initiator have their chief causes in the generations he descended from." In saying this, Mr. Spencer does not imply that the individual initiative of the great man is of no account; nor does he imply that in order to interpret the social phenomena of a given epoch it is needful to seek for the causes of the production of its great men in that physiological sphere "which is wholly inaccessible to the social philosopher;" nor does he imply that it was owing to any "convergence of sociological pressures" in the England of 1564 that a "W. Shakespeare, with all his mental peculiarities," happened to be born at Stratford-on-Avon, in that year. In some of those omitted sentences of the passage cited which Dr. James represents by dots, Mr. Spencer indicates very clearly what he means. He reminds us that by no possibility could a Newton be born of Hottentot parents, or an Aristotle "come from a father and mother with facial angles of fifty degrees;" and further that, even supposing it possible for a Watt to be born in a tribe unacquainted with the use of iron, his inventive genius would be likely to effect but little. Dr. James himself alleges parallel truths: as that after a Voltaire you cannot have a Peter the Hermit, or that under the social conditions of the tenth century a John Stuart Mill would have been impossible.

Now the bearing of these considerations upon the question which Mr. Spencer is discussing is obvious. If it be

true that a genius of a given kind can appear under certain social conditions, and not under others, as a Newton among civilized Englishmen, but not among Hottentots; or if it be true that a given genius can work out its results under certain social conditions, and not under others, as a Mill in the nineteenth century, but not in the tenth, then it follows that in order to understand the course of history from age to age the mere study of the personal characteristics and achievements of great men is not sufficient. Carlyle's method of dealing with history, making it a mere series of prose epics, has many merits, but it is nevertheless, from a scientific point of view, inadequate; it does not *explain* the course of events. History is something more than biography. Without the least disrespect to the memories of the great statesmen of Greece and Rome, it may safely be said that one might learn all of Plutarch's Lives by heart, and still have made very little progress toward comprehending the reasons why the Greek states were never able to form a coherent political aggregate, or why the establishment of despotism at Rome was involved in the conquest of the Mediterranean world. The true way to approach such historical problems as these is not to speculate about the personal characteristics of Lysander or C. Gracchus, but to consider the popular assemblies of the Greeks and Romans in their points of likeness and unlikeness to the folkmotes and parliaments of England and the town-meetings of Massachusetts. Since the middle of the nineteenth century the revolution which has taken place in the study of history is as great and as thorough as the similar revolution which, under Mr. Darwin's guidance, has been effected in the study of biology. The interval in knowledge which separates a Freeman in 1880 from a Macaulay in 1850 is as great as the interval which separated Dalton and Davy from the believers in phlogiston. Yet in the principal works by which this immense change has been brought about — such as the works of Maine and Stubbs, Coulanges and Maurer — biography plays either an utterly subordinate part or no part at all.

Now the passage on the great-man theory, which Dr. James quotes from Mr. Spencer, is a protest against the alleged adequacy of the method of Carlyle. Important as the "great man" may be, it is not his individual thoughts and actions which primarily concern the sociologist. The truths with which sociology primarily concerns itself are *general* truths relating to the structure of society and the functions of its various parts; and they are obtained from a comparative and analytical survey of the actions of great masses of men, considered on a scale where all matters of individual idiosyncrasy are averaged, and for the purposes of the inquiry eliminated. Such questions as relate to the structure of the family in different stages of civilization, to the relations of the various classes of society to the governing body, to the circumstances which hinder or favor the aggregation of tribes into nations, — it is such problems as these that mainly concern the student of sociology; and into such problems biographical considerations do not enter, any more than they enter into the study of political economy. Political economy deals with the actions of men in great masses in so far solely as the production and distribution of wealth are concerned, and its conclusions remain equally true, no matter whether a genius or a dunce presides over the national finances. That a protective tariff is an indirect tax levied upon an entire community, for the personal benefit of a few members of the community, is an economical truth that is quite independent of the particular financial schemes or legislative acts of particular great men. So — to take one from that class of facts in political history with which the student of sociology is

especially concerned — it is very clear that if a primary assembly, like the New England town-meeting, is confined within narrow geographical limits, so that people can easily attend to it, it will be likely to remain a *folkmote*, or primary assembly; but if it is spread over a wide area, so that people cannot conveniently come to the meetings, it will tend either to shrink into a *witanagemote*, or assembly of notables, or to develop into a representative assembly. This is a proposition derived from our general experience of the way in which people behave under given conditions, and confirmed by a wide historical induction. Yet the implications of this simple proposition, when once fully unfolded, will go farther toward explaining the differences between Greek and Roman political history, on the one hand, and English political history, on the other, than would the exhaustive biography of all the Greek and Roman and English statesmen that have ever lived, from Lykurgos and Servius Tullius to Gladstone. The study of sociology, in short, is primarily concerned with *institutions* rather than with *individuals*. The sociologist does not need to undervalue in any way the efficiency of individual initiative in determining the concrete course of history; but the kind of propositions which he seeks to establish are general propositions, relating to the way in which masses of men act under given conditions.

Here, in conclusion, we may call attention to a broad distinction between the study of sociology and the study of history, which, when duly considered, will throw much light upon the points in Mr. Spencer's doctrine by which Dr. James seems to have been puzzled. The distinction to which I allude is one which may be most fitly illustrated by a reference to the study of geology. The philosophical geologist assumes as data the various physical and chemical properties of the substances of which the earth's surface is composed, and by reasoning from these data, with the aid of all the concrete facts which observation can gather, he constructs his theory of the actual changes which the earth's surface has undergone, or will undergo, under given conditions. In so far as his knowledge of the physical and chemical properties of matter is exhaustive, and in so far as his judgment is sound, his conclusions with regard to the general course of geological events will be correct. He can even foretell, in outline, what kind of effects will be likely to be produced by a given set of geological causes. But when it comes to predicting, with minute and exhaustive accuracy, the geological future of any particular spot on the earth's surface, he is foiled, through inability to compass all the conditions of the concrete case. And likewise, if he is asked to give the precise physical history of any particular spot on the earth, his conclusions, though sound in principle, may be inadequate, because he may not have gained control of all the special facts required for this individual case. So, although geology is unquestionably a legitimate science, it is nevertheless a science which must deal chiefly with *explanations after the fact;* it can seldom or never be possible for the geologist to lay down general principles which will be sure to fit every case that may arise.

Just so with sociology. The philosophical student of sociology assumes as data the general and undisputed facts of human nature, and with the aid of all such concrete facts as he can get from history he constructs his theory of the general course of social evolution, — of the changes which societies have undergone, or will undergo, under given conditions. If his work has been properly done, he can go so far as to foretell what kind of result is likely to be produced by a given course of political action. But when it comes to predicting the future of any particular society for the next ten years, he is sure to be foiled, through inability to take in the infinitely complex condi-

tions of the concrete case. And in like manner, when he is called upon to interpret the past history of society, he cannot expect to do more than to render explanations after the fact. In order to gain control, moreover, of all the special facts required for the interpretation of each particular case, he must take into account the personal idiosyncrasies of the great men by whom the concrete course of history has been determined. For example, given the political constitution of Rome in the third century before Christ, and the transformation of that constitution into an imperial despotism can be shown to have been an inevitable consequence of the conquest of a large number of surrounding nations by a society so constituted. It was a consequence which not even the practical genius of Cæsar — the greatest, no doubt, that has ever been seen on the earth — could have possibly averted, had all its unrivaled power been thrown in that direction. But granting that this general course of development was inevitable, the future course of European history was certainly very different, as initiated by Cæsar, from what it would have been if initiated by Sulla or Pompeius. When once this distinction between the stand-point of the sociologist and the stand-point of the historian is thoroughly grasped, one can find no difficulty in comprehending Mr. Spencer's attitude toward the great-man theory. If the purpose of the sociologist were to construct concrete history from an *a priori* point of view, then he would undoubtedly need to inquire into the mode of genesis of each individual genius, and to take every one of its peculiarities into the account. No such science as this is possible to-day, and it is not likely that any such science will ever be possible; nothing short of omniscience could compass its problems. As it is, the task of the sociologist is confined to the ascertainment of truths relating to the actions of men in aggregates. It is for the historian to make use of such general truths in interpreting the actions of particular men; and it is the greater extent to which recent historians have been able to employ sociological generalization that is making the historical writing of to-day so much more satisfactory and profound than the historical writing of a generation ago. This increased use of sociology, this more frequent and conscious reference to the "conditions," the "environment," and all that sort of thing, does not make the modern historian less mindful of the reverence due to great men. On the contrary, it enhances his appreciation of them through his more profound knowledge of the conditions under which they have worked. As an example I may refer to the way in which the life of Cæsar has been treated respectively by Froude and by Mommsen. To both these writers Cæsar is the greatest hero that has ever lived, and both do their best to illustrate his career. Both, too, have done their work well. But Mr. Froude has profited very little by the modern scientific study of social phenomena, and his method is in the main the method of Carlyle. Mommsen, on the other hand, is saturated in every fibre with "science," with "sociology," with the "comparative method," with the "study of institutions." As a result of this difference, we find that Mr. Froude quite fails to do justice to the very greatest part of all Cæsar's work, namely, the reconstructive measures of the last years of his life, which Mommsen has so admirably characterized in his profound chapter on the Old Republic and the New Monarchy. Or, if still more striking proof be needed that the scientific study of the evolution of society is not incompatible with the highest possible estimate of the value of individual initiative, I may cite the illustrious example of Mr. Freeman. Of all the historians now living, Mr. Freeman is the most thoroughly filled with

the scientific spirit, and he has done more than any other to raise the study of history on to a higher level than it has ever before occupied. His writings in great part read like an elaborate commentary on the doctrine of evolution, — a commentary the more valuable, in one sense, in that Mr. Freeman owns no especial allegiance to Mr. Spencer or to any general evolutionary philosophy. Yet this great historian, whose opinions are determined everywhere by the sociological study of institutions, turns out to be at the same time as ardent a hero-worshiper as Carlyle himself, — and vastly more intelligent.

John Fiske.

WITHIN THE GATE.

L. M. C.

We sat together, last May-day, and talked
Of the dear friends who walked
Beside us, sharers of our hopes and fears,
For five and forty years

Since first we met in Freedom's hope forlorn,
And heard her battle-horn
Wound through the valleys of the sleeping North,
Calling her children forth,

And youth pressed forward with hope-lighted eyes,
And age, with forecast wise
Of the long strife before the triumph won,
Girded his armor on.

Sadly, as name by name we called the roll,
We heard the dead-bells toll
For the unanswering many, and we knew
The living were the few.

And we, who waited our own call before
The inevitable door,
Listened and looked, as all have done, to win
Some token from within.

No sign we saw, — we heard no voices call;
The impenetrable wall
Cast down its shadow, like an awful doubt,
On all who sat without.

Of many a hint of life beyond the veil,
And many a ghostly tale
Wherewith the ages bridged the gulf between
The seen and the unseen,

Seeking from omen, trance, and dream to gain
Solace to doubtful pain,
And touch, with groping hands, the garment hem
Of truth sufficing them,

We talked, and turning from the sore unrest
Of an all-baffling quest,
We thought of holy lives that from us passed
Hopeful unto the last,

As if they saw beyond the river of death,
Like Him of Nazareth,
The many mansions of the Eternal days
Lift up their gates of praise;

And, hushed to silence by a reverent awe,
Methought, O friend, I saw
In thy true life of word, and work, and thought
The proof of all we sought.

Did we not witness in the life of thee
Immortal prophecy?
And feel, when with thee in thy daily path,
The power that goodness hath?

Than thine was never turned a fonder heart
To nature and to art
In fair-formed Hellas in her golden prime,
Thy Philothea's time.

Yet, loving beauty, thou couldst pass it by,
And for the poor deny
Thyself, and see thy fresh, sweet flower of fame
Wither in blight and blame.

Sharing His love who holds in His embrace
The lowliest of our race,
Sure the Divine economy must be
Conservative of thee!

For truth must live with truth, self-sacrifice
Seek out its great allies;
Good must find good by gravitation sure,
And love with love endure.

And so, since thou hast passed within the gate
Whereby awhile I wait,
I give blind grief and blinder sense the lie:
Thou hast not lived to die!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

FRIENDS: A DUET.

"Either Death or a Friend." — Persian Proverb.
"May it be mine to keep the unwritten laws." — Sophocles.

I.

"Whatever 's lost, it first was won."
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

It was a February day in Boston. It was going to rain. Though only four o'clock in the afternoon, the sense of night already overpowered the sense of day on the "morning side" of Mt. Vernon Street, whence the color of the sun had long since crept down the hill and lay low across Charles River and the intervening street, thrusting apart the gathering clouds with slips of light, long and pale, like slender hands.

A woman thought of this. She stood at her drawing-room window, looking up and down the hill. She held the curtain back from her figure with uplifted wrist, — a delicate wrist. She had stepped between the curtain, which was lace, and the window. Looking in, therefore, from without, as one passed through the darkening street, she showed real and human. But looking at her from within, across the warm and silent room, the curtain swaying on her outline, she made a lovely ghost.

In either aspect of the watcher — for she was a watcher, that was plain enough — an observant person would have said of her, It is a wife, — a happy watcher, a happy wife.

Beyond those trifling signs of individuality in household art which creep into the homes of most people of character, there was nothing to distinguish this from other parlors on Mt. Vernon Street. It was not necessary to look twice to see that the lady behind the curtain had a luxurious and light-hearted home.

Something — was it in her attitude? was it in her expression? — would have indicated her to the sensitive eye as a woman deeply loving and deeply loved. Certainly she bore that beautiful and modest self-consciousness which belongs to no other creature and to no other condition, and which is as radiant and as regal as the look that the sea gives to the sunrise.

A gentleman came over the hill, walking slowly; he came from the direction of the State House and Tremont Street, and therefore held his face turned towards the swiftly departing light. Drops were falling. They ran together on the window and thickened; the pavement was growing wet. It was a muggy night, and betokened either a prolonged thaw, or the sudden surrender of nature's forces which precedes a deadly chill. The gentleman walked languidly, as people do in weak weather; possibly he looked pale.

She had turned rapturously on hearing his step; then all her attitude fell. He passed beneath the window, she watching him. He glanced up once before he rang the bell, and saw her, between the curtain and the window, nodding down to him. She looked very near. She was still standing there, when he came into the room; only the pale lace now fell over her. He could but notice her contour on it, even then, with the high, fine crown of hair and the wrist turned back, — a beautiful wraith!

But when she came to meet him she saw how grave he was.

"Mr. Nordhall! I — thought you were John. I mean when I heard your step — at first. Sit down. I am glad to see you. But you look ill. John is late. I was watching for him."

"Yes, Mrs. Strong, John is late."

Nordhall said this clumsily enough.

He too sat down. He felt faint. But she smiled up at him fondly; she had always known Charles Nordhall.

"You will stay to dine with us, now. John will soon be here. We were to read together this evening, early; I ordered dinner an hour sooner. We are reading — of all things, what do you think? — Paul and Virginia! We had never read it before, — together. John will be in very soon."

She laughed at herself, blushing a little, but thinking that it was only Charley Nordhall. She had a low and happy laugh. Yet he could see that she listened towards the pavements with the intensity by which only the very happy or the very miserable attend.

It had grown dark. Servants came in. Nordhall dimly saw the gas flash, and the colors of the room leap out; the hearth-rug where the dog lay, — listening, too. The rug was Persian; the dog a setter, brown and white. The tête-à-tête was of a garnet shade, and lustrous; it was rolled towards the grate, with a generous plump hassock before it, such as a tired man likes. An old copy of Paul and Virginia lay on the cushions of the tête-à-tête.

She sat between him and the fire, chatting in her sweet voice. Now and then she lifted the appealing eyes, which contrasted so with the pose of her head. He did not know how to look at them. He heard her talking of the parlor lectures, of Thursday's concert, of the charity theatricals, of the Passion music, of what John said, of what John thought; and he saw her listening while she talked. But he did not know how to speak to her. It seemed to him that he had never seen her look so lovely. He noticed confusedly the color of the ribbon that she wore at her throat, under lace: it was rose-pink; it deepened, yet rendered more delicate, the flush of her cheek. He occupied himself with these details. She looked at him confidingly.

The room began to seem stifling to him, and he asked her permission to open a window. The rain was already freezing into sleet, as he looked out. When he returned, he saw that she had risen, and stood regarding him with an expression neither of inquiry, sympathy, nor fear alone, but partaking slightly of the nature of all. Then he knew that he could defer no longer. Unconsciously to himself he put out his hands to touch her; would have drawn her to her chair again. But she said, —

"You have something to tell me. You do not tell it!" She hesitated. "Do *you* know why John is late?"

Then he found his voice: "Yes, I know why John is late."

Nordhall was intoxicated by what we might call the wine of despair, at that moment, and deliriously regarding her as she stood there thought of certain words he had read, — he could not for his life have said where or when: —

> "But ere the fatal stroke descended,
> Lifeless she fell."

For though he had not spoken, she put her hands together suddenly; he felt that all her face and figure crouched before him, and that the room rang to a cry which he should hear as long as he lived: —

"*Oh, my gracious God!*"

II.

"The king among her friends was her husband."

This is not a tale of the fever of grief; it is not a study of the surprise of widowhood; nor will these pages be devoted to the analysis of agony.

We read often of the spasm of the volcano; much less of the slow processes of adjustment by which the purple lava hardens, and rivers of fire stiffen into waves of stone; still less, perhaps, of the efforts of kind nature to fling green things hopefully over frozen flames, and

the blind confidence of human homes that trust and build above forgotten gulfs.

We hear much of the tumult of freshets in the uproar of the year; of the dash, the whirl, the shock, the watery dawn, that rises thin and cold upon pathetic ruin. Do we study to learn as well of the patient renewals of life that follow, the slow gathering of wasted forces, the gradual restoration of landmarks and symptoms of content, the gravely rebuilt firesides by which forever ears must listen for the footsteps of the flood?

The story of Reliance Strong (such was her fine, Puritan inheritance of a name) is a short one and a quiet; worth telling more because it is like a great many other people's stories than because it differs from them. She loved her husband, and he was dead. Let us turn a leaf, as we push away sacred letters not our own, that we can but will not read. He had been dead a year.

It was a year that day. Charles Nordhall remembered, and he felt that he ought not to go to her; but his errand could not well wait. Since Mrs. Strong had moved out of town, these occasions would arise when he must consult her upon business of her own at short notice.

He left the train at Salem with a certain reluctance, and bade his driver travel slowly; he shrank from seeing her almost as much as he did a year ago.

She had asked his advice about moving to Salem to take care of her husband's mother. He had been more touched by her deference to his opinion than conscious of ability to give one. To decide upon almost any course of action for a friend in extremity is like performing a surgical operation for which one has not been educated.

All places were alike to her, she had said. But Nordhall's sturdy instinct rebelled, and answered that all places were *not* like the silent house where Paul and Virginia lay unread upon the unpressed cushions.

He was not ill pleased when her heart turned towards the old homestead, the old mother, and the old-fashioned, passionless town. It was indeed some time before he allowed himself to think that this would make her a neighbor of his own.

She did not talk with him often or much. There were a few questions about her husband's affairs. What did it mean to be executrix? Must she do this, or that? Was he to be her agent, and would he teach her how to manage wisely? Not that she cared for the money, but she wished to be regardful of all that John had earned and left for her. Then she would sit silent, and forget that he was there.

She had never required him to tell her the details of her husband's death. Having understood that there was an accident upon the railroad, she had asked no more. The circumstances were so painful that Nordhall felt a sad, abiding gratitude for the instinct by which she spared them both.

The house to which Nordhall drove was a mile, perhaps, from his own, in the direction of Marblehead and the open sea. It was a large wooden house, white, with dark-green blinds. It stood behind avenues of elm-trees and horse-chestnuts, bare now, and beating about in the northeast wind. A long garden ran behind and around the house; straw lay bound upon the buried flowers; patches of snow melted about the syringa bushes; the stalks of the frozen hollyhocks nodded at the visitor. Over the marshes the fog was starting in from sea. It was some distance to the sea. Established Salem families did not live in the surf, like people who came in summer, and could afford only a few weeks of salt breezes.

Old Mr. Strong had gone quite far enough out of town, as it was; but Winthrop L. Strong always did as he pleased,

and he did not please (like Lamb) to favor "houses in streets." Of course, a gentleman would always have horses, and what did fifteen minutes to a neighbor signify? The two ladies therefore lived a somewhat secluded life.

As Nordhall stood hesitating whether to lift the heavy brass knocker, or to ring the bell, the fog stretched itself a little, and seemed to shut the world out, and to shut him in against the closed door.

Mrs. Winthrop L. Strong came down with her daughter-in-law, to receive him; she always did. She spoke of the weather and the country, her pastor, her doctor, and her health, and asked if he had seen the Rollinstalls.

And then she invited him to tea, and begged him to excuse her, as she found it wearisome to sit up too long at a time, and had a little matter in preparation for the church charity society, which required her attention.

"She's knitting socks," said Reliance, after the door was closed. "She always does."

"For every fair?"

"It is n't a fair. I think church people do not call them fairs? It is a Dorcas. They are baby socks. They are always blue. And so they all have to be given to the boy babies."

"I should think there might perhaps be — a superfluity?"

"Yes. Last year *every* Dorcas baby was a girl," added Reliance, gravely; "and it was very inconvenient. For you know a girl must wear pink always."

"No, I did n't know," said Nordhall.

"But mother is good," sighed Mrs. Strong. "I wish I were as useful!"

She paused. Thus, clumsily enough, they had got over the edge of the occasion. She used to be full of fun in her happy days. He inferred, of course, that she desired no allusion to the anniversary. He began at once: —

"I came to see you — to-day — because I must have your signature immediately. I think you must part with your Cicero and St. Thomas bonds. Suspicions of the management are afloat, and they have gone rapidly down. They were above par four days ago, but sell at 87¾ to-day."

"Cicero and St. Thomas?" she asked languidly. "Those are factories?"

"No; a railroad."

"Oh, I remember; a Southern railroad."

"The road is in Ohio," said Nordhall.

"I am afraid I shall never learn about money," she answered, shaking her head. "But I wish to," she added, after a thought. "I do not wish to make you so much trouble. I do not wish to be so stupid, either!" with increasing emphasis, and a faint touch of spirit, — a ghostly thing, like her merriment. Nordhall liked better to see her sad, and even her languor had the comfort of genuineness. She subsided into this quickly enough, stooping to pat her dog with an idle and abstracted hand. The dog sat at her feet while they talked, and watched her closely.

"They are registered bonds," began Nordhall again. "I had them registered, you remember, at your wish; we thought it safer."

She did not remember in the least, but she assented idly.

"I regard it as always best to register when possible, — for women and all cautious investors," he proceeded; "though there are disadvantages. You cannot sell so quickly, in emergencies."

"But I do not wish to sell."

"Not now, — no. You might. It is well to remember these things, in case you should at any time prefer to manage them for yourself."

She looked up; her lips parted tremulously, but she only said that she had never thought about such matters, and that she thanked him for his great kindness to her.

"It will be necessary for you to in-

dorse all these coupons," said Nordhall, spreading the bonds upon the table. "The coupons are registered also. It is one of the thoroughly protected things. There are a good many. I'm sorry. The bonds run to '85. You will please to write your name here."

He went to bring the ink and pens from Madam Strong's old ebony desk that stood in the adjoining library; but Reliance followed him. The dog followed her. She stood at the high desk to write. Her black dress and the black wood deepened the gloom of the dull room, ranged with law-books and encyclopædias. There was only one window in the room. The sound of the surf came up. Nordhall watched her. The dog watched him.

"Now, come away," he said, and hurried her out.

"I never can forget" — she spoke with a shiver — "that Father Strong died in that room. John never could. You know it was John who went in — late — and found him" — She stopped. It was the first time she had mentioned her husband's name that day. But Nordhall only said, —

"Come nearer to the fire. You are cold."

He stirred the coals, and drew up the easiest of the stiff, old-fashioned chairs. She sank down, and put her hands out drearily, to warm them. They were purple, and had grown so thin that her wedding-ring hung to the joint. Nordhall looked at them. His own were warm, and the rich blood ran abounding beneath his somewhat delicate and fair color. He had the sensitive complexion that flushes and pales easily. His hair had been red when he was a little boy. He had a boy's eyes yet.

"I will go now," he said, after a difficult pause.

"So soon?" She raised her head languidly. As she did so, she glanced at the clock on the mantel, and both saw that it was twenty-five minutes of five o'clock. It was at twenty-five minutes of five that he had come into her parlor on Mt. Vernon Street, a year ago.

She turned to him piteously; held up her hands, drew them down, and buried her face in them.

He said in a whisper, "Poor girl!" and then he went away. No one could help her. Glancing back, he saw her gently push the dog one side. Nordhall called the creature out, and stopped in the hall and looked at him with a singular sense of fellowship.

"We 're neither of us wanted, Kaiser," he said. After a moment's hesitation, the animal responded to this expression of sympathy, and graciously followed the man out. The weather had thickened densely. Nordhall could see as far as the syringa bushes by the gate, but the road was blotted.

"Which way shall we go, Kaiser?" he murmured, looking over. Kaiser regarded him inquiringly. But it was with the dignity of possession that the setter turned and went back to the house. He waited on the granite steps some time, unnoticed but calm. At last Nordhall, strolling in the fog, stricken by an uncertainty of purpose of which he could not rid himself, saw the door opened and the dog admitted.

It was herself. She seemed to apologize to Kaiser for her neglect. She had infinite tenderness. Like a forbidden dream, he saw her broken face, and then the door was shut.

III.

"We are born loyal." — EMERSON.

Reliance did not knit for the Dorcas babies. She did not like to knit. And when blue socks are the final cause of existence, as in the case of Madam Strong, it seems an impertinence to interpose a rivalry under the family roof; as if, for instance, one should crochet

them, and of pink, and so seem either to reflect upon the taste, or to undervalue by competition the self-sacrifice of one's mother-in-law.

But it has been well said that when the one creature whom the heart loves is removed, it takes the whole world to fill the place of that one. In the third year of her widowhood, Reliance Strong looked over the syringa bushes, one day, into the street, and remembered that there was a world beyond the gate which led between horse-chestnuts and elm-trees, past the hollyhocks, up the granite steps, into the old white mansion, where two women mourned their dead.

This was the way in which she happened to think of it.

That morning, as she came down in her veiled hat, to walk towards the marshes for a breath of air, she found one of the servants sobbing in the vestibule. It was Janet, the parlor-maid. She was washing the side-lights of the old hall door; her tears mingled with the soap-suds as she splashed and scoured. The keen sun peered through the diamond-shaped glass upon her pale hair and reddened eyes, and her pretty, round figure, with neat apron-front crossed over the grief that wrung her blue calico bosom. Mrs. Strong, feeling as if she and the sun were both intruders, stopped hesitatingly, and asked what was the matter.

Janet answered evasively that it was nothing much.

"I should be glad to help you with your trouble, if I could," replied Mrs. Strong, with some timidity. She had never thought much about the grief of servants; or if, indeed, they had any. In her own brief, happy life as a householder, her people below-stairs had all been in good spirits; or if not, her own had been too fine to notice it. Once, she remembered, the cook had a toothache, and the quail was burned; and she had given the house-maid things to cut over for a little sister. But with the consummate self-absorption of joy, she had supposed that every woman who lived in the house with Mr. Strong must, in a general way, be happy.

But Janet, between the dripping side-lights, stood crying.

"It 's my father," she said.

"Is he dead, Janet?"

"Ma'am — no; he 's worse than dead."

Reliance had asked the question with a weary sadness, which reacted into a dull sense of surprise at Janet's business-like reply. The lady had heard people talk about griefs worse than death. It had not occurred to her for a long time that there could be such. With a sense of positive intellectual curiosity, she sat down and drew Janet's story gently from her. It seemed, indeed, that a drunken husband might be worse than a dead one. And Janet had twelve brothers and sisters. And her mother hurt her right arm last week. And the baby was uncommonly sick. It was usually sick; but now, Janet said, it was "weak'nin'." And "he" — by whom Janet meant to designate her father — "he" was just "up for thirty days."

"Up?" asked Mrs. Strong.

"Taken up," Janet said. "In the house."

Mrs. Strong thought it must be very hard having him sick, too, and confined to the house at the same time with the rest.

"Ma'am," said Janet, "I meant the House of Correction."

There was a pause.

"He was arrested," began Janet again. "He broke a man's jaw, and he like to broke my mother's arm. He did n't mean to, but he was flyin' round that tempestuous with the rollin'-pin, — our rollin'-pin *is* rather heavy. But *she* won't complain on him. Father 's tried to reform, — that 's what they call it when you stop drinkin'. But he says if he had friends to help him, like some folks do, he 'd hold out. But he gets discour-

aged. He says *his* friends are all poor. And there ain't one the neighbors has *twelve* children."

"Do you think, Janet," asked her mistress, after a thoughtful silence, and still with the same timidity of manner, "that your mother would mind — if I should call to see her?"

"Oh, no, ma'am; she 's glad to see anybody," answered Janet, with the indifference of her type and a little, perhaps, of her grief.

Janet's mother lived over the marshes, and the wind being live that morning Reliance walked quickly on her unusual errand. The fine air spurred her on like the approval of a friend.

She had to search and inquire for the place she wanted, — the houses on the marshes looking very much alike to her, and so many of their masters being "up," — and, for the first time upon her lonely morning walks, she threw back from her face her long crape veil.

Thus it happened that Reliance was introduced in one of the most effective, because one of the most natural, ways in the world to the griefs of other people; and those forms of neighborhood benevolence which have been the solace of widowed and idle women from generation to generation, gradually attracting, ended by engrossing her sad attention.

A certain change touched her, which Nordhall watched with gratified scrutiny.

"I cannot work in societies and clubs and sisterhoods and such places," she said to him one day; "I quarrel with the other women. I tried it after the fire, when so many of those poor shop-girls were burned out. I was a committee for something, — I forget what. One of the ladies said a hard thing about the poor girls, and I answered her; and so I hurt their feelings, and so I left."

"What was it?" asked Nordhall, smiling.

"Oh, not much; only she said if those girls would do wrong, why, let them go and do it! She did n't think it was a lady's duty to consider any but worthy cases. If there 's a word in the dictionary I hate, it is that 'cases'! And the girls in such peril, being left homeless all at once!"

"And you told her?"

"I told her I thought if I were a poor girl, left alone, and nobody cared for me, and I were burned out of home and work, and I saw a bright-looking dance-house, and it was warm, and I was cold, I thought very likely I should go in," said Reliance, quietly. "So after that," she added, "I thought I would n't try to work in societies. Then I 'd rather people did not know everything I do. I like to put shoes on a barefoot child without telling of it."

"You have been busy lately?" he asked her, hesitating.

"Have I?" she reflected. "Yes; very, I believe. I had n't thought much about it. Only I do not like to see people suffer, if I can help it. That is all." She sighed.

"You have" — he checked himself. He thought he would not tell her that he saw a change in her. It was an indefinite thing, — a delicate irradiation of the eye, a firmer settling of the lip, a keener accent in a quicker voice; yet these slight tokens were only like the alterations of color on a bay's surface when the whole day is gray. Nordhall regarded her fine and unhopeful face a moment, and said no more.

Presently he asked her how "Mr. Janet" was getting along.

So then she laughed.

"You always call that poor girl's father Mr. Janet! His name is Griggs. He is doing finely. I 've looked after him a little. He only needed friends. I saw him every day for a while."

"You 're setting a premium on drunkenness!" murmured Nordhall impulsively. He had never spoken to her just like that; and as soon as he had done

so he hoped she would not notice it. Indeed, it seemed that she did not. She was leaning back in her chair, musing. Her thoughts were already far away from him. She was sitting by the long, low, open window, for it was summer, and the strong salt air drove into the drawing-room. She had tied a white lace handkerchief at her throat, over her warm and heavy widow's weeds. Outside, Madam Strong was tending the hollyhocks: these were of gold and rose and silver; one was a rare brown or wine-color; it was taller than the rest, and nodded in the wind. Kaiser was in the garden, too; sunning himself at the feet of the gardener, who weeded industriously. Brisk and cheerful sounds came up; the lonely old home had mellowed with the genial season. Madam Strong wore her garden gloves, and a Chinese silk sun-bonnet adorned her head: this was a concession to the Creator, which always filled her household with a certain responsive laxity of emotion; it seemed phenomenal that anybody could do anything which would induce so stately and benevolent a lady to forget the Dorcas babies, and dig at the roots of hollyhocks in unbecoming if expensive nankin. Even Kaiser rolled on her dress when she put on that sun-bonnet, and she said, "Kaiser, Kaiser!" with a dignified but tolerant bend.

"It is midsummer," said Nordhall, looking idly out over the head of Reliance. Her crown of brown hair drooped so near him that it seemed he felt rather than saw the wind stir it; the full, bright braid seemed to breathe. So idle was his mood that he was startled when she started murmuring, —

"It is midsummer, and the hay is down!"

But then, by a sensitive chance, he too remembered: —

"It is midsummer, — all the hay is down.
Close to her bosom press I dying eyes,
Praying, God shield thee till we meet in Paradise!"

Neither spoke. Nordhall was sorry for her. But he thought bitterly how subtle were the memories of the mourning, and how hard it was for human tenderness to wend its way among them. She seemed to him like those gorgeous and mystical sea creatures that float upon the surface of tropic waters, throbbing with nerves that stretch and strike at every colliding object; but woe to the swimmer who dares cross the purple current where they pulsate! Their lightest filaments, touching, shall cause him an exquisite agony.

Who could help her? Who know where the pulse beat, when the nerve would quiver? She had a world of unknown sensations. He could not enter it; he never had.

Presently she raised her head, and saw him watching her. She surprised him. She had never seen him look like that. For out of his eyes there sprang a fugitive look that bade defiance to his grave and guarded face. It was a feeling set free; and it was the feeling that only a man knows, and knows only for a woman, and only for her when she is pure and fair and is denied him. But it was a feeling of which the man is no more intelligently aware than he is of the look.

If we wished to be metaphysical, we might call it sub-conscious.

Reliance was used to the calm glances of this good man; to his kindliness and friendliness and care, to the sad affection by which he protected her.

Had it been any other than he she would have said that *this* was the face of one who admired her: not because she was John's wife, his friend's wife, but because she was a woman and herself.

She put the thought to herself in these simple words. She remembered, with bewilderment like that of a transmigrated soul recalling its last stage of existence, other times when other looks of other men had wrought in her the same recoil and inquiry. She was too fair a woman not to be experienced in

reading the countenances of men. As it was, the young widow pondered, saying to her disturbed heart,

"*But it is only Charley Nordhall!*" Yes, it was only Charley Nordhall, himself now, her dead husband's friend, gravely regarding her, quietly asking,

"Won't you walk about the garden? It is too pleasant to stay in-doors."

He brought her hat, which hung in the hall, — he was quite at home at Madam Strong's. Reliance put it on in silence. She followed him meekly. She felt perplexed and not unashamed, as if she had assumed or presumed what no woman would who did not overvalue herself. Her shocked feeling gave way.

This was Charley Nordhall: helping her in a fatherly manner out among the flowers, asking her questions about all her poor people, and stopping to assure Madam Strong that the facts she had heard about the homœopathic doctor were quite correct.

They walked down under the horse-chestnuts, and spoke of the beauty of the elms. They stood together by the gate. Nordhall talked awhile about Mr. Janet. Reliance remembered how rich and ready was his interest in all her little ways of passing life. For philanthropy was not as yet a passion with Reliance; she visited poor people because she felt it to be her duty, and she was glad to do her duty. She liked to talk about them, but had not reached the point at which she could talk of nothing else. She chatted calmly.

Nordhall watched the development of her feeling for Mr. Janet and his neighbors carefully, as he would have watched the growth of other or more intense emotions.

"And yet," he thought, "it grows upon her." He felt a vague envy.

They stood among the bushes which arched over the front gate, and looked across the garden. Bees upon the blossoms made a faint din in the vivid air. The gardener sang at his work. Madam Strong had removed her gloves, and was resting from her labors on the grape-vine settle under the elm that had been pierced by lightning, but had grown the greener ever since. Kaiser came halfway down the path as if to meet them, changed his mind, and lay down lazily, yawning ineffectually at the flies, with his head upon his white forepaws. The hollyhocks blazed in the sun, — rose and gold and silver white, and the brown one taller than the rest.

"That one is like a *baton*," said Reliance, looking about with a little cheerful smile. "It beats time for all the others. Look! It is like seeing music that you cannot hear. It *is* a pleasant day!"

Nordhall was glad to hear her speak like this. His eyes and heart ached to see her there in her black dress, in the color and the light, among the bees and blossoms. All his soul rose and befriended her. He tried to think if there were anything he could do to make her happy that he had forgotten; anything John would have wished him to do, — *did* wish, perhaps, if he were there that moment. He wanted to do what John would like. Then she, looking up, recognized by an intuition the loyalty and unselfishness of his unspoken mood. Without knowing why, Reliance felt happier just then than she had all day. She felt safe. It seemed as if in almost any grave shadow of the blossom-burdened lawn she might look, and she should find John.

When her mother-in-law sent the gardener out to urge Mr. Nordhall to dine, she pressed the invitation herself. The gardener was singing still. He sang: —

"Hearken, my heart, and wonder
What thought in the leaf may be!
Go ask of the bud, and ponder
What message it brings to thee.

"Hearken, my heart, and greet her,
Loth and late, loth and late, though she be!
How shall my soul go to meet her,
Who never will hasten to me?"

"What are you singing, Jacobs?" asked Nordhall, abruptly.

Jacobs said it was a song he heard a lady sing once, — a lady where he worked. She had a powerful fine voice, and she practiced at the pianner a good deal. He caught it weeding petunias. It always made him think of it to see a petunia.

"*Petunias!* Let us say a morning-glory."

"*Sir?*" asked Jacobs.

But Reliance was walking on before, in her black straw hat, stopping to speak to Janet, who had come out to meet her. Janet looked at her affectionately while she talked.

Nordhall glanced about him with a calm delight. He felt at home. It all seemed like a scene in a cheerful German novel, where the people were so much in gardens. He thought of Goethe's ladies, Lotte and Friederike. When Kaiser heard the dinner-bell and they all went in, it seemed as if they had been doing this every day just so, and would go in again to-morrow and to-morrow, past the pink and white and yellow hollyhocks, and the tall one with the wine-red heart.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

SARA BERNHARDT.

THAT comparisons are odious some one said long before Shakespeare's time, although, I believe, the saying has been traced no farther back; but the fact that it was used by his contemporaries and the form in which he puts it into the mouth of Dogberry show that it must have been well known when Much Ado about Nothing was written. Such odiousness as there is in comparison springs from a consciousness that men and women should be judged simply by what they are, liked or disliked for themselves, and not because they come near or fall short of the merit of some other person. There is reason in this feeling, unless comparison is provoked by imitation or by pretension; and yet the very essence of criticism, itself merely the rationale of appreciation, is comparison, — comparison either with an ideal standard or with instances of long-established merit of high order.

In the criticism of literature and of art, both these comparisons are usually made and insensibly mingled. Comparison of this kind is inevitable, and within certain bounds it is fair. The temptation to carry it beyond reasonable bounds is very great in the case of an artist like the distinguished French-German-Hebrew actress who is now visiting this country professionally, and who had a French-Hebrew predecessor so eminent that the shadow of her great name stretches from beyond the tomb across the threshold of the Théâtre Française. Nor has she been brought before us in such a manner as to disarm this sort of criticism.

When I took my seat in Booth's theatre to assist at Mademoiselle Sara Bernhardt's performance of Adrienne Lecouvreur, I was as thoroughly prejudiced against her as I ever allow myself to be against anybody or anything. First, there was my memory of Rachel, as fresh and clear and sharp as if I had seen her yesterday; and although I did not forget that nature is exhaustless, and that great phenomena, including great artists, are sure to be followed by other phenomena equally great, yet I could not but remember that in all the arts there have been periods peculiar in rich production followed by periods of cor-

responding barrenness, and I could not but doubt that the great mother had so soon brought forth one who was worthy to be named with Rachel, as I heard Mademoiselle Bernhardt named. Then there were the announcements of her coming, or rather of the coming of her *toilettes*, — of her gowns and her stockings, of the number and variety of which latter integuments the descriptions were instructive and highly edifying, — the publication of the particulars of her contract, and all the gossip and tattle that was kept a-going in the press about her most trivial actions. Nor was the conduct of our British cousins toward her without its depressing effect. Surely the general public and the high society of London have rarely appeared in a less admirable light than on this occasion. The extravagance of their behavior was quite equal to that of the people of New York on the first visit of Jenny Lind, with this difference: that in the latter case the object of the demonstration was not only of the highest distinction as an artist, but a person of estimable character and irreproachable life, and that no such attentions were offered her in New York by people of the best social position as were showered upon Mademoiselle Bernhardt, in a kind of frenzy, by people of the highest rank in London. The photograph of "Mademoiselle Bernhardt et son fils" has not yet, at least, proved to be a *carte-de-visite* that opened the doors of "society" in this country.

Then there were the portraits themselves, photographic and other. Surely nothing could be less likely to awaken a desire to see the original. Even the pencil of Bastien Le Page, the greatest portrait-painter of the French school, could do nothing to refine the lines and elevate the character of that face. And as I recollected in how comparatively modest and reserved a manner Rachel had made her entrance upon the American stage, the result of the reflection was anything but favorable to the actress who was brought forward as the worthy occupant of her vacant pedestal.

When, as I sat in this mood, Mademoiselle Bernhardt finally appeared, all my unfavorable impressions were deepened. A face which at the first glance appeared almost ignoble and quite incapable of lending itself to the expression of the finer and grander emotions; a figure deplorably deficient in all womanly beauty; a carriage equally without grace and dignity; nothing worthy of remark but a flood of wavy golden-brown hair deliberately poured down her back, — this was the woman, this the tragedian, I had come to see. Her drapery hung upon her like bunting on a flagstaff on a breezeless day. Such curves as she had curved all the wrong way; and as a mere physical phenomenon it is somewhat startling to find concavity where convexity is the order of nature.

Fifteen minutes had hardly passed before I found my mental attitude toward the actress changing rapidly. While Mademoiselle Bernhardt remained in repose and was only herself in a somewhat grotesque and ill-borne costume, she was the least attractive person on the stage; but when she began to speak and to move as Adrienne, under the influence of the incidents of the scene I found myself at once interested. When she recognized Michonnet, — her first manifestation of feeling, — and owned to the gossiping abbé her obligations to her humble master and adorer, I felt at once that she possessed the power both of nature and of art, that she could both know and do. At each step in the progress of the scene I became more and more absorbed in watching her manifestations of thought and feeling; and before the curtain fell upon the first act I felt and heartily acknowledged that I was in the presence of one of the most charming actresses I had ever seen, and one, moreover, the nature of whose power had not been worthily nor, it seemed to me, correctly set forth in any criticism of her

that I had met with. This appreciation of her was heightened as the play proceeded, and confirmed by subsequent opportunities of observation.

Sara Bernhardt is not a great artist; and I doubt that by any study or effort of which she is capable she will ever become a great artist. Perhaps, however, it would be more correct to say that she is not an artist in the grand style, and that by the limitations of her nature, moral and physical, she is incapable of that style. Her power, strange to say, is chiefly a personal power. Of intellectual force, or even of intellectual subtlety, she suggests but little; and her moral nature seems to be as thin and weak as her physique. You are interested in the feelings and in the experience of the woman: feelings which hardly rise to the dignity of emotions; experience which is hardly beyond the range of the occurrences of every-day life. Her exhibitions of love, of joy, of grief, of feminine petulance and feminine perplexity, of delight in life, of interest in all the little incidents which go to make up social intercourse, — these it is which make the charm of her acting: and in this department of her art the present day has not seen her superior, — hardly, I believe, her equal. Under the influence of these feelings her face becomes transformed, almost transfigured. I have never seen on the stage, or in real life, a countenance so changed and so elevated by passing from repose into action. The face which before seems like the faded picture of some other face, not lovely, becomes instinct with intelligence and charged, surcharged, with expression. You then see that her eyes are really fine; they become large and brilliant, full of meaning and of light; and her mouth has a sweet expressiveness which, when compared with the character of its lines in repose, is marvelous. No actress that I remember is her equal in the assumption of a look of ecstatic joy. Inspired and remoulded by the expression of this emotion, the eyes and lips of that mean and almost sordid visage, which defies the skill of painters and shames the art of photography, become angelic, worthy of Raphael's conception of a cherub. Such a radiation of purity and tenderness, such an abandonment to simple, confiding, all-absorbing happiness, is rarely seen portrayed in any form of art, — rarely even in very nature. There is almost a childish *naïveté* in her look. When, as Adrienne, she throws herself into Maurice de Saxe's arms, and putting her hands upon his shoulders looks up into his face, it is not the love of an actress of experiences that she expresses; it is that of a pure young girl in her first love, who in her first lover sees and worships a demi-god. When, as Frou Frou, she sits upon her father's knee, and gives vent to her delight at the proposal of marriage that promises to remove her sister from the household in which she has usurped *her* place, it is less the relief of a jealous woman freed from the tormenting presence of her rival that we see than the delight of a nature which seems incapable of suspicion in the anticipation of a coming joy. And it is this light, sweet girlishness of her emotional expression which makes Frou Frou the most charming and completely satisfactory of her impersonations. She is fully capable of sounding the little rippling flood of Frou Frou's thin and feeble but captivating nature, which "like shallow streams, runs dimpling all the way." When she gets into deeper waters her plummet is too short.

All through this play her action, that is, her movement on the stage, her gesture, the little tricks of her face, the management of her drapery, the very twisting of her wiry fingers, is full of significance. In all this detail the keeping of her impersonation approaches the marvelous. She charms and satisfies by doing that which a really great artist would not do, — that which a really

great artist would be above, and which would therefore prevent a really great artist from assuming this part, which has not the boldness of outline, the largeness and simplicity which are required in the subject of great histrionic art. Frou Frou is a *genre* picture, and therefore properly and even necessarily descends to details that would be offensively impertinent in a heroic composition. The peculiar fitness of Mademoiselle Bernhardt for this department of her art is shown positively and negatively in Adrienne Lecouvreur. That play, poor as it is (and indeed, except in furnishing opportunities to actors, most modern French plays are very poor), demands for the representation of its principal personage a wide range of power. Adrienne is to love her hero with fervor and abandonment of self; she is to love old Père Michonnet in a sweet, confiding, half child-like, half patronizing way, and this phase of the character Mademoiselle Bernhardt presented with a charmful skill which, with all my memories of the great Adrienne in mind, seemed to me quite unsurpassed, if, indeed, it were not unsurpassable; for it left nothing imaginable to be desired. But Adrienne is also to be a great tragic actress, who sees herself robbed of her lover by a great lady, a princess, with whom she is brought into direct contact; she is to be jealous with the jealousy of Juno; she is to stand on a plane above that to which any mere *grande dame* can mount, and look down thence upon her princely rival; she is to use the words of Phèdre to pour out scorn upon that rival in the presence of the husband whom she has dishonored. Here Mademoiselle Bernhardt, tried not by comparison with any other actress, but by the ideal standard which is formed upon an examination of the structure of the play, falls notably short of its requirements. She has not naturally the mien of a great tragic actress, nor can she assume it; her jealousy is fretful and distressing to see; she snaps and snarls at the princess as one cat snaps and snarls at another; and in the scene from Phèdre she raves and shrieks, and shakes her finger in the princess's face in a manner which is not only quite undignified, but which would not be tolerated; which is indeed *peu convenable*. There is no reserve in her action in this scene, no withering implication of more than she says, no concealment of the dagger which she means to make her rival feel; but, on the contrary, we see a screaming, impotent scold, who takes an opportunity to unpack her heart with words and give "that woman" a piece of her mind. To the representation of the nobler side of Adrienne's character Mademoiselle Bernhardt is quite inadequate.

Of the grand, the heroic, the truly tragic in general, she is incapable; not intellectually, perhaps, but morally and physically. She may have an intellectual perception of the heroic, but she lacks that breadth and strength and richness of soul, that firm and self-poised mien, the result of a complete physical soundness and stability (for it is not necessarily accompanied by physical force), without which the grand style is impossible, — without which, indeed, even dignity (not inner dignity of soul, but that dignity which impresses others) is impossible. The very same attitude which expresses dignity in the great blood-hound in Landseer's well-known picture expresses impudence in the little terrier. Mademoiselle Bernhardt is over weighted by tragedy. Sharp-shooting is a fine art in arms, and is deadly business; but in vain will you bombard a fortress with rifles.

Mademoiselle Bernhardt's constitutional deficiency for certain departments of her art is, it need hardly be said, much more apparent in tragedy than in mere *drame* (to use a French term which means a realistic dramatic composition, not either tragedy or comedy, and which may have a serious catastro-

phe), more in the classic than in the romantic drama. Wherefore her Phèdre, the only classic tragedy in which she has appeared here at the time of the writing of this article, is the most inadequate of her impersonations, although it is one of the most interesting of her performances. It is interesting in a certain way and to certain people, because it embodies, although imperfectly, a fine conception, and is in a measure informed by the intelligence of a great histrionic genius. But as grand tragedy it is a conspicuous failure. It is Frou Frou playing Phèdre; poor little Frou Frou in her private theatricals attempting the grand *rôle* of Rachel. I shall not censure Mademoiselle Bernhardt's performance of this character; for it is really not her fault that she cannot play it, no more than it is her fault that she cannot put up a fifty-six-pound weight. She has not the moral breadth of nature or the physical stamina for the part, which she plays like a love-sick Mabille girl in a consumption, and yet with constant suggestions of her great predecessor.

Rachel was slender, but she was not attenuated. She produced no impression of ill health or of feebleness. On the contrary, she was lithe, compact, and firm, and always looked well settled where she stood. It seems as if a puff of wind would blow Mademoiselle Bernhardt off the stage, as if a gust of anger or of derision would topple her morally in the dust. Hence chiefly her great unfitness for the impersonation of such a character as that of Phèdre, which to sustain it requires the force of a great personality. Phædra's story is not quite so well known as that of some other noted Greek women; for the poets have shunned it. Most of the readers of The Atlantic probably know the tale of lawless love and implacable revenge which Racine made the subject of this tragedy: how Phædra, the wife of Theseus, the legendary Greek hero, became enamored of Hippolytus, his son by a former marriage, and being repulsed by him accused him to his father of a hideous crime, and afterwards ended her own life by poison. Racine varied from the old story by making Phædra's nurse Œnone, instead of the queen herself, accuse Hippolytus to Theseus of the guilty passion which she alone had felt, and has thus restored some sympathy to a heroine who needed all that she could command. The undertaking of such a character as Phèdre in the present day showed the audacity of Rachel's genius; for she restored it to the modern stage. If the tragedy were played as Racine wrote it to be played and saw it played, chains and bristling sentinels would be required to keep a modern audience in their seats during this dispensation of big-wigged tragedy. The Phèdre of Racine is little less than ridiculous; yet the Phèdre of Rachel, speaking Racine's words, was terrible. The fine, smooth verse which he wove so painfully and so prettily, she used only as a canvas, which she covered from our eyes with pictured scenes of passion. Her performance was in truth but a series of such scenes, somewhat disconnected. It has been called statuesque; but her country has produced one great painter whose learning, whose severe classical taste and antique grace, took form in pictures to which her impersonations might be better compared; for were the figures of Nicolas Poussin endowed with life, they would speak and move with the accents and the action of Rachel.

Phèdre is for one reason, if for no other, a character difficult and dangerous to attempt. The play opens on a high key. The heroine makes her first appearance before us with a soul consumed and a body shattered by her devouring passion and the wrestlings of her soul and sense. As Rachel tottered upon the stage we looked wonderingly forward in vague and vain conjecture as to what could be the end of such a

beginning; for it seemed as if the climax were already reached. And so, in truth, it was; but it was not ended. Her Phèdre was a prolonged climax of agony, through which she revealed the stages of passion and hope and hate and despair by which she had reached it. Her Phèdre died, indeed, but only that the tragedy might end. Her poison was needless. It was because her veins were burning with a fiercer, subtler venom that the tragedy began; and she herself had begun to die before she confessed in our hearing the thought for which alone she lived. Rachel made us know and feel all this. When Rachel played characters like Lady Tartuffe, she looked like a thoroughly bad and utterly depraved woman; when she played Phèdre she looked like a female fiend. And this not because of any change wrought in the lines of her face by "making up," but because of the expression she assumed. She did not look thus when she came off the stage in the course of an act, nor before she went on. This fiendishness of look made one near to shudder at the hell of mortal hate that flamed into her face as she shrieked, "Œnone, qui l'eut cru; j'avais une rivale!" Her cry, "Aricie a son cœur, Aricie a sa foi!" was like the utterance of the agony of a damned soul. When she cursed Œnone we did not wonder that the guilty nurse cowered before her, and fled to drown her memory of all this woe in death.

Of this grand, dreadful, almost painful impersonation Mademoiselle Bernhardt's is a weak imitation, a pale, faded copy: whether a deliberate imitation or not I shall not say; whether direct or not I cannot tell, for I do not know Mademoiselle Bernhardt's age. But the traditions of Rachel's Phèdre live in the criticism of her day; they live in Paris in the memories of all lovers of the drama who have reached middle age; they live in sketches and in painted portraits; and above all they live in the *foyer* of the Théâtre Française. On those traditions Mademoiselle Bernhardt has formed her Phèdre; seeking, nevertheless, we may be sure, to give to the impersonation some individual traits of her own imagining. But in this respect she has been able to do very little. Nor is it at all surprising, or in the least to her discredit, that her Phèdre is essentially a copy of Rachel's. Rachel's conception and impersonation of that character was not only grand and strong and vivid beyond that of any other actress who has attempted it, but it was the result of a perception of the only ideal of the character that made it tolerable in art. A Phèdre in whom bad passion and deadly hate were aggrandized by an intensity and sublimation of fiendishness that made her a demi-goddess of the infernal sort was at least terrible and wonderful; a Phèdre with a touch of true womanly feeling would be revolting. Phèdre must not need forgiveness; she must be incapable of repentance. To admire Phèdre, to endure her, we must have no sympathy with her. This was Rachel's Phèdre, and thenceforward there can be no other.

As to Rachel's Adrienne Lecouvreur, I shall ask the indulgence of my readers for repeating here a passage from an article which I wrote on the night of her first performance of the part in this country, just twenty-five years ago. It will have at least the interest of showing the instant impression made by her in the character upon a young and comparatively inexperienced critic of the drama. "The play is familiar in its scope and spirit, and *genre* painting, whether with pen or pencil, has always more admirers than falls to the lot of high art. Her impersonation of Adrienne was no less finished and youthful than of Camille [in Racine's Les Horaces] or of Phèdre; but for that very reason it was less grand, less imposing, less thrilling; indeed, the part is quite unworthy of Mademoiselle Rachel's tal-

ent. True, in her scenes of jealousy there were some fine tragic touches: but these were faint reflections of Phèdre's consuming passion; and at the last, when Adrienne is dying by poison, although the acting was consummate, the effect was almost too dreadful to come within the legitimate aims of art, and the means were too physical and too imitative to be worthy of such an artist as Rachel. The bursts of jealousy and the struggles with death were, however, the telling points of the impersonation with the large audience which her fame in this character had assembled. But to us there was a far purer and more perfect enjoyment to be found in the more delicate exhibitions of her art which were scattered freely through the play: such, for instance, as the tone and manner and expression with which, when Maurice tells her that he had said that she expected him at the theatre, she replies, 'Imprudent, me compromettre!'—entire forgiveness and unutterable love being conveyed with the reproach, which yet is sadly earnest; or again, when, having knocked once in vain at the door where her unknown rival is concealed, and having repeated her summons with success, '*au nom de Maurice de Saxe*,' she exclaims with such an outburst of adoring love and child-like confidence, 'Je savais bien que rien resisterait à ce talisman!'"

A criticism written at midnight, two miles from the writer's home, to be published the next morning without revision in proof, may well be judged leniently as to its style and even as to its opinions. But in the latter respect I really find no reason for change or modification after this lapse of time. And here I find a censure which I made mentally while witnessing Mademoiselle Bernhardt's performance of the same part, quite unconscious that I had already given it utterance in my long-unseen and quite forgotten article on Rachel's Adrienne: it is that upon the death scene of the poisoned actress. This is dreadful, and should exclude the play from the repertory of an artist of high aims. I know that death scenes are in high favor with certain lovers of the drama; but when they are of this painful, this shocking character, they should be set apart exclusively for the entertainment of that sort of spectators to whom it was the crown of the evening's enjoyment to "see Kirby wrap himself up in the American flag and die all over the stage" at the Bowery theaytre. We cannot expect such scenes as that which ends the sufferings of Lear,—"Prithee, undo this button," is a grand touch of simple pathos, possible only to one hand,—nor even such as those upon which the curtain falls in Hamlet and Othello,—the latter of which was grossly materialized, and therefore degraded, by Salvini; but the exhibition of a young woman in the combined agonies of despair and empoisonment is simply horrible; and mere horror has no proper place in art. To hear this poor girl shrieking out, "Je ne veux pas mourir!" and praying at the top of her voice, and in the midst of her physical agony, that she may be allowed to live, is a scene from which it should seem that the least sensitive nature would desire to flee. Nor is it truthful. There is set up for it the plea of realism; but it is no more real than it is ideal. Death does not come thus in nature. Adrienne dies screaming; and with the accents of frantic protest and entreaty and torment upon her lips she suddenly drops dead into her chair. A realistic conformity to nature would show her exhausted and silent for some time before she breathed her last breath. Judged from any point of view the scene ought to be hissed; but the majority is against me, and it is applauded.

Here, as elsewhere in this play, Rachel was greatly superior to Sara Bernhardt; for she managed the scene with consummate art and delicacy. But even

she could not raise it to the level of great art; it is essentially too low and too material. I am not sure, however, that in the lighter, more joyful, and more playful scenes of this drama Sara Bernhardt is always the inferior. For Rachel, strong in intellect and in passion, was weakest in the expression of pure womanliness. In this she was like most French actresses, who, according to my observation, although they can be jealous with both fierceness and *finesse*, can play the grande dame, and excel in coquetry, fail in the portrayal of what we Anglo-Saxon folk mean by womanliness pure and simple. But, strangely enough, when we consider what she is, this is Sara Bernhardt's forte. The expression of confiding love, of a sweet, tender joy, of purity, of all the little charms of woman's ways which minister so much to the daily delight and happiness of those around her, are manifestly natural, or at least easy and pleasant, to this actress. Her facial capability seems here to find its true scope and almost its limit. In the simulation of any emotion grander or stronger she falls short of a high aim. There we see that she is merely trying to do what others have done before her, and to do it more or less as it was done by them. Briefly, Mademoiselle Bernhardt's art is very fine, but its elements are simple and its range is narrow.

In the expression of pure womanliness, a great actress who has recently made her exit from the stage of life, Mrs. Charles Kean, who won her reputation as Ellen Tree, had probably no equal. I did not see her in the first flush of her womanly charms; for she had become Mrs. Kean, and was on her second visit to this country, before my theatre-going days began. But even then, in the expression of the beauty of womanhood, she was peerless, — far beyond any other actress that I ever saw. The woman in her was so strong that whatever she played, through such a wide range as Viola, Queen Constance, and Lady Macbeth, that was the chief feeling to which she gave expression. She excited the respectful love, the devotion, of every man in her audience. In Twelfth Night, when as Viola, disguised in her page's dress, she attended on the Duke Orsini, she filled the stage with the sense of her concealed love for him. As Constance, in King John, she had hardly more than one scene, — that in which the princess pours out her grief and love over her little son Prince Arthur; but she made (if indeed Shakespeare before her had not made) that the great scene of the play, the one around which all the others centred, and she filled the hearts of men and women alike with sweet sympathy with her great maternal tenderness. And even in Lady Macbeth she managed to show — perhaps I should rather say that such was her nature that she could not help showing — that her womanly devotion to her husband, her hope for him, her ambition for him, were the springs of her action. This was more nature than art with her, more impulse than acting. When, in the banquet scene, which is interrupted by the appearance of Banquo's ghost, she begged the guests to withdraw, that they might not be too close witnesses of the king's discomfiture, she descended from her dais, and passed down among them with a look upon her face, as she turned from one to another, in which troubled love and womanly anxiety struggled sorely and strangely with queenly dignity. She was one of the very few actresses that I have known personally; and I spoke to her one day about the expression of her face in this scene. She listened with evidently unfeigned surprise, and said that she did not know of it, and had not heard of it before; that the look was brought into her face unconsciously by the action of the scene. It was not what is queerly called among the actors "business." When I lauded her personation of Constance she replied, "Why, I 've nothing to do but to

cry over a baby." I answered that she always brought tears to my eyes. She gently laid her hand on mine (she was old enough to be my mother), and said, "I 'm glad to hear that; for when I play that scene I always weep real tears myself." In the Gamester — a drama now laid aside, I suppose, forever — she was the gamester's wife: and the villain of the play, who sought her ruin as well as her husband's, told her that her husband loved another woman. She turned, looked him in the face, and simply said, "I don't believe it." As she did this, her expression of wifely love and confidence was so radiantly beautiful that a thrill of delight touched every heart, and after a just perceptible instant of silent appreciation the house exploded in such a thunder of applause that the performance was interrupted for the moment. This presentation of the greatest charm of womanly nature I have never seen in a French actress. Rachel never approached it. Perhaps she would not condescend to it, finding it too tame for the purposes of her art; possibly it was foreign to her nature and beyond her ken. But it has seemed to me that Sara Bernhardt has it in her power to compass this department of her art, and that she would do well to abandon for it the realm of tragedy which nature has not fitted her to tread.

Richard Grant White.

A LOOK AHEAD.

Probably the uppermost thought now in the mind of the American people concerning national politics might be represented by an interrogation point. They are asking a question, and are asking it of themselves, because pending the incoming and organization of the new government they cannot properly put it to anybody else. The question is, What is likely to be the course of General Garfield's administration, and what results may it be expected to produce? President Hayes once wisely said that every administration leaves its mark upon the institutions of the country. In the interval between the election and the inauguration of the new president it is only natural that people should indulge in speculation as to what the character and direction of the next mark is going to be. No administration resembles another. Each has it own individuality. Not to go back beyond the memory of comparatively young men, think how great was the difference between the administration of Lincoln and that of Johnson, and then how marked was the change from Johnson to Grant! It is not always a change of political principles which makes the difference. Mr. Hayes and his surroundings and tendencies differ radically from General Grant and the peculiarities of his administration, though there was no break in the continuity of party ascendency when one went out and the other came in. The truth is, our presidents are not mere gilded figure-heads, typifying executive power, like some European monarchs, but are themselves living fountains of power, and can exert a potent pristine influence upon legislative and public sentiment. They can be negative if they choose, and drift with the stream; but if they possess strong characters and well-defined purposes, there are few crowned heads in the world who can shape the national will and mould the national institutions to so great an extent as they.

Therefore people ask, What is the new government which comes in on the

4th of March going to do? Being a young people, we are a hopeful people. We always look forward to a new administration with ardent anticipations. We think the new president is going to set the country forward a long way, and we have a right to expect a great deal of General Garfield. He is a man of real force of character, and a more thorough training in statesmanship than any previous president ever brought to the duties of his office. We know that he is a man of both thought and action, — a close student of other men's ideas, and a vigorous original thinker. We remember how early he began to make a thorough study of government; how, when elected to the Ohio legislature, he set out to trace a dollar from the pocket of the taxpayer to the state treasury, and thence out into all the possible forms of public expenditure; studying the laws that authorized each transfer, and the purposes for which the money was applied. We know that he carried this method of research up to the national government, and during seventeen years in Congress became thoroughly familiar with all its ramifications. He knows every pin, wheel, and lever in the government machine. He will not have to spend half his term getting acquainted with the apparatus he is to manage. His energies will be free from the first to give it right direction. Then, Mr. Hayes leaves no rubbish for him to clear away. The public offices are filled with trained, competent, and honorable men. The machinery is clean, well oiled, and in good working order. There are no loose screws, or rusty wheels, or clogged bearings.

The most important problem which will fall to the new administration will be the Southern question, — modified a good deal by Mr. Hayes's course, it is true, but nevertheless essentially the same problem with which General Grant struggled for eight years, and which he received as a legacy from his predecessor. How shall the people of the old slave States be brought fully to accept the results of the war; to look upon the black man's right to vote as just as good as the white man's; to respect the right of every man to his own judgment in politics and to the expression of his own views; to cultivate tolerance, that fine flower of a high civilization; to permit the national division of the voting element into two parties, which is the only healthful and safe condition of things in a popular form of government? The state of the country cannot be regarded as satisfactory until it is just as safe, respectable, and comfortable for a man to be a republican in the South as it is for a man to be a democrat in the North. There must be an end to all forms of proscription and unfriendliness on account of political opinion. A member of the party which saved the Union must no longer be made to feel that he is an alien in a part of the country he helped rescue from destruction. It is a national disgrace if in any portion of the Union a citizen is forced to conceal his sympathy with one of the great political organizations in order to succeed in his business, or enjoy pleasant social relations, or enter upon a public career. This sort of thing has got to stop, and General Garfield's administration will no doubt do all that it can wisely and constitutionally do to bring it to an end. It will be aided in this work by the conditions developed under President Hayes. The so-called let-alone policy of Hayes has favored the fading out of old animosities and prejudices in the South, and the growth of a desire in the more intelligent classes of the population for tolerance, honest elections, and the manly strife of well-balanced political organizations. Probably it was the best possible preparation for the ultimate solution of the problem. The ground had to be left fallow for a time. Now it seems ready for plowing and sowing. A more positive policy

can be tried, with hopes of success. By this I do not mean a forcing process by harsh laws. The attempt to reform the South by act of Congress was a dead failure. There are people who want to try it again, — narrow-minded but perfectly honest people, who will urge their views upon the new president with pertinacity, — but it is safe to say that General Garfield will not be moved by them. The influence he will exert for good will be persuasive rather than oppressive. His attitude towards the South has always been friendly, sensible, and conservative, while thoroughly republican. The election laws may perhaps be strengthened by making them applicable to country districts as well as to the towns, which would be in harmony with the principle upon which they are based; but no political legislation specially aimed at the South is likely to be adopted.

An Atlantic article published before the opening of the recent campaign said that the solidity of the South would be broken in one of two ways: by its success in getting control of the government, which would lead to dissatisfaction and quarrels about the distribution of patronage; or by its becoming convinced, through repeated failures, that it could never succeed in its ambitious dream of power. It now looks as if the defeat of the democratic party in the recent election has started the process of disintegration. Many of the leading Southern journals are disposed to give up the fight, and hint at the wisdom of abandoning the alliance with the Northern democracy. Wise politicians in every Southern State see that a political scheme based upon the unity of the weaker section of the country is a mistake, because its inevitable result is to unify the stronger section in opposition to it. The new administration will be able to do much towards stimulating the growth of this sentiment. First, it can let it be understood that there is to be complete amnesty for past political action in the South, and that men of character who are now willing to come forward and help build up a new republican party in that section are to be treated with cordiality, and are not to be distrusted because of the former party connection. There will be trouble in taking this course, because old republicans, who have borne hostility and ostracism for their opinion's sake for many years, will want to monopolize the favors of the president, and will naturally object to the immediate recognition of new converts; but the necessity of bringing new elements into the republican party in order to create a strong opposition to democracy in the South will doubtless be fully understood by the president. Gratitude to heroic men who have been faithful to their principles in the face of personal loss and danger must not stand in the way of the accomplishment of the great end of bringing the South up to the Northern level of political tolerance.

It may be that something more will have to be done than giving hearty welcome and recognition to all elements willing to help in a new order of things at the South: it may be that a substantial earnest of Northern good-will towards the beaten and baffled section will have to be given in the form of internal improvements, carried on with money appropriated from the national treasury by republican votes. Not that the South wants to be bribed to divide into two parties, but because it is distrustful of Northern feeling, and needs to be convinced by some conspicuous act of generosity that the stronger section cherishes no hostile sentiments. The democrats, since they obtained the control of the appropriations, have expended a great deal of money on petty river and harbor improvements in the South, but they have inaugurated no important work, like the Mississippi jetties and the Texas Pacific Railway, both of which are the fruits of republican legislation.

It is not difficult to say what works yet remain to be undertaken, that are essentially national in their character, and yet would be especially beneficial to the South. One, at least, will at once occur to mind, namely, the improvement of the channel of the Mississippi, and the reclaiming of the vast areas of swamp land now rendered worthless by the overflow of its waters. This work would take a long period of time and cost a very large amount of money, but in the end it would enable vessels of heavy draught to go up to St. Louis, and it would gain for agriculture an area of exceedingly rich territory, capable of supporting five millions of people. To plan and carry on an undertaking of such gigantic magnitude would be a task worthy of the highest statesmanship. Another project might be mentioned, which, though not ranking in importance with the Mississippi improvement, would still be of far more than local value: it is a ship canal across the Florida peninsula, which would save six or seven hundred miles of navigation between New York and New Orleans, Mobile and Galveston.

Next to the Southern question, financial matters are likely to be the most important subjects occupying the new administration. The public debt is in excellent shape now, and the policy of Secretary Sherman will no doubt be substantially the policy of his successor. Some legislation will be needed to meet loans falling due and to carry on the work of refunding, but all will be plain sailing. The principles governing the management of the debt — a scrupulous fulfillment of all obligations, and a reduction of the interest rate to as low a point as will command a market for the bonds at par — have been fixed with the coöperation of General Garfield as a member of Congress, and will of course suffer no change during his presidential term. The future of the greenbacks is a question not so easy to determine, and one which may lead to a great deal of controversy. In the absence of other financial issues, this may come to the front of political discussion. We may be tolerably sure that the republican victory in November disposed of the project for the destruction of the banks, which was advocated by the greenbackers and by a considerable majority of the democrats, but the question of the permanency of the present system of a mixed currency of treasury notes and bank notes is still an open one. The republican party is divided upon it. A considerable portion believes that the government should always keep afloat a large volume of redeemable notes, "to steady the currency," as they express it. Another portion believes that treasury notes are a positive evil, and that the government should wholly retire from the business of furnishing the country with a paper circulation. General Garfield's action in Congress has been in the direction of an ultimate withdrawal of the greenbacks, but it is very doubtful whether a majority can be got in Congress for the passage of any measure of the sort. The new administration may not be required to face the question, from the want of sufficient force in Congress, and thus it may drift over another four years' period.

The tariff question is not likely to be a troublesome one. The republicans made protection a leading issue in the recent canvass, and their victory is an assurance that the existing system of customs duties will undergo no radical change. Defects in it may be corrected, but whatever new tariff legislation is adopted will be in the direction of extending the protective system and remedying its abuses, rather than in that of setting it aside. We shall see no "tariff for revenue only" during the next four years. So far as the influence of the administration is brought to bear upon this question, it will be to favor duties high enough to protect all

important national industries, but not so high as to foster monopolies.

A question of very grave importance remains to be mentioned, — that of making a radical change in the method of choosing the president and vice-president, so as to avoid the danger of a disputed election. The vices of the present system brought the country close to the brink of civil war in 1877. Awkward and indefinite in the first place, this system is outworn, and is wholly out of gear with our modern political methods. The electors are mere voting machines. There is no provision for settling a controversy as to who are really entitled to act as electors in any State. It is an open question whether the vice-president should count the electoral votes, or whether he is a mere clerk to open the returns, while the power of counting or rejecting rests in the two houses. If the latter position be assumed, it is an open question whether the concurrence of the two houses is necessary to count a return, or whether a rejection can be effected by the action of one of the bodies.

After we had got safely over the rocks in that dangerous winter of 1877, all thoughtful men believed that the electoral system would be changed before another election came around. A number of the best minds in Congress addressed themselves to the task of maturing measures for reforming a plan which everybody saw to be faulty and perilous. Several valuable bills and constitutional amendments were drawn, but nothing came of them. The reason was that the democrats, who had control of Congress, believed that the old system would work for their advantage in the election of 1880, because, having the count in their hands, by virtue of their majority in the senate and house, they could settle all disputed points in their own favor. This is not an unfair statement. Everybody who is familiar with the recent course of events in Washington knows it is true. And the democrats cannot be blamed for being peculiarly selfish and unpatriotic. They did what most parties would have done in a like case. They wanted to win in 1880, and were not disposed to sacrifice any point in the game. If the republican majority in New York had been twenty-five hundred, instead of twenty-five thousand, they might have found reasons to satisfy their own consciences for throwing out the returns of that State, and declaring General Hancock elected.

Constitutional changes and legislative enactments in the direction of a less complicated, more direct, and less perilous system of electing the chief magistrate and his possible successor must of course originate in Congress, but a president who is strongly convinced of the wisdom of a change can do much towards encouraging and moulding such measures. We may take it for granted, from General Garfield's public utterances and from the experience he gained as a member of the electoral commission, that he will do all that he can properly do to bring about this very important reform. The times are ripe for it. One house of the new Congress will be controlled by the republicans by a narrow majority, and the other by the democrats by a majority still narrower. A measure for the partisan advantage of either party will have no chance of getting through. The question of changing the method of electing presidents can therefore be treated as a non-partisan affair, and can command the attention of the most statesman-like intellects on both sides.

Leaving the field of speculation about the measures likely to be favored by the new administration, let us, in conclusion, look for a moment to its probable general character. General Garfield is eminently a practical politician, and we need not fear that he will make a visionary administration, reaching out after the impossible, or trying to take ten steps at once. He knows

the politicians perfectly, understands the temper of the people, and will neither overleap his mark nor fall short of it. He is a scholar who for thoroughness and breadth of culture has had no equal in the White House since the younger Adams. We may therefore expect a dignified, scholarly administration, which will command the cordial assistance and support of the journalists, men of letters, and institutions of learning. He is a closer student of political economy than any president the country has ever had, and we may expect that the industrial and commercial interests of the country will enjoy the advantage of intelligent consideration at his hands. He is a home man, devoted to his family, and we may look for a continuation of the pleasant, wholesome, unpretentious home life which has made the White House a centre of good social influences during the presidency of Rutherford B. Hayes.

THE LONG DREAM.

THE summer will come with a fresh perfume
  Where all the brown leaves are lying,
And the windy air with a blush and bloom,
Like a shuttle blown through a silken loom,
  In the delicate foliage plying.

The morning will gather its colors anew,
  As sweet as a girlish promise,
Of green and golden and rose and blue,
To weave fresh violets out of the dew
  As bright as the ones stolen from us.

As I lie at ease in my last repose,
  All the beauty about me woven,
Like the cunning of sense that inward flows,
I shall feel in the blush that dyes the rose
  And the germ when its husk is cloven.

And the rootlets find their way under-ground
  Through the toils of the season's malice,
Till I know how the coil of sense is wound
To the far-off stars in the depths profound,
  Where Earth seems a golden palace.

But you will not know of the watch I keep
  Where the flow of the senses all pass,
Like a dreamer, who hears the stir and creep
Of the wind, while gently I lie asleep
  Under the broad-leafed catalpas.

Will Wallace Harney.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

In considering the peculiar merits of a work of such importance as the Illustrated Longfellow,[1] the second volume of which is just issued, it is not the artistic quality of the publication alone that deserves recognition. First of all, the original idea of producing an edition of the works of Longfellow which should be a worthy monument to his genius was as happy as it was timely. At no period in the history of the country has there been such a wide-spread, healthy interest in art in all its forms as during the past few years. The public appreciation of good illustration was never before half so much developed as at present. The countries old in the history of art do not produce nearly as high an average degree of excellence of illustration as that found in the American publications. The time is ripe, then, for the best use of the artistic talent of the country. The field for the exercise of this talent is in the publication in question certainly the most congenial one that could be selected, for it embraces a great variety of subjects, foreign and domestic. Those of Longfellow's poems which are inspired by events in the history of the country have been familiar to the young generation of artists from their school-days on, and have doubtless lost none of their stimulating influence on the imagination, but like other poems from the same pen have grown dearer with long acquaintance. To call upon American illustrators was to summon, then, ready assistants in the work. It is safe to say that no project of the kind ever met with more favor among artists, or found more sympathetic coöperation, than this. It was talked over in the studios as a rare opportunity to place a drawing in the most attractive and favorable surroundings. In much the same way that the painters look forward to the gratification of seeing their pictures in a permanent gallery in the best of company did the illustrators enjoy the prospect of seeing their work in these volumes; for it must be remembered that one of the greatest disappointments of an illustrator's experience is that most of his best work is swamped, after an ephemeral popularity, in the great mass of illustrated literature. The conditions under which the artistic contributions to the volumes were conceived and executed were, it is apparent, just those which assured the success of the work at the start.

Upon glancing at the volumes, one feels first that a great part of the decorative aspect of the pages is due to the beautifully drawn titles, headings, and tail-pieces by Mr. L. S. Ipsen. Done with few variations from the same general character in the combination of forms and ornaments, they are still wonderfully free from monotonous repetition either of arrangement or of motive of design. The fertility of invention of many of the titles is indeed remarkable, and the uniform good taste shown in the adaptation of the spirit of the composition to the subject of the poem which they introduce is worthy of all praise. A good example of dignified and stately design, quite in keeping with the poem, is the half title of Christus. The decorative border around the Epilogue is a rich and graceful combination of vines and flowers with the symbols of faith, hope, and charity. In this, as in all the rest, Mr. Ipsen depends for the decorative effect on the beauty of the forms and the tasteful combinations of them; not on the startling oppositions of tones, or on curious contrasts, which are the

[1] *The Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.* Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

sole qualifications of much of the popular black-and-white decoration of the day. Mr. Ipsen's decorative work has elements of lasting beauty.

Probably no artist has entered more into the spirit of his work than Mr. C. S. Reinhart, whose figure of the laborer kneeling at the cathedral door is one of the finest in the book. In his drawings for the Golden Legend he has given not only variety of type, but many different methods of execution, thus adding to the interest of his contributions. He would probably be less satisfied himself with the full-page of Prince Henry and Elsie than with the figures of the prince and Lucifer, or with either of the spirited compositions of the carousing monks. The full-page is meagre and somewhat flat, while the others are full in form and composition. The two drawings of monks above mentioned, with another of the procession, although less studied in respect to tone than some of the rest, are very cleverly grouped and faithful in expression. Mr. Reinhart's types are particularly good. For example, it is interesting to compare the Barabbas in Prison with the drawings of the monks, and notice the number of distinct and characteristic types accurately given. Next to Mr. E. A. Abbey, — the absence of whose charming work is to be regretted in any collection of representative American illustrations, — Mr. Reinhart gives the best satisfaction on any subject he is called upon to interpret.

Frederick Dielman introduces in almost every one of his drawings superabundance of incident and a multitude of accessories that recall the studied compositions of the German painters, and the habit has doubtless its reason in the German training of the artist. These accessories have the picturesqueness of color, which is tempting to the painter, but has little real value to the illustrator. Mr. Dielman's full-page of Mary Magdelen would do very well for a study of a theatrical odalisque, but has little which harmonizes with the subject. His Daughter of Herodias is open to the same objection. A common fault with Mr. Dielman's figures is the ungraceful proportion of the head to the rest of the body. Not wishing to err with those who believe they secure grace and dignity by the extraordinary length of the figure, Mr. Dielman often falls into the mistake of exaggerating the size of the head. Very attractive is the soaring angel in the Golden Legend. Mary at the Well looks like a pretty peasant girl of the Tyrol. The interior of the Odenwald farm-house is a capital study. The full-page of Friar Pacificus in the Scriptorium falls short of being very good only by the monotony of the tone. It is easy to see that the artist has sacrificed the simplicity of the effect to the temptation to multiply and elaborate the details of furniture and surroundings.

The influence of early training is also apparent in the drawings of Mr. Will H. Low. His compositions have frequently a certain *naïveté*, no matter if the general scheme be a conventional one. The Bride, the Bride and Bridegroom, and Helen Asleep on the Balcony, in the Second Passover, are decoratively arranged, hinting of the compositions of Alma Tadema. The Two Maries has a peculiar charm, notwithstanding the ill-proportioned figures and the material character of the angel.

Most of the groups of biblical subjects are by W. L. Sheppard, and are Oriental in everything but spirit. There can be no agreeable middle ground between the dignified and impressive treatment of subjects of this class and the realistic interpretation of the same. Mr. Sheppard has given to his work many touches of good Orientalism, and shows at times an appreciation of line in the grouping of his figures, even if it is tempered by an indifference to the laws of perspective, but for the most part his compositions are academic and undignified. It is evident from his Burns at the Plow, by

far the best of his drawings, and from his Martin Luther, also good in its way, that he is much more at home in that range of subjects.

The colonial subjects are treated in the main by three artists, Mr. A. B. Frost, Mr. F. T. Merrill, and Mr. J. W. Ehninger. The first contributes three illustrations to the Landlord's Tale, and though the gay Sir Christopher looks more like a Western trapper in semi-Spanish costume than an English gentleman of the seventeenth century, credit must be given to the excellence of the drawing and the good arrangement. Mr. Ehninger's drawings for Giles Corey have the great merit of conscientious interpretation of the subject. The groups are well put together, and the compositions are always intelligent. A good example is Martha and Corey at the farm-house door. It is drawn with precision and care. The only reason why these illustrations are not entirely satisfactory is that they are made with too little sympathy with the period in the history of the country. Mr. Ehninger does not give us the personages of Cotton Mather's time, but rather sturdy burghers of some foreign country. Perhaps it is too much to expect that the type of face be particularly distinctive, although that may well be insisted upon in any high standard of illustration, but it is certainly not unjust to criticise such manifestly operatic groupings as Mr. Merrill has given in his illustration of John Endicott. But the drawings, however theatrical, are never illegible, and it may be said in their favor that they are neither pretentious nor affected in arrangement. Among the great variety of drawings those by Mary Hallock Foote are prominent for a peculiar grace of line and delicacy of treatment. The full-page of Thalia before the Masque of Pandora is the least successful of the list, although there is an attractive sparkle in the light and shade. In the Hanging of the Crane she is seen to better advantage. The young couple seated reading together in one chair is charmingly done, and there is unusual grace in the figure of the maiden in the orchard. The treatment of both of these is very artistic. Mr. A. Fredericks, beside the illustrations to the Masque of Pandora, furnishes several to the Keramos, notably a full-page of a potter at his wheel. With a good deal of spirit Mr. Fredericks joins a facility that rarely degenerates into conventionality. He is a skillful draughtsman, and composes with taste. Mr. W. H. Gibson, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, Mr. F. B. Schell, Mr. J. Appleton Brown, Mr. Ernest Longfellow, and others contribute landscapes, many of which are exceedingly creditable to artist as well as to engraver.

Much of the interest in the volume is in the inviting comparison between the works of different artists and the varied treatment of the different engravers. Mr. A. V. S. Anthony, who has supervised the arrangement of the work, has engraved several of the landscapes and figures. Friar Claus, by Reinhart, is a good rendering of tone, and J. Appleton Brown's landscapes, with some smaller pieces, are cut with real feeling. Perhaps the best interpretation of textures is T. Cole's engraving of Low's Bride, in which the veil thrown over head and shoulders is most skillfully cut. The same engraver has treated with equal skill the drawings for the Hanging of the Crane. A good example of Mr. Henry Marsh's unequaled delicacy with the graver is the ornamental border of flowers around the short poem Delia. Mr. W. J. Linton's vigorous hand is readily recognized in several landscapes, and Mr. S. S. Kilburn, Mr. W. J. Dana, and other well-known engravers have assisted very creditably in the work. The volumes make an interesting period in the history of American art, and possess a unique value for future reference. The press-work is admirably in harmony with the character of the publication.

A History of Painting[1] falls naturally into comparison with The History of Art, by Dr. Wilhelm Lübke, issued from the same house two years ago. They are alike in their derivation from German sources, in liberal scale of plan and bulk of contents, and quite similar in general aspect. The house of Dodd & Mead, we should say, was entitled to special credit for its ready adventuring into expensive works of this kind for some time past. It chooses to put upon the market, instead of syllabub, something of permanent interest and value, which supplies at the same time the charms of pictorial embellishment and ornate bindings demanded by the holiday season. If there be some mere makers of presents — as there will be, in the genial temper of the time — drawn to make purchase of this History of Art by its covers and general air of attractiveness, in addition to those who will appreciate it intelligently upon inspection of its contents, so much the better. The propaganda is of a sort one need not at all regret to have assisted by any such small favoring circumstances. It is to be hoped that the History of Painting may flourish to the full measure of its deserts, beside the many pretentious volumes of little meaning with which it will come into competition.

Of the work as proposed we have as yet but one half, although that is complete in itself. The volume received carries us from the earliest times through the mediæval period. A second volume, containing the history of painting during its great age, that of the Renaissance, or, as it is here anglicized, — somewhat needlessly, it would seem, since the French form has passed so fully into common use, — Renascence, is promised later. It is not feasible to say what changes may be operated in the account of this second period, where most of what we now understand as comprised in painting really had its origin; no doubt, some supplementary chapters may be devoted to *technique*, rather in the abstract; but at present it is a history mainly of paintings and painters, — of the achievements of art rather than, in any special sense, of its processes. That is to say, it is a popular and really historical treatise, and not a disquisition on technical methods, which a professional artist might enjoy or find useful more than others.

Professors Woltmann and Woermann deal much less in philosophic bases and remote origins than Professor Lübke. Their narrative, if not more straightforward, devotes itself less to what "necessarily must have been," which gives them the fuller opportunity to display what actually was. They have comparatively little to say of the overflow of certain rivers, the trend of certain uplands, as absolute causes, a tendency which we were inclined to note as a fault, at the time, in Dr. Lübke, since it seemed to result in concepts much too lucid and indisputable, as human affairs go, and to reduce human phenomena too entirely to a matter of charts and tables of mean temperatures. Not that the philosophic tracing of situations to their origins is to be disparaged; on the contrary, nothing is more dignified and useful; and the preoccupation of Lübke, where he deals with the demonstrable and reasonable, is something demanding warm appreciation. Of the two, he will take the more pains, as in the pictured chronicles on the walls of the ancient Egyptian monuments, which Semper has called "colossal writing-tablets," not only to explain what is transacting in the varied scenes, but the theory (that of metempsychosis, for instance,

[1] *A History of Painting, Ancient, Early Christian, and Mediæval.* Vol. I. From the German of the late Dr. Alfred Woltmann, Professor at the Imperial University of Strassburg, and Dr. Karl Woermann, Professor at the Royal Academy of Arts, Düsseldorf. Edited by Sidney Colvin, M. A., Slade Professor of Fine Art in the University of Cambridge. With Illustrations. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1880.

as bringing about the extraordinary consideration for the dead) from which the transactions arise.

The History of Painting is not at all so copiously illustrated as the History of Art, but as it has, for its single department, a quantity of letterpress which was shared in the former work with two others, namely, sculpture and architecture, it is vastly more exhaustive in its specialty, and the proportion of illustrations to letterpress cannot be greatly different. The illustrations, though of no especial elegance, are of an unhackneyed character, and the amplitude of the page, together with the frequent practice of setting the blocks lengthways upon it, enables them to be of large size. Rather recondite papyri and missals, as well as monuments, have been drawn upon: as in the Egyptian caricature, at page 20, where there is a ridiculous procession of animals that might have figured in the conceits of Alice in Wonderland; and the leaf from a psalter of the beginning of the tenth century at page 225, in which a surprising reminiscence of classic shapes, Apollo, the nymphs and satyrs, under Christian guise and of classic ease, has sprung up, or has survived, when all around are the conventional swaddled poses, the lean ribs, and woe-begone visages of ascetic mediævalism.

Whether there be a shade of difference in the handiwork of the two *collaborateurs*, or it be only the greater novelty and opportunity for simple statement in this portion, the section devoted to the ancient world, intending particularly the classic world, — the division of labor taken by Dr. Woermann, while Dr. Woltmann (who has since died and left the completion of the work to Dr. Woermann, and others) reserved the larger and probably more difficult portion of the task for himself, — will probably be among those most favorably received. The story of Greek and Roman painting has a fascinating quality from its unique circumstances. It might be supposed — such is in fact the supposition most prevalent, from the paucity of remains — that there had been no classic painting of consequence, and that the section on this head might be proportionally brief. There exist, however, in the works of the most reputable classic writers, found veracious in other particulars, such accounts of painters and painting of their day as to compel the belief that the art had reached a high degree of perfection, even judged by present standards; and that if examples do not survive, it is only that they were overwhelmed, and perished like everything else ephemeral around them, including dwellings and almost all the belongings of domestic life, in the tremendous devastation by human rage and the elements. The story is gathered from classic literature. It is the business of the ingenious investigator to weigh, sift, and illustrate it by analogies to be found in the scanty remains so strangely preserved at Pompeii and Herculaneum, under the ashes of Vesuvius.

Dr. Woermann, availing himself much of Brunn, who had already established his authority in this field, brings to his treatment the taste of the connoisseur in art and the erudition of the scholar. Whoever will go to the original sources of information, in the classics, will find himself aided by the author with copious directions. Dr. Woermann follows the advance of the Greek painters, from the conventional, flat-tinted figures of the Egyptian frescoes to accurate drawing, the discovery of perspective (through the necessities of scene-painting, a point the more for panegyrists of the stage to include in their reckoning), of illusion by *chiaroscuro*, and of solid and realistic grounds, with the sympathy of one who knows what each of these steps means, and takes account of the groping as if it might have been of his own experience. At the end, it can hardly be doubted,

from weight of evidence, that a point had been reached parallel to the attainment in the sister art of sculpture at the same time, and only falling short of that of the modern period by lack of the perfected method of painting in oils, since discovered. One Aresteides had prices for his pictures — one hundred thousand dollars from the king of Pergamos for his Dionysos — to which the compensation of the Meissonniers and Bouguereaus is but beggarly. Nikias declared — and it is a motto worth consideration at least, still, — that the artist should not fritter away his skill on insignificant objects, but rather paint battles of cavalry and sea-fights. And Pliny reports of Ludius, who flourished under Augustus, that he painted "villas, colonnades, examples of landscape-gardening, woods and sacred groves, reservoirs, straits, rivers, coasts, all according to the heart's desire; and amidst them passengers of all kinds, on foot, in boats, driving in carriages, or riding on asses to visit their country properties; furthermore, fishermen, bird-catchers, hunters, vintagers. Or, again, he exhibits stately villas to which the approach is through a swamp, with men staggering under the weight of the frightened women whom they have bargained to carry on their shoulders; and many another excellent and entertaining device of the same kind. The same artist also set the fashion of painting views, and that wonderfully cheap, of sea-side towns, in broad daylight."

There is no part of this first volume of the History of Painting which will not well repay perusal, and it may confidently be expected that the second will surpass it in interest. Prepared with the advantage of the latest discoveries in the field, excellently translated, and ably edited by Professor Colvin, — occupant of the fine-art chair under the Slade foundation at Cambridge, like Ruskin at Oxford, and favorably known by his writings in The Portfolio and elsewhere, — it is difficult to say why it should not take rank in English, when completed, as in the tongue from which it is derived, as the standard authority on the subject.

Miss Humphrey has made some fifteen views for a poem[1] that celebrates the charm of a mood of indolent, very slightly pensive reverie, and pulsates with sunshine and balmy airs. It is a reverie in the American manner at not too advanced an age; that is to say, the romantic young American, unless engrossed by personal considerations, is likely in such a mood to let his fancy drift to the places he deems the most beautiful in the world, and these are pretty sure to be in the Italy of tradition. The soul of the poet, in the lines so very much quoted, —

> "Is far away,
> Sailing the Vesuvian Bay."

Miss Humphrey follows it thither, and presents a bright view from a Neapolitan terrace; some cliffs, apparently at Castellamare; a glimpse of the bare, volcanic lands of Vesuvius, with the ominous smoke above; a bright Ischia, again, in which the sparkling whites of the reflections under the island and the shallop in front have a tricky effect, — a certain suggestion of the drippings of sperm candle, then some miscellaneous scenery; and at the end a charming allegorical female figure (head and bust) lying among lily pads. The poem is of a superficial, descriptive sort, except for the one nice touch of pensiveness in the stanza, —

> "*Yon deep bark goes*
> *Where traffic blows,*
> *From lands of sun to lands of snows;*
> *This happier one,*
> *Its course is run*
> *From lands of snow to lands of sun.*"

The artist interprets this by two small ships going in opposite directions, done with quite the literalness of the illus-

[1] *Drifting.* By T. Buchanan Read. Illustrated from designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1881.

trated paper or a cut from a spelling-book, and two appended scenes, in which a water-fall is streaming down in the Arctic regions, and the land has less an appearance of being covered with snow than that in the tropics. Miss Humphrey is unequal, but she is so good in the figure in the lily pads, and in the child with the gamboling kid on the cliffs at Capri, that one inclines to ascribe the defects elsewhere to careless or even intentional slighting of her work.

In treating Tennyson's Dream of Fair Women,[1] as it is a piece of literature of a nobler and more reflective cast, a higher order of ability was demanded. It has been sought from twenty different artists, among whom the thirty-eight designs are distributed, but not with uniform success, so far as the fair women themselves are concerned, — the memorable figures of the world's greatest crises, with whom the poet supposes himself to fall in, in a twilight wood.

In the minor vignettes, the landscapes of Rix, J. A. Brown, Martha Simpson, and particularly a chalk-and-gray-paper morning effect by Hopkinson Smith, very freely rendered by the engraving, are all good.

A nice effect of light falls on the white gown of Mary Hallock Foote's Fair Rosamond, — one of the large illustrations; and Reinhart's Joan of Arc, though too mature, and flustered by the nimbus of divine ordination to her mission, which comes flying at her head like a dinner-plate, is a bold, nobly poised figure, — probably the most artistically engraved, with its landscape background, in the series.

But the Helen by J. M. Cameron — she who says of herself,

> "I had great beauty: ask thou not my name;
> Where'er I came I brought calamity" —

is sufficient to carry off much more commonplaceness than there is about it. The illustrator who could do this remarkable head should not have been curtailed to a single effort. The draping and attitude recall the Cenci. The lighting is beautifully limited and inclosed in a breadth of darkness, in the Rembrandtesque manner. The woman for whom "many drew swords and died" turns back over her shoulder, spread with her loose hair, "the star-like sorrows of immortal eyes." A really distinguished effort has been made here to realize the greatness of the character. It has succeeded, in an expression which is pathetic, subtile, penetrating, and haunting to a degree.

M. Rayet is one of those, decidedly, who holds the *banal*, the simply pretty, in wholesome contempt. His collection,[2] on this account, is not at all likely to find its market with the Philistine. The plan adopted for it allows him the greatest liberty of choice, and in the first installment (of the five, in which the series is to be completed) he has selected largely from very much damaged examples, headless and limbless in the figures, for the just appreciation of which thorough connoisseurship is needed, and has supplemented these with others of a pronounced archaic sort. That his bias throughout will not be greatly different may be gathered from a few of his prefatory remarks. He says, "We shall publish nothing not of interest from the point of view of art, but we find of interest all that testifies to a sincere effort, a real sentiment, even when the hand is still maladroit and does not render the thought full justice. The rude and awkward *naïveté* of the primitive masters has nothing repulsive for us, while we find the vulgar facility of the artists of the decadence irksome. We shall have recourse to the early periods often, therefore, but shall rarely

[1] *A Dream of Fair Women.* By ALFRED TENNYSON. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1880.

[2] *Monuments de l'Art Antique.* Publiés sous la direction de M. OLIVIER RAYET, Professeur Suppléant au Collège de France. Livraison I. Paris: A. Quantin. 1880. New York: J. W. Bouton.

come down very late. When we leave Greece of the fifth and fourth centuries, our preference will be for the Egypt of the Pharaohs and Assyria of the Sargonides, rather than the Rome of the Cæsars."

All this will give the work novelty and value. The latitude of the scheme is such that, at the end, the possessor will not have any one period or number of periods, or series, of an existing gallery complete, but a choice collection from many, made under the guidance of one whose able writing, in the accompanying letterpress, shows him to possess knowledge, enthusiasm, and widely extended scholarship. Each plate, even, is complete in itself, with its letterpress paged for it alone, and might take its place in one part of the large folio *livraison* as well as another.

There are mechanical facilities now — and these, with the later discoveries in archæology, are the excuse for a repetition of the enterprise — that Winkelmann and Müller, when they undertook the collection of the monuments of ancient art, could not have dreamed of. The plates are beautifully made by a heliographic process, which, besides absolute accuracy, reproduces the texture of chipped and broken marble, of bronze, and of terra cotta, in the Tanagra figurines, to the point of illusion.

ZOLA'S ESSAYS.

Zola's new book[1] is of the nature of an argument in defense of himself, his method of writing, and what he believes will be the method of future novelists, and to this is added a very bitter denunciation of his foes. If there is any subject about which men will talk with interest, it is about themselves, and this volume is but another confirmation of this already widely-known truth.

His theories, as expressed in this book, illustrate the disadvantages of a rigidly logical nature, such as that which distinguishes the French. Since the general turn of thought at the present day is in the direction of science, he joins, as a volunteer, the advanced band of scientific men, and boldly announces that his novels meet contemporary thought more than half-way, because they are strictly scientific. His way of proving this is certainly new: Claude Bernard, in 1865, wrote a valuable statement of the need of studying medicine in a scientific instead of an empirical manner, and now Zola advances the theory that what is true of medicine is necessarily true of novel-writing, and indeed of all literature, and that the only thing to do is to give up treating literature as in any way an artistic thing, and to look upon it as simply a science. This theory he undertakes to prove by, as it were, holding on to Claude Bernard's skirts, and applying to literature what that eminent authority said about medicine. It is to be noticed, however, that Zola overlooks one possible analogy that might have occurred to another writer; for he says nothing about the fact that medicine has for its sole object the cure of bodies, and that if literature is like medicine it must concern itself with the cure of men's morals. This possible point of resemblance he disregards, confining himself merely to the question of method.

What Claude Bernard said about the proper method of studying medicine, of investigating the action of drugs, and the countless phenomena of life in health

[1] *Le Roman Expérimental.* Par Emile Zola. Paris: Charpentier. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1880.

and disease, is of great importance and of undoubted truth. Zola urges similar methods on the part of novel-writers. He says: "We of the naturalist school submit every fact to observation and experiment, while the idealists acknowledge mysterious influences that elude analysis, and they consequently remain in the unknown, outside of the laws of nature. . . . All that we do not know, that eludes us, is the ideal: we are continually endeavoring to diminish the ideal, to win truth from what is unknown. We are all idealists, if by that is meant that we busy ourselves with the ideal. Only, I call idealists those who take refuge in the unknown from the pleasure of being there; who like only the most uncertain hypotheses, and refuse to submit them to the test of experience, under the pretext that the truth is in them and not in things. They, I repeat, do a vain and evil thing, while the observer and experimenter are the only ones who work in behalf of the power and happiness of man, by rendering him gradually the master of nature. There is no nobility, or dignity, or beauty, in ignorance, in falsehood, in the pretension that one is greater the deeper one sinks in error and confusion. The only grand and moral works are those of truth." Again, "We are not chemists, physicists, or physiologists; we are simply novelists who rely on the sciences. Certainly, we do not pretend to make discoveries in physiology; . . . only, before studying man, we think ourselves not justified in refusing to take into account new physiological truths." "Our task is the same as that of the men of science. It is impossible to establish any legislation on the falsehoods of the idealists. But on the true documents which the naturalists will produce in time, doubtless, it will be possible to establish a better form of society, which will live by logic and method. From the moment we are true, we are moral."

These are inspiring words, and they give one a good opinion of Zola's sincerity, although one cannot make out in exactly what respects the novel of the future is to surpass the one with which we are already familiar. The doctrine of heredity is the most precise instance we have given us of the influence that science has upon fiction, yet it is hard to see how it will be possible to enact laws from the facts that novel-writers give us. If the making of laws is to depend on statistics, novels cannot expect to count for much in comparison with blue-books, and when novels become scientific we have reason to fear that scientific books will become works of fiction.

What novels can do and novels have done is to affect enormously men's opinions concerning a great many important questions. Uncle Tom's Cabin, for example, was of incalculable service to the cause of emancipation, Tourguénieff's Hunter's Sketches helped the abolition of serfdom, and there can be but little doubt that A Fool's Errand has been a most effective "campaign document" during the last few months; yet science has received but little aid from the literary qualities of these books. They have rested on facts, it is true, but their influence has been on the emotions of their readers. They do something which is outside of the accomplishment of any scientific books. It is impossible to collect statistics of the degradadation that slavery, for instance, causes. We may read the number of illiterate persons in a given country, but we form thereby as dim a sense of the gloom of ignorance as we do of the terror of bereavement from reading the tables of mortality of, say, Moscow for three years ago. The books that are mentioned above have no scientific value, but what we may call their emotional value is great; and, to take the one of the highest literary merit, it is Tourguénieff's imagination that renders his book a piece of real artistic work, especially in com-

parison with the somewhat formless texture of the other two.

After all, this medication of literature which Zola advocates is only of use so far as it is an appeal in favor of realism in literature. He declares he is making the world over again, when in reality he is but knocking the legs from under the romantic school. Victor Hugo seems to him the incarnation of all that is unreal in literature, and he feels a natural craving to substitute for that writer's brilliant inventions something familiar to human beings. When he says that poetry is to be deposed, that it is to be henceforth only a sort of orchestra to grind out music for the naturalists who shall be working, one can but smile at the way Zola's hobby-horse has run away with him. When we think how broad and magnificent is the stream of literature, we are amazed at the complacency of this Frenchman who says it is only to work his mills in future, and not water the shores where poets like to roam.

When Zola descends from these somewhat vague generalities to the firmer ground of fact, it is interesting to see what he has to say about his friends who imitate him, and his enemies the critics. About these last-named gentlemen he writes with especial severity. He has been accused, it seems, of fondness for the gutter, and he defends himself from this charge by saying that his aim is to portray not merely low life, but all the strata of society; and he carries the war into the territory of the newspapers that have attacked him by giving a few short extracts illustrative of their improprieties. Then, too, with much cleverness, he takes some old criticisms of Balzac, and lets the reader see how the writers of the present day do but repeat in their denunciations of him the long-forgotten abuse of Balzac. And in speaking of Balzac he strengthens his ground that observation is of the first importance for a novelist by showing how at times Balzac's imagination was fantastic and clumsy, while his observation was, so to speak, infallible. He says, "I confess that I have no admiration for the author of the Femme de Trente Ans, for the inventor of the type of Vautrin. . . . That is what I call Balzac's phantasmagoria. I have no greater fondness for the aristocratic society which he invented out of the whole cloth, for, with the exception of some few grand types which his genius divined, it makes the reader smile. In a word, Balzac's imagination, which led him into all sorts of exaggeration and a desire to make over the world anew, I find irritating rather than attractive. If that had been all his outfit, he would be only a morbid specimen and a curiosity in our literature. But, fortunately, Balzac had the keenest perception of reality that has ever been seen. His best novels prove this; the Cousine Bette, . . . Eugénie Grandet, . . . Père Goriot, the Rabouilleuse, the Cousin Pons, and many others." This is discreet criticism, and so far forth as they encourage novelists in the careful study of life, words like these cannot fail to be of service. When, too, Zola shows the flimsy unreality of Victor Hugo's Ruy Blas, he does good work; but he appears to stray from his beat when he blames all use of the imagination, and affirms that the novel-writer can busy himself solely with observed facts. Take, for instance, if his statements deserve disproof, Alfred de Musset's Caprices de Marianne, a little play which certainly is wholly a work of the imagination; how can any one, who does not trim his views of fact to suit his theories, maintain that it belongs to an inferior order of composition, and that it would be improved by full realistic details? The imagination, without a substratum of truth to nature, is apt to become simply melodramatic; with truth to nature, it gives us the masterpieces of all the literatures of various times. Now to assert

that the imagination is an obsolete thing is like saying that henceforth perspective must never be used in pictures, because it is of the nature of deception; that artists must content themselves with arranging things in different actual planes.

When one sees what novels of his contemporaries Zola takes occasion to praise, one feels able to prefer old-fashioned errors to his new theories. Huysmans, Paul Alexis, Edmond de Goncourt, are writers of considerable merit, but even if we add Zola to their number we do not find that the revolution in literature is so great as has been said. Their main importance is, so to speak, a local one; they lead a school which comes in good season to teach French novelists that their artificial way of writing unreal novels is a device of the past, but it is hard to escape the impression that they have a certain fondness for unsavory subjects. If it were possible for them so far to alter human nature as to slay the imagination, they would do harm to literature, and they never will do much good to science; but their sole effect will be to encourage the study of nature, which is the ground on which the imagination must rest.

Meanwhile, however, Zola's book will be found very entertaining reading. He denounces the French fondness for beauty of form, and he writes with a carelessness of it that is more effective than the neatest and most polished of epigrams. He speaks from a full heart; he takes himself very seriously, and believes most thoroughly that Balzac's mantle has fallen on his shoulders. If we could only take his word for his excellence, the matter would be very simple; but while we have his definite statement of his superiority to every one else, we have, on the other hand, the novels themselves, and they sometimes fail to convey the same impression. Of his volume about them, however, there can hardly be but one opinion; it is entertaining and exceedingly readable, but it is not full of wisdom.

SOME POLITICAL NOVELS.

THERE are other reasons besides weakness of will which lead people to prefer novels to congressional documents or tables of statistics, even when both have reference to the same problems. Literature has this immense advantage over official reports: that it may take into account the forces which every one knows to be efficient, but cannot reduce to figures, and there is opportunity for such selection in art as shall give one swiftly the really vital points in a great political or social situation. There is no reason in the nature of things why a novel may not be a very truthful and very cogent political argument, since man is a political animal, and the novel excludes nothing which concerns the essential elements of human society. The novelist, too, ought to be more impartial than the political orator; it is his business to state things as they are, not to plead a cause; he gives a microcosm, and gives it most perfectly when he maintains the proportions, on a smaller scale, of the larger world. Judge Tourgee's A Fool's Errand commended itself by its freedom from partisanship; even in its recital of gross outrages, it was always ready with an explanation, which was not an exculpation, but a reference back to historic causes and transmitted character. A somewhat different account must be given of Bricks

without Straw,[1] where the author seems to us to have come down from the position which he had taken, and to enter the arena as a somewhat angry and impatient officer of justice. The title of the story intimates the moral. In his former novel he was intent on discovering the folly of the Northern gentleman who undertook his part of the work of reconstructing the South; in this he wishes to show the freedman bidden assert his freedom and citizenship, while yet the means of sustaining the new character is withdrawn from him. The negro's sole ally, so to speak, is the Northern school-mistress, and the author has just missed a fine opportunity for dramatic success and poetic justice. Nimbus, with his honorable material ambition, and Eliab Hill, expressing the latent spiritual force of a delivered race, are both fine conceptions. If Molly Ainslie, the beautiful school-mistress, had been truthfully conceived and delineated in relation to these, there might have been an exceptionally dramatic and representative epitome of recent history. Unfortunately, Judge Tourgee felt it necessary to constitute himself a special champion of this girl, and to justify her to the Southern gentleman, instead of recording her truthfully and unaffectedly. Accordingly, besides the love passages between her and a lay figure of a young Southerner, he has given her special accomplishments to conciliate Southern tastes. He has seemed to say, See, here is a Northern girl who can ride a splendid horse; you must n't think only Southern girls are brave and daring; and in an offhand way, that she may not be taken as an exceptional case, he remarks, "Even in her New England home she had been passionately fond of a horse, and while at school had been carefully trained in horsemanship, being a prime favorite with the old French riding-master who had charge of that branch of educatior in the seminary of her native town," — in Berkshire, where every one knows, of course, that French *émigrés* are attached in that capacity to most of the high-schools. She is made to take a daring leadership of the blacks in an impending riot, and avert the consequences in a manner calculated to fire the susceptible young Southern heart; and she has a perilous ride on a fiery steed for more specific purpose of the same kind. Finally, she is gifted with a lordly pride, as a match for that of the mother of her lover, and the disdain of the Southern lady is answered by the haughtiness of the Northern. All this cheap melodramatic business makes the novel commonplace, and weakens one's confidence in the political tract.

Nevertheless some of the scenes illustrative of the struggles of the freedman to make his tale of bricks are very effective. The acquisition of a name, the sanctification of marital relations, the effort for an education, the ill-starred assertion of manhood suffrage, these are described with much nervous and humorous power, which makes one regret that the author should have been, as he apparently was, more eager to make a campaign tract than a work of imagination and description, which should survive the presidential election of 1880. Indeed, there are glimpses of better thought. It is a pity that the author's suggestive and forcible comparison of the Northern town with the Southern fiction of the same, given at the end of the book, should not have had an earlier and more component part in the story. He has left out of view, besides, what history demands as a completion of the picture, — the scenes of negro political ascendency, and the disgraceful alliance with the baser Northern element. In one of his books he complains that the North joined in the hue and cry after the "carpet-bagger;" but the North detested what was detestable, and applied

[1] *Bricks without Straw.* A Novel. By Albion W. Tourgee, LL. D. New York: Fords, Howard and Hulbert. 1880.

that name not with the indiscriminateness which he charges upon the South. Upon the whole, one will find many admirable sketches of negro life in the book, some good portraitures of Southern blood, a few earnest protests against political folly, excellent suggestions as to radical causes, but no compact and well-studied statement, in fictitious form, of a great subject, and a specimen of novel-writing which is hardly worth serious attention. There are marks of hasty writing everywhere. The strong points of A Fool's Errand are repeated here with weakened force; the blemishes and structural short-comings of that book are made emphatic.

The value of A Year of Wreck[1] as a contribution to our political history is perhaps not as great as it was to the characters who survived the experience, and lived, according to the postscript, to look back fourteen years afterward with the calmness of prosperity upon an apparently profitless investment. It is a narrative, told without much art, of a small party from the Northwest who were allured by visions of sudden wealth to a cotton plantation on the Mississippi in 1866. All possible misadventures and discouragements seem to have been compressed into that year. The people among whom they lived, the soil in which they planted, the water they drank, the air they breathed, all conspired to defeat their purpose. They were attacked by innumerable foes of nature, and the civilization in which they had encamped was hostile to them. The result is briefly summed up in arithmetical form in the preface: —

Promise	$108,000.00
Result	6,564.27
Deficit	101,435.73

Yet the strongest impression made upon the reader is that all these obstacles combined scarcely equaled the difficulties raised by the ignorance and folly of the persons who engaged in the venture. The author, who sometimes writes in the first person, sometimes in the third, apparently has little compunction in playing Dogberry to the public's Conrade. The book contains, no doubt, a picture which is reflected in other men's fortunes who undertook a like experiment, but it is hard to believe that many embarked in the enterprise of Southern colonization who were so utterly disqualified by former experience and training for the life they were to lead. The view of Southern anarchy here given is scarcely more valuable as a historical contribution than the failure of these innocent cotton planters as a lesson upon the folly of expecting success without the use of the most ordinary means. The writer has not the skill to select from the multitudinous events of a disastrous year those which shall remain in the memory as typical and valuable, and yet has attempted to animate his narrative, so that we have a body of fragmentary incidents, with just enough attendant fiction to make us hesitate about accepting the whole as a veritable experience. Yet, after all, ungracious as it is, we are forced to think that the author could scarcely have told a story reflecting so hardly upon his wisdom, unless it had been substantially true.

The experience of these luckless cotton planters is of larger dimensions than that told by a young man and his wife in How I found it North and South.[2] This can scarcely be called a political novel, but is conveniently classed with books that treat of personal experience in agriculture in the two sections. Here, the young farmer and his wife are not unused to the work. They make no sudden and rash change from city to country life, but return to farm-work in Massachusetts after a trial of city life.

[1] *A Year of Wreck.* A True Story. By a Victim. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

[2] *How I found it North and South; together with Mary's Statement.* Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1880.

The larger part of the little book is taken up with the narrative of the young man, who relates in detail his experience in carrying on a milk farm, and then, discouraged at this, his attempt at winning a rapid fortune in a Florida orange grove. The latter part of the book is occupied by the wife's account of their first trial of farm life immediately after marriage, and before their ten years in the city. It is an odd way to make a book, and we advise readers to get a clearer chronological view of this matter-of-fact couple by beginning with Mary's Statement.

The low key in which the whole story is pitched renders it an eminently safe book for those who know of farming and orange groves only by hearsay, and fancy that the life in either way would have great charms. The story is so homely and plain that we easily believe it to be in accordance with fact. It would not be worth any one's while to imagine anything so uneventful and dull as the life of these people. Yet the very simplicity of the narrative has a faint attraction for the reader. Occasionally a little show of humor relieves the pages, but the chief joy which the reader gets is in a contemplation of the patience and sincerity of the young farmer and his wife and children. Here is a life which thousands of families may be living to-day, — honest, toilsome, hard, and to the ordinary view unlovely and hopeless; yet what a solid basis it offers for a nation's prosperity! The contrast between the river life as shown in A Year of Wreck, and of the Florida life as hinted at in this book, with the close, scraping existence on a New England farm is very striking and suggestive. Transplant the stocky virtues compelled to thrive in such barren soil into the luxuriant ground of more fertile regions, and what possibilities of national well-being are presented!

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Mr. Sidney Lanier has followed his Boy's Froissart of last year with an equally acceptable Boy's King Arthur.[1] The second book lacks the special historical basis which makes Froissart so real, and boys as well as older people will be likely to feel the vagueness and lack of form which remove King Arthur from history and place him in literature. It is in English literature, not in English history or tradition, that these stories have taken root, but for that very reason they have a value for us not so apparent in Froissart's Chronicles. It will be for philosophers hereafter to explain the sympathy which the busy nineteenth century has with that mythical England, fighting not for empire but for ladies and honor: enough for us that the stories, freed from the alloy of a too frank generation, deposit deeds of chivalry and adventure crowned by that wonderful legend of the Sangreal, surely the most poetical that sprang from mediæval simplicity. Mr. Lanier asks the somewhat pointless question in his preface, Will the time ever come when Hamlet will be a boy's tale? — as if there were not certain eternal relations between youth and literature which make the young, whether in age or in society, to appropriate the ad-

[1] *The Boy's King Arthur.* Being Sir Thomas Malory's History of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Edited for boys, with an Introduction, by Sidney Lanier. Illustrated by Alfred Kappes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

venture, not the reflection, the ideal, not the speculative. It is a rare good fortune that such stories as these should be brought within reach of children, whose hunger might otherwise be appeased by the lower forms of adventure, which are allied with insolence and mere lawlessness.

In editing the book Mr. Lanier has shown excellent judgment: for in the first place he has ordered the confused succession of Sir Thomas Malory's book, and grouped the chapters according as they relate to this or that knight; then he has carefully dropped out of sight all grossness, and he has quickened the narrative by the omission of episodical or dull chapters, the condensation into a paragraph of his own of what was drawn out unnecessarily, and the erasure here and there of superfluous sentences and words. Any one who has rambled through the apparently incoherent chapters of Malory will appreciate this service which a wise and sympathetic *littérateur* has rendered. He has not taken liberties with the text, but has corrected the looseness of the previous editor. The illustrations are defective in point of subject. The violent is emphasized, and the gentler phases which belong to an interpretative art are disregarded. But their shadowy character is fitting to these morning twilight stories.

The art in King Arthur is like tapestry to our modern eyes, and there is plenty of photographic flatness in the ordinary art of the boy's book. Here, for example, is Mr. Noah Brooks's The Fairport Nine,[1] which is a matter-of-fact story of boy life, forgotten almost before it is finished. A succession of adventures and pranks, sometimes amusingly told, with plenty of harmless nonsense, — one gets this, and asks fairly for a little more from so frank and honest a writer. Is it quite worth while to tell so easily these rambling incidents, which seem half drawn from memory, without going just a little behind them for that recollection of life which a grown man has a right to share with his boy readers? What is the use of his growing up if he merely repeats in such a book his boyish experience, without casting back a little light from his manhood? It is not preachment that we want, but the help that comes from the older friend who does not efface his age when he makes companions of the boys.

Mr. Habberton, we must complain, in his sympathy with the baddish boy,[2] lays the blame for his misconduct on anybody but the boy himself. To account for Jack being the worst boy in town he makes his father, a country doctor, to act as if he had neither recollection of his own boyhood nor common intelligence of character. There is one touch of humor and nature in the book in the secret determination of the boy to surprise his parents at some future day by an act of magnanimity, but the story is a caricature, and an offensive one, and its chief effect must be to suggest new tricks and devices to ingenuous youth.

Miss Alcott's Jack and Jill[3] has the merits of her writing more conspicuously than the faults. There is the generous confidence in children which she always shows, the rosy light in which she looks upon the hobbledehoy period, and the persistent lesson of kindness, charity, and amiable sacrifice. The scenes are lively, the incidents varied, and a cheerfulness predominates which is justified by the unfailing success of every character in the book. Yet there is nothing like real character drawing, and the air of life in the book is secured not by an endowment of the persons represented,

[1] *The Fairport Nine.* By Noah Brooks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

[2] *The Worst Boy in Town.* By the Author of Helen's Babies. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880.

[3] *Jack and Jill.* A Village Story. By Louisa M. Alcott. With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

but by the animation and cheeriness of the author. Nor can we altogether find satisfaction in the suppressed love-making of these young people. The author protests that she is only drawing the picture of a natural society of boys and girls who are soon to be young men and young women, but there is a self-consciousness about the book on this side which impairs its simplicity. We are, no doubt, unreasonable readers; we object to the blood-and-thunder literature, and when in place of it we have the milk-and-sugar we object again. What do we want?

We get something, certainly, of the real thing in Mr. Stockton's new book for children.[1] Here the principal characters are two boys and a girl, of the same age as Miss Alcott's heroes and heroines. Is it a difference of locality which makes the difference in their ways? These are from the Middle States, and we cannot see but they are quite as well bred as the children of Harmony Village, yet they have in their favor a charming unconsciousness of the future. The relation is wholesome, frank, and matter of fact; there appears not to be a suspicion of ulterior love-making, while there is the heartiest and most natural friendship. The incidents turn upon travel in the Southern waters, and once given the notion of a boy of sixteen being sent off with one just a little younger as an amateur traveling tutor, and all else follows simply and in good taste. The adventure is not highly spiced, except in one instance, and then the author shows his literary conscience by a restrained use of an exciting event; but the novelty of the situations is always enough to retain the reader's interest. Mr. Stockton's dry humor and innocent badinage make a capital accompaniment to the story, and we commend it heartily as a bright and honest book for both boys and girls.

New Bed-Time Stories[2] is a further collection by Mrs. Moulton of short stories. The title suggests their use at the hour when children have ceased their activity and are composed for the night. They are short enough to be read by the mother or aunt before the child drops asleep, and they carry no horrors for the freighting of dreams. We doubt a little whether they would be quite as acceptable at lunch-time, say, for they are rather sentimental, and lack the freshness and sturdiness of a thoroughly good story. We find the same fault, too, with some of them which affects Miss Alcott's stories: the girls and boys gravitate toward one another with unerring facility and velocity.

Mr. Griffis, who has been acceptably before the public as an authority upon Japanese subjects, offers for the amusement of children some Japanese fairy tales,[3] which are always curious and occasionally pretty in their fancy. There is a singularly charming conceit in the story of The Fire-Fly's Lovers, where the innumerable lovers in the insect world were promised in turn the hand of the Fire-Fly, if they would bring to her a spark of fire. Each, accordingly, rushes at candle, lamp, coal, phosphorus, or any giver of spark, but each perishes in the flames, for they are only base-born lovers, and the Prince of Fire-Flies alone succeeds, for he brings the fire on his own person. There is in most of the stories a total absence of the moral element, and one discovers a play of fancy, commonly, rather than a work of imagination. There are frequent reminders in these Japanese stories of familiar fairy tales, but it is a little difficult and

[1] *A Jolly Fellowship.* By Frank R. Stockton. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

[2] *New Bed-Time Stories.* By Louise Chandler Moulton. With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

[3] *Japanese Fairy World.* Stories from the Wonder-Lore of Japan. By William Elliot Griffis. Illustrated by Ozawa, of Tokio. Schenectady, N. Y.: James H. Barhyte. 1880.

unsafe to institute close comparison with Western fairy tales, for much has first to be assured of the competency and the trustworthiness of the narrator. Schoolcraft's Algic Researches illustrate well the perils of one who seeks for legends in another race. The stories are slight and unartistic in form, and rather meagre in suggestion.

It is not a wide remove from Japanese fairy tales to travels in Siam and Java.[1] Mr. Thomas W. Knox follows his volume on Japan and China with a similar one for these countries, in which the same personal apparatus is used. It has become so much a matter of course for books of travel for the young to contain description and narrative set in a frame-work of colloquy and personal adventure, that writers who are profusely informed and properly equipped for the substantial part of the work adopt all the machinery which has become familiar, apparently without stopping to consider how qualified they are to use it. In this book, for instance, of four hundred and fifty large pages, profusely illustrated, all the apparatus of Doctor Bronson and his two wards, Frank and Fred, is entirely superfluous; it only impedes the narrative, and makes besides a naturally rather stiff style more stiff by showing the author without lightness or dramatic skill, where those qualities are essential to success. The boys cannot be told apart, and there is scarcely any difference between their speech and that of the older people's. Something more is needed than the form of such a book to make it lively, and it is a mistake to suppose that young people do not care for travel except under the fiction that they are traveling in company with other young people. However, there are enough pictures and facts to fill the most cormorant of boy readers, and his memory will have to do the work of selection which the author has failed to perform.

The method of Mr. Davenport Adams illustrates the point we have made. Mr. Adams is an industrious book-maker, and in Some Heroes of Travel[2] he has gained space for a wide range of incident by refusing to encumber himself with any fictitious apparatus. He confines himself, with one exception, to the exploits of modern travelers, and after a digest of Marco Polo he gives a *résumé* of the narratives of Mr. Ruxton in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains, Dr Barth in Central Africa, Mr. Atkinson in Siberia, Sir Samuel Baker at the sources of the Nile, Major Burnaby in his ride to Khiva, and other equally famous and well-known travelers. The choice might have included the Arctic regions, but the editor seems to have confined himself to books which have been less served up to boys than others no more famous. The chief value of such books is where they create a demand for the fuller narratives.

Mr. Coffin,[3] who has won a large audience of boys, brings them a book which is conceived with the idea of disclosing some of the forces as well as the facts of our history. He casts his eyes over the colonies, and seeks for those pregnant incidents which are both dramatic in their action and expository of historic ideas, but it is a little unfortunate that he should present history always in a striking attitude. The book is a succession of shouts, and both scenes and pictures are liable to be hysterical. Per-

[1] *The Boy Travelers in the Far East.* Part Second. Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Siam and Java, with Descriptions of Cochin China, Cambodia, Sumatra, and the Malay Archipelago. By Thomas W. Knox. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1881.

[2] *Some Heroes of Travel; or, Chapters from the History of Geographical Discovery and Enterprise.* With Maps. Compiled and rewritten by W. H. Davenport Adams. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; New York: Pott, Young & Co. 1880.

[3] *Old Times in the Colonies.* By Charles Carleton Coffin. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1881.

haps all this is hypercritical, and we should take shame at condemning a historical book for sensationalism, when we are always proposing to fight fire with fire, and to win boys away from very spicy fiction by offering them equally animated history. Nevertheless, we still believe that history depends for its interest upon other charm than declamation and a half-ranting style. We are a little afraid that the young people who ride Mr. Coffin's galloping horse will get to the end of their journey with expedition, but with rather a confused recollection of the objects they passed on the road.

It would be but a vain and futile almanac which should prophesy a new year, unless about the same time there appeared a fresh Bodley book to confirm the promise, according to the usage now five years established; or if the new year did happen to come without the Bodley book, we do not see how the children could be expected to welcome it. We never can imagine what the Bodley avatar is to be, from autumn to autumn; but that is an affair which we confidently leave to Mr. Scudder (if we may mention his name in this connection), and we are never disappointed. If Mr. Bodley had not gone abroad, this time,[1] leaving his family to a summer of excursioning and local history in the Old Colony and the White Mountains, but had gone to the moon instead, and had written home letters from that little-frequented field of travel, we should have been equally, but no better pleased. He and they, wherever they are, are always entertaining; their adventures are charmingly told and their surroundings sketched with a light and graphic hand; the stories and poems which they happen to bring in show always a catholic taste and an absolute gift for divining what will please children and teach them something. How or by what right the illustrations get where they are, and whether they suggest the text, or the text suggests them, is a secret of the author's clever workmanship into which we will not too nicely inquire; it is enough that they successfully complement each other, and seem always to be just what the children would naturally be interested in at the given moment.

In work which is so largely and frankly one of compilation, the wonder is that the author is so well able to characterize and maintain the characters of his people, whose chief business is often merely to narrate, or to sing, or to read aloud, or to listen; but the integrity of each of the original group is perfectly respected, and from time to time there is a new personage added who entertainingly differs from all the others. Mr. Scudder makes a desperate feint of dismissing our old favorites, at the end, by speaking of the children as in the course of nature ceasing to be children; but we trust he will not so easily get rid of them. If they must grow up, we shall hope to have the Bodleys in their second childhood.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

Few men have been more thoroughly the product of the soil than Horace Bushnell. The fact that he was born and bred in New England, that he lived and thought upon a granite foundation, was apparent to every one who came in contact with him; and yet above and beyond this was the personality of the

[1] *Mr. Bodley Abroad.* With Illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

man himself, the unique way in which his vital force reached the world, and this was so marked that no one who had once met him in the free play of conversation, or had even heard him preach, could forget his speech or his presence. This personality cropped out as decidedly in his theological writings as in the less formal exhibition of his thought. It gave strength and power to his work. Not the head of a school of theology, not in any sense a leader, rather solitary among thinkers, his personality was comparatively stronger on account of this isolation, and what was peculiar to him in mind and character was thus always seen to advantage.

The biography of such an indigenous man ought to open the sources of his strength and exhibit his personal and mental growth, and this has been admirably done by his daughter in the Life and Letters[1] she has edited. What is inmost in such a man always goes into his books. The solitude of thought betrays him into confession to himself, and what fits him for this solitude can be traced through boyhood and youth until it takes on full proportions in ripening manhood. It is from this point of view that Dr. Bushnell's biography derives its chief interest. The story is fascinating in itself. It shows how an exceptionally bright New England boy made elbow-room for himself in the wide world; but its chief value is in revealing the steps by which he became a strong and independent thinker, the hardening of the muscle and the tempering of the mind for the growing thoughts. Horace Bushnell was born on the 14th of April, 1802, in Litchfield, Conn. His parents were religious and belonged, the father to the Methodist, the mother to the Episcopal, Church. "If ever there was a child of Christian nurture," says his younger brother, "he was one; nurtured, I will not say, in the formulas of theology as sternly as some; . . . not nurtured in what might be called the emotional elements of religion as fervently as some, but nurtured in the facts and principles of the Christian faith in their bearing upon the life and character; and if ever a man was true to the fundamental principles and the customs which prevailed in his early home, even to his latest years, he was." His mother and his grandmother had a large part in the fashioning of his mind and heart. His love of conquest was first awakened at the district school, where, as a smaller boy, he was made the butt of the school bullies. Awakening suddenly to this fact, he chose the roughest and most intolerable of the number, and thrashed him thoroughly in the presence of the whole school. He got education out of everything. He knew how to "put extortion upon common things," and press the wine of life out of them. When only a boy he had belonged to a debating society, and thenceforth was always eager to be in the centre of every group of intelligent talkers. While preparing for college, he refused to be a monitor over his fellow-students, saying that he was at school not to watch other students, but to study; and, while awaiting the beginning of his freshman year at Yale, he built a solid stone dam above his father's mill, which stands firm to this day, though the mill itself has fallen to pieces. He was restlessly active all through the period of youth, and every day had its characteristic incident. In college he lived the life of a scholar, original, retired, peculiar, independent, who had an interior life, with which neither stranger nor friend could intermeddle, — never less alone than when alone with himself and his books. He was mature for his years, and even then had the peculiar style of writing which marked his riper work, and had put on record in a college essay his ambition to leave behind him a name that should be remembered. He was an excellent de-

[1] *Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell.* New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

bater, a leader in all college sports, and went by the name of "Bully Bush." He spent a year in the editorial charge of the Journal of Commerce after leaving college, remarking that he would rather "lay stone-wall any time" than teach school, and after passing through a season of intense religious doubt, while a tutor in college, at length reached sure ground, and entered the New Haven theological school, of which Dr. N. W. Taylor was then the head. Here he found a bracing mental atmosphere in which he felt at home. It was to him a seed-time, and some of his essays at this period became the germs of his later thought. It was characteristic of him that he attempted to prove the existence of a moral Governor of the universe in a fresh way, and that he put fresh thinking into everything that was taught him.

His first and only parish was in Hartford, where he was ordained in May, 1833. Many of his earlier discourses were published in the volume entitled Sermons for the New Life. They were modeled essentially upon the old-school plan shorn of its Calvinistic severity, and discussed the ethical side of Christian experience from a broader and higher plane of thought than was then common; but they were in those days and since sermons which the preacher could distinctly call his own, and which marched upon essentially the same lines as those which Newman was then preaching to wondering and delighted audiences in the pulpit of St. Mary's, Oxford. They were always written out in full, and read, never extemporized, never committed to memory. He knew how to control the effect of his services so that prayers, hymns, lesson, text, and sermon converged to a central point, and heightened the impression of the leading thought of the hour.

The earlier period of his pastorate was a seething time. He published little and thought much. It was not until 1846 that he appeared as an author, and then it was chiefly in the *rôle* of a theological reformer, opposing the intense individualism of the prevalent theology, and emphasizing the organic life of the family, the church, and society at large, wherein no soul lives or acts alone as a unit. The church in New England had recognized no gradual growth into Christianity, and his Christian Nurture was a rare and influential plea in behalf of the children of the flock. Heresy was snuffed in it, and Dr. Bushnell was soon surrounded by hostile brethren, who were destined to have plenty of work on their hands in trying to count up the heresies of an original thinker and confine him within the pale of orthodoxy. Two years later the commotion reached its height, when, in close succession at Cambridge, New Haven, and Andover, he quickly laid bare his opinions upon all the central issues of Christianity. The occasions came unsought, and his thought simply rose to the opportunity of utterance. For the next quarter of a century there was no peace for this theological athlete. He never swerved from the positions which he had taken in the beginning, though he and his congregation found themselves almost ostracized from their brethren; nor did he descend into the angry arena of debate. The body at length moved round to him, as it became leavened with his thought, not he to the body. He thought out by himself the methods by which the Calvinistic system could be supplemented with the truth which it had ignored, and was simply in the vanguard of the thinkers of his day, not founding a school, not departing from his individuality as a Christian thinker, not doing more than scattering seed-truths abroad in his books, and yet in this way doing as effectual work for his generation as Edwards or Channing did for theirs. The book in which Nature and the Supernatural, The Vicarious Sacrifice, and Forgiveness and Law were as latent

thought was God in Christ, to which he prefixed an elaborate essay on language, embodying in it peculiar views of the relation of words to thoughts, — views which are in some sense the key to his opinions, though it cannot be said that they have been adopted by others. All words, in his view, are only incarnations or *insensings* of thought. They are more or less inaccurate as representations of thought, and hence truth is never so well expressed or rounded out as when it is presented paradoxically. Looking at theological disputes from this point of view, he reached the higher plane where spiritual truth is enfranchised, and sought to do his own work, as it were, in the still upper air where men substantially agree. If the word may be allowed, he created a theology of his own; he lived in the atmosphere of speculative thought; his books were the outgrowth of his own spiritual experience; and nothing is more valuable in his Life and Letters than the tracing of this spiritual growth by the hand of his daughter. He stood in New England in some sense where Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen, stood in Scottish religious thought, as the prophet of a new day, as the softener of old traditions, as the spiritual interpreter of the thought which men were feeling out for. He ventured out again and again upon the ragged edge of so-called orthodoxy, and was ready to recognize the truths presented by the liberal thought of the time; and, if he erred, it was the error of the head, not of the heart. "My hope," said he in a letter to Dr. Bartol, just before his God in Christ was published, alluding to that work, "is not that it will convert anybody to me or my ways, but, what is dearer to me by far and more welcome, that it will start up inquiries of a different type, and lead to thoughts of a different character from those which have occupied the field of New England theology, and so to revisions, recastings, new affinities, more faith and less dogma, and, above all, to a more catholic and fraternal spirit. I expect to be set upon all round the circle; and yet I have a confidence that a class of men who have heart enough to go into the æsthetic side of religion, and eyes to see something besides propositional wisdom, will admit that I have some truth in my representations." The book did stir up men to take issue against him, but the author kept silent, never replying to his critics, simply dropping his thoughts into the world, and leaving them to take care of themselves and assert their power. All through the painful controversies of that generation, Dr. Bushnell behaved like a Christian and gentleman, and, much of the time, was too deeply absorbed in the development of his own thought to pay much heed to the contest which he had originated.

The year 1848 — the year in which he delivered the Discourses that gave the key to his theological position — was the central point in his life. It was a year of great experiences, great thoughts, great labors. At its beginning he had reached one of those headlands where new discoveries open to the sight, and his own heart had been subdued by the recent death of his son. He felt that God had taken his son, and revealed to him more distinctly than ever before his own eternal Son. It was this serene faith which guided him henceforth not more through the heat of controversy than through years of ill health, brought on by overwork and continued down to the end of his life.

Dr. Bushnell was a growing man to the close of his career. Book after book took shape in his busy brain, and occupied every hour in which he was fit for work. His speculative activity was ceaseless, but it was chiefly in the direction of theology. He threw into these speculations his energy, his imagination, his reason. He had all the furnishings for great work in this direction, and great

work he did, work of its sort unequaled by any American, work veined through and through, with his peculiarities of style and thought, and yet work unique of its kind and not more venturesome than inspiring. It is said that it takes a man of strong imagination to make a great theologian. Edwards and Channing were men who curbed the imagination that it might obey the dictates of reason; but it was this faculty which they used to hold up spiritual truth before the eyes of men, and in a manner it created the truth by which they lived. Dr. Bushnell, with all the hamperings of his creed, had a superb imagination. It enabled him, though largely a solitary student, to enter into the intellectual and spiritual life of his time, and gather into himself its lines of thought, without becoming a man of affairs, and it is this faculty which endows his writings with a certain amount of permanent vitality. Dr. Bushnell worked, singularly enough, along the lines of catholic truth as held in the great Christian creeds, without seeming to be aware that some of his work had been very ably done before him. He liked to be independent in his religion as in his politics, and could never bring himself to call any man master; but if he sometimes worked out conclusions which were not new, it will be difficult to find any theological writer four time, save perhaps Maurice, and Stanley, and Jowett, who has done more to set men to thinking on the chief problems of the spiritual life. Opinions will vary as to the value of his theological ideas, but there can be but one thought in regard to the robust manliness and rich genius of the man himself. His biography reveals a man who was much alone, whose mind was mostly engaged upon religious themes, whose range of activity was within quite definite limits; but take him for the work he did, it is the story of the inner life of one of the strongest and truest men who have ever sprung out of our New England soil.

THE ORIGIN OF RELIGION.[1]

THE enormous difficulties in the way and the costly outfit necessary to prosecute the study will prevent any considerable number of men, in any generation, from becoming Egyptologists. But there is evidently a great and increasing interest on the part of the reading public in the discoveries, deductions, and inferences of the learned explorers who are slowly re-creating the fabric of the Egyptian empire. The labors of Lepsius, Brugsch, De Rougé, and others have been largely devoted to the collection and coördination of facts. Dr. Brugsch, in particular, has imitated the patience as well as the marvelous constructive skill of the comparative anatomist in arranging the *membra disjecta* of Egyptian history. He has put kings and their edifices, statues, poets, generals, and expeditions in something like chronological order, — has given a *backbone* to parts whose relations have been heretofore wholly conjectural. Whatever merit may be claimed for other great scholars, this is the great distinction of the author of Egypt under the Pharaohs. But Dr. Brugsch and most of his associates take so many things for granted that the general reader is apt to be lost for want of lucid explanations. They mention the Rosetta Stone, the

[1] *The Origin and Growth of Religion, as illustrated by the Religion of Ancient Egypt.* By P. LE PAGE RENOUF. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

fragments of Manetho, and the Tables of Abydos, as if no one could be ignorant of them.

Professor Renouf is kindly considerate. He begins by detailing the sources of our knowledge of Egypt in the classic authors and the patristic writings. He tells us of the general ignorance that prevailed and of the tomb-like silence of the monuments before Champollion found the key to their interpretation. Then we see the Rosetta Stone, a tablet of black granite, on which an inscription in three languages is engraved, "in the sacred characters, in the vernacular, and in Greek." He shows that the glory of the discovery which has opened to us the history of the most ancient civilized kingdom is Champollion's alone. "The sacred characters" are the hieroglyphics, and "the vernacular" are the cursive modifications in common use by scribes, and commonly called demotic. The key once found, the work of interpretation went on rapidly. Many volumes have been published, and still there are great numbers of mural inscriptions as yet undeciphered.

In a similarly clear manner Professor Renouf deals with the intricate questions of chronology. He asks his auditors whether they would not ordinarily accept the evidence of a head-stone in an English church-yard as to the date of its erection and (*prima facie*) as to the age of the person commemorated. He points out the apparent trustworthiness of the stones which were erected to perpetuate the names and deeds of kings. He shows how different inscriptions in different localities and in widely differing times confirm each other, or supply words and sentences destroyed by accident or violence.

Like all other persons competent to form an opinion, Professor Renouf accepts without hesitation the direct and irrefragable testimony of the monuments as to the extreme antiquity of the kingdom, evidently considering that the highest figures B. C., given to Mena the founder, will come nearest the true date. His observations upon the evidence of the royal list of Abydos are sensible and convincing.

It would be impossible in a brief notice to summarize his account of the gods of Egypt. It is evident, however, that in his opinion there was, in the time of the early dynasties, a purer conception of a First Cause, as well as a purer code of morals, than prevailed later. The sublime precepts so often quoted from the Book of the Dead had their origin probably not later than the reign of Men-kau-ra, builder of the third pyramid. The highest ethics are observable in the oldest literary performances, as in that of Ptah-hotep. As time went by, there was an increasing tone of epicureanism. We pass by the vague and conflicting myths which finally took form in so many deities, and observe that the older writings appear to teach something very like the doctrine of one God.

Observe the directness and force of the ascriptions: —

"The great God, Lord of heaven and of earth, who made all things which are."

"O my God and Lord, who hast made me and formed me, give me an eye to see and an ear to hear thy glories!"

"He judges the world according to his will; heaven and earth are in subjection to him."

"Every one glorifieth his goodness; his tenderness encircles our hearts; great is his love in all bosoms."

"When I open my eyes, there is light; when I close them, there is darkness."

"I am yesterday, I am to-day, I am to-morrow."

It does not matter that such adoration is addressed now to Amon, now to Ptah, and now to Osiris; for it is evident

from the italicized line following that each name in the mind of the worshiper was only a symbol for the creative and sustaining Power, of which the titular deity was a representative: —

"That which persisteth in all things is Amon. This lordly god was from the very beginning. He is Ptah, the greatest of the gods. . . . *Each god hath assumed thy aspect.* . . . Thine is the kingdom of heaven, and the earth is at thy will. Thou art youth and age. . . . Thou art heaven, thou art earth, thou art fire, thou art water, thou art air, and whatever is in the midst of them."

Professor Renouf calls this Pantheism.

Evidently there was a time when the Egyptian mind conceived the idea of a great Original, and set it forth in as clear terms as was possible in the unscientific language they had to use. Dialectics began with the Greeks. Afterwards, traits and attributes were differentiated, named, and worshiped; but still the primal ideas of the oneness of the great force of the universe remained. It is the same sun that rises and sets, but the Egyptians adored him as Ra at his rising and Tum at his setting. (Tmu is the form Renouf gives it.)

As an illustration of the same tendency in modern times, we can see that the position of the mother of Jesus in the Catholic church to-day is quite different from the regard entertained for her in the early Christian centuries. The real Mary was a sorrowing mother. The Blessed Virgin is a *quasi* deity.

Most reflecting persons will question, and, we believe, will wholly reject, the sweeping statement in the concluding lecture, that neither the Jews nor the Greeks derived any of their ideas of religion from Egypt. The professor is a shade too positive to retain our confidence. The Greek Pantheon, we know, was quite unlike the assembly of the gods of the Nile Valley; but why not insist that the art of Egypt was not the parent or precursor of Greek art? That the alphabet was not a development of the hieratic characters, but was invented by Cadmus? As to the Jews, although there are remarkable exceptions, the resemblances of the noblest passages of their sacred writings to those of the unknown Egyptian sages and psalmists are too many and too striking to be disposed of by an *ipse dixit*. The names and attributes of God, to go no further, prove clearly the intimate relation between the thought of Judea and that of Egypt. The mass of evidence collected by Dr. Brugsch and the authentic documents printed in the Records of the Past will outweigh a great many passionate negations.

Even if there were no such direct evidence, it is contrary to all we know of human development to suppose that an empire like Egypt, with such art and architecture, such philosophy and poetry, and other fruits of intellectual effort, should for long ages — certainly for more than three thousand years — dominate over the whole known world, and yet leave no perceptible trace of its ideas upon a people so near its sea-coast as the Greeks, or upon the small tribe of desert-born slaves which it held in its service for four hundred years. The supposition is unreasonable.

The history of ideas is the most important part of our heritage from the past, and that there has been, in the main, a gradual development is the surest part of our knowledge.

After all, one finds it necessary to be self-poised, and not to be upset by every new dogmatist. Recognizing this, the reader will derive a great deal of pleasure from the book.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Longer ago than it is important to state, we found ourselves, after our first trip on the Rhine and a pleasant visit to Wiesbaden (that was before it was converted and died), in the station at Frankfort, on our way to Baden-Baden.

There were four of us in the compartment of the railway carriage, the other two being French. Looking out upon the platform on which people who were late comers were running about anxiously hunting for seats, I thought I saw a face that could not be mistaken. Stepping to the door, it seemed only an act of politeness to say to the person who had drawn my attention, "If you are looking for a seat, you will find room in here." With a hearty "Thank you!" he at once got into our compartment, and made himself comfortable in two seats.

Our last comer was not of a particularly remarkable appearance, *per se*. Rather heavy and massively built, well up in years, of a ruddy complexion and a knowing look, he foreshadowed that he might not be an unpleasant traveling companion. Excepting his defective nose, he strongly reminded me of that genial and whole-souled man and writer, Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, author of Rab and His Friends, upon whom I once had the impudence to call, unprovided with a letter of introduction. The defective nose of our last comer was a blemish on his fine face, but if it could have been re-formed or mended the world would have been dissatisfied, for it was one of the marks by which it knew William Makepeace Thackeray. Some English writer has remarked that he found Americans in their own country and on their travels inclined to be taciturn. I have seen it repeated indefinitely that the English traveler on the Continent is worse than taciturn. I have not found it so, whether it be in Russia or Africa. Still, it might be said that there was some risk in inviting any Englishman, possibly Thackeray, to a *tête-à-tête*, for that 's what my action amounted to. If I had known what I afterwards learned from a friend, that Thackeray, in crossing the Atlantic, held everybody at arm's-length, probably my alacrity in attempting something like an "interview" would have been very much less. But on that score there was nothing to regret. I really don't know what is said about Thackeray's moods. He had a life-long sorrow, and was frequently, like Balzac, driven to write to distract his mind. At this time, in any event, we were in luck. With a courage (if it was not something else) that we have never ceased to wonder at, we suppressed (perhaps did not feel) any movement indicating that we felt overshadowed by the presence of a greater than a king. Perhaps his behavior was a direct recognition of the civility shown him; at any rate, a capital lunch, ample for two, and an Englishman besides, completed his conquest *ad Hoc-Heimer*.

When I saw Mr. Thackeray pass our carriage door I knew him, and therefore captured him. Desirous of making way for him, I remarked to my fellow-travelers, a Frenchman and his wife, "I would like to make a place for Mr. Thackeray." The fact that I named Mr. Thackeray made no impression, apparently, upon my French friends. I annotated my remark by saying, "Mr. Thackeray, the celebrated English author." Same indifference. Having hailed Mr. Thackeray and got him installed, as a preliminary remark I referred to my effort to explain his status to my neighbors, and to the impression I had made. He laughed, and said,

"Oh, it takes fifty years for an English reputation to travel to France." (Indeed, something strongly confirming that view happened only *last year*. To a congress of literary men called to meet in Paris, invitations were sent out to foreign authors of distinction to be present, and among them to Thackeray and Dickens!) He discussed the reasons for the American Revolution, — claiming that the resistance of our ancestors to the Stamp Act was unjustifiable. I am afraid the case for the defense was weak, for at that time, being a college graduate, I think I had studied almost everything a man ought to know for his literary salvation except American history. The interest of the conversation centred on his treatment of women in his works. It being represented that he took a low view of female character, his reply literally was, "Would you have me describe them other than they are?" That of course provoked a discussion as to the facts. He became communicative about himself; he spoke of his candidacy for Parliament, what it cost him, — a large amount of money, which he named. He stood for the University of Oxford, and was beaten by Sir Robert Walter Cardwell, who was afterwards, I believe, unseated for bribery. I asked him how they took his treatment of the Georges in England, in those killing lectures. He said the aristocracy had cut him. He spoke particularly of Lord Wensleydale, the Baron Parke of the lawyers. He and Wensleydale had long been friends, "but after the lectures," said Thackeray, "he cut me completely." It may be recollected that Wensleydale was of obscure origin, and was made a "law" lord. An attempt was made to make him a *life* peer only; but that step raised an outcry on account of the innovation. The matter was bridged over by making him a full peer, and as he had only a daughter it amounted to about the same thing.

I remarked to Mr. Thackeray that he had ventured no criticisms upon our people after his return home; and that I should be glad to know what displeased him most in our ways. He replied promptly, "The abuse heaped by the newspapers on one another; and it was n't cleverly done, with the exception of a Philadelphia editor, and I told them to keep watch on him." If Mr. Thackeray could come again, what would he say? The remarks which were, perhaps, of the deepest interest related to the style of authors. One sentence can never be forgotten: "If I were to write as I would like, I would adopt the style of Fielding and Smollett; but society would not tolerate it." He went on to say that Sir Walter Scott had done much to vitiate public taste by his romantic style.

The discussion now going on between realism or naturalism and sentimentalism or idealism is here foreshadowed. Of course we have to condemn much that Fielding and Smollett wrote, and what Zola writes, because they speak too plainly, grossly, if you like; but it remains essentially true that their style, as a style, is now fighting for recognition with some chance of success.

Thackeray has, to my mind, not only been influenced in his style by his models, Fielding and Smollett, but by the style in which fiction is treated by the best French authors. The condensed, incisive, epigrammatic, and natural style of Thackeray is clearly characteristic of the modern French school of fiction.

When the time came for us to change cars, he going south, we stopping at Baden-Baden, Mr. Thackeray was kind enough to say that he regretted the separation, and that he would be glad to meet us again.

— What shall we say of the much behandled Bartlett, who includes among his Americanisms "by the skin of his teeth"? Connecting it with the Book of

Job, may we not call it rather an *Uzism*? "Don't indulge in slang, my dear," I recently heard a careful mother say to her daughter, as the young lady expressed her satisfaction in having escaped an evil by the "skin of her teeth."

— A peculiar feature has appeared in various retail trades which may be regarded as an encouraging symptom of the artistic growth of the country. Formerly, when a frugal housewife bought a pound of tea, she had nothing in view save carnal gratification and the stimulation of sisterly good-fellowship. A tea-store at the present day offers an aspect widely different from that of similar establishments in by-gone years. You will see chests and Chinese paraphernalia if you examine closely; but these vulgar details are eclipsed by pictures flaring with color, framed as samples, and unframed for customers. The frugal housewife of A. D. 1880 buys her tea by the quantity, and sweetens it with a chromo. This is a familiar illustration, and undoubtedly the fact will be conceded that the average retail dealer studies not so much how to procure the best wares, but, subordinating earthy considerations, strives only to tickle the æsthetic palate of the community. The tendency is, however, still confined within retail limits. Probably it will ascend into the wholesale departments, and in time commercial quotations will be given not in commodities, but in chromos. None but stubborn conservatives will have any misgivings concerning this new phase of business activity. Taking it for a text, an essayist with the true German spirit in his soul might show how we are rapidly approaching a state of general culture which, in popular reverence for beauty, shall surpass that of the Athenians.

Perhaps it was from analogy that a similar innovation gave a new impulse to one branch of religious work. Time was when canvassers for Sunday-schools led a hard and bitter life. Fortunately their compensation was in no wise dependent upon *per capita* results, but was fixed and as certain as many worldly things. Nevertheless, they toiled and took little. Vainly they threw out scraps of Hebrew history as bait; the scattering of crumbs broadcast instilled no appetite for the rest of the loaf.

The skilled missionary of the present day in the first place chooses his season. He does not address himself to the inborn craving for the marvelous, but is content with a single, forcible argument. Upon the distended retina of juvenile imagination he imprints an intoxicating vision, — a tree, tall and green and fragrant, that blossoms with light and bears strange fruit in late December!

The energetic preaching of this argument has met with great success, and, if one selects the proper time to happen into one or two of our mission Sunday-schools, he will be convinced that they are in a very healthy and vigorous condition. It is true, the story is related that of a class of eight boys who had been studying the biography of Jezebel during the month of December, and left her at the height of her success, only one was in at her death early in January, when she got her deserts. The other seven probably never heard what became of her. Perhaps they formed an erroneous and harmful impression that that wicked woman lived peacefully to a good old age.

But with those whose function ends with the actual gathering in, facts of this nature have no significance, and the only question is one of intrinsic morality. In the subject first alluded to this question, happily, does not arise. It is certainly unobjectionable to appeal to the higher instincts of mankind as a persuasion to proper regard for more homely wants and desires. But, when you come to the converse of the operation, tender consciences may well pause and hesitate in the decision. It might even be said that the offering of sensual

allurements as an inducement to religious observance is essentially Mohammedanism. But perhaps a sufficient answer is that such inducements are the only ones that will avail with Arabs of all nationalities.

— A few days ago I happened to pick up an old and well-nigh forgotten tale by George Sand, entitled Lavinia. It opened in a very spirited fashion, but had somehow a curiously familiar air. I could not rid myself of the impression that I had read it all before, and yet I was positive that the story under its present title had never come to my notice. I had not progressed far, however, before the mystery was solved: it was Owen Meredith's Lucile in French prose. The names, to be sure, had been metamorphosed, but the characters, whom they served as thin and ineffectual disguises, were essentially the same. Lord Alfred Vargrave in Lavinia is named Lionel, and his betrothed, whom he is just about to marry, Miss Margaret Ellis instead of Miss Darcey. The convenient cousin John is with George Sand the cousin of the heroine, and not of Lionel, but he is the same easy-going, devil-may-care fellow, though he is masked with the name of Henry. Even the situations are, with few exceptions, conscientiously copied and whole pages of the most animated epigrammatic dialogue are plagiarized, word for word, except where the exigencies of rhyme or metre require a deviation from the French original.

The first chapter in both books opens with a letter from the heroine, who has formerly been engaged to the hero, demanding that her letters be returned. In both cases ten years have elapsed since their last meeting, and it is needless to add that the result of the perilous *rendezvous* is the same. To convince the reader how daring the plagiarism is, I choose at random the scene in which Lord Alfred comes to fulfill Lucile's demand in regard to the old love-letters, and print side by side George Sand's French and Owen Meredith's English text: —

LAVINIA.

Cette chambrette blanche et parfumée avait, en vérité, et comme à son insu, un air de rendez-vous; mais elle semblait aussi le sanctuaire d'un amour virginal et pur. Les bougies jetaient une clarté timide; les fleurs semblaient fermer modestement leur sein à la lumière; aucun vêtement de femme, aucun vestige de coquetterie ne s'était oublié à trainer sur les meubles; seulement un bouquet de pensées fletries et un gant blanc decousu gisaient côte à côte sur la cheminée.

Lionel, poussé par un mouvement irrésistible, prit le gant et le froissa dans ses mains. C'était comme l'étreinte convulsive et froide d'un dernier adieu. Il prit le bouquet sans parfum, le contempla un instant, fit une allusion amère aux fleurs que le composaient, et le rejets brusquement loin de lui. Lavinia avait-elle posé là ce bouquet avec le dessein qu'il fût commenté par son ancien amant?

Lionel s'approcha de la fenêtre, et écarta les rideaux pour faire diversion, par le spectacle de la nature, à l'humeur qui le gagnait de plus en plus.

LUCILE.

VI.

This white little fragrant apartment, 't is true
Seemed unconsciously fashioned for some rendezvous;
But you felt by the sense of its beauty reposed,
'T was the shrine of a life chaste and calm.
Half unclosed
In the light slept the flowers; all was pure and at rest;
All peaceful; all modest; all seemed self-possessed,
And aware of the silence.
No vestige nor trace
Of a young woman's coquetry troubled the place;
Not a scarf; not a shawl;
On the mantel-piece merely
A nosegay of flowers, all withered, or nearly,
And a little white glove that was torn at the wrist.
Impelled by an impulse too strong to resist,
Lord Alfred caught, with a feverish grasp,
The torn glove, and flung it aside with a gasp;
It seemed like the thrill of a final farewell.
He took up the nosegay, without bloom or smell,
And inaudibly, bitterly muttered or sighed
Some rebuke to the flowers ere he laid it aside.
Had Lucile by design left the dead flowers there?
The torn glove? I know nothing. I cannot declare.

VII.

He turned to the window.
A cloud passed the sun;
The breeze lifted itself, etc.

I flattered myself that I had been the

first to discover this unacknowledged relationship between Lucile and Lavinia; and I was duly conscious of my importance at the thought that I held the fate of so exalted a personage as the late viceroy of India in my hands. A friend, however, who is crammed with bibliographical lore, relieved me of this dread responsibility by informing me that the discovery had already been made in England, several years ago, but had for some reason failed to make a sensation. The public and the press seemed rather anxious to hush up the affair; perhaps because it impeached the honor of a British peer, and thus reflected remotely upon the national character. At all events, I have ascertained that on this side of the ocean Lucile is yet generally admired as an original production. Among the many to whom I have communicated my discovery not one was aware that it had been previously made; and some were even inclined to question the correctness of my conclusions, alleging that in all probability the resemblance was only remote and accidental.

— It is said to be a matter of speculation with naturalists why a turkey flies at a red rag, and bulls are inspired with fury at that splendid color. When they explain this fact, perhaps I shall find out why certain words exasperate me to an equal extent with these weak-minded animals when they see the tint I love best of all. I am supposed to be amiable to the point of folly, but when I encounter the expression "boyhood days" my amiability vanishes; "olden days" has the same effect; and if ever I commit murder it will be on some newspaper editor who persists in saying "an enjoyable time," and talking of "mine host" or "Mr. Smith and lady."

— In the November Atlantic, somewhere in one of those delightful Letters and Notes from England, Mr. White is surprised to find Madame de Pompadour's picture with blue eyes and fair hair. He says, "I had always thought of the haughty, brilliant, scheming favorite of Louis XV. as a tall, dark-haired, dark-eyed woman." A rather long observation of human beings has driven me to another conclusion. I have found the worst feminine qualities almost invariably allied to the blonde style; not the green or gray eyed blonde, with straight, abundant hair and fresh coloring, but the sallow or pallid being, with light blue eyes and limp or waving hair, — an innocent-looking creature, with feline manners, *patte de velours*, and such claws! These are the women who delude and destroy men; who never forgive an injury or forget a slight; who smile and talk sweetly, and put on airs of meek piety or high art and refinement, but under all are scheming, unprincipled, false to the core. Did not Lucrezia Borgia have golden hair? Was not Lady Macbeth a Scottish woman, presumably with lint-white locks? Two of the worst and most brilliant women I ever knew had this style of complexion, and the lovely being whose picture was my childish adoration, who sat simpering over the library shelf in dear old uncle W.'s house, robed in satin and sables, her gold hair curling like a child's, her sapphire eyes as inscrutable as a deep spring, her rosebud lips soft and fresh as a baby's, and her taper white fingers crossed in her lap, was a virago, a drunkard, a woman without a symptom of principle, — the mystery and the curse of the old and honorable family she married into. Black-haired and dark-eyed women are quick-tempered, electric, generous, jealous probably, but full of relenting, and capable of being coaxed into or out of anything. Weak as to their affections, snappy as to their temper, warm of heart and hot of head, they are never very bad or very good, and are the delightful torment of every man who loves them and whom they do not love too much; but love makes slaves and fools of them, and they are ridiculously constant. It is the clear

gray eye, the thick, soft hair of flaxen or brown tint, the bloom of a tea-rose on a delicate skin, that inscribe the certificate of womanly perfection, — "a sweet assurance given in looks" that here is the real and ideal wife and mother.

— As to men marrying women older than themselves, are not modern story-writers a little responsible for this? I believe Dickens's Dora, to begin with, and a thousand repetitions of the same type, scare young men from giving their lives and homes into the hands of untaught girls, who have no idea of economy or comfort. Perhaps, again, the solution lies in the remark of a certain wicked deacon, who advised one of his friends to marry an old maid because she would always be so grateful!

After all, there is another point: age is not a matter of years altogether, any more than fascination is necessarily beauty; there are some people who never grow old. I have seen one of them, well over sixty, dancing a jig in the nursery, to the screaming delight of her grand-children; and I have seen, too, a young person of twelve with the forecast and management of sixty even about her paper dolls.

— The masculine world has been racked of late by the breaking of a financial bubble in Boston. It is not, of course, that misplaced confidence and culpable gullibility have never before fallen victim to fraudulent schemers, for "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," and those who most loudly bewail this latest development can hardly have escaped in person some experience of pecuniary loss from such sources, to say nothing of the "countless thousands" of sufferers within their knowledge. In this case the special sting seems to be that the fraud emanated from and entrapped women. It is to be hoped that this legitimate, if somewhat disproportioned, horror will work reform of a pestilent evil in our households. The Nation, in one of the best articles called forth by the Boston catastrophe, makes the schools responsible for the ignorance of these recent sufferers. This is just, so far as the schools go or can be made to go, but is there not back of the schools a certain responsibility so inwrought with the very essence of paternity that it can never be righteously cast off upon our teachers, or clergymen, or statesmen?

In this matter of "financial education" (as in those other weighty matters of morals and manners which we are glad to see begin to insist on their rightful place in the curriculum of our schools) the uttermost that can be done by the most skillful teacher will be disappointing in its results unless backed and supplemented by home-teaching and home-practice. How our common schools, with their twenty minutes' recitations, can meet the obvious deficiencies of our common homes, in these particulars, is not an easy although an indispensable question for decision in this our day. Many a boy and girl recites glibly in the school-room not alone the Essentials of Grammar, but its most eccentric vagaries, who at home uniformly doubles negatives and divorces substantive and verb. Perhaps nothing short of genius in the teacher and special inspiration in the pupil can suffice to reveal to a child who hears only incorrect and rude speech at home that the rules of his grammar and rhetoric have the remotest connection with the language of his own daily life; and it would be passing strange if a similar obtuseness as to the practical application of manuals of morals, manners, and finance should not prevail were these to be added to the list of text-books. But it is in behalf of the better half of our households that this plan is offered, — better in wealth and intelligence and moral sense.

"I am amazed at the presumption of parents," cried the principal of a famous young ladies' boarding-school. "They

send me their children again and again with the cool demand, 'Make my daughter orderly,' or 'truthful,' or 'gentle;' requiring from me during six months or a year of less intimate association and hampered opportunity what they have failed to accomplish for her in sixteen years or more of closest contact, and with every advantage of supreme authority and interest!"

But confining ourselves to the subject of financial education among our better families, where can it be so safely and thoroughly taught as at home and by the father, who, either as the custodian of inherited wealth, or the alert maker of his own fortune, has hourly opportunity not only to instruct theoretically, but also to point the moral and adorn the tale? It will require thoughtfulness and long patience to impart trustworthy theories, and much anxiety and occasional loss in subjecting them to the test of illustrative experiment, but surely the result will more than justify the outlay. It is easier for the husband and father not only to withhold this effort, but to confide all his business affairs solely to the grim silence of his safe and bank-book, and to lavish or dole (according to his natural disposition or passing mood) money for family bills without any word of instruction therewith; but he often purchases with this momentary ease to himself sad complications for his unenlightened family after his death, if not for himself through their ignorance beforehand. A man has no right to bring into such a world as this, and leave behind him when his own life ends, beings to whom money will be a necessity, without doing his uttermost to assure to them not only a competence, but the requisite knowledge and practice to keep and expend it wisely. Yet from thoughtlessness, misapprehension, or deliberate design the majority of men act all their lives on the plan of concealing from wife and children their true financial condition, and cherishing ignorance of money matters in these limp dependents, as if that very ignorance were the Palladium of their safety!

Surely a man should not dare to make any woman his wife and the mother and trainer of his children who, though she may come to him ignorant through her parents' neglect, has not sufficient capacity to receive and profitably exercise his wise instructions in regard to the intrinsic value and proper use of money. If she be too dull or too treacherous to share his confidence in pecuniary affairs, alas for him and for those who shall be born of them in every graver concern of their joint lives! —

> "What boots it at one gate to make defense,
> And at another to let in the foe?"

But not a few men who would not think of affirming that "a mare could not be taught to pace," and do not really doubt woman's capacity and loyalty, yet act as if they so doubted in money matters at least. Their own families know less than the merest acquaintance of the amount and disposition of their property until death or financial ruin reveals all the past, and thrusts upon wife and child frightful, because unfamiliar, duties in the present and dread responsibilities for the future, for all of which they are utterly unfitted by previous education and habit. Not seldom in these last years of multiplied bankruptcy and defalcation has the bitter cry been wrung from the women of the stricken household, "If I had only known that we were living beyond our rightful income!" and again and again have these women, who were not trusted nor instructed financially in prosperity, taught themselves speedily, in adversity, lessons of thrift and the wise exercise of talents which if earlier learned and employed might have saved husbands and homes.

Sometimes through arbitrariness, — the determination to keep the reins of power in his own hands, — but oftener through mere short-sightedness and thoughtlessness, the majority of well-to-do men seem to go on through life ridi-

culing the stupidity and recklessness of women in business concerns, and yet never vouchsafing the least effort to make the women of their own households otherwise minded in these vital particulars. Suddenly death or hopeless insanity snatches the head of the family away, and the wife whom he had never allowed the least independent action in the investment or expenditure of funds, nor taught even how to draw a check or balance accounts, has thrust upon her, at a time when she is bewildered and broken by the loss of her husband, the entire burden of his property and liabilities. It seems at best a cruel kindness for one deliberately to make his wife executrix of property in regard to which, during their long life together, he has not made her the intelligent confidant and well-advised partner.

If your wife is incapable or incorrigible in money matters, it may or may not be your fault, but you cannot shirk the responsibility of your children's education to better opinions and practice. Better for your beloved daughter will it be to learn (even at the cost of some fortune and comfort on your part, and of much blundering and loss on hers), by practice under your watchful eye, how to expend a fixed income, with wise adjustment of all claims, personal, social, and charitable, than to let her go blindly on into a far more lavish inheritance without such instruction and practice. Let our schools teach the forms and minute technicalities of finance as indispensably as the multiplication-table, but let every able and loving father make sure, as the prosperous days go on, that his heirs thoroughly understand this wisdom of the schools, and most of all his own object-teaching at home.

— One of the most curious transformations which have come over the spirit of English fiction is the change in its attitude toward Americans. Time was when an American who ventured into an English novel did so only to be sneered at, or at best to cut a grotesque figure: he was welcome in a low-comedy character to make fun, but as the heroic leading man making love he would be insupportable. This is all done away with, and the comic American has been thrust into the background, although he has not yet wholly disappeared. The favorite American now in English fiction is an American lady, and she is an example to all her British sisters. She is young and lovely and clever and highly cultivated and exquisitely dressed and immensely rich, and altogether charming. In Mr. Trollope's latest novel she plays a chief part; in Miss Amelia B. Edwards's Lord Brackenbury, where she is less important, she triumphs over the ill-mannered and antiquated representative of the English aristocracy; she has even come forward on the stage in Mr. H. J. Byron's slight but amusing comedy, An American Lady, and in an English adaptation of M. Sardou's Rabagas. Curiously enough, the coming of this amiability of the English novelist toward the American lady has been almost simultaneous with an extreme and growing discourtesy on the part of the American novelist toward the English gentleman. In Mr. Howells's novels and Mr. James's, and even in the photographic Confessions of a Frivolous Girl, the Englishman is pilloried for his ill-breeding. This is one of the sore points which Mrs. Sutherland Orr dwelt upon in her essay in the Contemporary Review on Mr. Howells and the International Novelists. From a study of the current fiction of the two countries, one might almost think that an English author describes an American whenever he wishes to evoke a charming vision, and that an American author, whenever he has need of a character without manners or with bad manners, unconsciously makes him an Englishman. The especial charge against the English traveler here seems to be that while he is here he "makes him-

self at home," — doing things, indeed, that he would hesitate to do at home; and that when he is at home, and his American host happens to be in England also, he is forgetful of his obligations and scarcely courteous. This accusation, that the traveling Briton, when once he gets him home again, is careless about requiting the hospitality shown him when abroad, is nothing new; I fancy that dozens of instances could be found scattered throughout the pages of English literature during the past century; but we doubt if the accusation has ever been more plainly presented than it is in Smollett's Humphry Clinker, which, it may be well to recall, was originally published in 1771. The passage is as follows: —

"Certain it is, we are generally looked upon by foreigners as a people totally destitute of this virtue [hospitality]; and I never was in any country abroad where I did not meet with persons of distinction who complained of having been unhospitably used in Great Britain. A gentleman of France, Italy, or Germany who has entertained and lodged an Englishman at his house, when he afterwards meets his guest in London, is asked to dinner at the Saracen's Head, the Turk's Head, the Boar's Head, or the Bear, eats raw beef and butter, drinks execrable port, and is allowed to pay his share of the reckoning."

Surely here is a frank confession, and a century old, too; even the Englishman we are told of in the International Episode did not behave worse than this.

— Several of my books are in the Tauchnitz Series, and this remark has more than once been made to me: "Does the law leave you helpless in this matter? Is there no way to keep Tauchnitz from pirating your books? Can't he be compelled to pay for them?" And when I reply, "Baron Tauchnitz never pirates anybody's books; never publishes a book without first getting the consent of the author or the author's heir; and publishes nobody's book without paying for it," the inquirer always seems surprised, and generally a little incredulous. But he has heard nothing but the truth, nevertheless. Tauchnitz is rigid about paying for every book he uses, and about having consent to publish. And more, the great German publisher not only pays for a book once, but — gird up the loins of your credulity, and prepare, for I am going to apply a good deal of a strain to it — there have been occasions when he has asked leave to pay for it a second time! Try to conceive of that, now, in this cast-iron commercial age! I received a letter from him lately, in which he says, "Your last book having sold more largely than I had calculated upon, I have the pleasure of forwarding to you my check for an additional amount." He had bought the book six or eight months before, and paid for it: in adding fifty per cent. to the original amount, he was paying what he conceived to be a moral debt. Legally, he owed me nothing. This is a man who should be spared harsh names and hasty conclusions.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Geography and Travel. The most important recent publication in this department is the new edition of Lippincott's A Complete Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World, which has been thoroughly revised, rewritten, and greatly enlarged. — New Colorado and the Santa Fé Trail, by A. A. Hayes, Jr. (Harpers), is a collection chiefly of illustrated papers published recently in Harper's Monthly. Mr. Hayes prefixes the word *New* to his title as a reminder that the Colorado of Taylor and Bowles is already old. The book is a record of personal experience and observation, and professes to be

independent of any individual or associated interests. It is provided with a clew map. — Summerland Sketches, by Felix L. Oswald (Lippincotts), is further described by its sub-title, Rambles in the Backwoods of Mexico and Central America. It is an illustrated and picturesque account of extended excursions in the *alturas*, where vast tracts of woodland still remain. The reader is shown a Mexico which has scarcely known the Spaniard. — The Scribners have issued the second volume of Jules Verne's The Exploration of the World. It deals with the great navigators of the eighteenth century, and a generation which has grown up in ignorance of Captain Cook's voyages may here read the tales which once divided interest with Robinson Crusoe. — Mr. Oswald Crawfurd's Portugal, Old and New (Putnams), is neither an itinerary, a history, dissertation, nor diary, but gives in an agreeable style the impression produced on an intelligent traveler who was already fortified by an acquaintance with the history, language, and literature of the country. — A similar, but more formal work presents Holland and its People (Putnams). The author is Edmondo de Amicis, already known by his Constantinople, and he has given the results of his travel and study, freed from the accidents of his personal adventure. — Current Views and Notes of Forty Days in France and England, by John Swinton (Carleton), is a pamphlet in which the author's individuality is conspicuous. — Only a liberal construction permits us to class here Ladies and Officers of the United States Army, or American Aristocracy, by Duane Merritt Greene (Chicago: Central Publishing Company): a sketch of the social life and character of the army, which takes the writer especially among the frontier posts. — Dr. J. F. Clarke's sensible paper On Giving Names to Towns and Streets has been reprinted in a little pamphlet by Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

Poetry and the Drama. Mr. Edwin Arnold's The Light of Asia has been followed by a volume of Poems (Roberts), which find their inspiration largely in Oriental and Greek themes. — The Flight into Egypt, a narrative poem, occupies the most of a volume by Thomas E. Van Bebber (A. L. Bancroft & Co., Printers, San Francisco), and is preceded by a small collection of minor poems in the same volume. — The bicycle, besides its journal and various hand-books, has begun to give rise to a literature of its own: Lyra Bicyclica, Forty Poets on the Wheel, by J. G. Dalton (Boston: published for the author), is the clever title of a volume of parodies and imitations. — Raymond, Lord of Ver (London: Provost & Co.), is a drama of mediæval life in Normandy. — Mr. W. J. Rolfe continues his edition of Shakespeare with King Lear. We cannot find it in our heart to relegate these admirable little books to the department of education. They belong here as well as there. — The Dramatic Works of Bayard Taylor (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) have been collected into a single volume, including The Prophet, The Masque of the Gods, and Prince Deukalion, with notes by Mrs. Taylor. — A volume of Songs and Poems from the German, by Ella Heath, has been issued by the Putnams; the translations are principally from Rückert, Uhland, and Heine. — The lady who writes under the pseudonym of E. Foxton has brought together a volume of her poems under the title of The Chapel and Other Poems (Putnams). Readers of Sir Pavon and St. Pavon will not be slow to look for this volume. — Echos et Reflets, by E. Aubert (Paris: Boulanger; New York: Christern), is a volume of poetry by a Frenchman long resident in America, and drawing many of his themes from American life and history. — Mrs. Annie Fields' volume, Under the Olive (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), draws its inspiration chiefly from the olive groves of the Ilissus. — Mr. James T. Fields has collected his recent poems into a volume of Ballads and Other Verses (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). — Miss Lucy Larcom gives the title of Wild Roses of Cape Ann to a volume of verse, which will increase the legendary and poetical fame of that rocky coast (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).

Biography. The Life of Charles Hodge, D.D., LL. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J., by his son, A. A. Hodge (Scribners), presents a man, chiefly through his autobiography, diaries, and letters, who has held perhaps the most conspicuous place of any theologian in the Presbyterian church in America. — The Life, Times, and Correspondence of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, by W. J. Fitz-Patrick, LL. D. (Dublin: James Duffy and Sons) is a reissue in enlarged form of the work which appeared about twenty years ago, and an important contribution to the history of Catholic emancipation. — Wrecked Lives, or Men who have Failed (London: S. P. C. K.; New York: Pott, Young & Co.), is the title of two volumes by W. H. Davenport Adams, in which the careers of eminent men, as Rienzi, Wolsey, Swift, Savage, Chatterton, Robespierre, Heine, and others, are treated quite exclusively from the moralist's view. Poe is the only American who appears to have been found worthy to be classed with them. — Henry Boynton Smith, his Life and Work (Armstrongs), is a welcome record of the career of one of the greatest scholars in theology and history whom America has known.

Fiction. Tamenaga Shunsui was the Dickens of Japan, and like his Western parallel published his novels serially. Out of one which rambled through eighteen volumes, Shiuichiro Saito and Edward Greey have constructed The Loyal Ronins, a Historical Romance (Putnams). It is a direct translation, adapted, however, to the reader who asks to be interested rather than treated to a literal rendering. It professes to be more true to Japanese life than Mitford's Tales. — Auerbach's two recent stories appear simultaneously: Brigitta, in Holt's Leisure Hour Series, and the Foresters, in Appleton's New Handy-Volume Series. — Mother Molly (Putnams), by Frances M. Peard, author of the Rose Garden, is a historical romance in autobiographic form, the time being the latter part of the last century, and the scene on the west coast of England. — An anonymous novel, published by Roberts Brothers, bears the title My Marriage. — Magdalen Férat is Zola's latest story (Petersons). It is only less offensive than his previous books. — The latest novels in Harper's Franklin

Square Library are Just as I Am, by Miss Braddon, who shows poor taste in using a title half sacred in many people's eyes; A Sailor's Sweetheart, by W. Clark Russell, author of The Wreck of the Grosvenor, and like that book an argument in Plimsoll's hands; and Three Recruits and The Girls they left Behind Them, by Joseph Hatton. — In Harper's Half-Hour Series is a pathetic little story, Missing, by Mary Cecil Hay. — A new edition has been published of Mrs. Stowe's Sam Lawson's Old Town Fireside Stories, with additions (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). — A new novel by Henry Gréville, The Princess Oghérof, translated by Mary Neal Sherwood (Petersons), will be welcomed. — The Stranglers of Paris, by Adolphe Belot, is followed by a sequel, La Grande Florine, translated by George D. Cox (Petersons). The Osego Chronicles, or, The Kuylers and their Friends, by Mary B. Sleight (Randolph), is a pleasing domestic tale. — The Danbury Boom, with a full account of Mrs. Cobleigh's action therein, by James M. Bailey (Lee and Shepard), is the latest of this special brand of American humor. — We wish we could be more sure that Who is Your Wife? is to be included in fiction. It is a little book, by Waldorf H. Phillips, LL. B. (New York: E. J. Hale and Son), which under the guise of colloquial sketches undertakes to illustrate the incongruities of the several divorce systems in the United States. The author seems more impressed by this than by the immorality involved.

Domestic Economy. A new edition has appeared of Marion Harland's Common Sense in the Household (Scribners), a book which has been worn out by excessive printing, and now reappears with additions and improvements.

Education. Mr. John Swett, principal of the San Francisco Girls' High School and Normal Class, has prepared Methods of Teaching (Harpers), a hand-book intended for those who propose or are engaged in common-school teaching, and dealing practically with their work. Methods in the whole range of teaching are described in detail. — Mrs. Farrar's The Young Lady's Friend, a book well known to our mothers before they were mothers, has been brought out anew by Porter and Coates of Philadelphia, with an Introduction by Mrs. H. O. Ward. The punctuation of the title-page, the scrupulous omission of Mrs. Farrar's name, and the ingenious composition of the introduction give the reader before unacquainted with the book an impression that the whole work is Mrs. Ward's. That lady is mentioned on the title-page as compiler of Sensible Etiquette. We know no sensible etiquette which justifies such a treatment of Mrs. Farrar. — Rev. Henry N. Hudson, the well-known Shakespeare scholar, has begun the reissue of his School Shakespeare, but as an entirely new work. Three volumes have been published, A Midsummer Night's Dream, Much Ado about Nothing, and As You Like It (Ginn and Heath), the first containing a general preface on English in schools, the second one on Shakespeare as a text-book, and the third one of suggestions on teaching Shakespeare. This last indicates well the editor's temper and his views as to Shakespeare for the young. It is strongly commended to those whom it concerns, and the general reader will profit by an attentive consideration. A curious likeness to Mr. Ruskin's mind is discoverable in this expression of Mr. Hudson's. The volumes are very attractive in appearance. — A New School Physiology, illustrated and furnished with questions, by Richard J. Dunglison, A. M., M. D., has been published by Porter and Coates. — A useful book for teachers rather than for the class room is School and Industrial Hygiene, by D. F. Lincoln, M. D. (Blakiston, Philadelphia), one of the little series of American Health Primers, issued under supervision of Dr. W. W. Keen.

History. Old Paris, its Court and Literary Salons, by Catherine Charlotte, Lady Jackson (Holt), is a sketch of the Paris of the Seventeenth Century, that brilliant and classic period of French literature and society. — Rev. Joseph Henry Allen, lecturer on ecclesiastical history in Harvard University, has followed his Hebrew Men and Times with a somewhat similar book treating of the genesis of Christianity, under the title Fragments of Christian History to the Foundation of the Holy Roman Empire (Roberts). A chronological order is maintained in the papers, but they treat the general subject topically. — The second and final volume has appeared of Justin McCarthy's A History of our own Times (Harpers). It begins with a narrative of the Chinese troubles just before the Sepoy rebellion, and ends with a survey of the literature of the day. — Mr. Geo. H. Ellis, Boston, has brought into a neat octavo volume a report of the Proceedings of the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Gathering in England, Departure for America, and Final Settlement in New England of the First Church and Parish of Dorchester, Mass., coincident with the settlement of the town. The anniversary was observed in the spring of 1880. — The Early History of Charles James Fox, by G. O. Trevelyan, Macaulay's nephew and biographer (Harpers), belongs rather to history than to biography. The subject has peculiar interest for Americans, and possibly some may even take a shame-faced comfort in a graphic picture of English political society when most brilliant and most venal. — Mr. Melville M. Bigelow's History of Procedure in England (Little, Brown & Co.) is a lawyer's examination of courts and the conduct of causes in Norman times, and as such presents certain phases of general constitutional history. — The American edition of Epochs of Ancient History (Scribners) is enlarged by a volume on Troy, its Legend, History, and Literature, by S. G. W. Benjamin, who makes special use also of Dr. Schliemann's investigations. The literature includes a digest of the controversy respecting the unity and authorship of the Homeric poems. It is furnished with a map. — The materials for American history have been enriched by the Recollections and Opinions of an Old Settler, Peter H. Burnett, the first governor of the State of California (Appletons).

Philosophy, Theology, and Religion. Professor J. P. Cooke's Religion and Chemistry appears in a new edition, revised (Scribners), and the author after a lapse of twenty years finds no occasion to alter the substantial argument of the book. — An-

other contribution to the discussion of science and religion is The Creation and the Early Developments of Society, by James H. Chapin, professor of geology and mineralogy, St. Lawrence University (Putnams). It includes an examination of the biblical account of the creation and first appearance of human society, and a statement of the results of recent anthropological investigation. — The Eden Tableau, or Bible Object Teaching, is called a study by its author, the Rev. Charles Beecher (Lee and Shepard). "He proposes," he says in his preface, "to attempt a more thorough and consistent application of the laws of analogic interpretation to one of the most interesting and vital portions of the Bible." — The Rev. Dr. F. C. Ewer, whose vigorous tract on the failure of Protestantism excited attention a few years ago, has put out a volume containing Four Conferences touching the Operation of the Holy Spirit, delivered at Newark, N. J. (Putnams). The author fortifies himself on the title-page behind the sanction of his bishop, the request of nine clergymen and an indefinite number of laymen in Newark, and the repetition by request in Boston, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn. All this caution leads the reader to look for Miching Mallecho. — Scientific Transcendentalism, by D. M., comes to us from Williams and Norgate, London. It is an inquiry into a knowledge of the mind as regards its highest manifestation. — The Englishman's Brief on behalf of his National Church (London: S. P. C. K. New York: Pott, Young & Co.,) is a manual intended to cover the various questions in controversy. — A writer calling himself John B. T. sends a pamphlet entitled Can the Air be at Rest while it is in Motion ? (New York: Livesey Brothers), explaining that if certain conclusions which he reaches are correct, the Copernican system, so far as regards the earth's rotation, is demonstrated to be false. — Dr. Schaff's A Popular Commentary of the New Testament (Scribners) has reached the second volume, containing the Gospel of John, by Professor William Milligan, of Aberdeen, and Professor William F. Moulton, of Cambridge, and the Acts of the Apostles, by Dean Howson and Canon Spence. The popular element is increased by the judicious use of illustrations and maps. The work avoids controversy, and is designed for those who ask to have the Bible explained, not defended. — From the Congregational Publishing Society, Boston, we have A Pastor's Counsels to Young Christians in a series of Familiar Addresses following a Revival of Religion, by Rev. A. C. Baldwin.

Literature. The Harpers have issued in uniform style with the works of Motley, Hume, Hildreth and others, an admirable and complete edition of Macaulay's Miscellaneous Works, in five volumes, edited by Lady Trevelyan. The set contains all of his writings except the History, and is furnished with an analytical index. — Four Centuries of English Letters, edited and arranged by W. Baptiste Scoones (Harpers), is a reprint of an English book containing selections from the correspondence of one hundred and fifty writers from the period of the Paston Letters to the present day, and the letters are drawn from a great variety of sources: Cowper, for example, being represented by only seven and Nelson and Wellington by about the same number; there are but four from Dickens. The great number of writers makes thus a wide range of illustration. — Hints for Home Reading (Putnams) is a collection of papers by several writers upon books and their uses. They were originally published in The Christian Union, and intended to stimulate a love of good books and wisdom in the choice of books. Rev. Lyman Abbott, one of the editors of that journal, edits the book. — The series of English Men of Letters has been reinforced by Mr. Fowler's Locke (Harpers). — Mr. George H. Calvert has added to his Goethe, Wordsworth, and similar studies a volume entitled Coleridge, Shelley, Goethe; Biographic Æsthetic Studies (Lee and Shepard).

Art. Mrs. Fanny Raymond Ritter has translated, edited, and annotated a second series of Robert Schumann's essays and criticisms under the title of Music and Musicians (New York: Schuberth & Co.). The papers in this series are largely educational in their tendency, and comprehend Schumann's judgment upon a range of musical composition which extends from the opera to piano-forte music. — For fifty years Mr. James E. Murdoch has been on the stage in this country and in England; he has gathered his recollections of Actors and Acting during that time into a series of Dramatic Sketches, entitled The Stage (Philadelphia: Stoddart). The book has a portrait and also a biographical sketch of the author by another hand. — Mrs. Susan N. Carter has undertaken to collect into portable and inexpensive volumes the most pregnant and useful hints upon art which have been given by artists and scholars. Her first series of Art Suggestions from the Masters (Putnams) draws from Reynolds, Bell, Hazlitt, and Haydon.

Illustrated Books. The Putnams have issued an edition here of a pretty volume containing Washington Irving's Little Britain, Spectre Bridegroom, and Legend of Sleepy Hollow, illustrated by Charles O. Murray. The English interpretation of the last story is closer in the figures than in the architecture. — A new edition of American Poems (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) appears on larger paper, with a red-line border and with illustrations, taking it still further out of the range of mere text-books. Other illustrated books are reviewed elsewhere in these pages.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

**** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address, on receipt of the price by the Publishers,* Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., *4 Park Street, Boston. Prices are given on the last page.*

Books in Sets, and in fine bindings, are peculiarly suitable for gifts. This is especially true of books which do not owe their chief value or attraction to the dress in which they appear, but possess intrinsic and permanent elements of worth and fascination. When such books are produced with the additional grace of pictorial embellishment, and with the perfection of the most consummate skill of the bookmaking art, they are doubly entitled to the regard of persons of taste and cultivation who wish to enlarge their own libraries, or to find a gift worthy of a friend. On the following pages will be found a list of such books, which are commended to careful attention. It includes a remarkable number of the best and most delightful books in the English language, and embraces a large proportion of what is most distinctive and excellent in American literature.

Longfellow's Poems, in the sumptuous new Subscription Edition, make a princely gift. They lack no element of literary or artistic or mechanical excellence needed to make them perfect. Attention is invited to a full description on a subsequent page, and to the specimen illustration beside it.

The Bodley Books, which delight old and young alike, are capital gift-books for holidays and birthdays. On a following page these charming books are described, and those who want a perfectly wholesome and satisfactory gift-book for a boy or girl should not fail to consult this page or to examine the Bodley Books themselves.

"Wild Roses of Cape Ann, and other Poems," by Miss Larcom, charm both readers and critics. The Boston *Journal* says very felicitously: —

There are not far from a hundred poems in the book — none of them long, or very elaborately finished, but all musical, sweet, and true to nature, to life, and to the singer's heart. There are eight poems in the little group from which the book derives its name, and they are strung upon a thread of narrative and reminiscence which gives them unity. The poems which follow are for the most part upon homely, every-day themes; some of them enshrine old colonial stories; some describe the beauties of nature as studied in woods and by the sea; some voice the moods of friendship or of sorrow; and not a few rise on the wings of strong desire toward heaven, and give utterance to the hopes and aspirations of the better life.

The Illustrated Crown Edition of Tennyson's complete Poetical Works, just issued, is a very desirable edition. It contains many illustrations, is printed on large type, and is bound in two tasteful volumes.

Under the Olive. — This beautiful volume is a surprise to those who only knew Mrs. Annie Fields as a writer of graceful and tender poems which occasionally appeared in the magazines. The familiarity it shows with Greek literature and legend, the sympathy it reveals for the exquisite and symbolical forms in which the strenuous and sentimental spirit of the Greeks of old disclosed itself to the world in art and in poetry, and the skill it evinces in reproducing and interpreting them, — these are both a surprise and a delight. The Boston *Advertiser* says: —

Most of the poems are on classical subjects, as The Last Contest of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Hero and Leander, Helena, Herakles, Artemis, Antinous, and others. They are carefully and delicately done; are faithful to the chosen themes; full of thought, grace, tenderness, and true poetry. "The Return of Persephone," the longest of the classic poems, was privately printed a few years ago, and received high praise for its poetic merit and beauty. It is a drama in three acts, and tells the old mythical story of Persephone with exceeding skill, simplicity, and dramatic power. "Theocritus" is an old friend. It first appeared in "A Masque of Poets," and is one of the best in that singular collection. The poems on Greek themes are followed by a translation of Goethe's "Pandora" and a few of his shorter poems. The Pandora was carefully revised by Bayard Taylor, and he was a severe critic, and demanded that the best possible should be done in the translation of his hero and great poet, Goethe.

These poems will give Mrs. Fields an enviable rank among American poets. She has waited till the voice called her, and she has answered the call with poems which are an honor to letters. The shorter poems are singularly equal in merit, and they cannot be taken to pieces for extracts. They must be read as a whole.

Illustrated Library Editions. — The Illustrated Library Edition of Dickens's Complete Works comprises twenty-nine volumes, illustrated with over five hundred and fifty pictures by Cruikshank, Phiz, Seymour, Leech, Maclise, Stone, Darley, and Gilbert. Bound in green cloth, or in half calf, it is an every-way admira

ble edition of these most popular books, and is commended to the attention of Dickens lovers.

The Illustrated Library Edition of Hawthorne's Complete Works embraces twelve volumes, each containing two choice illustrations designed expressly for this edition. In fine binding this forms a very desirable edition of these masterpieces of American literature.

The Illustrated Library Edition of the Waverley Novels contains twenty-five handsome volumes, with one hundred excellent illustrations, the important introduction which appeared in the sumptuous Abbotsford Edition, and the illustrative notes which appeared in subsequent English editions, giving all needed explanation of the novels, and the history of their production. The last volume contains a glossary, and a full index of the characters contained in the entire series. This forms one of the most desirable editions ever published of these world-famous novels.

The Illustrated Library Editions of the poems of Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Owen Meredith, Tennyson, Whittier, and Whittier's "Songs of Three Centuries" comprise a large amount of the best and most popular poetry. Each volume contains thirty-two or more illustrations, most of them full-page. The books are uniform octavo volumes, are printed on fine tinted paper with red-line borders, and are tastefully bound. Either in cloth, half calf, morocco, or tree calf, they commend themselves to the attention of all lovers of handsome books, and of good poetry.

The Cambridge Longfellow and Whittier. — The new editions of Longfellow's and Whittier's poetical and prose works, including all that they have published up to the present year, are not only remarkably rich in literary attractions, but, with the elegant typography, the choice paper, and the tasteful binding, are peculiarly desirable books for the library. They are excellent books for gifts, not only at the holiday season, but at all times, and are commended to the special notice of those who wish to make gifts which are at once inviting to the eye and to the taste of all cultivated readers.

The Fireside Editions of Hawthorne and Emerson, which were published last year, the former in five volumes, and the latter in twelve, were received with great favor, not only for the sterling character of the literature, but also for the compact and tasteful style of the books in typography, in paper, and binding. They served an admirable purpose as gift books among people of cultivated taste, and we doubt not they will serve the same purpose again the present season.

Two New Little Classics. — The series of "Little Classics" published a few years ago was so thoroughly good, so varied in character, and so popular, that their readers will be glad to learn that two new volumes have been added to the series. These two volumes are entitled "Humanity" and "Nature." The former comprises the following stories: "Chumming with a Savage," by C. W. Stoddard; "Doctor Marigold," by Dickens; "A Brace of Boys," by Fitz-Hugh Ludlow; "George the Third," by Thackeray; "Juliet," by Mrs. Jameson; "Is Life Worth Living?" by W. H. Mallock. The latter contains "A-Hunting of the Deer," by Mr. Warner; "Dogs," by Mr. Hamerton; "In the Hemlocks," by John Burroughs; "A Winter Walk," by Thoreau; "Buds and Bird Voices," by Hawthorne; "The Fens," by Charles Kingsley; "Ascent of the Matterhorn," by Edward Whymper; "Ascent of Mount Tyndall," by Clarence King; "The Firmament," by Ruskin. It is needless to say that two little books containing these admirable stories and essays are of the first order of interest and value. They are published in the same style as the original "Little Classics," and biographical sketches of the authors from whom the selections are taken are included in the Little Classic volume entitled "Authors."

Delightful Yankee Stories. — Mrs. Stowe's understanding of Yankee character and skill in the use of Yankee dialect are shown to striking advantage in "Sam Lawson's Fireside Stories," of which a new and enlarged edition has just been published. As the Boston *Gazette* well says: —

> Mrs. Stowe thoroughly appreciates New England character, and no writer has better delineated its rare individual phases. The conception of Sam Lawson himself is a very happy one — if anything so perfect in its reproduction of real life can be called an author's conception. No New England country boy but has seen Sam Lawson. He lives in nearly every village to this day. The points in his nature are exquisitely realized in Mrs. Stowe's work. The stories of this collection have a greatly added raciness in coming from his mouth. There is something in his diction which gives them just the quality that is needed to bring out all their humor. The work will be always popular, and as a series of sketches of a class of people with the true flavor of country life about them it has permanent value.

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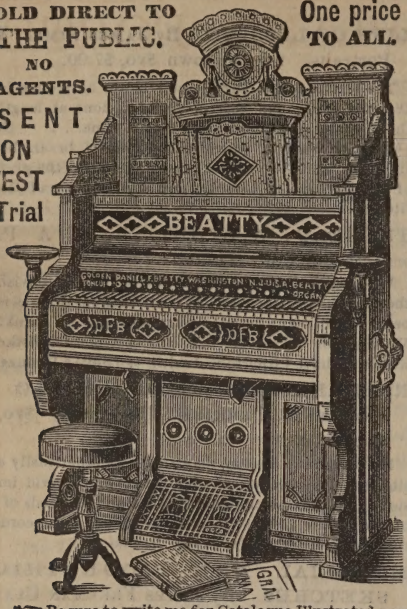

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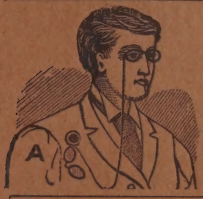

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VOLUME XLVII.—NUMBER 280

FEBRUARY, 1881

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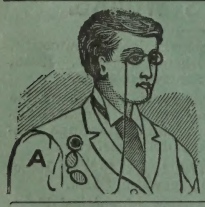

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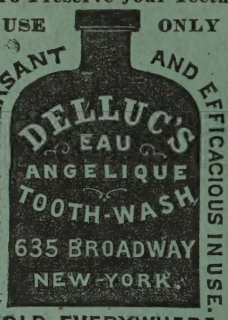

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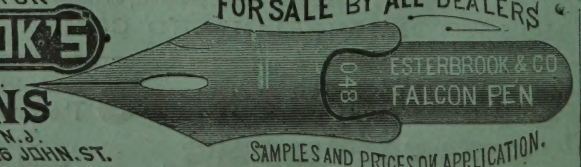

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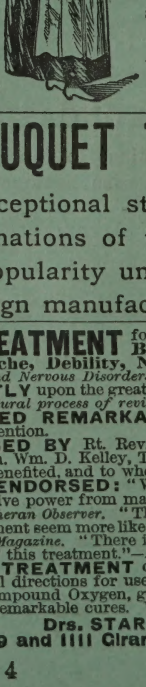

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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FRIENDS: A DUET.

IV.

"A friend to give peace to the affections and support the judgment."

"Going to *Europe?*"

Reliance said this with a crescendo accent of surprise. She lived in a circle of people with whom going to Europe was no more a noteworthy matter than going to Boston. Everybody went abroad, at unexpected crises and for inconceivable reasons; that was a matter of course; and they all came home again quite as soon as one looked for them, constantly exposing one to keen social dangers in respect to forgetting which neighbor spent what season in Naples, and therefore omitting to call.

But when Charles Nordhall said that he was going to Paris in December, Mrs. Strong found herself unprepared for the event.

There are a few of the maturer relations of life upon which no warning can teach us not to impose with the serenity of a child upon parental loyalty. (When I say "us" I mean the mass of us. I am not speaking of the exceptional, either in nature or experience.) One of these relations is that between a man and woman, each free and both without thought of love or marriage.

It had never occurred to Reliance Strong that Charley Nordhall could go to Europe, — now. Had she questioned herself why this was, she would have been unable to give a distinct reply. Life at best was a mist to the poor girl. She crawled a little way in it, inch by inch, like a person lost in a fog upon a cliff-side. John was dead. She had thought at first that she herself should die. This, it seemed, one could not do.

Nordhall understood this. He was kind. Not that the sound of a sympathetic voice beside the parlor fire, or the look of grave eyes regarding her movements in the garden, created an object in life; they did not even make life tolerable, but only grief more endurable.

Reliance was not ungrateful. Nordhall spared her much business concern, and brought some definite contribution to her comfort. With something of the self-assumption of the invalid or the mourner, she thought this, on the whole, rather natural. That a man should not stay at home from abroad for the purpose of calling once or twice a week on a woman who irrevocably loved and inconsolably mourned another man, never occurred to her. There was something simple and sincere in this selfishness, after all. She had not the vain or diseased imagination which would have viewed the position in that slant light. Her thoughts were direct as midday. That she *did* irrevocably love and in-

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consolably mourn was a fact assured as gravitation. Charley Nordhall would not offer to the widow of his friend the insult of intermixing a sentiment with his regard.

And yet, it seemed, he could go away and leave her.

It did occur to Reliance, after some thought, that the one fact accounted for the other. Hence, she added with more gravity and less agitation, —

"Yes, of course. Why should you not?"

Nordhall went. He went in December, as he had purposed. The snow was whirling about the house when he came to say good-by. She shook hands with him cheerfully, lifting her sweet face. He wondered if she would miss him; but neither spoke of missing or of loss. They chatted quietly. Nordhall had business advice for her, to which she listened with submissive attention. He spoke of his return in April, of his engagements in Paris, of a trip he planned through Italy. Then he asked for Kaiser, and why he was not there to say good-by. He could not talk of herself. He knew not how to assume either that she would suffer from his absence, or, on the other hand, that she was quite indifferent to it. The last supposition seemed a brutal one; but the first he dared not offer. He felt impatiently the undefined nature of their relation. To be the comforter of your dead friend's widow seemed to him, rather bitterly just then, the most thankless position in the world. He wished, honestly enough, that John were there to do his own consoling. Nothing in his heart would have been reluctant towards such a miracle. He was conscious of no wish other than to see her happy.

They made a matter-of-fact enough parting of it, and neither was aware of embarrassment till the final moment came. Then Reliance held out her hand, and looked at him earnestly with her honest eyes, and said, —

"I hope you will have the best voyage that ever was! I hope you will be well and happy all the time!"

She could not easily have said less. But Nordhall could not have borne more. He looked at her, standing so lonely there in the long drawing-room; he did not speak. No woman could have forgotten such a look. Reliance felt herself enveloped in it, as she went dreamily up-stairs to tell her mother that Mr. Nordhall's carriage stood at the door. She did not come down again. Madam Strong made her stately adieux in the hall below. Their voices came up. Reliance stood at the hall window and looked out into the storm. She thought,

"How John would miss him! He used to, — every time."

By and by, when the sound of his carriage wheels had died into the white silence, she turned wearily from the window. She did not think: "I shall miss him, too." But she felt that the house was quiet; that the street was dull; that winter was cheerless; that life was long; that John was dead. Then she went down-stairs and sat with her mother-in-law, who was rounding the blue toes of the twenty-first pair of baby socks whose creation Reliance had watched that autumn. They talked of the weather, of Mr. Nordhall, of the Cunard Line, of the church bazar, of the Heart of Mid-Lothian. Madam Strong read the Heart of Mid-Lothian once a year; in December, always. She considered Scott a great writer; she was apt to say so about the second week in December.

On this afternoon she talked longer than usual. Reliance assented as usual; perhaps more languidly. Madam Strong, in her dignified way, which was at once above a suspicious and below a compelling scrutiny, watched Reliance that day. Nature had not gifted Mrs. Winthrop L. Strong with that perfume of character which we call imagination; but of experience of life, which is the next thing to it in practical effect and often

mistaken for it, she had her share. She was an old woman, and she had seen the world. She laid down her baby socks, and said, —

"We shall miss Mr. Nordhall, my dear."

"Yes; oh, yes," assented Reliance, vaguely.

"You have seen a good deal of him; he has been very kind to you," proceeded John Strong's mother, counting blue stitches on those consecrated wooden needles, which lent such an air of sanctity to the lightest occasion honored by them.

"He has always been kind," replied John Strong's widow earnestly. "John used to depend upon him long ago, when there was anything to be done for me and he could n't do it himself. Charley Nordhall is a loyal friend."

"Has it never struck you," — began the elder lady; but paused, oppressed by an unusual embarrassment.

"What 'm?" Reliance looked at her with clear, sweet, sad eyes.

"Has it never struck you that — Mr. Nordhall would be happier if he were to marry?" proceeded the mother-in-law. Now this was not what she had meant to say, at all. She felt a certain well-bred sense of guilt at her slight subterfuge. Madam Strong was not accustomed to allow herself flights of conversation (or of anything else) in which she could not easily see her way back to her nest of silence and blue single zephyr. She seemed to herself, for a moment, like the plotting elderly woman in the lower class of fiction, which she never permitted herself to read, and of which she was sure Scott would not have approved. A faint color tinged her face, refined and expressionless as old white china. But Reliance answered, —

"Yes 'm. I used to think of it very often; I have hoped he would; but lately I have been so absorbed in my own troubles, I don't know that it had occurred to me, mother, whether Mr. Nordhall was married or not. I don't know whether he would be happiest so. I had not thought. Men are the best judges for themselves about such matters."

She spoke with a gravity and directness which were not to be mistaken. This young creature, standing there in her black dress, with her eyes dreaming on the fire, belonged to those women for the classification of whom the fine old Bible phrase might have been purposely inspired: she was "a widow indeed."

Madam Strong perceived this, one hardly knows how. She had known young women who, though abundantly tempted, never encouraged a second conjugal affection. Her thoughts occupied themselves with such well-finished sentences. It was natural that John Strong's wife should be one of these women. Madam Strong set up the stitches for her twenty-second pair, with industrious content.

But Reliance put on her things, and went out to walk in the brave snowstorm. She said she must look up Kaiser, and he would go with her. They would walk towards the shore.

And so the afternoon came to an end. Reliance had a relief that it was over. Without feeling any undue sentimentalism in such matters, she hated partings and leave-takings; they jarred on nerves already worn sensitive by real grief. And Charley Nordhall had been very kind.

"He 's gone, Kaiser," she said, with a slight sadness. Kaiser whined, and leaped upon her, barking. She had drawn off her fur glove to pat him, and the dog kissed her hand. She felt grateful for this mark of affection. It was a lonely storm. She felt like saying, "Thank you, Kaiser."

When they came to the shore, she paced up and down. Kaiser followed her with grave regularity. The beach

was slippery and glittered; it was a cold, ashen color, and the rocks had the look of iron. But the sea was a curdled, cruel blue. As she stood looking between the foaming lips of the nearest breaker, thence off into the tumult of the snow that brought the horizon so solemnly near to the eye, she suddenly thought that this was the sea which in a few hours would dash between herself and her husband's friend. It seemed just then very wide, wider than if the curtain of the snow-flakes had been less close and dense. No distance appears so deep as that which is hidden from sight.

Reliance spent a busy winter; this, the third since her bereavement, was perhaps the busiest of her life. One need not be saying much, to be sure, in saying that, for the lives of women like this young creature are not often burdened with care. Mrs. Strong, however, did occupy herself in earnest. Nordhall occasionally wrote to ask "how her parishioners got on," but she gave him no very detailed answers. She did not write often. Indeed, she found, or she gave herself, little time for desultory correspondence. She had plunged heavily into the Poor Relief work of the town. Even in Salem it is possible to care for the suffering with enthusiasm, individuality, and independence. Reliance was not capable of working without. The discovery that a young lady as ignorant as herself of the woes of her fellow-men (and up to this point as indifferent to them) could make a sober man out of a drunkard, or a self-respecting citizen of a beggar, or a virtuous woman of a castaway, awed her; and was, at the outset, almost more of a pain than a pleasure. When she found what a light sacrifice arouses the large loyalty of the poor, and what a profuse expenditure of feeling they return for a little outlay, she became at first puzzled, then humbled, then grateful, hopeful, comforted. She trod the shores of a new world. She began to know the dangers and the delights of personal ministry to those who need. That subtlest, and I say without hesitation strongest, of human passions, service to humanity, always ready to seek a nature made pliable and fertile by sorrow, attacked hers. She trembled before it, for she did not understand it nor herself. She only knew that now she could bear to live.

Reliance, in short, gave herself up to the people who seemed to need her the most, and the inevitable consequence followed: her need of them became the predominant fact in her life.

She yielded herself to these grave delights, — an evening school her highest dissipation, a temperance society her wildest pleasure, a mission prayer-meeting her keenest comfort; and "times followed one another," and one day she looked, and the syringa leaves were budding, and Madam Strong was sending the nankin sun-bonnet out to be pressed over, and the snow had melted from the flower-beds, and Kaiser was daily very muddy when he kissed her, and Jacobs was digging about the roots of things, and Janet was singing in the back yard with bare, bright head, and spring had come.

She remembered that with the spring would come Charles Nordhall. One does not forget such things because there are drunkards or poor women in the world.

She thought of this event with less excitement than she expended on the movements of Janet's father, or of a little shoe-shop girl she cared about, who had fallen into gay company. The heart holds one passion at a time; it may be love, ambition, friendship, revenge, or benevolence; but among passions, as among people, one must govern.

Reliance noticed, indeed, that April had passed, and Nordhall had not come; that May was going, but still he stayed;

that it was June, and yet he lingered. She thought of this with quiet interest. Had business detained him? Was he, perhaps, not well? Or he traveled for pleasure. And what was she to do about that Iowa mortgage where the interest had failed?

One day, she sat alone with Kaiser on the grape-vine settle under the lightning-pierced tree. It was but a short half hour after an early tea. She had a book in her hand, but was not reading. Her face and figure indicated expectancy. She looked vivid and eager in the slant light. She wore a fine, white camel's-hair shawl; one end of it was brought up across her hair and fastened there, in the pretty fashion by which women protect the head and shoulders with a single garment, on summer evenings. The dog leaned with chin and forepaws familiarly across her foot. She was looking in the direction of the gate.

It clicked while she sat there, and the bushes thrilled and swayed. A man fastened the latch, and stood a moment in the arbor before he advanced.

She put down her book and came towards him, holding out her hand. But when they met, she stopped short. Kaiser had bounded out.

"Charley Nordhall! Mr. Nordhall! I thought"—

"You thought I was somebody else. That is plain enough." He stood eagerly looking down.

"Why — I — thought you were a drunkard!"

"A man might wish he had been. There, there, Kaiser! There! Yes, good fellow. It is Mr. Janet, then?"

"Oh, yes. Don't make fun of him, poor man! He broke his pledge last week, — the first time," she added earnestly. "It must happen once in a while. But of course it was a great disappointment. I have to look after him for a little while very carefully. I asked him to call and see me this evening. Janet thought he would come. You see they have to be held up, — held up from day to day. Somebody must care enough to do it!"

She spoke with intense, almost feverish earnestness.

"Somebody must care enough — for most of us — to hold us up, each in our different ways," said Nordhall, gravely. "It ought to make us all patient with one another."

They were walking together towards the house, as if he too had been calling every few days, like the drunkards, — as if he too had never put the seas between himself and her sweet compassion and daily thought. He drew her aside to the seat she had left, and picked up the book that had fallen to the grass.

"Mother will be glad" — began Reliance, coming to herself, and flushing slightly.

"I will see your mother presently. Let me stay here a minute. What have you been reading?" He looked at the pamphlet; then laid it down without remark. It was Octavia Hill's Report of Coöperative Visitation among the London Poor.

"You did not come home when we expected," began Reliance again. Her heart smote her, — she had been so anxious about her drunkard. She was afraid she had not met Nordhall just as she should. She had given him the wrong man's welcome, and had been too confused to set it right.

"No; I was detained," said Nordhall. "At least," he added frankly, "I detained myself. I wanted to travel. I 've taken a run through Switzerland. I needed it. I should have written you, perhaps, but I had no reason to suppose you would care especially when I came. I left all the orders at the Bradburne Bank about everything — that I thought you could need before I returned."

This hurt her, and only her vivid cheeks, half the color of anger, half of shame, made answer to him.

He did not or would not see, and per-

sistently drummed away at the same note, with what may be called the madness or the inspiration of his sex.

"I have been gone two months longer than I expected to. I confess I was selfish enough to hope you would have cared."

"You could stay away two unnecessary months, it seems!" flashed Reliance. She had forgotten about Mr. Janet just then. Was there a touch of pique in her voice? An expression which only another man could have read correctly crossed Charles Nordhall's face. He looked down at her. She looked young and human, like any other beautiful woman. She seemed very near. He remembered how near she had looked, shut in towards him by the lace curtain, on that day in Boston. But that was long, oh, long ago. Impetuous words of joy at seeing her after their separation sprang to his lips. A masculine sense of power and defiance overtook him. Why should not a man make a woman glad to see him?

"You missed me!" he began. "You missed me" — At this moment the gate clicked once more and the syringa bushes trembled shyly. A tall, stooped, weak figure shuffled up the garden walk. A man with gaunt eyes and fine face written heavily with lines of shame stood hesitating there. Nordhall rose. The two men looked at the lady.

"There is your drunkard," said Nordhall below his breath. He wondered if she would leave him, on this first evening, for that castaway.

"I am sorry," said Reliance, "but *he* needs me. Go to mother. I will come as soon as I can."

She drew her white drapery about her, and stepping hastily across the now darkening lawn held out her hand to Mr. Janet.

She looked to Nordhall, left alone, less woman now than ghost. The distance between them seemed, in the uncertain twilight, to be greater than it was.

V.

"He takes us all as if we were his blood relations." (His poor neighbors of Walter Scott's friendships.)

Something touched and startled him as he stood there, thinking bitterly how he had looked forward to this evening and what had come of it. The touch came from the dog. Kaiser lifted and thrust his nose affectionately into Nordhall's hand. Then Nordhall discovered that he had shut his hand rather hard, and that the dog was prying his fingers apart, licking them with that profound obtuseness to the fact that his methods of caress may not be as agreeable as he personally considers them which is peculiar to his race; though I am not sure but a similar misapprehension is shared by most lower natures as regards their expressions of attachment to a higher.

"Kisses enough!" repeated Nordhall, idly. He had caught the phrase, somehow, from her. She used to discourage Kaiser's advances in that way, once in a while. The idle words struck him oddly as he said them aloud, for he felt grateful to Kaiser for staying there with him. There were not so many people in the world to kiss him when he came home from Europe that he need criticise a dog's welcome. Nordhall had no sisters, and his parents were dead. He had some cousins in Boston, — he was going to see them tomorrow; but they shook hands with him.

Reliance had walked on towards the house with poor Mr. Janet. Nordhall and Kaiser went in, after a little while, to find Madam Strong. They passed Reliance and her drunkard, sitting on the piazza in the light from the parlor windows. The lady looked up, and smiled abstractedly. She was talking earnestly. Tears were in her eyes. The man was saying: —

"I promise you before God! But I

promised you before. I never thought I'd break a promise to a lady" —

Madam Strong sat within, not far from the open windows, in the soft, June air. Her blue knitting-work lay across Peveril of the Peak upon the table. Her hands were folded. She was sleeping the peaceful sleep of age which never knew a feverish, perplexed, or rebellious youth. What subtle moral problems had ever tortured her? . . .

She woke with her fragile smile, expressing no surprise at the young man's presence; she was too old to be surprised. She only said, —

"Ah, Mr. Nordhall!" And they fell to talking of the weather and the Cunard Line, the Tyrol and the Roman fever, the doctor, the minister, the Rollinstalls, homœopathy, and the church bazar, as if he had never been away at all. But the young man was in no mood for the generous art of conversing with an old lady, and after waiting some time in vain for Reliance to come in, he bade her mother-in-law good-night, and somewhat suddenly left the house. As he did so, he met Reliance. She was coming up the piazza steps, down which she had gone to say her last earnest word to the man. Nordhall knew how she did such things, — intense in her humanity as in her love or grief. Despite his vexation, he felt a thrill of pride in her single-heartedness. "You thorough woman!" he said to himself as he looked at her.

The thorough woman put up both hands to him. Her face was flushed with a beautiful pity. The struggle for the conquest of a soul — the finest fever that the heart knows — still lingered in her eyes. Nordhall could see instantly how this fever had gained upon her since he went away.

"I have treated you badly," she said, like a penitent child, "but how could I help it? Come back, please."

He yielded, and they sat down together on the piazza. The perfumed darkness was around them; and the broken lights from the parlor windows served only to reveal their outlines to one another. Her white shawl had fallen, and she held it across her arms; it dropped over her lap to the floor. She wore white now, too, at her throat and wrists.

"I think he can be saved," began Reliance again, eagerly, "but it requires constant watching. I *undertook* it, Mr. Nordhall. How could I bear it if I failed in my part of this hard work? How should I feel if such a poor fellow slipped back into the mud because I got impatient or tired of it all? It is easy to get impatient. It is not easy to save a soul!" She spoke in a low, awed voice.

Nordhall made no reply. He sat and looked at her. Suddenly he broke out, —

"There are different kinds of souls in the world! This is an Irishman's!"

"You mistake," said, Reliance in a matter-of-fact voice. "Janet is an English girl. Mother won't have Irish servants. Mr. Griggs was a coachman in London once."

"*X* equaling the value of a coachman's soul," began Nordhall passionately, — "a gentleman's, for instance, — an old friend's" — He stopped and said, "Forgive me, Mrs. Strong!"

Reliance made no answer. He hurried on: —

"I took a brutal way of expressing a natural pang. I had been away a good while. A lonely man like me has not so many welcomes to look forward to that he can bear the loss of one very graciously. I beg your pardon. I am glad you are saving drunkards. It is womanly, Christian work. You are doing it like a woman and a Christian. But it has changed you." He stopped abruptly.

"Changed me?"

"You have taken philanthropy as a passion," proceeded Nordhall, still laboring under unusual excitement. "Or, you are a woman, — yes, it has taken you. A woman does not live without emotion. You have found it in saving

castaways. You needed excitement. You have it in compelling the better natures of abandoned people. You lacked occupation. Charity provides you with one. You perished for love" —

Reliance raised her beautiful head. He could see the haughty motion. It seemed to spur him headlong on.

"You perished for love, I say! We all do, in our measures. You had received — and given — more than one woman's share. When you were left without it, — when your trouble came, — you needed a substitute for happiness. Be patient with me! We all do, in different forms. Some of us find it in study, or in trade, some in pleasure, some in sin. I have known people who could take it out in horseback-riding or household-art decoration, in a cigar or an embroidered stork. You have found it in benevolence."

"You are severe," interrupted Reliance gently. "And yet — I have tried — I meant to be unselfish." Her head had fallen, her lip trembled.

"You starved for love," persisted he. "And you have it — there." He pointed down the dark road, where the drunkard's departing steps had ceased to echo. "You have it here," waving his hand towards the hall, where, across the great lighted space left by the open door, the figure of Janet passed, flitting and anxious. "You have it everywhere you go. You treat poor people as if they were human — and you too. That is the highest bid that can be made for their affection. They give it. You are overwhelmed with it. You needed love. You have found it in its most alluring and its most illusive form. You have too much of it!"

Reliance sat perfectly still. Had she opposed any resistance to this torrent of words, it is uncertain how long it might have gone on.

"You have too much, — it will spoil you! It intoxicates you; you are living on it as that fellow lives on his dram!"

Suddenly his manner changed. "And yet your motives *are* so pure, you are so unselfish, that you do not resent all this! And I am a brute!" He got up, and restlessly paced the piazza. "Reliance, — Mrs. Strong — be patient with me. I am all out of sorts to-night. I have been rude."

"I 'm only afraid you may be right," she answered, gently still. "And yet — if it were — if I *did* need love, and if my poor people gave it — I never thought of it so. But should I be so very much to blame? Must I stop working because I love them?"

"God forbid!" said Nordhall quickly. "Only save a corner for some of us poor devils who are not drunkards or outcasts. We mean well. We do as well as we can to deserve your interest."

She had risen, drawing her white shawl up, and stood regarding him perplexedly. That old fancy of his about her came upon him, seeing her so absorbed and sweet and calm, — white against the dark.

"Wraith or woman?" he said, half aloud.

"What did you say?"

"I said I hoped you had a heart left for your friends."

"I hope so," said Reliance, earnestly. "And for you, — for John's friend — Mr. Nordhall, I *was* glad to see you come home. Did you not know?"

"Yes, I am John's friend," said Charley Nordhall more quickly, after a long pause. "Let us come in to the house. The air is damp for you."

He walked home that night with restless, reckless steps. He was thoroughly ill at ease. He knew he had been rough with her, the gentlest woman that ever breathed! He knew that he could not expect her to understand him. What was more immediately to the purpose, he perceived that he did not understand himself. He did not know, till he saw her, how he had looked forward to com-

ing back to her. He had been a conscientious traveler, with an occupied mind. His dead friend's wife had found her place in it, of course. Had he purposely prolonged his journey, the better to define that place and keep her in it? Had he, not without design, increased the distance between them, the better to observe its effect on herself when they should meet? And now — was he jealous of her interest in her house-maid's drunken father? . . . Poor girl!

Despite his masculine reluctance to see a woman whom he idealized brought into contact with all the unnamed perils to which earnest work among the ignorant and erring must expose a lady, he was perfectly conscious that she moved on a plane to which he had never aspired, and that her preoccupations were as much nobler as her nature was finer than his own. He acknowledged this fact to himself with stern severity. He acknowledged, too, that any movement of soul which he should make towards that level would spring not so much from a wish to approach it, as to approach her. After some moments' hard walking and clear thinking, he acknowledged that his ill-nature sprung from an unwillingness to lose the position of comforter-in-chief to this attractive mourner.

At this point his thoughts came to a dead-lock. Love? He shrank. Alone there in the dark road, this knightly gentleman recoiled from himself, because he had admitted so much as the word to his throbbing thoughts. With love and marriage those thoughts had nothing to do. He had been a busy man. The full years had left him no time for empty dreams. He had never wished nor expected to marry.

Even if he had, this woman was his friend's wife. He thanked Heaven that he was not born a scoundrel, to love another man's wife.

True, John was what we call dead. Who knew what that meant? Nordhall lifted his face to the sky. All the stars were out.

He looked up solemnly, in one of those pauses of soul which come seldom to hurried lives. What was it to be dead? Old Bible words came to him, brokenly and confused, as he walked along with stumbling feet and skyward gaze: "*To live again?*"

That was her way of thinking. She was a devout and trustful woman, — Heaven help her! Where would she have been were she not? *She* believed that John was a live man.

He expressed this to himself in just these words; drew his breath; passed his hand over his forehead with the wearied and appealing motion into which reserved people fall only when they are unobserved.

He stretched his hands a little, both of them, towards the sky. He knew he was alone. The street was still. Far in the distance the lights of the town pulsated passionately; each meant a human home. Behind him the unseen sea broke steadily and strong. He stopped, and spoke aloud: —

"John! *John*, old fellow!"

He took off his hat and held it a moment. Then he bowed his bared head.

"It seems as if — if ever a man would make himself known to another, it might be at some such time and place too — as this. Perhaps he would. Perhaps he can't . . . *John!* . . . *Are you alive?*"

He hesitated, standing still uncovered.

"John Strong! *You trust me, don't you?*"

A busy man, not often given to forays of imagination, is the more subject to them when they attack him; and Nordhall was so possessed by his exalted mood that he was bewildered and startled on suddenly perceiving that he was not alone upon the dark road.

A man stood in the middle of it, perfectly silent, directly in the path.

Nordhall's hand instinctively sought the revolver which he sometimes carried on these lonely walks; but he found that he had left it at home. That aristocratic town had her full share of social extremes, and the Salem rough has acquired a more than local reputation.

As Nordhall tried to pass, with such fearless indifference as the case required, the fellow laid a heavy hand upon his arm.

"Stand off!" cried Nordhall, with a mighty shove. The man staggered and fell back. He made no effort to resume hostilities, but stood still. He carried a little dark-lantern with him, which now turned upon his figure. Nordhall recognized him at once. It was Mr. Janet.

"How did you suppose I was going to know you?" cried the gentleman, by way of apology. "Come, now! What is it? I'm in a hurry, and no man likes being caught upon a dark road in this way. You might have got arrested for a highwayman. Have you been drinking — so soon?"

Nordhall's natural irritation was slow in subsiding, and he poured the words out in his quick-blooded fashion.

"*No!*" thundered the "reformed man," drawing himself up. "I ain't so low as that, — fresh from a sight of" —

"Never mind!" cried Nordhall. He could not bring himself to bear hearing her name uttered in this way.

"You're not the man I took you for," said the other sullenly, moving away.

This aroused Nordhall's curiosity, and that subdued his temper. He followed Mr. Janet, — spoke more gently.

"What do you mean by that? Perhaps we don't either of us know what kind of man the other is. Do me the justice to remember that you came upon me like a robber."

"I'm no robber," said the man, "and no rascal. I'm a reformed man."

"Why don't you stay reformed, then?" asked Nordhall bluntly.

"That's what I was trying to do, when you come up. I thought mebbe you'd help me. I took you for a different sort of man, — seein' you in *her* company. I took it for granted a feller *she* took to would be like herself, — God bless her! It seems I was mistaken, sir."

"Try me and see," said Nordhall, mildly accepting the rebuke. "Tell me what you thought I could do for you."

Mr. Janet hesitated, standing for some moments twirling his dark-lantern round and round between his fingers. The revolving light flashing and fading on his rough face had a sad effect, like the struggles and failures of purpose which beset a shipwrecked life. His forehead was carved with the deep furrows which usually belong to men battling with the alcoholic passion.

"Sir," he said at last, in a changed voice, "do you see that light yonder ahead of us, — just to the corner where Cranby's Cut strikes down to the Ma'shes? I can't get by that light. No, you don't understand, I see; you ain't used to us. *She'd* understand. She'd ha' come with me herself ef it was fit for a lady. I can't get by alone. That's Cranby's Hell."

"Cranby's — Hell?"

"Cranby's grogg'ry, sir. It's where I've ben used to get my liquor. I'm owin' him. I darsen't go by. They'll coax me in. I've got the money to pay, and he knows it. He won't *let* me by. And I darsen't go in, — I darsen't go in! Sir, I've set here half an hour, on this rock, looking at that there light. I thought mebbe you'd let me — seein' you was a friend of hers — let me walk by with you, sir. That was all. But it don't matter. I won't trouble you, sir."

He turned drearily, swinging his lantern, from sheer nervousness, in a ghastly way, setting his face towards Cranby's Hell.

"I will go with you," said Nordhall.

"Come into Cranby's and pay your debt. I'll stand by you till you're out again. Will that do?"

"Then I'll be clear of him!" said Mr. Janet joyously. "Yes, sir, thank you. That will do."

The two men walked on together in silence. Neither knew how to address the other, under these circumstances. Suddenly Mr. Janet drew his breath hard and shook from head to foot. They had not quite reached the door of the groggery, but Nordhall perceived that the fumes from it struck their faces. He felt a surprised sympathy with the effect of this fact upon his companion, but he did not comment upon it. They passed in, still in silence, and Mr. Janet paid his bill. Nordhall stood beside him.

The shop was full. The entrance or reception room in which they stood was fitted up as a little — a very little — grocery; adjoining it was a second smaller apartment, in and out of which a few men skulked on mysterious errands; a third and still smaller room opened beyond, dimly lighted, and with an ugly look.

Nordhall was conscious that his presence in this place attracted attention, and occupied himself with a desire to hasten the business which brought him there.

A few idle words passed between Mr. Janet and the proprietor, who made no effort to detain him. They turned, and were about to leave, when out of the third and inner room a man advanced towards them. His face and figure, even, seemed to smoulder, as he staggered up. The whole creature looked lurid. He was evidently far gone with the insensate rage which forms a stage of intoxication in certain lower natures, and which seizes the first convenient object on which to vent itself, as fire seizes fuel.

"Griggs!" he cried. "*You* goin' ter leave us? By Blank! you shan't! We want your blanked company!"

"You cannot have it to-night," said Nordhall, in his quiet, cultivated voice. "Come, Mr. Griggs." He put his white hand upon the other's shoulder.

At the instant, through the flare and fumes of the sickening place, he was aware that riot arose; that a raving figure leaped at him; that others leaped at it; that there were cries and a blow. Then he fell, crashing, and knew no more.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE WIVES OF POETS.

II.

Our next author is the celebrated fabulist, Jean Lafontaine, who was born at Château Thierry, in Champagne, in July, 1621, his father being an overseer of waters and forests, to which office the son succeeded. Lafontaine — whose face I do not find particularly prepossessing, with its large, thin, prominent nose, small chin, and air of skittish uncertainty — was an odd mixture of simplicity, shrewdness, laxity, and right feeling; something like our own Oliver Goldsmith, but an extremer instance. His freedom from rivalry or ambition, his absence of mind, his neglectful incapacity for attending to his own business, were altogether abnormal. Such a character might turn out the most docile, easy-going, and attached of husbands, or the most wayward and intractable. Lafontaine partook of both these dispositions. He got on tolerably enough

with his wife, and might have done the same to the end of the chapter; but at one moment he got away from her, and he never returned. At the persuasion of his family, who saw him inclined to nothing but idle amusement, he, at the age of twenty-six, married a pretty and engaging young lady, Marie Héricard, daughter of the lieutenant-général of La Ferté-Milon. She had plenty of sense and spirit, and, as long as they lived together, he constantly consulted her about his writings. He had no particular inclination for marrying, but he esteemed the lady both before and after their nuptials; and it is said that their tone of mind and temper was a good deal alike, and that he, though there were some quarrels from time to time, owing to his careless way of life, did not find her really difficult to agree with. Some other people did. She, like her husband, lacked orderliness, application, and firmness, and was a great reader of romances. There is an amusing story about Lafontaine's being incited to jealousy and a duel. A certain Captain Poignant, of the dragoons, frequented his house, and enjoyed the lady's society more especially. Lafontaine's was, indeed, not greatly enjoyable; for he was taciturn, slovenly, and commonplace. The captain, however, gave no cause for suspicion; but somebody set Lafontaine on the alert, and told him that it would behoove him to fight a duel. He called on the captain, who was comfortably asleep, and summoned him to follow to the field of honor. Here he explained the cause of his proceedings, and drew his sword, which at the very first pass was knocked out of his hand by his more expert antagonist; and Poignant then took Lafontaine home, and they were reconciled over their breakfast.

Some years of married life ensued, and the birth of a son; which was not, perhaps, very welcome to Lafontaine, who is recorded to have had a marked dislike to children, — almost the last feeling one would have imputed to the fabulist. Then the Duchess of Bouillon, a lively lady who had prompted him to write his Contes, or narratives in verse, a work of very indecorous notoriety, took him with her to Paris. Here he at once settled down: partly, it would seem, because he liked the capital and its gayeties, partly because he disliked attending to his own affairs, which were somewhat involved; not, apparently, because he had any rooted intention of quitting his wife; though in fact he did quit her, and saw her henceforth only at rare intervals. His letters to her have been preserved, and they show (it is said) the same spirit of observation and discernment that we find in his Fables. He was in the habit of paying her a short visit each September, in company with a friend or two. On one occasion he had been persuaded to get thoroughly reconciled to her, but, calling at her house, and being told by the servant that she was at her devotions, he went away again, spent a couple of days with a friend hard by, and then returned to Paris. In the capital he had at first been housed with the lavish superintendent of finance, Fouquet; after his fall, with the English Princess Henrietta, wife of the French king's brother; then, for twenty years, with a lady of great distinction and amiability, Madame de la Sablière; and after her death, in his old age, with another friend. The first set of his inimitable Fables, which were immensely popular, was published in 1668, when he was forty-seven years of age, — a masterpiece of *naïveté*, spirit, sprightliness, and felicitous tact.

Lafontaine had throughout his life shown the same indifferentism in religion as in other matters; but near his end a priest took him in hand, and he evinced contrition for past irregularities, and is said to have become sincerely pious. His wife and son (he had once met and liked the latter in Parisian

society, without knowing him until he was told of the relationship) do not seem, even after this change in his sentiments and demeanor, ever to have visited him. He died in March, 1695. The wife, since her husband's disappearance, had continued living on her own independent property, which sufficed for her requirements. After his death she was pressed to pay some taxes; but the intendant of Soissons, D'Armenonville, ordered that the family of Lafontaine, as a national benefactor, should be exempted from all public burdens; and this immunity always continued, — a rare instance of honor to literary services.

Here is the epitaph which Lafontaine wrote for himself. I am sorry to spoil it in translation: —

> "John has departed much as he had come,
> Eating his income, then his capital,
> Accounting property superfluous.
> As for his time, he knew to spend it well:
> He made two parts of it, and he would pass
> One sleeping, and the other doing naught."

The greatest comic dramatist of France, — the greatest for pure comedy, I believe, of the modern world, — Jean Baptiste Poquelin, who upon going on the stage adopted the name of Molière, was born in Paris in January, 1622. His father was a furniture broker, who held the post of valet de chambre and upholsterer to the king. The son showed an early inclination for the theatre; in 1641, aged nineteen, he became definitely an actor. He joined with a provincial actress, Madeleine Béjart; and they formed a company, which, in 1653, at Lyons, played his first regular comedy, L'Etourdi. With Madeleine he had a tie more than professional. In 1662, being then aged forty, and having meanwhile settled in Paris, and obtained a fine reputation as actor, author, and manager, and a post at court as well, he married a much younger sister of Madeleine, Armande Claire Elizabeth Béjart, aged at the utmost seventeen. Armande has generally been called the daughter of Madeleine; but that is a mistake. She was an actress, and attained eventually a great success in high comedy, playing with refinement, and singing with much taste. This union of the middle-aged actor with the girlish actress, a marriage of affection on his part, was a perilous experiment, and proved a very unfortunate one. After three years or so of marriage, Molière had but too good reason to suspect his wife's fidelity. He understood her to be in love with the nobleman De Lauzun; she, on being taxed with this, repelled the charge, but avowed an inclination for De Guiche, and closed the scene with tears and a fainting fit. The actor Baron seems also to have given Molière cause for marital disquietude about this time. The situation was all the crueler for him, as he had in his troupe both the elder sister Madeleine and another actress for whom he had had an attachment, Mademoiselle de Bric. A partial separation took place between the poet and his wife; and when he was shortly afterwards acting Alceste, the hero of his own Misanthrope, and she was performing the volatile lady of fashion, Celimène, they met only in the theatre. He still loved her, however, and found the severance, which lasted for something like seven years, very painful. At last, through the mediation of friends, they again came together, and another child was born to him. But the reconciliation was only ten months before the dramatist's death. He expired in February, 1673, aged fifty-two, through pulmonary disease and the rupture of a blood-vessel; having, on the previous evening, insisted, in the interest of the many poor persons whose living depended on the theatre, upon playing a part of his own Malade Imaginaire, in spite of the earnest dissuasions of his wife and of Baron. Two nuns were tending Molière when he died, stifled by the flow of blood; his wife, on hurrying into the chamber, found him lifeless.

Molière was kind-hearted, obliging, generous, quick in temper, observant, not talkative. He lived sumptuously in his later years, having an income of some thirty thousand livres. In person he was neither fat nor thin, rather tall, of fine carriage and a very serious air. His nose was large, and so was his thick-lipped mouth; his complexion brown; his eyebrows black, heavy, and very mobile; his voice somewhat hard. He had an inclination to tragic acting, and a good faculty for it, but practically he was a comedian actor, famed for the parts of intriguing servants so characteristic of the drama of that epoch, or for high comedy, as in Orgon in the Tartuffe, or Harpagon in the Avare.

Whatever her conjugal misdoings, Madame Molière seems to have had a proper sense of her husband's greatness; for, when the Archbishop of Paris refused him burial, in accordance with the priestly prejudices of those times, she exclaimed with honest indignation, "They refuse a grave to one to whom Greece would have erected altars!" An order from the king intervened, and Molière was buried with maimed rites in the cemetery of St. Joseph, Rue Montmartre. Two or three years afterwards his tombstone got damaged by a curious casualty. The winter being excessively cold, his widow had a load of wood lighted on the stone to warm the poor of the district, and the slab split in the burning heat.

A detailed account has been given of a long conversation held with Molière while he was partly separated from his wife; in the course of this he called her "a person without beauty, whom people are willing to credit with some talent." It is said, also, that an exceedingly sprightly scene in the Bourgeois Gentilhomme, purporting to give some description of the heroine Lucile, is really aimed at Armande. This informs us that her eyes were small but piercing, her mouth large and loving, her stature moderate, her demeanor nonchalant and at the same time serious, her caprices frequent. This is just the sort of woman in whom a man can find much to complain of, but whom, if he has loved her once, he does not give up without a pang. Molière's fondness for his wife is rumored to have led him into that lifelong quarrel with doctors which figures so largely in his plays. The story is that the couple were once lodging in the house of a physician whose wife notified a rise of rent, whereof Armande, in her free and easy way, would take no heed; and then the lodgings were let over the heads of her and her husband, who rapidly paid off the medical faculty at large.

Madame Molière, only twenty-eight years of age at the date of her widowhood, and always careful of her own person and comfort, remarried with the comedian Gressinde. She quitted the stage in 1694, and died in 1700, aged fifty-five.

The last of our four French poets, the renowned dramatist Jean Racine, was born at La Ferté-Milon, in December, 1639, his father holding a superior post in the salt office. When barely of age, the son made his mark as a poet in an ode on the king's marriage. This procured him a small pension, and he determined to adopt poetry as his profession, and came to Paris. He was appointed a gentleman in ordinary to the king, and, although not in orders, wore the ecclesiastical habit. His earliest tragedy, La Thébaïde, appeared in 1664; Andromaque, his first great success, and inferior, I think, to none that followed it, in 1668; Bajazet, Iphigénie, Phèdre, and others followed up to 1691, when he closed the roll with Athalie. As a poet Racine enjoyed general favor, not unembittered by envies and rivalries; at last he mixed in politics, and this certainly in a way which entitles him to our esteem, but it proved his destruction. Madame de Maintenon, the

second wife of Louis XIV., asked Racine to compose a memoir on the miseries endured by the people in the closing years of the century. He complied, and drew a moving picture of their distresses. The king saw the manuscript, ascertained who was its author, resented the performance with the words, "Because he is a poet, does he think to be a minister?" and forbade him the royal presence. Racine was not strong-minded enough to endure this reverse; and his chagrin, acting upon a bad state of health, — he suffered from abscess of the liver, — brought him to his death-bed in April, 1699.

In youth Racine was long in love with the actress De Champmêle, but she abandoned him for a more aristocratic lover. In 1677, when he was thirty-eight years of age, being disgusted at the cabals against his famous tragedy of Phèdre, he had serious thoughts of becoming a Carthusian monk; but his confessor recommended him to marry instead, and he espoused Mademoiselle de Romanet, daughter of a Trésorier de France for Amiens, — a lady, it is said, equally handsome and virtuous, who secured his affections, — and he continued exemplary in all domestic relations. There were five children of the marriage: one son, Louis, became a poet of some name; the eldest daughter entered a Carmelite convent. Several of the poet's letters to another son have been preserved; they contain many references to Madame Racine, always in an affectionate, homely tone. One letter, written late in life, speaks of her great care of the poet during an illness. There are also four letters from Madame Racine herself to the same son, from which we can perceive that she shared in the earnest religious sentiments of her husband. One of them relates to a proposal for the son's marriage, and contains the following remarks: "It appears to us that the fortune which this girl would have brought you had made rather too much impression on your mind, and that you had not sufficiently reflected on what your father had mentioned to you of the temper of the person in question. I perceive, my dear son, that you are not aware of how much importance that is for the comfort of life; this, however, is what has made us break off the affair." An anecdote that has been recorded tends, like these remarks, to indicate that Madame Racine was not greedy of riches, and was devoted to her duties as a mother. It purports that the poet once brought home one thousand louis given him by the king; but he could not get his wife to pay any attention to this piece of good news, as she insisted, with some iteration, upon his reprimanding one of the children, who for two days past could not be made to mind his lessons.

Racine was of medium height, agreeable figure, open and lively countenance; a polite man, of soft manners, yet not free from rancor. His self-esteem was active, and easily chafed by criticism. His widow survived him many years, dying in 1732, and having enjoyed meanwhile an annual pension of two thousand livres, granted, perhaps with some compunction, by the king.

Next and last the German poets claim our attention. Of them I select five, beginning with Lessing, and ending with a man of our own days, — Heine.

Gotthold Ephraim Lessing was one of the leading pioneers and chief figures of modern German culture, — poet, dramatist, art critic, religious inquirer. He brought to bear upon whatever he did an earnest, piercing, free, enlightened mind. His dramas of Minna von Barnhelm, Emilia Galotti, Nathan the Wise, his treatises on the sculptural and dramatic arts, his edition of the Wolfenbüttel Fragments, on subjects of religion and dogma, are all works of a strenuous, penetrating faculty, of the highest value to the foundation and evolution of German thought. Lessing, the son of a Lutheran minister, was born at Kamentz,

in Saxony, in January, 1729. He began writing early, and soon distinguished himself as an opponent of French models for the literature of Germany. He moved a good deal about, — Leipsic, Berlin, Wittenburg, Breslau, Hamburg, and then Brunswick and Wolfenbüttel, where he was the ducal librarian. His courtship and marriage form a very distinct episode in his life, the one around which gathers most of the strictly personal interest of his career. At Hamburg, where he settled for a while in 1767, aged thirty-eight, he knew a prosperous silk manufacturer named König, with his wife Eva and family of children. The husband dying, the widow and Lessing fell in love; but she had a great amount of complicated business to attend to in the interest of her children, and would not, therefore, entertain any proposal of early remarriage. She is described as a capable woman, of large, masculine intellect. Her intellect may have been masculine, but we are not to understand that her character was in any way disagreeably unfeminine, for all the evidence tells to a contrary effect. In August, 1771, the pair were formally betrothed; but their nuptials were still deferred some years, until October, 1776, part of the interval having been spent by Lessing in traveling in Italy with Prince Leopold of Brunswick. During this time the lady's patience and confidence were put to a severe trial, owing to the prolonged cessation of letters from her betrothed; and that, again, as finally explained, was caused by the non-delivery of a whole series of *her* letters. At last they settled down to married life in Wolfenbüttel; Lessing's debts, which had long harassed him, being finally cleared off. Four children of the first marriage lived in their house, and Lessing proved a very affectionate step-father, and altogether highly domestic. He regained cheerfulness, to which he had long been a stranger, and writing of his wife to his brother he said, "I have ever held her to be the only woman with whom I should venture to live." The house was well kept and hospitable; the husband generous, and his amiable spouse still more so. Lessing was a good talker; and we are told that he always dressed well, and would play chess with some of his friends, and affect to smoke with others who were smokers. This exceptionally happy period of his life came to a rapid close in January, 1778, when, after little more than a year of marriage, his wife died in giving birth to a child which accompanied her to the tomb. A letter which he wrote at a later date says that he would gladly give up half of such life as might remain to him, could he but live the rest of it with her; and elsewhere he speaks of his marriage as "a single year spent with a sensible woman." In the brief period of his survival he would frequently write in the room where his Eva had died, having a favorite cat as his companion.

Theological controversy, in which Lessing was a resolute advocate of free thought and full inquiry, tempered by religious sentiment, and the production of his celebrated play Nathan the Wise occupied the three years' residue of his life. His eyesight failed, paralysis attacked him, and he died on the 15th of February, 1781. Among traits of his personal disposition, it is recorded that the author of the Laocoön was prone to anger, self-reliant, and little sensitive to the beauties of natural scenery. His portrait shows us a good-looking face, — rather ordinary, yet at the same time exceedingly intelligent, — with dark eyes and an expression which combines composure and acuteness.

My second example of a German poet, Gottfried August Bürger, is scarcely of such high rank in his art that I would of my own accord have selected him; but, as Karl Elze, in the passage already quoted, cites him as a poet unfortunate in marriage, I have felt bound not to

pass him over. Bürger was the author of those deservedly renowned ballads of ghostly terror, Lenore and the Wild Huntsman, translated by Walter Scott; also of numerous other poems of varied lyrical quality, not much known out of his own country. The son of a Lutheran minister, he was born on the first day of 1748, at Wolmerswende, in Halberstadt. He was fond of romantic solitude, lax in his morals (though his face, fleshy, with round eyes, small mouth, and the other features large, looks more lymphatic than passionate or imaginative), and was not successful in the practical affairs of life. A professorship at Göttingen, without fixed salary, formed his principal dependence. Certainly Bürger was a very luckless husband. Soon after he had, at a very early age, published Lenore, with wide-spread applause, he married a Hanoverian lady named Leonhart; but scarcely had he done this when he fell in love with her younger sister, the Molly of many of his poems. Betrayed and neglected, the ill-starred wife sank into an early grave, dying in 1784, and leaving two children. Bürger forthwith married her sister; and with her, however culpable, he might perhaps have been happy, but she too died, at the beginning of 1786, in childbed. This crushed his spirit and his genius; he succeeded, however, in completing the last of his important poems, named The Song of Songs, which he had projected as a sort of nuptial hymn, and which has been described as a strange compound of passion, devotion, and bombast.

After a space he thought of marrying for the third time. While pondering this purpose, he received a letter from Stuttgart, written by a young lady in cultivated and feeling language. She professed a great enthusiasm for his poetry, and offered to become his bride. The poet made some inquiries about the writer of this startling epistle; then he went to Stuttgart, espoused her, and brought her home to Göttingen. The third wife proved the avenger of the first. She was faithless to her self-bespoken husband, and embittered the rest of his life; and in less than three years he obtained a divorce. In great poverty, harassed by a bitter critique which Schiller had written, and broken down by these reiterated mishaps or retributions, Bürger came to the end of his career in June, 1794, aged forty-six. Such is the sufficiently dismal history of the author of Lenore.

I now come to one of the greatest and most comprehensive of the world's intellects, Goethe; one, also, of its very great poets, and (if considered dispassionately, without reference to our own special currents of sympathy or antipathy) one of its most stately, self-consistent, self-regulating characters as well. In the limits of an article like this, it is impossible for me even to indicate the general outlines of the literary career of such a hero of letters as Goethe; let us simply remember him as the author of Faust and Wilhelm Meister, and pass on.

Johann Wolfgang Goethe, or Von Goethe, as he was named when ennobled by the emperor in 1782, son of a doctor of law and imperial councilor, was born in Frankfort-on-the-Main on August 28, 1749; he died at Weimar on March 22, 1832, in his eighty-third year. He had many love affairs, which form a substantial part of his biography, and in which he showed, along with abundance of emotional susceptibility, a certain reluctance to commit himself finally and determine his fate for life. There was Gretchen, daughter of an inn-keeper; Charitas Meixner, a friend of his sister; the Lotte of The Sorrows of Werther; Frederika Brion, daughter of the pastor of Sesenheim; Lili Schönernauer, daughter of a banker; Charlotte von Stein, the wife of the master of the horse at Weimar. This lady was, when Goethe first knew her, thirty-three years

of age, and the mother of seven children. His attachment to her was ardent, especially from about 1775 to 1786, and the letters which he addressed to her cover a period of half a century. At a late date in his life (but here I am anticipating) he had a marked partiality for Marianne von Willemer, the bride of a Frankfort banker; she is the Zuleika of his poems the West-Oestliche Divan, and indeed she herself wrote some of the compositions in that series. There was also Bettine, the heroine of his so-called Letters to a Child.

Goethe, after a two years' stay in Italy, returned to Weimar in 1788; and in the autumn of that year he met the woman who eventually became his wife. The poet, who was at this time president of the Chamber at Weimar, was walking through the park, when a girl named Christiane Vulpius tendered him a petition on behalf of her brother. She had golden curling locks, round cheeks, laughing eyes, and a neatly turned figure, presenting, it has been said, the general appearance of a young Greek Dionysus, or Bacchus. Goethe took a fancy to her, and they parted no more. It was not, however, until eighteen years afterwards, in 1806, that he married her, and thus legitimized his offspring; even then, as Christiane was a person of little education, he did not introduce her into the high society to which he belonged. The terrors of the French occupation made him, it is understood, anxious for the future position of his son; hence his immediate motive for no longer delaying the marriage, — which, indeed, he would probably have carried into effect before but for Christiane's own dissuasions. In October, after the disastrous battle of Jena, Weimar was plundered by the French, and Goethe's property and possibly his life were on this occasion saved by the firmness of his Christiane. She proved a loving wife, and in most respects a good one: her greatest fault was the taint of intemperance inherited from her father. In spite of her lack of training, her quick mother wit made her to some extent available as an intellectual companion even to the author of Faust. When she died, not many years later, in 1816, he felt her loss bitterly. Others followed: Madame von Stein in 1827; the Grand Duke of Weimar in 1828. Goethe's son died at Rome in October, 1830, the object of his tender affection, in spite of defects of character. The great poet outlived them all, and was not (as I have already said) laid to his rest until 1832. His daughter-in-law, Ottilie, had tended his last days.

There is an interesting account, one of the few which bring before us Christaine and Goethe together, of how she told him of the death of his beloved friend Schiller, which occurred in 1805, more than a year before the marriage was solemnized. "No one," we are informed, "dared to tell Goethe the sad news, but he saw in the faces of those who surrounded him that Schiller must be very ill. On the morrow of Schiller's death, when Christiane entered his rooms, he said, 'Is it not true that Schiller was very ill yesterday?' She began to sob. He then cried, 'He is dead!' 'Thou hast spoken it thyself!' she exclaimed. Once more he cried, 'He is dead!' and, turning aside, covered his weeping eyes with his hands."

I need not attempt any description of Goethe's appearance; he was august in person as in mind. In social feeling he was a decided aristocrat. He occupied the highest political positions in the Grand Duchy of Weimar; and one reads with a smile that his official income did not exceed, at its highest, which he reached about 1816, some £450 per annum.

Leaving Goethe, we recur to Schiller; an almost inevitable transition when we are speaking of German poets. Friedrich Schiller — Johann Christoph Friedrich was the full name — was born ten

years after Goethe, on November 10, 1759, at Marbach, in the Duchy of Würtemberg. His father was an officer in the ducal army. Goethe, I might already have remarked, was a conspicuous instance of vast early success in literature; for he published his drama of Götz von Berlichingen in his twenty-fourth year, and his novel of Werther in his twenty-fifth. Schiller was a still more extraordinary instance of the same kind; his romantic drama, The Robbers, having been begun in his nineteenth year, and produced on the stage in his twenty-second, and having rapidly overrun all Germany and all Europe with his fame. Of his other works I will mention only two, — the double tragedy of Wallenstein and the Piccolomini, a late composition, and last of all the play of William Tell, published in 1804. Schiller began life as surgeon to a regiment; but, having been put under arrest at Stuttgart for going without leave to Mannheim to see The Robbers acted, and wishing generally to obtain more freedom of action, he decamped in October, 1782, and took up his residence at Mannheim, and henceforth he adhered to the career of letters. It was towards 1788 that he became acquainted with Goethe, and a firm personal friendship and literary alliance subsisted between the two illustrious competitors. Schiller's time after this was chiefly divided between Weimar and a historical professorship which he held at Jena. He was made a noble of the German Empire and a citizen of revolutionary France. The latter was only a partially appropriate honor; for in fact Schiller, although ardently incited by the earlier days and prospects of the Revolution, disapproved its later developments, and hence became all the more tolerant of the old system of things. A pulmonary illness began in 1791, and finally carried him off, at Weimar, on May 11, 1805. His last words were that many things were growing clear to him.

Schiller had some early love affairs; but he was still a young man, about twenty-nine, when he met at Rudolstadt the lady, Fräulein Lengefeld, who won his heart, and whom soon afterwards, in 1790, he married. His home was an entirely happy one; his means neither large nor scanty. "Life," he said, "is quite another thing by the side of a beloved wife." He spent his mornings chiefly with his wife and children, of whom he left four at his death, two sons and two daughters; and with his family he was cheerful and kind, though mostly rather shyly reserved. Madame Schiller seems to have been fully worthy of the distinction which befell her in becoming the poet's wife; her character was perhaps not unlike that of the typical female impersonations in his works, gentle and loving, without forcible individuality.

Schiller was a man of friendly and candid nature; somewhat eccentric in youth, and even at a maturer period, although he dressed plainly, and was willing enough to do other common things as a common man; his character unsullied; his vehemence of spirit boundless, yet in ordinary intercourse he was free from hastiness and from anger. He was tall, but thin, never robust; pale, with auburn hair and extreme searching keenness of countenance; impulsive, and meditative too. He was wont to compose by night, taking stimulants meanwhile, chiefly coffee; and to retire to rest about three in the morning, sleeping on till ten.

And now I come to the last of my German — the last of my non-English — poets. Heinrich Heine has been called the German Voltaire; also the Aristophanes of Germany. There was, indeed, something curiously composite in his nature and the character of his genius. He was not strictly a German, but a Jew, — a Jew by race, a German by nationality; a Frenchman by later residence and by preference of mind;

a Jew by inherited faith, a Protestant at the age of twenty-five by worldly conformity, as the only inlet for practicing at the bar; in reality a skeptic and scorner from first to last. Heine was born at Düsseldorf in December, 1799.

In youth he was striking-looking, with long, auburn hair, and not of Jewish aspect; his stature was ordinary; his tendency was towards fatness, which had become considerable in his middle age, before the break-up of his constitution. His father kept a small draper's shop; but the poet had some expectations, which were not finally realized in full, from a millionaire uncle, Solomon Heine. He tried banking, commerce, and law, and gave them all up for literature. His first volume of poems was published with some success in 1822; his Pictures of Travel (in prose) and his Book of Songs were later, yet still early publications, and established his fame as the most remarkable and splendidly gifted writer in Germany, worthy to carry on the tradition of her literature when Goethe should be no more. That country, however, in its then political condition, was not the fitting home for so daring a free-lance and democrat and scarifying a satirist as Heine, who had, moreover, from the first been an avowed Napoleonic enthusiast. In 1831 he settled in Paris, and there remained, and his works soon became as popular in France as in Germany. His later years were a deplorable martyrdom. He had always been subject to outrageous headaches. Then his sight and his muscular power became affected, and paralysis — as it was commonly called, or, more strictly, softening of the spinal marrow — supervened. For eight years he was incapable of moving, and he might be found lying on his back, holding up an eyelid with his left hand to see, and with the other hand writing in pencil on large foolscap paper. "He lay on a pile of mattresses," says one writer, — a lady; "his body wasted so that it seemed no bigger than a child's under the sheet which covered him, the eyes closed, and the face altogether like the most painful and wasted Ecce Homo ever painted by some old German painter."

In Paris, Heine, who (after much youthful effusion of passion for his cousin Amalie and others) had long yearned for some settled home love, formed a connection in 1834 with a simple-minded and beautiful Parisian *grisette*, Crescence Mathilde Mirat, whom finally, in 1841, just before fighting a duel, he married. She made his life sweeter and his closing years endurable. "For eight years," he wrote in 1843, "I have had a frightful quantity of happiness." She loved him truly and served him faithfully, and he never tired of singing her praise. Nonotte was her pet name. "She was his doll," says Meissner, "whom he loved to dress elegantly in silk and lace; whom he would gladly have adorned with the finest of all to be found in Paris." She was continually at his bedside by day, and sat up for him at night, — lively and hopeful, always flattering herself that he must recover; and Heine on his part, with indomitable energy of soul and defiance of destiny, had some jest ever at his lips to keep up her spirits, and, his mental powers being unimpaired, he continued writing both prose and verse, — some of the most tender and pathetic of his last poems being addressed to his wife. Another very amiable trait was his affection for his mother, who survived him by three years: he took every precaution to prevent her becoming at any time aware of his fearful illness. For his wife (who is still living) he did his utmost to secure an annuity after his death, and she has benefited largely, in the long run, by the sale of his works. Her education, however, was not such as to make these in any way intelligible to her: she once said, "People tell me that Henri writes very clever books, but I know nothing at all about them." In

the earlier period of his illness he was the object of attention from many visitors; but these gradually fell off, and only a very few attached friends cheered from time to time the monotonous solitude of Heine and his devoted Mathilde. Their means, from various sources, were moderate, — never considerable. Perfectly calm in his last hours, he expired in February, 1856. His wife had lain down at one in the morning, and at four, before she had woke up, he was asleep forever.

I will relieve this painful story with a jest, — one of Heine's own jests, and sure, therefore, not to be a bad one. As he lay on his couch of anguish, a lady came to visit him. "I was quite uneasy yesterday," he said. "My wife had dressed and gone out about two o'clock. She had promised to return at four. It is half past four: she does not come. It is half past five: she does not come. It is half-past six: still she does not come. It is eight o'clock: my anxiety increases. Has she got tired of her sick husband, and gone off with an insinuating gallant? In my painful distress I send the nurse into her room to ask whether Cocotte, the parrot, is still there. Yes, Cocotte is still there. Then a stone falls from my heart; I breathe again. Without Cocotte my good wife would never have gone away."

Here I have done with the foreign poets, and in my next article I shall have to speak about those of the English race and tongue.

William M. Rossetti.

NIGHT ON THE OCKLAWAHA.

In the red light that from our deck-fire shines,
Inflexible the plumed palmettos stand;
While, at their feet, the supplicating vines
Stretch now wild arms, and now a flower-filled hand.

The gaunt oak broods, with air of wrong and loss,
Yet regal still, among its strangled leaves;
Caught in the web the livid, murderous moss —
Once small, sly parasite, now tyrant — weaves.

The shapes that peopled slimy log and limb,
And filled with uncouth interest all the day, —
The basking alligators, sprawling grim,
Turtles and cranes, — have slipped and sailed away:

Only some splash among the bayous still,
Or strange, harsh cry that startles through the night,
Suggests their lurking presence, as we thrill
With nameless apprehension and affright!

Our boat glides on. . . . The pine-knots' dying glare
On stream and shore a fitful radiance flings;
The soft, malarious, poison-scented air
Drowses each sense with fanning vampire wings. . . .

When, crashing through th' insidious spell so bland,
A wild strain breaks, swells, sinks, and dies away;
'T is from the boatmen, — a barbaric band! —
Keeping, with poles, the fangèd shores at bay.

Less like a hymn it sounds, as, half dismayed,
The black choir, through the gloom, we dimly trace,
Than some weird invocation, fitly made,
To the malignant spirits of the place!

C. E. S.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN SHIPPING.

This year the future of American shipping has become a subject of more than ordinary interest. It is now one of the gravest topics which can command public consideration.

The country is now happily past the larger part of the troubles which have disturbed its trade and industry for a number of years. For a year and a half it has enjoyed a period of uninterrupted sunshine and prosperity. National finance has been so regulated as to establish the public credit and to give certainty to business transactions. A succession of large harvests has blessed the agricultural community. Railroad building has been resumed. Trade has revived. The products of the mines are in demand. The factories are busy. The railroads have all they wish to do. Labor finds ready employment. Failures have decreased in number from one in every sixty-five doing business to one in every one hundred and five. These blessings have been accompanied by an expansion of our foreign commerce, which is without a parallel in the annals of international exchanges. The dreams of our fathers are surpassed, and the imagination of the present generation is kindled by the magnitude of what they have without effort achieved. Our commerce now begins to approach that colossal trade which gives England her distinctive place in the business of the world. In the year ending June 30, 1880, there were exported from the United States 18,000,000 gross tons of produce and manufactures; there were inported during the same time 3,900,000 gross tons, — a total of nearly 21,900,000 tons of goods, giving cargoes to 34,000 ships, a great advance from the day of small things following the Revolutionary War, when a few hundred small sailing vessels, taking out forestry, fishery, and farm products, and bringing back manufactures, constituted the whole foreign commerce of the young nation in the New World.

Only one important American interest has failed to derive marked benefit from the phenomenal trade of the past year. A foreigner, reasoning from ordinary experience, would scarcely credit his ears if he were told that our shipping formed the solitary exception to the general prosperity, especially if he were aware that the settlement of the South Atlantic States, the purchase of California, and the discovery of gold in Australia had in each case been attended with a sudden growth of the American merchant marine; ships often earning their whole first cost in freight money in a single year, in those times. Yet such is the fact. The records show that American vessels have derived al-

most no benefit from the wonderful expansion of the ocean carrying trade of the last two years. Our ships actually carry less transoceanic freight than they did three years ago, and far less than at any time during the last thirty years, the period of our civil war alone excepted. Tens of thousands of tons of American vessels lie idle at the wharves of our great sea-ports, while the sea is white with the sails and the sky is dark with the smoke of the great merchant fleets of other nations, which swarm to our shores and transact the great carrying trade that our own vessels do not seem able to take a busy part in. The carrying is secured by Europeans.

Time was when it was said that an Englishman never visited any part of the world without finding a Dutchman there ahead of him. This has been all changed. The Englishman is the first on the ground now. In whatever part of the world there is an opportunity for trade, the letters of the English consuls and the cable dispatches of the English merchants report the fact at once to London or Liverpool, where the news is digested and acted upon before the rest of the world hears of it. The news being received in advance of competitors, goods and ships are sent to the spot promptly, and the cream of the business is secured at once. The British habit of being first in the field has given to the carrying trade to and from the United States, for the past two years, its chief peculiarity. To every point of our long coast whence the products of the soil could be advantageously exported, and to every new foreign port with which a trade has sprung up, the English have established a line of freighting steamers, with sailing ships as auxiliaries. Not a month has passed without the starting of a new line. First it is to Norfolk; then it is to Mobile; then to Charleston, Savannah, Galveston, and other places. New lines to the old sea-ports, like that of Mr. Vanderbilt to New York and the West Hartlepool line to the Erie elevator in New Jersey, are established, and old lines are enlarged by the addition of new and more commodious ships. This has been the special characteristic of the carrying trade of the last two years; and England now enjoys in our commerce a magnificent preëminence, which it seems folly for any European rival to contest, and despair for America to attempt to disturb.

The fleets of England trading hither are composed chiefly of vessels propelled by steam, tonnage and efficiency considered. A few countries which can build cheap sailers have, however, also been the beneficiaries of the expansion of our commerce. Here, for instance, is Norway. Inspired with the true characteristic energy of the northern races of the world, inhabiting a country where fair play in the race of life and steady habits among the people are the rule, the Norwegians have been able to secure by their enterprise as large a share of our transoceanic carrying trade as we enjoy by inheritance. They build the cheapest sailers now which navigate the ocean. Thrown out of occupation by the falling off in the Russian grain trade and the competition of European steamers, they have been for a few years past cruising the whole world in the peaceful search for cargoes with all the vigor that their ancestors displayed in the conquest of empires. They have crowded every port on the whole American coast, and they now employ as large a number of sailing vessels of the best class in our great ocean trades as we do ourselves. In fact, they dictate the terms on which the trade shall be carried on. The English steamers can secure a slightly better rate of freight than the Norwegian sailers now only because of the difference of time in making a voyage.

Italy, France, Belgium, and Spain have also been able to take a share in

the large business opened to them by our treaties of navigation.

It has long been known, more or less vaguely, that our ship-owners were not getting ahead at all, and that, so small were their profits, they were not adding to their fleets in the slightest degree. Not even were they replacing all the worn-out vessels with new ones, the worst sign of maritime decadence. The reports of the government at Washington have thrown some light on the rapid decline of our navigation by exhibiting annually the percentage of imports and exports carried in American vessels. The decline was from seventy-five per cent. in 1856 to twenty-three per cent. in 1879–80. Information obtained for the benefit of the Maritime Exchange of the city of New York, however, places the present state of affairs in a far more striking light than do the government reports. There is printed weekly a paper called The Maritime Register, having the confidence and support of the members of the Exchange, and giving the names of all ships engaged in the whole foreign commerce of the United States, their destinations, the places of the world where last reported, and other details of interest and importance to maritime circles. The following tables have been carefully prepared from the issue of August 4, 1880, showing the number and nationality of vessels engaged in the whole foreign trade of the United States, except to Canada, on that day: —

SAIL: TRANSOCEANIC.

British	1276	Hawaian	6
American	884	Costa Rican	4
Norwegian	882	Bolivian	2
Swedish	143	Brazilian	3
Italian	598	Argentine	5
German	395	Mexican	1
Austrian	165	Haytian	2
Dutch	49	Nicaraguan	2
Russian	64	Honduras	1
Danish	29	Belgian	2
Portuguese	26	Greek	1
Spanish	85		
French	57	Total	4682

All of large class.

SAIL: TO WEST INDIES AND SOUTH AMERICA.

British	208	Dutch	2
American [1]	444	Portuguese	1
Spanish	15	French	5
Haytian	13	Mexican	1
Norwegian	3	Costa Rican	2
Italian	1		
Danish	3	Total	698

STEAM.

British	447	Danish	5
American [2]	46	Dutch	6
German	35	Brazilian	1
Spanish	21	Mexican	1
Belgian	13	Costa Rican	1
French	9		
Italian	5	Total	590

The writer prepared an abstract similar to this last summer, taking the Maritime Register for June 16th as representing an average week. Startled with the results obtained, he took them to a number of shipping men, and was permitted by General Merritt, collector of the port of New York, to make certain investigations at the custom house to confirm their accuracy. All the information obtained established the correctness of the exhibit.

The figures are strange and eloquent. They explain more clearly than can otherwise be done why Americans who travel in Europe so seldom have their eyes gladdened by a sight of the flag of their native land among the shipping in the great harbors they visit, and why the men from our inland cities who stroll along the wharves of the bay of New York so seldom see the same broad ensign there. Who can fail to learn without astonishment that even little Belgium, a country scarce larger than an American county, has about as many ocean steamships in our trade as we have ourselves, and that Italy and Germany have more? Who could imagine that Italy had five hundred and ninety-eight large-class ships crossing the Atlantic and the Pacific in the trade with this part of America, and that Austria,

[1] Schooners and small vessels.

[2] Fourteen transoceanic, and thirty-two to West Indies and Mexico.

a kingdom with one small seaport, had one hundred and sixty-five? Who now will wonder that tens of thousands of tons of American vessels lie idle at the wharves of New York and Boston? Yet the figures given above, striking as they are, are not unique in history. A similar showing could have been made by Italy, Portugal, Spain, and the Netherlands, respectively, just before the extinction of each as a great maritime power.

An incidental fact, worth glancing at in passing, is the rapid increase of steam shipping in ocean commerce. In 1858, when we were carrying seventy-five per cent. of our own commerce, Mr. Thomas Rainey, then a great authority on "the ocean post," declared it to be the common opinion that steam vessels would never carry anything except the mails, passengers, and express freights. Admitting that under certain circumstances steam would be a cheaper motor than even the free winds of heaven, he stated his belief that wheat, cotton, corn, and lumber could never go in any other than the old way, because they were too bulky and too cheap. They could not be made to stand the cost of freight. This was the opinion not only of Mr. Rainey and the American shipping men of that day, but of the English authorities also. It was, however, an erroneous notion. A class of steam vessels, of large cargo capacity and small coal consumption, has been by the ingenuity of man devised to perform just that service; and if the course of events since 1865 be any standard for judgment, it may now be declared that the time will soon come when there will be nothing which ocean steamers will not carry. The freight steamers are already taking cattle and petroleum; and naphtha, gasoline, dynamite, guano, nitrate, and all the other objectionable articles are pretty sure to be taken in time. There will still be a demand for the sailing vessel, because goods need not always be dispatched in haste, and it is often cheaper to put grain, etc., into a slow-moving sailer than it is to send it quickly by steamer, and then pay a good price for storage. The sailer can always be used, too, in a variety of trades, especially in long voyages, and where there is a rush of bulky goods; but that steam is gradually gaining on the sailing vessel, and now competes with it constantly, is an important fact which it will be well to bear in mind.

At one time, the New York Custom House began to keep a record of the proportionate amount of trade, transacted by steam and sail respectively, to principal countries. The government did not require these figures, and the work was finally discontinued. Collector Merritt, however, has had compiled the following statement of the export business of the port of New York with principal countries for the year ending June 30, 1880, and this will give some idea: —

Exports of New York to	Sail.	Steam.	Total.
England,	$26,216,606	$130,569,396	$156,786,002
Scotland,	1,465,514	22,755,438	24,220,952
Germany,	12,351,890	19,284,415	31,636,305
Netherlands,	3,052,579	6,731,381	9,783,960
Belgium,	7,531,932	14,325,142	21,857,074
France,	22,411,156	16,473,402	38,884,558
Totals,	$73,029,677	$210,139,174	$283,168,851

France usually shows an excess of steam, but the rush of grain last year gave employment to sailers. The figures for the import trade could not be obtained. It would require an act of Congress and a liberal appropriation for clerk hire to get them. The task would require three months' work. However, it is known, in a general way, that at least four fifths of the import trade takes place in steamers from the countries named above. Other custom houses along the coast would show the same general state of facts. This replacement of sail by steam tonnage is one of the signs of the times. Only by falling

in with the current of events will the United States ever be likely to recover the ground she has been steadily losing these last twenty years.

Of the new influences which promise indisputably to tell against our shipping interest hereafter, the policy of France may be first referred to. The prosperity of France under the republic has not only enabled that flourishing country to pay off her war debt to Germany promptly, but has given the treasury a larger amount of revenue than it has known what to do with. The government has, accordingly, occupied itself with studying how to turn the facts of the case to account, for the benefit of such industries as were not so fortunate as the others. Beginning in 1872 with the abolition of a tax on mortgages, which netted the government 4,000,000 francs yearly, it has from time to time, up to the present fall (1880), thrown off one tax after another, until the total reductions have amounted to 307,000,000 francs. Among other things, it has abolished a tax of 3,000,000 francs on shipping, thus relieving that interest of a certain burden. This reduction was enacted on the 19th of last February. While taking these steps, the government has also been considering the propriety of lending a vigorous support to the companies who are waging a lively war with some Italian lines in the Mediterranean, and with English lines on the Atlantic. Upon the solicitation of a large number of boards in various parts of the republic, a commission was appointed, in 1873, "to study the most efficacious manner of aiding the merchant marine and assuring its prosperity." The complex nature of the questions proposed for the commission to consider caused much delay, but at last, this year, the government has been presented with a project of law for aiding in the establishment of steamship lines by means of subsidies, and of creating said tonnage by bounties, and the project has been adopted. It is not permitted to us to foresee the ripe fruits of a policy so recently adopted, especially since the full purpose of the French government is not yet made known. But whether the support now to be given to French shipping be extended to the vessels engaged in the Mediterranean trade, or in the business to South America or to this country, the new policy can in no case confer a blessing upon our own shipping interest. It adds a burden instead. It creates a new and urgent competition in several branches of trade which our vessels would like to enter.

Another cause for concern is the action taking by China and Japan, the governments of which countries are rapidly becoming wide awake in matters of trade and navigation. We have never looked for competition from that quarter of the world. Yet the last hundred years have taught the people of those two empires something, and they are applying their newly acquired knowledge with a vigor and ingenuity worthy of Europeans. The first steamer which ever appeared in their waters was one sent thither by the English under a contract with the British government, entered into in 1840, in which year the service to Gibraltar, established three years before, was extended to Suez, Bombay, Hong Kong, and Shanghai. The contract was transferred in 1843 to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, which survives to the present day. As soon as the English had fairly entered into the navigation of Chinese waters they found a great and virgin field of enterprise opened before them. The taxes to the Chinese government were paid in grain, and the transportation of this and other commodities along the rivers and coasts of that empire afforded profitable employment to an immense fleet of native junks. The English established steam lines in that part of the world, employing the capital both

of their own and of the native Chinese merchants. In 1874, there were fifty steamers plying in the local trades in Chinese waters, exclusive of the American, English, and French lines which ran thither from across the oceans. In 1874, Li Hung Chang memorialized the throne to establish a native company for the transportation of government grain and general merchandise, with the object of retaining the profits entirely in native hands. The project was received with favor. The China Merchants Steam Navigation Company was formed, with the royal consent and support. During the first year the company had six steamers in operation, namely, the Aden, Fu-sing, Ho-chung, Yung-ching, Lee-yuen, and Hai-ching. The next year four more were added, and by 1877 the company had a fleet of sixteen vessels. It is not necessary here to recount the war waged with the foreign companies, the extraordinary reductions of rates to from fifty to seventy per cent. of the former amount. Suffice it to say, the native company held its own, and in 1877 had become so rich and powerful as to kill the Shanghai Steam Navigation Company (foreign) entirely, and to buy its twenty-six vessels and its wharves, etc., for 2,000,000 taels cash. The year 1877 was the turning-point. Since then China has become aggressive. She now looks to a general navigation of the high seas. She begins by proposing to run ships to America, and on the 30th of August last (1880) the pioneer steamer entered the bay of San Francisco, and announced to the world that progress is not confined to any one clime or race of people, and that China must hereafter be regarded as an active participant in the affairs of the world. The pioneer steamer was singularly enough the Ho-chung, one of the original six vessels of the China Merchants fleet, — an omen which bodes no good to the shipping interests of China's competitors on the Pacific Ocean. Were the kingdom of the Celestials a country in which high prices reigned, America would have less to fear from this new manifestation of Occidental enterprise. The trouble is that the lowest prices in the world reign there. China enjoys the cheapest labor on the planet. Her laborers are ingenious and docile, and should modern ship-yards be opened on her river-banks to any great extent, vessels would soon be produced there which would shame the rest of the world in their cheapness of first cost and expense of operation. It is no trivial circumstance that a firm of British builders are already about to transfer their capital to China to inaugurate this work. That China is qualified by nature for iron-ship building there is no dispute. Her coal fields are of enormous extent. Already 3,000,000 tons of coal are mined there yearly, largely for the native steamers. Her iron deposits are also extensive, and miners work for twelve and a half cents a day. In a recent report to the stockholders of the China Merchants Company, the directors say, "The future of the company will be such as fully to requite the love of country and affection for its people so amply displayed by the high authorities in backing up the company's interests." There can be no doubt of that. What will the future of Chinese shipping in general be, if the "high authorities" back up its interests in the same ample way? And what will the future of American shipping in the Pacific be?

Japan is acting with the same vigor as China, and has already several steam lines in operation, one or more of which are strong competitors with American vessels in Japanese waters.

In regulating the local affairs of our republic, we are not compelled to pay *much* attention to what other powers are doing. With reference to shipping, we must. The merchant who neglects to observe what his competitors are doing

and the manner in which they are building up their business at his expense is certain to appear in the list of bankruptcies sooner or later; and the same principle holds good with reference to nations engaging in foreign trade and navigation.

Considering, now, the opposition which America will encounter in rebuilding the decayed fortunes of her merchant marine; considering, also, how cheaply our products are now transported to foreign lands, and that we have no distant colonies to protect, our colonies being planted on the broad bosom of our own vast domain, within our own borders, it might almost be asked, Why concern ourselves about the future of our shipping at all? Are the prosperity and security of our nation at all dependent, in this age, upon our shipping? Why not let things take their natural course?

Well, there are reasons for concern. The present state of affairs is injurious, as will appear upon a moment's reflection. One reason is that shipping in these modern days plays a certain part with reference to periods of temporary and local over-production which good wagon roads and railways play with regard to periods of temporary and local under-production of food. Famines, ancient and modern, have generally owed their severity to the lack of good roads; there was no way to transport the bountiful harvests of one region into the heart of the locality suffering from starvation. This was true of ancient days in England and on the Continent, and is still true of modern times in Asia. On the other hand, an abundance of shipping plying direct to foreign lands serves always to relieve a temporary glut of goods in the home markets. The lack of steam lines running in the interest of American merchants and manufacturers was severely felt in this country in those years of reaction following 1873. The present American line to Brazil owes its origin to the sudden and intense desire felt in this country, in those years of depression, for a new outlet for our manufactured goods.

Another reason is the loss of income to a country having as large a commerce as the United States, consequent upon its transportation being in foreign hands. The sums paid for freight money in the commerce of the United States are larger than most people suppose. The following statement of them, for the calendar year of 1879, has been prepared with the aid of suggestions by Dr. E. H. Walker, the old statistician of the New York Produce Exchange:

Articles.	Average rate from American Ports for the Year.	Total Payments of Freight Money.
Wheat, bushel	7 pence	$20,580,000
Corn, bushel	7 pence	12,240,000
Other grain, bushel	7 pence	460,000
Flour, bbl	2½ shillings	3,900,000
Petroleum, bbl	4¼ shillings	14,710,000
Coal, ton	1 dollar	600,000
Cotton, lb	⅜ cent	13,400,000
Wood, and manufactures of		6,000,000
Tobacco	80 shillings	640,000
Naval stores, bbl	80 cents	789,000
Oil cake	25 shillings	920,000
Provisions, ton	20 shillings	5,270,000
Alcohol and turpentine, bbl	4 shillings	295,000
Miscellaneous goods, ton	20 to 30 shillings.	8,500,000
		$88,304,000

This is only a rough (though carefully prepared) estimate, but it understates the truth, if anything. On the import trade, the earnings of the ships cannot have been less than $45,000,000, which again is a safe estimate. If American ships had been enjoying the place in the trade which they used, having the long voyages and profitable part of the business, they would have earned about $110,000,000 of this total of freight money. As it is, they earned only $23,000,000 of it. The injury to the country is great. Accumulation of riches is one thing which America lacks, and every loss of income helps maintain the high rate of interest prevailing here, and aggravates the high prices resulting from protection.

A third cause for concern is the evil

to which America is exposed by the lack of sufficient shipping to export her products, in case of war among the European powers. Suppose that the 447 English steam vessels trading to these shores were withdrawn, in consequence of war between Great Britain and one of her powerful rivals. The United States would not then have vessels enough to transact her own commerce, even with the aid of the coasting fleet. An arrangement would perhaps be made by means of which the English vessels would be put under the protection of some foreign flag, but that there would be a serious derangement of our commerce is certain, and a due regard for the future requires that that contingency should be provided against, if pos sible.

But what is worse than all, in a national point of view, is the weakness entailed by our lack of a flourishing marine. America would certainly be humiliated in any war which should be forced upon her by a foreign power, as matters now stand. The immense distances of our sea-coast expose us peculiarly to danger from the attacks of a naval power. There are illustrations enough in our own history. England herself was never seriously menaced except from the sea. Our situation is much like hers, only worse, on account of the greater length of coast. With not one ship in the American navy which can face a European iron-clad, and no forts to speak of in the harbors, what would be the situation of affairs in case a few European war ships, with a fleet of swift merchant steamers or auxiliaries, were dispatched to threaten the coasts of the United States? The damage which might be done in one short month is inconceivable. The officers of the American navy are fully awake to this danger, and their reports to the government and their private conversation represent it constantly. Strange as it may seem, England, with her magnificent naval power, apprehends the same danger to herself in case of a war with any of the great Continental powers. When Russia was causing a few rapid steamers to be converted into cruisers in American ship-yards, two or three years ago, great alarm was felt in England, not only in regard to her merchant shipping, but for the safety of the country itself. The first lord of the admiralty only allayed this anxiety by stating in Parliament that it was proposed to arm thirty merchant vessels as cruisers, and require the steamship counties to build their new vessels with reference to the possibility of having to carry heavy guns and a quantity of coal large enough to remain at sea for protracted periods. In a recent address to the United Service Institution, the Marquis of Lansdowne presiding, Admiral Sir W. K. Hall went so far as to say that he regarded England as at the present time in almost a perfectly defenseless position, the plans of the admiralty not having been carried out. The admiral referred with regret to the time in 1808 when there were twenty-one admirals and captains in the House of Commons and fourteen in the House of Lords, and Parliament thus had members who could advise what should be done. In that memorable year measures were sanctioned which proved in every way satisfactory to the country. The fact is, the development of the modern ocean steamship, swift, big, and strong, has given a new turn to naval affairs. It has exposed a coast nation to new perils, and made the state of its merchant shipping of the utmost importance to the national security. A commissioner is now investigating this whole subject in England, with a view to adopting a policy which shall provide for the safety of that kingdom; and if the reader wishes to know what the sentiment of the American naval officers is on the same point, he will find it very accurately represented in the report made to the

government at Washington in the year 1877.

Many other minor considerations might be adduced to show that the future of our shipping is a subject for public concern. Reference might be made to the private interests which would be benefited by a busy navigation by native vessels. The above will suffice, however.

If, now, we turn the eye to the future altogether, we might see the United States, thirty, twenty, or perhaps even fifteen years hence, taking the place among the maritime powers of the world for which nature has fitted her, if only we were sure that an intelligent policy would be promptly adopted by the government at Washington. Only one country is equally well fitted for the first rank, and that is England. Not even China, with her immense population and cheap labor, is so well qualified as the United States to stand first. The reason is found in the size of the foreign commerce of the countries. Search faithfully the history of the world, and find, if the reader can, a country which ever was great upon the sea when it did not import and export a great quantity of goods. Find one, if possible, which failed to become great in time, after its foreign commerce became large, and after its government had framed an intelligent policy with reference to its shipping. It cannot be done. America is better fitted than ever was any other land for possessing a large marine, because of her extensive commerce in bulky goods and the geographical position which compels her to trade across the broadest oceans and with the most distant powers. It is estimated that America would rank with England could she carry seventy-five per cent. of her trade in her own vessels, as she did in 1858. Could she carry eighty-five per cent. she would stand first. But can and will this ever be done? There is the point. Looking abroad, one sees the low wages, the low interest, and the eager preparations of rivals to bring to bear a new competition, and one sees also the continual construction of the best and largest class of vessels out of the profits of the present trade. Looking at home, one observes the absorption of capital in railroads to the newly occupied regions in our territory, the high cost of operating ships, the high interest, and the failure to replace all the worn-out vessels with new ones. Let things remain as they are, and no one needs to be told what the result will be. But let there be an awakened will on the part of the United States, let there come up the same demand from the people which at different times has compelled England, France, China, and Japan to act, and no one can doubt that there will be a change. The future is almost entirely within our own hands, and the change from the present discouraging state of affairs will be exactly proportionate to the obstinacy of our determination to have things go the way we wish them to go.

Henry Hall.

IN THE CERTOSA.

Is it less lonely now? the lady asks,
  Than in the old days? Ah! I cannot tell.
Time speeds when meted out in hourly tasks:
His feet fall soundless as one sits and basks
  In silence, broken only by the bell.

Which was my cell? This, madame. Through that grate
Three times a day they shoved my food within,
Saying no word; I, wordless, took and ate.
Was it not lonely? Nay, what need to prate?
The tongue is like a fire, and quick to sin.

What was my food? (Strange that she questions so!)
Soup, madame, salad, artichokes, and such
Herbs as in convent gardens wont to grow:
For sickness? — well, a drop of wine or so;
A little macaroni, but not much.

'T is very far to climb! Yes, that is true.
Monks love high towers as rooks love tallest trees;
They like sky spaces and a wide-spread view;
To sit secure above the damp and dew,
And smell the moist earth and the evening breeze.

Yes, all *is* changed: Fra Gian and I, and he
You see there weeding in the onion bed,
Alone are left of all our company.
And side by side in the refectory
We mutely sit and break our daily bread:

For rule is rule, though order be abused,
And each with each 't is held and understood.
We keep our vow of silence as we used;
Only with strangers is my tongue unloosed.
Pleasure? Far from it! Pardon, I am rude.

'T is hard at times the new law to obey,
And bitterness will mingle with the blood.
'T was strangely peaceful in that by-gone day:
Time did not run, but neither did he stay;
One week was like another, — all were good.

Slowly the years ripened from old to new;
The fig-leaves budded on their bare, brown bough;
Leaf-bud to leaf, flower-bud to blossom grew,
And blossom to ripe fruit before we knew;
It did not make me restless then as now.

For then no fluttering robes swept carelessly
Down the long echoing and empty aisle;
No children with sweet eyes stood wondering by,
Or questioned with gay voices curiously,
Following my steps with footfalls soft the while.

I had forgot what men and women were,
And what a child might be had quite forgot.

There is a sense of joyance and of stir
Which frets, and makes me question and demur
Whether the holy life is best or not.

The saints forgive! What fiend has led me on?
Retro, Satanas, retro, — get thee hence!
Grazie, Signori, 't is the set of sun,
The angelus must ring. *Addio,* each one!
The poor monk thanks you for your recompense.

Susan Coolidge.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

XV.

It had been arranged that the two young ladies should proceed to London under Ralph's escort, though Mrs. Touchett looked with little favor upon the plan. It was just the sort of plan, she said, that Miss Stackpole would be sure to suggest, and she inquired if the correspondent of the Interviewer was to take the party to stay at a boarding-house.

"I don't care where she takes us to stay, so long as there is local color," said Isabel. "That is what we are going to London for."

"I suppose that after a girl has refused an English lord she may do anything," her aunt rejoined. "After that one need n't stand on trifles."

"Should you have liked me to marry Lord Warburton?" Isabel inquired.

"Of course I should."

"I thought you disliked the English so much."

"So I do; but it 's all the more reason for making use of them."

"Is that your idea of marriage?" And Isabel ventured to add that her aunt appeared to her to have made very little use of Mr. Touchett.

"Your uncle is not an English nobleman," said Mrs. Touchett, "though even if he had been, I should still probably have taken up my residence in Florence."

"Do you think Lord Warburton could make me any better than I am?" the girl asked, with some animation. "I don't mean, by that, that I am too good to improve. I mean — I mean that I don't love Lord Warburton enough to marry him."

"You did right to refuse him, then," said Mrs. Touchett, in her clear, sharp little voice. "Only, the next great offer you get, I hope you will manage to come up to your standard."

"We had better wait till the offer comes, before we talk about it. I hope very much that I may have no more offers for the present. They give me more pain than pleasure."

"You probably won't be troubled with them if you adopt permanently the Bohemian manner of life. However, I have promised Ralph not to criticise the affair."

"I will do whatever Ralph says is right," Isabel said. "I have unbounded confidence in Ralph."

"His mother is much obliged to you!" cried this lady, with a laugh.

"It seems to me she ought to be," Isabel rejoined, smiling.

Ralph had assured her that there would be no violation of decency in their paying a visit — the little party of

three — to the sights of the metropolis; but Mrs. Touchett took a different view. Like many ladies of her country who have lived a long time in Europe, she had completely lost her native tact on such points, and in her reaction, not in itself condemnable, against the liberty allowed to young persons beyond the seas had fallen into gratuitous and exaggerated scruples.

Ralph accompanied the two young ladies to town, and established them at a quiet inn in a street that ran at right angles to Piccadilly. His first idea had been to take them to his father's house in Winchester Square, a large, dull mansion, which at this period of the year was shrouded in silence and brown holland; but he bethought himself that, the cook being at Gardencourt, there was no one in the house to get them their meals; and Pratt's Hotel accordingly became their resting-place. Ralph, on his side, found quarters in Winchester Square, having a "den" there of which he was very fond, and not being dependent on the local *cuisine*. He availed himself largely, indeed, of that of Pratt's Hotel, beginning his day with an early visit to his fellow-travelers, who had Mr. Pratt in person, in a large, bulging white waistcoat, to remove their dish-covers. Ralph turned up, as he said, after breakfast, and the little party made out a scheme of entertainment for the day. As London does not wear in the month of September its most brilliant face, the young man, who occasionally took an apologetic tone, was obliged to remind his companion, to Miss Stackpole's high irritation, that there was not a creature in town.

"I suppose you mean that the aristocracy are absent," Henrietta answered; "but I don't think you could have a better proof that if they were absent altogether they would not be missed. It seems to me the place is about as full as it can be. There is no one here, of course, except three or four millions of people. What is it you call them, — the lower middle class? They are only the population of London, and that is of no consequence."

Ralph declared that for him the aristocracy left no void that Miss Stackpole herself did not fill, and that a more contented man was nowhere at that moment to be found. In this he spoke the truth, for the stale September days, in the huge, half-empty town, borrowed a charm from his circumstances. When he went home at night to the empty house in Winchester Square, after a day spent with his inquisitive countrywomen, he wandered into the big, dusky dining-room, where the candle he took from the hall table, after letting himself in, constituted the only illumination. The square was still, the house was still; when he raised one of the windows of the dining-room to let in the air, he heard the slow creak of the boots of a solitary policeman. His own step in the empty room seemed loud and sonorous; some of the carpets had been raised, and whenever he moved he roused a melancholy echo. He sat down in one of the arm-chairs; the big, dark dining-table twinkled here and there in the small candle-light; the pictures on the wall, all of them very brown, looked vague and incoherent. There was a ghostly presence in the room, as of dinners long since digested, of table-talk that had lost its actuality. This hint of the supernatural perhaps had something to do with the fact that Ralph's imagination took a flight, and that he remained in his chair a long time beyond the hour at which he should have been in bed; doing nothing, not even reading the evening paper. I say he did nothing, and I may maintain the phrase in the face of the fact that he thought at these moments of Isabel. To think of Isabel could only be for Ralph an idle pursuit, leading to nothing and profiting little to any one. His cousin had not yet seemed to him so charming as during these days

spent in sounding, tourist fashion, the deeps and shallows of the London art-world. Isabel was constantly interested and often excited; if she had come in search of local color, she found it everywhere. She asked more questions than he could answer, and propounded theories that he was equally unable to accept or to refute. The party went more than once to the British Museum, and to that brighter palace of art which reclaims for antique variety so large an area of a monotonous suburb; they spent a morning in the Abbey, and went on a penny steamer to the Tower; they looked at pictures both in public and private collections, and sat on various occasions beneath the great trees in Kensington Gardens. Henrietta Stackpole proved to be an indefatigable sight-seer, and a more good-natured critic than Ralph had ventured to hope. She had, indeed, many disappointments, and London at large suffered from her vivid remembrance of many of the cities of her native land; but she made the best of its dingy peculiarities, and only heaved an occasional sigh, and uttered a desultory "Well!" which led no further, and lost itself in retrospect. The truth was that, as she said herself, she was not in her element. "I have not a sympathy with inanimate objects," she remarked to Isabel at the National Gallery; and she continued to suffer from the meagreness of the glimpse that had as yet been vouchsafed to her of the inner life. Landscapes by Turner and Assyrian bulls were a poor substitute for the literary dinner-parties at which she had hoped to meet the genius and renown of Great Britain.

"Where are your public men? Where are your men and women of intellect?" Henrietta inquired of Ralph, standing in the middle of Trafalgar Square, as if she had supposed this to be a place where she would naturally meet a few. "That's one of them on the top of the column, you say, — Lord Nelson? Was he a lord, too? Was n't he high enough, that they had to stick him a hundred feet in the air? That 's the past, — I don't care about the past. I want to see some of the leading minds of the present, — I won't say of the future, because I don't believe much in your future." Poor Ralph had few leading minds among his acquaintance, and rarely enjoyed the pleasure of button-holing a celebrity, — a state of things which appeared to Miss Stackpole to indicate a deplorable want of enterprise. "If I were on the other side I should call," she said, "and tell the gentleman, whoever he might be, that I had heard a great deal about him and had come to see for myself. But I gather from what you say that this is not the custom here. You seem to have plenty of meaningless customs, and none of those that one really wants. We *are* in advance, certainly. I suppose I shall have to give up the social side altogether." And Henrietta, though she went about with her guide-book and pencil, and wrote a letter to the Interviewer about the Tower (in which she described the execution of Lady Jane Grey), had a depressing sense of falling below her own standard.

The incident which had preceded Isabel's departure from Gardencourt left a painful trace in the girl's mind; she took no pleasure in recalling Lord Warburton's handsome, bewildered face and softly reproachful tones. She could not have done less than what she did; this was certainly true. But her necessity, all the same, had been a distasteful one, and she felt no desire to take credit for her conduct. Nevertheless, mingled with this absence of an intellectual relish of it was a feeling of freedom which in itself was sweet, and which, as she wandered through the great city with her ill-matched companions, occasionally throbbed into joyous excitement. When she walked in Kensington Gardens, she stopped the children (mainly

of the poorer sort) whom she saw playing on the grass; she asked them their names and gave them sixpence, and when they were pretty she kissed them. Ralph noticed such incidents; he noticed everything that Isabel did.

One afternoon, by way of amusing his companions, he invited them to tea in Winchester Square, and he had the house set in order as much as possible, to do honor to their visit. There was another guest, also, to meet the ladies, an amiable bachelor, an old friend of Ralph's, who happened to be in town, and who got on uncommonly well with Miss Stackpole. Mr. Bantling, a stout, fair, smiling man of forty, who was extraordinarily well dressed, and whose contributions to the conversation were characterized by vivacity rather than continuity, laughed immoderately at everything Henrietta said, gave her several cups of tea, examined in her society the bricabrac, of which Ralph had a considerable collection, and afterwards, when the host proposed they should go out into the square and pretend it was a *fête-champêtre*, walked round the limited inclosure several times with her, and listened with candid interest to her remarks upon the inner life.

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Bantling. "I dare say you found it very quiet at Gardencourt. Naturally, there 's not much going on there when there 's such a lot of illness about. Touchett 's very bad, you know; the doctors have forbid his being in England at all, and he has only come back to take care of his father. The old man, I believe, has half a dozen things the matter with him. They call it gout, but to my certain knowledge he is dropsical as well, though he does n't look it. You may depend upon it, he has got a lot of water somewhere. Of course that sort of thing makes it awfully slow for people in the house; I wonder they have them, under such circumstances. Then I believe Mr. Touchett is always squabbling with his wife; she lives away from her husband, you know, in that extraordinary American way of yours. If you want a house where there is always something going on, I recommend you to go down and stay with my sister, Lady Pensil, in Bedfordshire. I 'll write to her to-morrow, and I am sure she 'll be delighted to ask you. I know just what you want: you want a house where they go in for theatricals and picnics and that sort of thing. My sister is just that sort of woman; she is always getting up something or other, and she is always glad to have the sort of people that help her. I am sure she 'll ask you down by return of post; she is tremendously fond of distinguished people and writers. She writes herself, you know; but I have n't read everything she has written. It 's usually poetry, and I don't go in much for poetry, — unless it 's Byron. I suppose you think a great deal of Byron in America," Mr. Bantling continued, expanding in the stimulating air of Miss Stackpole's attention, bringing up his sequences promptly, and at last changing his topic, with a natural eagerness to provide suitable conversation for so remarkable a woman. He returned, however, ultimately to the idea of Henrietta's going to stay with Lady Pensil, in Bedfordshire. "I understand what you want," he repeated: "you want to see some jolly good English sport. The Touchetts are not English at all, you know; they live on a kind of foreign system; they have got some awfully queer ideas. The old man thinks it 's wicked to hunt, I am told. You must get down to my sister's in time for the theatricals, and I am sure she will be glad to give you a part. I am sure you act well; I know you are very clever. My sister is forty years old, and she has seven children; but she is going to play the principal part. Of course you need n't act if you don't want to."

In this manner Mr. Bantling delivered himself, while they strolled over

the grass in Winchester Square, which, although it had been peppered by the London soot, invited the tread to linger. Henrietta thought her blooming, easy-voiced bachelor, with his impressibility to feminine merit and his suggestiveness of allusion, a very agreeable man, and she valued the opportunity he offered her.

"I don't know but I would go, if your sister should ask me," she said. "I think it would be my duty. What do you call her name?"

"Pensil. It's an odd name, but it is n't a bad one."

"I think one name is as good as another. But what is her rank?"

"Oh, she's a baron's wife; a convenient sort of rank. You are fine enough, and you are not too fine."

"I don't know but what she'd be too fine for me. What do you call the place she lives in, — Bedfordshire?"

"She lives away in the northern corner of it. It's a hideous country, but I dare say you won't mind that. I 'll try and run down while you are there."

All this was very pleasant to Miss Stackpole, and she was sorry to be obliged to separate from Lady Pensil's obliging brother. But it happened that she had met the day before, in Piccadilly, some friends whom she had not seen for a year, — the Miss Climbers, two ladies from Wilmington, Delaware, who had been traveling on the Continent, and were now preparing to reëmbark. Henrietta had a long interview with them on the Piccadilly pavement, and though the three ladies all talked at once they had not exhausted their accumulated topics. It had been agreed, therefore, that Henrietta should come and dine with them in their lodgings in Jermyn Street at six o'clock on the morrow, and she now bethought herself of this engagement. She prepared to start for Jermyn Street, taking leave first of Ralph Touchett and Isabel, who, seated on garden chairs in another part of the inclosure, were occupied — if the term may be used — with an exchange of amenities less pointed than the practical colloquy of Miss Stackpole and Mr. Bantling. When it had been settled between Isabel and her friend that they should be reunited at some reputable hour at Pratt's Hotel, Ralph remarked that the latter must have a cab; she could not walk all the way to Jermyn Street.

"I suppose you mean it's improper for me to walk alone!" Henrietta exclaimed. "Merciful powers! have I come to this?"

"There is not the slightest need of your walking alone," said Mr. Bantling, in an off-hand tone, expressive of gallantry. "I should be greatly pleased to go with you."

"I simply meant that you would be late for dinner," Ralph answered. "Think of those poor ladies, in their impatience, waiting for you!"

"You had better have a hansom, Henrietta," said Isabel.

"I will get you a hansom, if you will trust to me," Mr. Bantling went on. "We might walk a little till we met one."

"I don't see why I should n't trust to him, do you?" Henrietta inquired of Isabel.

"I don't see what Mr. Bantling could do to you," Isabel answered, smiling; "but if you like, we will walk with you till you find your cab."

"Never mind; we will go alone. Come on, Mr. Bantling, and take care you get me a good one."

Mr. Bantling promised to do his best, and the two took their departure, leaving Isabel and her cousin standing in the square, over which a clear September twilight had now begun to gather. It was perfectly still; the wide quadrangle of dusky houses showed lights in none of the windows, where the shutters and blinds were closed; the pavements were a vacant expanse, and putting aside

two small children from a neighboring slum, who, attracted by symptoms of abnormal animation in the interior, were squeezing their necks between the rusty railings of the inclosure, the most vivid object within sight was the big red pillar-post on the southeast corner.

"Henrietta will ask him to get into the cab and go with her to Jermyn Street," Ralph observed. He always spoke of Miss Stackpole as Henrietta.

"Very possibly," said his companion.

"Or rather, no, she won't," he went on. "But Bantling will ask leave to get in."

"Very likely again. I am very glad they are such good friends."

"She has made a conquest. He thinks her a brilliant woman. It may go far," said Ralph.

Isabel was silent a moment. "I call Henrietta a very brilliant woman; but I don't think it will go far," she rejoined at last. "They would never really know each other. He has not the least idea what she really is, and she has no just comprehension of Mr. Bantling."

"There is no more usual basis of matrimony than a mutual misunderstanding. But it ought not to be so difficult to understand Bob Bantling," Ralph added. "He is a very simple fellow."

"Yes, but Henrietta is simpler still! And pray, what am I to do?" Isabel asked, looking about her through the fading light, in which the limited landscape-gardening of the square took on a large and effective appearance. "I don't imagine that you will propose that you and I, for our amusement, should drive about London in a hansom."

"There is no reason why we should not stay here, — if you don't dislike it. It is very warm; there will be half an hour yet before dark; and if you permit it I will light a cigarette."

"You may do what you please," said Isabel, "if you will amuse me till seven o'clock. I propose at that hour to go back and partake of a simple and solitary repast — two poached eggs and a muffin — at Pratt's Hotel."

"May I not dine with you?" Ralph asked.

"No; you will dine at your club."

They had wandered back to their chairs in the centre of the square again, and Ralph had lighted his cigarette. It would have given him extreme pleasure to be present in person at the modest little feast she had sketched; but in default of this he liked even being forbidden. For the moment, however, he liked immensely being alone with her, in the thickening dusk, in the centre of the multitudinous town; it made her seem to depend upon him and to be in his power. This power he could exert but vaguely; the best exercise of it was to accept her decisions submissively. There was almost an emotion in doing so.

"Why won't you let me dine with you?" he asked, after a pause.

"Because I don't care for it."

"I suppose you are tired of me."

"I shall be, an hour hence. You see I have the gift of fore-knowledge."

"Oh, I shall be delightful meanwhile," said Ralph. But he said nothing more, and as Isabel made no rejoinder they sat some time in silence which seemed to contradict his promise of entertainment. It seemed to him that she was preoccupied, and he wondered what she was thinking about; there were two or three very possible subjects. At last he spoke again: "Is your objection to my society this evening caused by your expectation of another visitor?"

She turned her head, with a glance of her clear, fair eyes.

"Another visitor? What visitor should I have?"

He had none to suggest; which made his question seem to himself silly as well as brutal.

"You have a great many friends that

I don't know," he said, laughing a little awkwardly. "You have a whole past from which I was perversely excluded."

"You were reserved for my future. You must remember that my past is over there across the waters. There is none of it here in London."

"Very good, then, since your future is seated beside you. Capital thing to have your future so handy." And Ralph lighted another cigarette, and reflected that Isabel probably meant that she had received news that Mr. Caspar Goodwood had crossed to Paris. After he had lighted his cigarette he puffed it a while, and then he went on: "I promised a while ago to be very amusing; but you see I don't come up to the mark, and the fact is there is a good deal of temerity in my undertaking to amuse a person like you. What do you care for my feeble attempts? You have grand ideas, — you have a high standard in such matters. I ought at least to bring in a band of music or a company of mountebanks."

"One mountebank is enough, and you do very well. Pray go on, and in another ten minutes I shall begin to laugh."

"I assure you that I am very serious," said Ralph. "You do really ask a great deal."

"I don't know what you mean. I ask nothing!"

"You accept nothing," said Ralph. She colored, and now suddenly it seemed to her that she guessed his meaning. But why should he speak to her of such things? He hesitated a little, and then he continued: "There is something I should like very much to say to you. It 's a question I wish to ask. It seems to me I have a right to ask it, because I have a kind of interest in the answer."

"Ask what you will," Isabel answered gently, "and I will try and satisfy you."

"Well, then, I hope you won't mind my saying that Lord Warburton has told me of something that has passed between you."

Isabel started a little; then she sat looking at her open fan. "Very good; I suppose it was natural he should tell you."

"I have his leave to let you know he has done so. He has some hope still," said Ralph.

"Still?"

"He had it a few days ago."

"I don't believe he has any now," said the girl.

"I am very sorry for him, then; he is such a fine fellow."

"Pray, did he ask you to talk to me?"

"No, not that. But he told me because he could n't help it. We are old friends, and he was greatly disappointed. He sent me a line asking me to come and see him, and I rode over to Lockleigh the day before he and his sister lunched with us. He was very heavy-hearted; he had just got a letter from you."

"Did he show you the letter?" asked Isabel, with momentary loftiness.

"By no means. But he told me it was a neat refusal. I was very sorry for him," Ralph repeated.

For some moments Isabel said nothing; then, at last, "Do you know how often he had seen me? Five or six times."

"That 's to your glory."

"It 's not for that I say it."

"What, then, do you say it for? Not to prove that poor Warburton's state of mind is superficial, because I am pretty sure you don't think that."

Isabel certainly was unable to say that she thought it; but presently she said something else: "If you have not been requested by Lord Warburton to argue with me, then you are doing it disinterestedly, — or for the love of argument."

"I have no wish to argue with you at all. I only wish to leave you alone.

I am simply greatly interested in your own state of mind."

"I am greatly obliged to you!" cried Isabel, with a laugh.

"Of course you mean that I am meddling in what does n't concern me. But why should n't I speak to you of this matter without annoying you or embarrassing myself? What 's the use of being your cousin, if I can't have a few privileges? What is the use of adoring you without the hope of a reward, if I can't have a few compensations? What is the use of being ill and disabled, and restricted to mere spectatorship at the game of life, if I really can't see the show when I have paid so much for my ticket? Tell me this," Ralph went on, while Isabel listened to him with quickened attention: "What had you in your mind when you refused Lord Warburton?"

"What I had in my mind?"

"What was the logic — the view of your situation — that dictated so remarkable an act?"

"I did n't wish to marry him, — if that is logic."

"No, that is not logic, — and I knew that before. What was it you said to yourself? You certainly said more than that."

Isabel reflected a moment, and then she answered this inquiry with a question of her own: "Why do you call it a remarkable act? That is what your mother thinks, too."

"Warburton is such a fine fellow; as a man I think he has hardly a fault. And then he is what they call here a swell. He has immense possessions, and his wife would be thought a superior being. He unites the intrinsic and the extrinsic advantages."

Isabel watched her cousin while he spoke, as if to see how far he would go. "I refused him because he was too perfect, then. I am not perfect myself, and he is too good for me. Besides, his perfection would irritate me."

"That is ingenious rather than candid," said Ralph. "As a fact, you think nothing in the world too perfect for you."

"Do I think I am so good?"

"No; but you are exacting, all the same, without the excuse of thinking yourself good. Nineteen women out of twenty, however, even of the most exacting sort, would have contented themselves with Warburton. Perhaps you don't know how he has been run after."

"I don't wish to know. But it seems to me," said Isabel, "that you told me of several faults that he has, one day when I spoke of him to you."

Ralph looked grave. "I hope that what I said then had no weight with you; for they were not faults, the things I spoke of; they were simply peculiarities of his position. If I had known he wished to marry you, I would never have alluded to them. I think I said that as regards that position he was rather a skeptic. It would have been in your power to make him a believer."

"I think not. I don't understand the matter, and I am not conscious of any mission of that sort. You are evidently disappointed," Isabel added, looking gently but earnestly at her cousin. "You would have liked me to marry Lord Warburton."

"Not in the least. I am absolutely without a wish on the subject. I don't pretend to advise you, and I content myself with watching you, — with the deepest interest."

Isabel gave a rather conscious sigh.

"I wish I could be as interesting to myself as I am to you!"

"There you are not candid, again; you are extremely interesting to yourself. Do you know, however," said Ralph, "that if you have really given Lord Warburton his final answer I am rather glad it has been what it was? I don't mean I am glad for you, and still less, of course, for him. I am glad for myself."

"Are you thinking of proposing to me?"

"By no means. From the point of view I speak of, that would be fatal; I should overturn my own porridge. What I mean is, I shall have the entertainment of seeing what a young lady does who won't marry Lord Warburton."

"That is what your mother counts upon, too," said Isabel.

"Ah, there will be plenty of spectators! We shall contemplate the rest of your career. I shall not see all of it, but I shall probably see the most interesting years. Of course, if you were to marry our friend, you would still have a career, — a very honorable and brilliant one. But, relatively speaking, it would be a little prosaic. It would be definitively marked out in advance; it would be wanting in the unexpected. You know I am extremely fond of the unexpected, and now that you have kept the game in your hands I depend on your giving us some magnificent example of it."

"I don't understand you very well," said Isabel, "but I do so well enough to be able to say that if you look for magnificent examples of anything, I shall disappoint you."

"You will do so only by disappointing yourself, — and that will go hard with you!"

To this Isabel made no direct reply; there was an amount of truth in it which would bear consideration. At last she said, abruptly, "I don't see what harm there is in my wishing not to tie myself. I don't want to begin life by marrying. There are other things a woman can do."

"There is nothing she can do so well. But you are many-sided."

"If one is two-sided, it is enough," said Isabel.

"You are the most charming of polygons!" Ralph broke out, with a laugh. At a glance from his companion, however, he became grave, and to prove it he went on, "You want to see life, as the young men say."

"I don't think I want to see it as the young men want to see it; but I do want to look about me."

"You want to drain the cup of experience."

"No, I don't wish to touch the cup of experience. It 's a poisoned drink! I only want to see for myself."

"You want to see, but not to feel," said Ralph.

"I don't think that if one is a sentient being one can make the distinction," Isabel returned. "I am a good deal like Henrietta. The other day, when I asked her if she wished to marry, she said, 'Not till I have seen Europe!' I too don't wish to marry until I have seen Europe."

"You evidently expect that a crowned head will be struck with you."

"No, that would be worse than marrying Lord Warburton. But it is getting very dark," Isabel continued, "and I must go home."

She rose from her place, but Ralph sat still a moment, looking at her. As he did not follow her, she stopped, and they remained a while exchanging a gaze, full on either side, but especially on Ralph's, of utterances too vague for words.

"You have answered my question," said Ralph at last. "You have told me what I wanted. I am greatly obliged to you."

"It seems to me I have told you very little."

"You have told me the great thing, — that the world interests you, and that you want to throw yourself into it."

Isabel's silvery eyes shone for a moment in the darkness. "I never said that."

"I think you meant it. Don't repudiate it; it 's so fine!"

"I don't know what you are trying to fasten upon me, for I am not in the

least an adventurous spirit. Women are not like men."

Ralph slowly rose from his seat, and they walked together to the gate of the square. "No," he said: "women rarely boast of their courage; men do so with a certain frequency."

"Men have it to boast of!"

"Women have it, too; you have a great deal."

"Enough to go home in a cab to Pratt's Hotel; but not more."

Ralph unlocked the gate, and after they had passed out he fastened it.

"We will find your cab," he said; and as they turned towards a neighboring street, in which it seemed that this quest would be fruitful, he asked her again if he might not see her safely to the inn.

"By no means," she answered. "You are very tired; you must go home and go to bed."

The cab was found, and he helped her into it, standing a moment at the door.

"When people forget I am a sick man I am often annoyed," he said. "But it 's worse when they remember it."

XVI.

Isabel had had no hidden motive in wishing her cousin not to take her home; it simply seemed to her that for some days past she had consumed an inordinate quantity of his time, and the independent spirit of the American girl, who ends by regarding perpetual assistance as a sort of derogation to her sanity, had made her decide that for these few hours she must suffice to herself. She had, moreover, a great fondness for intervals of solitude, and since her arrival in England it had been but scantily gratified. It was a luxury she could always command at home, and she had missed it. That evening, however, an incident occurred which — had there been a critic to note it — would have taken all color from the theory that the love of solitude had caused her to dispense with Ralph's attendance. She was sitting, toward nine o'clock, in the dim illumination of Pratt's Hotel, trying with the aid of two tall candles to lose herself in a volume she had brought from Gardencourt, but succeeding only to the extent of reading other words on the page than those that were printed there, — words that Ralph had spoken to her in the afternoon.

Suddenly the well-muffled knuckle of the waiter was applied to the door, which presently admitted him, bearing the card of a visitor. This card, duly considered, offered to Isabel's startled vision the name of Mr. Caspar Goodwood. She let the servant stand before her inquiringly for some instants, without signifying her wishes.

"Shall I show the gentleman up, ma'am?" he asked at last, with a slightly encouraging inflection.

Isabel hesitated still, and while she hesitated she glanced at the mirror.

"He may come in," she said at last, and waited for him with some emotion.

Caspar Goodwood came in, and shook hands with her. He said nothing till the servant had left the room again; then he said, —

"Why did n't you answer my letter?" He spoke in a quick, full, slightly peremptory tone; the tone of a man whose questions were usually pointed, and who was capable of much insistence.

Isabel answered him by a question: —

"How did you know I was here?"

"Miss Stackpole let me know," said Caspar Goodwood. "She told me that you would probably be at home alone this evening, and would be willing to see me."

"Where did she see you — to tell you that?"

"She did n't see me; she wrote to me."

Isabel was silent. Neither of them had

seated themselves; they stood there with a certain air of defiance, or at least of resistance.

"Henrietta never told me that she was writing to you," Isabel said at last. "This is not kind of her."

"Is it so disagreeable to you to see me?" asked the young man.

"I did n't expect it. I don't like such surprises."

"But you knew I was in town; it was natural we should meet."

Do you call this meeting? I hoped I should not see you. In so large a place as London it seemed to me very possible."

"Apparently it was disagreeable to you even to write to me," said Mr. Goodwood.

Isabel made no answer to this; the sense of Henrietta Stackpole's treachery, as she momentarily qualified it, was strong within her.

"Henrietta is not delicate!" she exclaimed, with a certain bitterness. "It was a great liberty to take."

"I suppose I am not delicate, either. The fault is mine as much as hers."

As Isabel looked at him it seemed to her that his jaw had never been more square. This might have displeased her; nevertheless, she rejoined inconsequently, —

"No, it is not your fault so much as hers. What you have done is very natural."

"It is, indeed!" cried Caspar Goodwood, with a short laugh. "And now that I have come, at any rate, may I not stay?"

"You may sit down, certainly."

And Isabel went back to her chair again, while her visitor took the first place that offered, in the manner of a man accustomed to pay little thought to the sort of chair he sat in.

"I have been hoping every day for an answer to my letter," he said. "You might have written me a few lines."

"It was not the trouble of writing that prevented me; I could as easily have written you four pages as one. But my silence was deliberate; I thought it best."

He sat with his eyes fixed on hers while she said this; then he lowered them and attached them to a spot in the carpet, as if he were making a strong effort to say nothing but what he ought to say. He was a strong man in the wrong, and he was acute enough to see that an uncompromising exhibition of his strength would only throw the falsity of his position into relief. Isabel was not incapable of finding it agreeable to have an advantage of position over a person of this calibre, and though she was not a girl to flaunt her advantage in his face, she was woman enough to enjoy being able to say, "You know you ought not to have written to me yourself!" and to say it with a certain air of triumph.

Caspar Goodwood raised his eyes to hers again; they wore an expression of ardent remonstrance. He had a strong sense of justice, and he was ready any day in the year, over and above this, to argue the question of his rights.

"You said you hoped never to hear from me again; I know that. But I never accepted the prohibition. I promised you that you should hear very soon."

"I did not say that I hoped never to hear from you," said Isabel.

"Not for five years, then, — for ten years. It is the same thing."

"Do you find it so? It seems to me there is a great difference. I can imagine that at the end of ten years we might have a very pleasant correspondence. I expect to write a much more brilliant letter ten years hence than I do now."

Isabel looked away while she spoke these words, for she knew they were of a much less earnest cast than the countenance of her listener. Her eyes, however, at last came back to him, just as he said, very irrelevantly, —

"Are you enjoying your visit to your uncle?"

"Very much indeed." She hesitated, and then she broke out with even greater irrelevance, "What good do you expect to get by insisting?"

"The good of not losing you."

"You have no right to talk about losing what is not yours. And even from your own point of view," Isabel added, "you ought to know when to let one alone."

"I displease you very much," said Caspar Goodwood gloomily; not as if to provoke her to compassion for a man conscious of this blighting fact, but as if to set it well before himself, so that he might endeavor to act with his eyes upon it.

"Yes, you displease me very much, and the worst is that it is needless."

Isabel knew that his was not a soft nature, from which pin-pricks would draw blood; and from the first of her acquaintance with him, and of her having to defend herself against a certain air that he had of knowing better what was good for her than she knew herself, she had recognized the fact that perfect frankness was her best weapon. To attempt to spare his sensibility or make her opposition oblique, as one might do with men smaller and superficially more irritable, — this, in dealing with Caspar Goodwood, who would take everything of every sort that one might give him, was superfluous diplomacy. It was not that he had not susceptibilities, but his passive surface, as well as his active, was large and firm, and he might always be trusted to dress his wounds himself. In measuring the effect of his suffering, one might always reflect that he had a sound constitution.

"I can't reconcile myself to that," he said.

There was a dangerous magnanimity about this; for Isabel felt that it was quite open to him to say that he had not always displeased her.

"I can't reconcile myself to it, either, and it is not the state of things that ought to exist between us. If you would only try and banish me from your mind for a few months, we should be on good terms again."

"I see. If I should cease to think of you for a few months, I should find I could keep it up indefinitely."

"Indefinitely is more than I ask. It is more even than I should like."

"You know that what you ask is impossible," said the young man, taking his adjective for granted in a manner that Isabel found irritating.

"Are you not capable of making an effort?" she demanded. "You are strong for everything else; why should n't you be strong for that?"

"Because I am in love with you," said Caspar Goodwood simply. "If one is strong, one loves only the more strongly."

"There is a good deal in that;" and indeed our young lady felt the force of it. "Think of me or not, as you find most possible; only leave me alone."

"Until when?"

"Well, for a year or two."

"Which do you mean? Between one year and two there is a great difference."

"Call it two, then," said Isabel, wondering whether a little cynicism might not be effective.

"And what shall I gain by that?" Mr. Goodwood asked, giving no sign of wincing.

"You will have obliged me greatly."

"But what will be my reward?"

"Do you need a reward for an act of generosity?"

"Yes, when it involves a great sacrifice."

"There is no generosity without sacrifice. Men don't understand such things. If you make this sacrifice I shall admire you greatly."

"I don't care a straw for your admiration. Will you marry me? That is the question."

"Assuredly not, if I feel as I feel at present."

"Then I ask again what I shall gain."

"You will gain quite as much as by worrying me to death!"

Caspar Goodwood bent his eyes again, and gazed for a while into the crown of his hat. A deep flush overspread his face, and Isabel could perceive that this dart at last had struck home. To see a strong man in pain had something terrible for her, and she immediately felt very sorry for her visitor.

"Why do you make me say such things to you?" she cried, in a trembling voice. "I only want to be gentle, — to be kind. It is not delightful to me to feel that people care for me, and yet to have to try and reason them out of it. I think others also ought to be considerate; we have each to judge for ourselves. I know you are considerate, as much as you can be; you have good reasons for what you do. But I don't want to marry. I shall probably never marry. I have a perfect right to feel that way, and it is no kindness to a woman to urge her, — to persuade her against her will. If I give you pain, I can only say I am very sorry. It is not my fault; I can't marry you simply to please you. I won't say that I shall always remain your friend, because when women say that, in these circumstances, it is supposed, I believe, to be a sort of mockery. But try me some day."

Caspar Goodwood, during this speech, had kept his eyes fixed upon the name of his hatter, and it was not until some time after she had ceased speaking that he raised them. When he did so, the sight of a certain rosy, lovely eagerness in Isabel's face threw some confusion into his attempt to analyze what she had said. "I will go home, — I will go to morrow. I will leave you alone," he murmured at last. "Only," he added in a louder tone, "I hate to lose sight of you!"

"Never fear. I will do no harm."

"You will marry some one else," said Caspar Goodwood.

"Do you think that is a generous charge?"

"Why not? Plenty of men will ask you."

"I told you just now that I don't wish to marry, and that I shall probably never do so."

"I know you did; but I don't believe it."

"Thank you very much. You appear to think I am attempting to deceive you; you say very delicate things."

"Why should I not say that? You have given me no promise that you will not marry."

"No; that is all that would be wanting!" cried Isabel, with a bitter laugh.

"You think you won't, but you will," her visitor went on, as if he were preparing himself for the worst.

"Very well, I will, then. Have it as you please."

"I don't know, however," said Caspar Goodwood, "that my keeping you in sight would prevent it."

"Don't you, indeed? I am, after all, very much afraid of you. Do you think I am so very easily pleased?" she asked suddenly, changing her tone.

"No, I don't; I shall try and console myself with that. But there are a certain number of very clever men in the world; if there were only one, it would be enough. You will be sure to take no one who is not."

"I don't need the aid of a clever man to teach me how to live," said Isabel. "I can find it out for myself."

"To live alone, do you mean? I wish that when you have found that out you would teach me."

Isabel glanced at him a moment; then, with a quick smile, "Oh, *you* ought to marry!" she said.

Poor Caspar may be pardoned if for an instant this exclamation seemed to him to have the infernal note, and I can-

not take upon myself to say that Isabel uttered it in obedience to a strictly celestial impulse. It was a fact, however, that it had always seemed to her that Caspar Goodwood, of all men, ought to enjoy the whole devotion of some tender woman. "God forgive you!" he murmured between his teeth, turning away.

Her exclamation had put her slightly in the wrong, and after a moment she felt the mind to right herself. The easiest way to do it was to put her suitor in the wrong. "You do me great injustice, — you say what you don't know!" she broke out. "I should not be an easy victim; I have proved it."

"Oh, to me, perfectly."

"I have proved it to others as well," and she paused a moment. "I refused a proposal of marriage last week, — what they call a brilliant one."

"I am very glad to hear it," said the young man, gravely.

"It was a proposal that many girls would have accepted. It had everything to recommend it." Isabel had hesitated to tell this story, but now she had begun, the satisfaction of speaking it out, and doing herself justice, as it were, took possession of her. "I was offered a great position and a great fortune, — by a person whom I like extremely."

Caspar was gazing at her with great interest. "Is he an Englishman?"

"He is an English nobleman," said Isabel.

Mr. Goodwood received this announcement in silence; then, at last, he said, "I am glad he is disappointed."

"Well, then, as you have companions in misfortune, make the best of it."

"I don't call him a companion," said Caspar, grimly.

"Why not, since I declined his offer absolutely?"

"That does n't make him my companion. Besides, he 's an Englishman."

"And pray, is not an Englishman a human being?" Isabel inquired.

"Oh, no; he 's superhuman."

"You are angry," said the girl. "We have discussed this matter quite enough."

"Oh, yes, I am angry. I plead guilty to that!"

Isabel turned away from him, and walked to the open window, where she stood a moment looking into the dusky vacancy of the street, where a turbid gaslight alone represented social animation. For some time neither of these two young persons spoke; Caspar lingered near the chimney-piece, with his eyes gloomily fixed upon our heroine. She had virtually requested him to withdraw, — he knew that; but at the risk of making himself odious to her he kept his ground. She was far too dear to him to be easily forfeited, and he had sailed across the Atlantic to extract some pledge from her. Presently she left the window, and stood before him again.

"You do me very little justice," she said, "after my telling you what I told you just now. I am sorry I told you, since it matters so little to you."

"Ah," cried the young man, "if you were thinking of *me* when you did it!" And then he paused, with the fear that she might contradict so happy a thought.

"I was thinking of you a little," said Isabel.

"A little? I don't understand. If the knowledge that I love you had any weight with you at all, it must have had a good deal."

Isabel shook her head impatiently, as if to carry off a blush. "I have refused a noble gentleman. Make the most of that."

"I thank you, then," said Caspar Goodwood, gravely. "I thank you immensely."

"And now you had better go home."

"May I not see you again?" he asked.

"I think it is better not. You will be sure to talk of this, and you see it leads to nothing."

"I promise you not to say a word that will annoy you."

Isabel reflected a little, and then she said, "I return in a day or two to my uncle's, and I can't propose to you to come there; it would be very inconsistent."

Caspar Goodwood, on his side, debated within himself. "You must do me justice, too. I received an invitation to your uncle's more than a week ago, and I declined it."

"From whom was your invitation?" Isabel asked, surprised.

"From Mr. Ralph Touchett, whom I suppose to be your cousin. I declined it because I had not your authorization to accept it. The suggestion that Mr. Touchett should invite me appeared to have come from Miss Stackpole."

"It certainly did n't come from me. Henrietta certainly goes very far," Isabel added.

"Don't be too hard on her; that touches me."

"No; if you declined, that was very proper of you, and I thank you for it." And Isabel gave a little exhalation of dismay at the thought that Lord Warburton and Mr. Goodwood might have met at Gardencourt. It would have been so awkward for Lord Warburton!

"When you leave your uncle, where are you going?" Caspar asked.

"I shall go abroad with my aunt, — to Florence and other places."

The serenity of this announcement struck a chill to the young man's heart; he seemed to see her whirled away into circles from which he was inexorably excluded. Nevertheless, he went on quickly with his questions: "And when shall you come back to America?"

"Perhaps not for a long time; I am very happy here."

"Do you mean to give up your country?"

"Don't be an infant."

"Well, you will be out of my sight, indeed!" said Caspar Goodwood.

"I don't know," she answered, rather grandly. "The world strikes me as small."

"It is too large for me!" Caspar exclaimed, with a simplicity which our young lady might have found touching if her face had not been set against concessions.

This attitude was part of a system, a theory, that she had lately embraced, and to be thorough she said, after a moment, "Don't think me unkind if I say that it 's just that — being out of your sight — that I like. If you were in the same place as I, I should feel as if you were watching me, and I don't like that. I like my liberty too much. If there is a thing in the world that I am fond of," Isabel went on, with a slight recurrence of the grandeur that had shown itself a moment before, "it is my personal independence."

But whatever there was of grandeur in this speech moved Caspar Goodwood's admiration; there was nothing that displeased him in the sort of feeling it expressed. This feeling not only did no violence to his way of looking at the girl he wished to make his wife, but seemed a grace the more in so ardent a spirit. To his mind she had always had wings, and this was but the flutter of those stainless pinions. He was not afraid of having a wife with a certain largeness of movement; he was a man of long steps himself. Isabel's words, if they had been meant to shock him, failed of the mark, and only made him smile with the sense that here was common ground. "Who would wish less to curtail your liberty than I?" he asked. "What can give me greater pleasure than to see you perfectly independent — doing whatever you like? It is to make you independent that I want to marry you."

"That 's a beautiful sophism," said

the girl, with a smile more beautiful still.

"An unmarried woman, a girl of your age, is not independent. There are all sorts of things she can't do. She is hampered at every step."

"That 's as she looks at the question," Isabel answered, with much spirit. "I am not in my first youth; I can do what I choose; I belong quite to the independent class. I have neither father nor mother; I am poor; I am of a serious disposition, and not pretty. I therefore am not bound to be timid and conventional; indeed, I can't afford such luxuries. Besides, I try to judge things for myself; to judge wrong, I think, is more honorable than not to judge at all. I don't wish to be a mere sheep in the flock; I wish to choose my fate, and know something of human affairs beyond what other people think it compatible with propriety to tell me." She paused a moment, but not long enough for her companion to reply. He was apparently on the point of doing so, when she went on: "Let me say this to you, Mr. Goodwood. You are so kind as to speak of being afraid of my marrying. If you should hear any rumor that I am on the point of doing so, — girls are liable to have such things said about them, — remember what I have told you about my love of liberty, and venture to doubt it."

There was something almost passionately positive in the tone in which Isabel gave him this advice, and he saw a shining candor in her eyes which helped him to believe her. On the whole, he felt reassured, and you might have perceived it by the manner in which he said, quite eagerly, "You want simply to travel for two years? I am quite willing to wait two years, and you may do what you like in the interval. If that is all you want, pray say so. I don't want you to be conventional; do I strike you as conventional myself? Do you want to improve your mind? Your mind is quite good enough for me; but if it interests you to wander about a while and see different countries, I shall be delighted to help you, in any way in my power."

"You are very generous; that is nothing new to me. The best way to help me will be to put as many hundred miles of sea between us as possible."

"One would think you were going to commit a crime!" said Caspar Goodwood.

"Perhaps I am. I wish to be free even to do that, if the fancy takes me."

"Well, then," he said, slowly, "I will go home;" and he put out his hand, trying to look contented and confident.

Isabel's confidence in him, however, was greater than any he could feel in her. Not that he thought her capable of committing a crime; but, turn it over as he would, there was something ominous in the way she reserved her option. As Isabel took his hand, she felt a great respect for him; she knew how much he cared for her, and she thought him magnanimous. They stood so for a moment, looking at each other, united by a hand-clasp which was not merely passive on her side. "That 's right," she said, very kindly, almost tenderly. "You will lose nothing by being a reasonable man."

"But I will come back, wherever you are, two years hence," he returned, with characteristic grimness.

We have seen that our young lady was inconsequent, and at this she suddenly changed her note: "Ah, remember, I promise nothing, — absolutely nothing!" Then, more softly, as if to help him to leave her, she added, "And remember, too, that I shall not be an easy victim!"

"You will get very sick of your independence."

"Perhaps I shall; it is even very probable. When that day comes, I shall be very glad to see you."

She had laid her hand on the knob of the door that led into her own room, and she waited a moment to see whether her visitor would not take his departure. But he appeared unable to move; there was still an immense unwillingness in his attitude, a deep remonstrance in his eyes.

"I must leave you now," said Isabel; and she opened the door, and passed into the other room.

This apartment was dark, but the darkness was tempered by a vague radiance sent up through the window from the court of the hotel, and Isabel could make out the masses of the furniture, the dim shining of the mirror, and the looming of the big four-posted bed. She stood still a moment, listening, and at last she heard Caspar Goodwood walk out of the sitting-room and close the door behind him. She stood still a moment longer, and then, by an irresistible impulse, she dropped on her knees before her bed, and hid her face in her arms.

XVII.

She was not praying; she was trembling, — trembling all over. She was an excitable creature, and now she was much excited; but she wished to resist her excitement, and the attitude of prayer, which she kept for some time, seemed to help her to be still. She was extremely glad Caspar Goodwood was gone; there was something exhilarating in having got rid of him. As Isabel became conscious of this feeling she bowed her head a little lower. The feeling was there, throbbing in her heart; it was a part of her emotion; but it was a thing to be ashamed of, — it was profane and out of place. It was not for some ten minutes that she rose from her knees, and when she came back to the sitting-room she was still trembling a little. Her agitation had two causes: part of it was to be accounted for by her long discussion with Mr. Goodwood, but it might be feared that the rest was simply the enjoyment she found in the exercise of her power. She sat down in the same chair again, and took up her book, but without going through the form of opening the volume. She leaned back, with that low, soft, aspiring murmur with which she often expressed her gladness in accidents of which the brighter side was not superficially obvious, and gave herself up to the satisfaction of having refused two ardent suitors within a fortnight. That love of liberty of which she had given Caspar Goodwood so bold a sketch was as yet almost exclusively theoretic; she had not been able to indulge it on a large scale. But it seemed to her that she had done something: she had tasted of the delight, if not of battle, at least of victory; she had done what she preferred. In the midst of this agreeable sensation the image of Mr. Goodwood taking his sad walk homeward through the dingy town presented itself with a certain reproachful force; so that, as at the same moment the door of the room was opened, she rose quickly, with an apprehension that he had come back. But it was only Henrietta Stackpole returning from her dinner.

Miss Stackpole immediately saw that something had happened to Isabel, and indeed the discovery demanded no great penetration. Henrietta went straight up to her friend, who received her without a greeting. Isabel's elation in having sent Caspar Goodwood back to America presupposed her being glad that he had come to see her; but at the same time she perfectly remembered that Henrietta had had no right to set a trap for her.

"Has he been here, dear?" Miss Stackpole inquired, softly.

Isabel turned away, and for some moments answered nothing.

"You acted very wrongly," she said at last.

"I acted for the best, dear. I only hope you acted as well."

"You are not the judge. I can't trust you," said Isabel.

This declaration was unflattering, but Henrietta was much too unselfish to heed the charge it conveyed; she cared only for what it intimated with regard to her friend.

"Isabel Archer," she declared, with equal abruptness and solemnity, "if you marry one of these people, I will never speak to you again!"

"Before making so terrible a threat, you had better wait till I am asked," Isabel replied. Never having said a word to Miss Stackpole about Lord Warburton's overtures, she had now no impulse whatever to justify herself to Henrietta by telling her that she had refused that nobleman.

"Oh, you 'll be asked quick enough, when once you get off on the Continent. Annie Climber was asked three times in Italy, — poor, plain little Annie."

"Well, if Annie Climber was not captured, why should I be?"

"I don't believe Annie was pressed; but you 'll be."

"That 's a flattering conviction," said Isabel, with a laugh.

"I don't flatter you, Isabel; I tell you the truth!" cried her friend. "I hope you don't mean to tell me that you did n't give Mr. Goodwood some hope!"

"I don't see why I should tell you anything; as I said to you just now, I can't trust you. But since you are so much interested in Mr. Goodwood, I won't conceal from you that he returns immediately to America."

"You don't mean to say you have sent him off?" Henrietta broke out in dismay.

"I asked him to leave me alone; and I ask you the same, Henrietta."

Miss Stackpole stood there with expanded eyes, and then she went to the mirror over the chimney-piece and took off her bonnet.

"I hope you have enjoyed your dinner," Isabel remarked, lightly, as she did so.

But Miss Stackpole was not to be diverted by frivolous propositions, nor bribed by the offer of autobiographic opportunities.

"Do you know where you are going, Isabel Archer?"

"Just now I am going to bed," said Isabel, with persistent frivolity.

"Do you know where you are drifting?" Henrietta went on, holding out her bonnet delicately.

"No, I have n't the least idea, and I find it very pleasant not to know. A swift carriage, of a dark night, rattling with four horses over roads that one can't see, — that 's my idea of happiness."

"Mr. Goodwood certainly did n't teach you to say such things as that, — like the heroine of an immoral novel," said Miss Stackpole. "You are drifting to some great mistake."

Isabel was irritated by her friend's interference, but even in the midst of her irritation she tried to think what truth this declaration could represent. She could think of nothing that diverted her from saying, "You must be very fond of me, Henrietta, to be willing to be so disagreeable to me."

"I love you, Isabel," said Miss Stackpole, with feeling.

"Well, if you love me, let me alone. I asked that of Mr. Goodwood, and I must also ask it of you."

"Take care you are not let alone too much."

"That is what Mr. Goodwood said to me. I told him I must take the risks."

"You are a creature of risks; you make me shudder!" cried Henrietta. "When does Mr. Goodwood return to America?"

"I don't know; he did n't tell me."

"Perhaps you did n't inquire," said

Henrietta, with the note of righteous irony.

"I gave him too little satisfaction to have the right to ask questions of him."

This assertion seemed to Miss Stackpole, for a moment, to bid defiance to comment; but at last she exclaimed, "Well, Isabel, if I did n't know you, I might think you were heartless!"

"Take care," said Isabel; "you are spoiling me."

"I am afraid I have done that already. I hope, at least," Miss Stackpole added, "that he may cross with Annie Climber!"

Isabel learned from her the next morning that she had determined not to return to Gardencourt (where old Mr. Touchett had promised her a renewed welcome), but to await in London the arrival of the invitation that Mr. Bantling had promised her from his sister, Lady Pensil. Miss Stackpole related very freely her conversation with Ralph Touchett's sociable friend, and declared to Isabel that she really believed she had now got hold of something that would lead to something. On the receipt of Lady Pensil's letter — Mr. Bantling had virtually guaranteed its arrival — she would immediately depart for Bedfordshire, and if Isabel cared to look out for her impressions in the Interviewer she would certainly find them. Henrietta was evidently going to see something of the inner life this time.

"Do you know where you are drifting, Henrietta Stackpole?" Isabel asked, imitating the tone in which her friend had spoken the night before.

"I am drifting to a big position, — to being the queen of American journalism. If my next letter is n't copied all over the West, I 'll swallow my pen-wiper!"

She had arranged with her friend, Miss Annie Climber, the young lady of the Continental offers, that they should go together to make those purchases which were to constitute Miss Climber's farewell to a hemisphere in which she at least had been appreciated; and she presently repaired to Jermyn Street to pick up her companion. Shortly after her departure Ralph Touchett was announced, and, as soon as he came in, Isabel saw that he had, as the phrase is, something on his mind. He very soon took his cousin into his confidence. He had received a telegram from his mother, telling him that his father had had a sharp attack of his old malady, that she was much alarmed, and that she begged Ralph would instantly return to Gardencourt. On this occasion, at least, Mrs. Touchett's devotion to the electric wire had nothing incongruous.

"I have judged it best to see the great doctor, Sir Matthew Hope, first," Ralph said. "By great good luck, he 's in town. He is to see me at half past twelve, and I shall make sure of his coming down to Gardencourt, — which he will do the more readily as he has already seen my father several times, both there and in London. There is an express at 2.45, which I shall take, and you will come back with me, or remain here a few days longer, exactly as you prefer."

"I will go with you!" Isabel exclaimed. "I don't suppose I can be of any use to my uncle, but if he is ill I should like to be near him."

"I think you like him," said Ralph, with a certain shy pleasure in his eye. "You appreciate him, which all the world has n't done. The quality is too fine."

"I think I love him," said Isabel, simply.

"That 's very well. After his son, he is your greatest admirer."

Isabel welcomed this assurance, but she gave secretly a little sigh of relief at the thought that Mr. Touchett was one of those admirers who could not propose to marry her. This, however, was not what she said; she went on to inform Ralph that there were other rea-

sons why she should not remain in London. She was tired of it, and wished to leave it; and then Henrietta was going away, — going to stay in Bedfordshire.

"In Bedfordshire?" Ralph exclaimed, with surprise.

"With Lady Pensil, the sister of Mr. Bantling, who has answered for an invitation."

Ralph was feeling anxious, but at this he broke into a laugh. Suddenly, however, he looked grave again. "Bantling is a man of courage. But if the invitation should get lost on the way?"

"I thought the British post-office was impeccable."

"The good Homer sometimes nods," said Ralph. "However," he went on, more brightly, "the good Bantling never does, and, whatever happens, he will take care of Henrietta."

Ralph went to keep his appointment with Sir Matthew Hope, and Isabel made her arrangements for quitting Pratt's Hotel. Her uncle's danger touched her nearly, and while she stood before her open trunk, looking about her vaguely for what she should put into it, the tears suddenly rushed into her eyes. It was perhaps for this reason that when Ralph came back, at two o' clock, to take her to the station she was not yet ready. He found Miss Stackpole, however, in the sitting-room, where she had just risen from the lunch-table, and this lady immediately expressed her regret at his father's illness.

"He is a grand old man," she said; "he is faithful to the last. If it is really to be the last, — excuse my alluding to it, but you must often have thought of the possibility, — I am sorry that I shall not be at Gardencourt."

"You will amuse yourself much more in Bedfordshire."

"I shall be sorry to amuse myself at such a time," said Henrietta, with much propriety. But she immediately added, "I should like so to commemorate the closing scene."

"My father may live a long time," said Ralph, simply. Then, adverting to topics more cheerful, he interrogated Miss Stackpole as to her own future.

Now that Ralph was in trouble, she addressed him in a tone of larger allowance, and told him that she was much indebted to him for having made her acquainted with Mr. Bantling. "He has told me just the things I want to know," she said; "all the society items and all about the royal family. I can't make out that what he tells me about the royal family is much to their credit: but he says that 's only my peculiar way of looking at it. Well, all I want is that he should give me the facts; I can put them together quick enough, when once I 've got them." And she added that Mr. Bantling had been so good as to promise to come and take her out in the afternoon.

"To take you where?" Ralph ventured to inquire.

"To Buckingham Palace. He is going to show me over it, so that I may get some idea how they live."

"Ah," said Ralph, "we leave you in good hands. The first thing we shall hear is that you are invited to Windsor Castle."

"If they ask me, I shall certainly go. Once I get started I am not afraid. But for all that," Henrietta added, in a moment, "I am not satisfied; I am not satisfied about Isabel."

"What is her last misdemeanor?"

"Well, I have told you before, and I suppose there is no harm in my going on. I always finish a subject that I take up. Mr. Goodwood was here last night."

Ralph opened his eyes. He even blushed a little, — his blush being the sign of an emotion somewhat acute. He remembered that Isabel, in separating from him in Winchester Square, had repudiated his suggestion that her motive in doing so was the expectation of a visitor at Pratt's Hotel, and it was a novel

sensation to him to have to suspect her of duplicity. On the other hand, he quickly said to himself, What concern was it of his that she should have made an appointment with a lover? Had it not been thought graceful in every age that young ladies should make a secret of such appointments? Ralph made Miss Stackpole a diplomatic answer: "I should have thought that, with the views you expressed to me the other day, that would satisfy you perfectly."

"That he should come to see her? That was very well, as far as it went. It was a little plot of mine; I let him know that we were in London, and when it had been arranged that I should spend the evening out I just sent him a word, — a word to the wise. I hoped he would find her alone; I won't pretend I did n't hope that you would be out of the way. He came to see her; but he might as well have stayed away."

"Isabel was cruel?" Ralph inquired, smiling, and relieved at learning that his cousin had not deceived him.

"I don't exactly know what passed between them. But she gave him no satisfaction, — she sent him back to America."

"Poor Mr. Goodwood!" Ralph exclaimed.

"Her only idea seems to be to get rid of him," Henrietta went on.

"Poor Mr. Goodwood!" repeated Ralph. The exclamation, it must be confessed, was somewhat mechanical. It failed exactly to express his thoughts, which were taking another line.

"You don't say that as if you felt it. I don't believe you care."

"Ah," said Ralph, "you must remember that I don't know this interesting young man, — that I have never seen him."

"Well, I shall see him, and I shall tell him not to give up. If I did n't believe Isabel would come round," said Miss Stackpole, — "well, I 'd give her up myself!"

XVIII.

It had occurred to Ralph that, under the circumstances, Isabel's parting with Miss Stackpole might be of a slightly embarrassed nature, and he went down to the door of the hotel in advance of his cousin, who after a slight delay followed, with the traces of an unaccepted remonstrance, as he thought, in her eye. The two made the journey to Gardencourt in almost unbroken silence, and the servant who met them at the station had no better news to give them of Mr. Touchett, — a fact which caused Ralph to congratulate himself afresh on Sir Matthew Hope's having promised to come down in the five-o'clock train and spend the night. Mrs. Touchett, he learned, on reaching home, had been constantly with the old man, and was with him at that moment; and this fact made Ralph say to himself that, after all, what his mother wanted was simply opportunity. The finest natures were those that shone on large occasions. Isabel went to her own room, noting, throughout the house that perceptible hush which precedes a crisis. At the end of an hour, however, she came downstairs, in search of her aunt, whom she wished to ask about Mr. Touchett. She went into the library, but Mrs. Touchett was not there, and as the day, which had been damp and chill, was now apparently on the point of breaking into storm it was not probable that she had gone for her usual walk in the grounds. Isabel was on the point of ringing to send an inquiry to her room, when her attention was taken by an unexpected sound, — the sound of low music, proceeding, apparently, from the drawing-room. She knew that her aunt never touched the piano, and the musician was therefore probably Ralph, who played for his own amusement. That he should have resorted to this recreation at the present time indicated, evidently, that his anxiety about his

father had been relieved; so that Isabel took her way to the drawing-room with much alertness. The drawing-room at Gardencourt was an apartment of great distances, and as the piano was placed at the end of it furthest removed from the door at which Isabel entered, her arrival was not noticed by the person seated before the instrument. This person was neither Ralph nor his mother; it was a lady whom Isabel immediately saw to be a stranger to herself, although her back was presented to the door. This back — an ample and well-dressed one — Isabel contemplated for some moments in surprise. The lady was of course a visitor, who had arrived during her absence, and who had not been mentioned by either of the servants — one of them her aunt's maid — of whom she had had speech since her return. Isabel had already learned, however, that the British domestic is not effusive, and she was particularly conscious of having been treated with dryness by her aunt's maid, whose offered assistance the young lady from Albany — versed, as young ladies are in Albany, in the very metaphysics of the toilet — had suffered her to perceive that she deemed obstructive. The arrival of a visitor was far from disagreeable to Isabel; she had not yet divested herself of a youthful impression that each new acquaintance would exert some momentous influence upon her life. By the time she had made these reflections, she became aware that the lady at the piano played remarkably well. She was playing something of Beethoven's, — Isabel knew not what, but she recognized Beethoven,— and she touched the piano softly and discreetly, but with evident skill. Her touch was that of an artist.

Isabel sat down, noiselessly, on the nearest chair, and waited till the end of the piece. When it was finished she felt a strong desire to thank the player, and rose from her seat to do so, while at the same time the lady at the piano turned quickly round, as if she had become aware of her presence.

"That is very beautiful, and your playing makes it more beautiful still," said Isabel, with all the young radiance with which she usually uttered a truthful rapture.

"You don't think I disturbed Mr. Touchett, then?" the musician answered as sweetly as this compliment deserved. "The house is so large, and his room so far away, that I thought I might venture, especially as I played just — just *du bout des doigts*."

"She is a Frenchwoman," Isabel said to herself; "she says that as if she were French." And this supposition made the stranger more interesting to our speculative heroine. "I hope my uncle is doing well," Isabel added. "I should think that to hear such lovely music as that would really make him feel better."

The lady gave a discriminating smile.

"I am afraid there are moments in life when even Beethoven has nothing to say to us. We must admit, however, that they are our worst moments."

"I am not in that state now," said Isabel. "On the contrary, I should be so glad if you would play something more."

"If it will give you pleasure, — most willingly." And this obliging person took her place again, and struck a few chords, while Isabel sat down nearer the instrument. Suddenly the stranger stopped, with her hands on the keys, half turning and looking over her shoulder at the girl. She was forty years old, and she was not pretty; but she had a delightful expression. "Excuse me," she said, "but are you the niece, — the young American?"

"I am my aunt's niece," said Isabel, with *naïveté*.

The lady at the piano sat still a moment longer, looking over her shoulder with her charming smile. "That 's very well," she said; "we are compatriots." And then she began to play.

"Ah, then she is not French," Isabel murmured; and as the opposite supposition had made her interesting, it might have seemed that this revelation would have diminished her effectiveness. But such was not the fact; for Isabel, as she listened to the music, found much stimulus to conjecture in the fact that an American should so strongly resemble a foreign woman.

Her companion played in the same manner as before, softly and solemnly, and while she played the shadows deepened in the room. The autumn twilight gathered in, and from her place Isabel could see the rain, which had now begun in earnest, washing the cold-looking lawn, and the wind shaking the great trees. At last, when the music had ceased, the lady got up, and, coming to her auditor, smiling, before Isabel had time to thank her again, said, "I am very glad you have come back. I have heard a great deal about you."

Isabel thought her a very attractive person; but she nevertheless said, with a certain abruptness, in answer to this speech, "From whom have you heard about me?"

The stranger hesitated a single moment, and then, "From your uncle," she answered. "I have been here three days, and the first day he let me come and pay him a visit in his room. Then he talked constantly of you."

"As you did n't know me, that must have bored you."

"It made me want to know you. All the more that since then — your aunt being so much with Mr. Touchett — I have been quite alone, and have got rather tired of my own society. I have not chosen a good moment for my visit."

A servant had come in with lamps, and was presently followed by another, bearing the tea-tray. Of the appearance of this repast Mrs. Touchett had apparently been notified, for she now arrived, and addressed herself to the tea-pot. Her greeting to her niece did not differ materially from her manner of raising the lid of this receptacle in order to glance at the contents: in neither act was it becoming to make a show of avidity. Questioned about her husband, she was unable to say that he was better; but the local doctor was with him, and much light was expected from this gentleman's consultation with Sir Matthew Hope.

"I suppose you two ladies have made acquaintance?" she said. "If you have not, I recommend you to do so; for so long as we continue — Ralph and I — to cluster about Mr. Touchett's bed, you are not likely to have much society but each other."

"I know nothing about you but that you are a great musician," Isabel said to the visitor.

"There is a good deal more than that to know," Mrs. Touchett affirmed, in her little dry tone.

"A very little of it, I am sure, will content Miss Archer!" the lady exclaimed, with a light laugh. "I am an old friend of your aunt's; I have lived much in Florence, — I am Madame Merle."

She made this last announcement as if she was referring to a person of tolerably distinct identity. For Isabel, however, it represented but little; she could only continue to feel that Madame Merle had a charming manner.

"She is not a foreigner, in spite of her name," said Mrs. Touchett. "She was born — I always forget where you were born."

"It is hardly worth while I should tell you, then."

"On the contrary," said Mrs. Touchett, who rarely missed a logical point, "if I remembered, your telling me would be quite superfluous."

Madame Merle glanced at Isabel with a fine, frank smile. "I was born under the shadow of the national banner."

"She is too fond of mystery," said Mrs. Touchett; "that is her great fault."

"Ah," exclaimed Madame Merle, "I have great faults, but I don't think that is one of them; it certainly is not the greatest! I came into the world in the Brooklyn navy-yard. My father was a high officer in the United States navy, and had a post — a post of responsibility — in that establishment at the time. I suppose I ought to love the sea, but I hate it. That 's why I don't return to America. I love the land; the great thing is to love something."

Isabel, as a dispassionate witness, had not been struck with the force of Mrs. Touchett's characterization of her visitor, who had an expressive, communicative, responsive face, — by no means of the sort which, to Isabel's mind, suggested a secretive disposition. It was a face that told of a rich nature and of quick and liberal impulses, and, though it had no regular beauty, was in the highest degree agreeable to contemplate.

Madame Merle was a tall, fair, plump woman; everything in her person was round and replete, though without those accumulations which minister to indolence. Her features were thick, but there was a graceful harmony among them, and her complexion had a healthy clearness. She had a small gray eye, with a great deal of light in it, — an eye incapable of dullness, and, according to some people, incapable of tears, — and a wide, firm mouth, which, when she smiled, drew itself upward to the left side, in a manner that most people thought very odd, some very affected, and a few very graceful. Isabel inclined to range herself in the last category. Madame Merle had thick, fair hair, which was arranged with picturesque simplicity, and a large, white hand, of a perfect shape, — a shape so perfect that its owner, preferring to leave it unadorned, wore no rings. Isabel had taken her at first, as we have seen, for a Frenchwoman; but extended observation led her to say to herself that Madame Merle might be a German, — a German of rank, a countess, a princess. Isabel would never have supposed that she had been born in Brooklyn, though she could doubtless not have justified her assumption that the air of distinction, possessed by Madame Merle in so eminent a degree, was inconsistent with such a birth. It was true that the national banner had floated immediately over the spot of the lady's nativity, and the breezy freedom of the stars and stripes might have shed an influence upon the attitude which she then and there took towards life. And yet Madame Merle had evidently nothing of the fluttered, flapping quality of a morsel of bunting in the wind; her deportment expressed the repose and confidence which come from a large experience. Experience, however, had not quenched her youth; it had simply made her sympathetic and supple. She was, in a word a woman of ardent impulses, kept in admirable order. What an ideal combination! thought Isabel.

She made these reflections while the three ladies sat at their tea; but this ceremony was interrupted before long by the arrival of the great doctor from London, who had been immediately ushered into the drawing-room. Mrs. Touchett took him off to the library, to confer with him in private; and then Madame Merle and Isabel parted, to meet again at dinner. The idea of seeing more of this interesting woman did much to mitigate Isabel's perception of the melancholy that now hung over Gardencourt.

When she came into the drawing-room, before dinner, she found the place empty; but in the course of a moment Ralph arrived. His anxiety about his father had been lightened; Sir Matthew Hope's view of his condition was less sombre than Ralph's had been. The doctor recommended that the nurse alone should remain with the old man for the next three or four hours; so that Ralph, his mother, and the great physi-

cian himself were free to dine at table. Mrs. Touchett and Sir Matthew came in; Madame Merle was the last to appear.

Before she came, Isabel spoke of her to Ralph, who was standing before the fire-place.

"Pray, who is Madame Merle?"

"The cleverest woman I know, not excepting yourself," said Ralph.

"I thought she seemed very pleasant."

"I was sure you would think her pleasant," said Ralph.

"Is that why you invited her?"

"I did n't invite her, and when we came back from London I did n't know she was here. No one invited her. She is a friend of my mother's, and just after you and I went to town my mother got a note from her. She had arrived in England (she usually lives abroad, though she has first and last spent a good deal of time here), and she asked leave to come down for a few days. Madame Merle is a woman who can make such proposals with perfect confidence; she is so welcome wherever she goes. And with my mother there could be no question of hesitating; she is the one person in the world whom my mother very much admires. If she were not herself (which she after all much prefers), she would like to be Madame Merle. It would, indeed, be a great change."

"Well, she is very charming," said Isabel. "And she plays beautifully."

"She does everything beautifully. She is complete."

Isabel looked at her cousin a moment. "You don't like her."

"On the contrary, I was once in love with her."

"And she did n't care for you, and that 's why you don't like her."

"How can we have discussed such things? M. Merle was then living."

"Is he dead now?"

"So she says."

"Don't you believe her?"

"Yes, because the statement agrees with the probabilities. The husband of Madame Merle would be likely to die."

Isabel gazed at her cousin again. "I don't know what you mean. You mean something — that you don't mean. What was M. Merle?"

"The husband of madame."

"You are very odious. Has she any children?"

"Not the least little child, — fortunately."

"Fortunately?"

"I mean fortunately for the child; she would be sure to spoil it."

Isabel was apparently on the point of assuring her cousin for the second time that he was odious; but the discussion was interrupted by the arrival of the lady who was the topic of it. She came rustling in quickly, apologizing for being late, fastening a bracelet, dressed in dark blue satin, which exposed a white bosom that was ineffectually covered by a curious silver necklace. Ralph offered his arm with the exaggerated alertness of a man who was no longer a lover.

Even if this had still been his condition, however, Ralph had other things to think about. The great doctor spent the night at Gardencourt, and, returning to London on the morrow, after another consultation with Mr. Touchett's own medical adviser, concurred in Ralph's desire that he should see the patient again on the day following. On the day following Sir Matthew Hope reappeared at Gardencourt, and on this occasion took a less encouraging view of the old man, who had grown worse in the twenty-four hours. His feebleness was extreme, and to his son, who constantly sat by his bedside, it often seemed that his end was at hand. The local doctor, who was a very sagacious man, and in whom Ralph had secretly more confidence than in his distinguished colleague, was constantly in attendance, and Sir Matthew Hope returned several times to Gardencourt. Mr. Touchett

was much of the time unconscious; he slept a great deal; he rarely spoke. Isabel had a great desire to be useful to him, and was allowed to watch with him several times, when his other attendants (of whom Mrs. Touchett was not the least regular) went to take rest. He never seemed to know her, and she always said to herself, "Suppose he should die while I am sitting here," — an idea which excited her and kept her awake. Once he opened his eyes for a while, and fixed them upon her intelligently; but when she went to him, hoping he would recognize her, he closed them, and relapsed into unconsciousness. The day after this, however, he revived for a longer time; but on this occasion Ralph was with him, alone. The old man began to talk, much to his son's satisfaction, who assured him that they should presently have him sitting up.

"No, my boy," said Mr. Touchett; "not unless you bury me in a sitting posture, as some of the ancients — was it the ancients? — used to do."

"Ah, daddy, don't talk about that," Ralph murmured. "You must not deny that you are getting better."

"There will be no need of my denying it, if you don't affirm it," the old man answered. "Why should we prevaricate, just at the last? We never prevaricated before. I have got to die some time, and it 's better to die when one is sick than when one is well. I am very sick, — as sick as I shall ever be. I hope you don't want to prove that I shall ever be worse than this? That would be too bad. You don't? Well, then."

Having made this excellent point, he became quiet; but the next time that Ralph was with him he again addressed himself to conversation. The nurse had gone to her supper, and Ralph was alone with him, having just relieved Mrs. Touchett, who had been on guard since dinner. The room was lighted only by the flickering fire, which of late had become necessary, and Ralph's tall shadow was projected upon the wall and ceiling, with an outline constantly varying, but always grotesque.

"Who is that with me? Is it my son?" the old man asked.

"Yes, it 's your son, daddy."

"And is there no one else?"

"No one else."

Mr. Touchett said nothing for a while; and then, "I want to talk a little," he went on.

"Won't it tire you?" Ralph inquired.

"It won't matter if it does. I shall have a long rest. I want to talk about you."

Ralph had drawn nearer to the bed; he sat leaning forward, with his hand on his father's. "You had better select a brighter topic," he said.

"You were always bright; I used to be proud of your brightness. I should like so much to think that you would do something."

"If you leave us," said Ralph, "I shall do nothing but miss you."

"That is just what I don't want; it 's what I want to talk about. You must get a new interest."

"I don't want a new interest, daddy. I have more old ones than I know what to do with."

The old man lay there looking at his son; his face was the face of the dying, but his eyes were the eyes of Daniel Touchett. He seemed to be reckoning over Ralph's interest. "Of course you have got your mother," he said at last. "You will take care of her."

"My mother will always take care of herself," Ralph answered.

"Well," said his father, "perhaps as she grows older she will need a little help."

"I shall not see that. She will outlive me."

"Very likely she will; but that 's no reason" — Mr. Touchett let his phrase die away in a helpless but not exact-

ly querulous sigh, and remained silent again.

"Don't trouble yourself about us," said his son. "My mother and I get on very well together, you know."

"You get on by always being apart; that 's not natural."

"If you leave us, we shall probably see more of each other."

"Well," the old man observed, with wandering irrelevance, "it cannot be said that my death will make much difference in your mother's life."

"It will probably make more than you think."

"Well, she 'll have more money," said Mr. Touchett. "I have left her a good wife's portion, just as if she had been a good wife."

"She has been one, daddy, according to her own theory. She has never troubled you."

"Ah, some troubles are pleasant," Mr. Touchett murmured. "Those you have given me, for instance. But your mother has been less — less — what do you call it? — less theoretic since I have been ill. I presume she knows I have noticed it."

"I shall certainly tell her so. I am so glad you mention it."

"It won't make any difference to her; she did n't do it to please me. She did it to please — to please" — And he lay a while, trying to think why she had done it. "She did it to please herself. But that is not what I want to talk about," he added. "It 's about you. You will be very well off."

"Yes," said Ralph, "I know that. But I hope you have not forgotten the talk we had a year ago, — when I told you exactly what money I should need, and begged you to make some good use of the rest."

"Yes, yes, I remember. I made a new will — in a few days. I suppose it was the first time such a thing had happened, — a young man trying to get a will made against him."

"It is not against me," said Ralph. "It would be against me to have a large property to take care of. It is impossible for a man in my state of health to spend much money, and enough is as good as a feast."

"Well, you will have enough, — and something over. There will be more than enough for one, — there will be enough for two."

"That 's too much," said Ralph.

"Ah, don't say that. The best thing you can do, when I am gone, will be to marry."

Ralph had foreseen what his father was coming to, and this suggestion was by no means novel. It had long been Mr. Touchett's most ingenious way of expressing the optimistic view of his son's health. Ralph had usually treated it humorously; but present circumstances made the humorous tone impossible. He simply fell back in his chair, and returned his father's appealing gaze in silence.

"If I, with a wife who has n't been very fond of me, have had a very happy life," said the old man, carrying his ingenuity further still, "what a life might you not have, if you should marry a person different from Mrs. Touchett. There are more different from her than there are like her." Ralph still said nothing; and after a pause his father asked softly, "What do you think of your cousin?"

At this Ralph started, meeting the question with a rather fixed smile. "Do I understand you to propose that I should marry Isabel?"

"Well, that 's what it comes to in the end. Don't you like her?"

"Yes, very much." And Ralph got up from his chair and wandered over to the fire. He stood before it an instant, and then he stooped and stirred it, mechanically. "I like Isabel very much," he repeated.

"Well," said his father, "I know she likes you. She told me so."

"Did she remark that she would like to marry me?"

"No; but she can't have anything against you. And she is the most charming young lady I have ever seen. And she would be good to you. I have thought a great deal about it."

"So have I," said Ralph, coming back to the bedside again. "I don't mind telling you that."

"You *are* in love with her, then? I should think you would be. It 's as if she came over on purpose."

"No, I am not in love with her; but I should be if — if certain things were different."

"Ah, things are always different from what they might be," said the old man. "If you wait for them to change, you never do anything. I don't know whether you know," he went on, "but I suppose there is no harm in my alluding to it in such an hour as this: there was some one wanted to marry Isabel, the other day, and she would n't have him."

"I know she refused Lord Warburton; he told me himself."

"Well, that proves that there is a chance for somebody else."

"Somebody else took his chance, the other day, in London, — and got nothing by it."

"Was it you?" Mr. Touchett asked, eagerly.

"No, it was an older friend, — a poor gentleman who came over from America to see about it."

"Well, I am sorry for him. But it only proves what I say, — that the way is open to you."

"If it is, dear father, it is all the greater pity that I am unable to tread it. I have n't many convictions, but I have three or four that I hold strongly. One is that people, on the whole, had better not marry their cousins. Another is that people in an advanced stage of pulmonary weakness had better not marry at all."

The old man raised his feeble hand, and moved it to and fro a little before his face. "What do you mean by that? You look at things in a way that would make everything wrong. What sort of a cousin is a cousin that you have never seen for more than twenty years of her life? We are all each other's cousins, and if we stopped at that the human race would die out. It is just the same with your weak lungs. You are a great deal better than you used to be. All you want is to lead a natural life. It is a great deal more natural to marry a pretty young lady that you are in love with than it is to remain single, on false principles."

"I am not in love with Isabel," said Ralph.

"You said just now that you would be if you did n't think it was wrong. I want to prove to you that it is n't wrong."

"It will only tire you, dear daddy," said Ralph, who marveled at his father's tenacity, and at his finding strength to insist. "Then where shall we all be?"

"Where shall you be if I don't provide for you? You won't have anything to do with the bank, and you won't have me to take care of. You say you have got so many interests; but I can't make them out."

Ralph leaned back in his chair, with folded arms; his eyes were fixed for some time in meditation. At last, with the air of a man fairly mustering courage, "I take a great interest in my cousin," he said, "but not the sort of interest you desire. I shall not live many years; but I hope I shall live long enough to see what she does with herself. She is entirely independent of me; I can exercise very little influence upon her life. But I should like to do something for her."

"What should you like to do?"

"I should like to put a little wind in her sails."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I should like to put it into her power

to do some of the things she wants. She wants to see the world, for instance. I should like to put money in her purse."

"Ah, I am glad you have thought of that," said the old man. "But I have thought of it, too. I have left her a legacy, — five thousand pounds."

"That is capital; it is very kind of you. But I should like to do a little more."

Something of that veiled acuteness with which it had been, on Daniel Touchett's part, the habit of a life-time to listen to a financial proposition, still lingered in the face in which the invalid had not obliterated the man of business. "I shall be happy to consider it," he said, softly.

"Isabel is poor, then. My mother tells me that she has but a few hundred dollars a year. I should like to make her rich."

"What do you mean by rich?"

"I call people rich when they are able to gratify their imagination. Isabel has a great deal of imagination."

"So have you, my son," said Mr. Touchett, listening very attentively, but a little confusedly.

"You tell me I shall have money enough for two. What I want is that you should kindly relieve me of my superfluity, and give it to Isabel. Divide my inheritance into two equal halves, and give the second half to her."

"To do what she likes with?"

"Absolutely what she likes."

"And without an equivalent?"

"What equivalent could there be?"

"The one I have already mentioned."

"Her marrying some one or other? It's just to do away with anything of that sort that I make my suggestion. If she has an easy income she will never have to marry for a support. She wishes to be free, and your bequest will make her free."

"Well, you seem to have thought it out," said Mr. Touchett. "But I don't see why you appeal to me. The money will be yours, and you can easily give it to her yourself."

Ralph started a little. "Ah, dear father, *I* can't offer Isabel money!"

The old man groaned. "Don't tell me you are not in love with her! Do you want me to have the credit of it?"

"Entirely. I should like it simply to be a clause in your will, without the slightest reference to me."

"Do you want me to make a new will, then?"

"A few words will do it; you can attend to it the next time you feel a little lively."

"You must telegraph to Mr. Hilary, then. I will do nothing without my lawyer."

"You shall see Mr. Hilary to-morrow."

"He will think we have quarreled, you and I," said the old man.

"Very probably. I shall like him to think it," said Ralph, smiling; "and to carry out the idea I give you notice that I shall be very sharp with you."

The humor of this appeared to touch his father; he lay a little while taking it in. "I will do anything you like," he said at last; "but I'm not sure it's right. You say you want to put wind in her sails; but are n't you afraid of putting too much?"

"I should like to see her going before the breeze!" Ralph answered.

"You speak as if it were for your entertainment."

"So it is, a good deal."

"Well, I don't think I understand," said Mr. Touchett, with a sigh. "Young men are very different from what I was. When I cared for a girl, — when I was young, — I wanted to do more than look at her. You have scruples that I should n't have had, and you have ideas that I should n't have had, either. You say that Isabel wants to be free, and that her being rich will keep her from marrying for money. Do you think that she is a girl to do that?"

"By no means. But she has less money than she has ever had before; her father gave her everything, because he used to spend his capital. She has nothing but the crumbs of that feast to live on, and she does n't really know how meagre they are; she has yet to learn it. My mother has told me all about it. Isabel will learn it when she is thrown upon the world, and it would be painful to me to think of her coming to the consciousness of a lot of wants that she should be unable to satisfy."

"I have left her five thousand pounds. She can satisfy a good many wants with that."

"She can, indeed. But she would probably spend it in two or three years."

"You think she would be extravagant, then?"

"Most certainly," said Ralph, smiling serenely.

Poor Mr. Touchett's acuteness was rapidly giving place to pure confusion. "It would merely be a question of time, then, her spending the larger sum?"

"No. At first I think she would plunge into that pretty freely; she would probably make over a part of it to each of her sisters. But after that she would come to her senses, remember that she had still a life-time before her, and live within her means."

"Well, you *have* worked it out," said the old man, with a sigh. "You do take an interest in her, certainly."

"You can't consistently say I go too far. You wished me to go further."

"Well, I don't know," the old man answered. "I don't think I enter into your spirit. It seems to me immoral."

"Immoral, dear daddy?"

"Well, I don't know that it 's right to make everything so easy for a person."

"It surely depends upon the person. When the person is good, your making things easy is all to the credit of virtue. To facilitate the execution of good impulses, what can be a nobler act?"

This was a little difficult to follow, and Mr. Touchett considered it for a while. At last he said, —

"Isabel is a sweet young girl; but do you think she is as good as that?"

"She is as good as her best opportunities," said Ralph.

"Well," Mr. Touchett declared, "she ought to get a great many opportunities for sixty thousand pounds."

"I have no doubt she will."

"Of course I will do what you want," said the old man. "I only want to understand it a little."

"Well, dear daddy, don't you understand it now?" his son asked, caressingly. "If you don't, we won't take any more trouble about it; we will leave it alone."

Mr. Touchett lay silent a long time. Ralph supposed that he had given up the attempt to understand it. But at last he began again: —

"Tell me this, first: Does n't it occur to you that a young lady with sixty thousand pounds may fall a victim to the fortune-hunters?"

"She will hardly fall a victim to more than one."

"Well, one is too many."

"Decidedly. That 's a risk, and it has entered into my calculation. I think it 's appreciable, but I think it 's small, and I am prepared to take it."

Poor Mr. Touchett's acuteness had passed into perplexity, and his perplexity now passed into admiration.

"Well, you *have* gone into it!" he exclaimed. "But I don't see what good you are to get of it."

Ralph leaned over his father's pillows and gently smoothed them; he was aware that their conversation had been prolonged to a dangerous point. "I shall get just the good that I said just now I wished to put into Isabel's reach, — that of having gratified my imagination. But it 's scandalous, the way I have taken advantage of you!"

Henry James, Jr.

THE RISING OF THE CURTAIN.

We sit before the curtain, and we heed the pleasant bustle:
The ushers hastening up the aisles, the fans' and programmes' rustle;
The boy that cries librettos, and the soft, incessant sound
Of talking and low laughter that buzzes all around.

How very old the drop-scene looks! A thousand times before
I've seen that blue paint dashing on that red distemper shore;
The castle and the *gouache* sky, the very ilex-tree, —
They have been there a thousand years, — a thousand more shall be.

All our lives we have been waiting for that weary daub to rise;
We have peeped behind its edges, "as if we were God's spies;"
We have listened for the signal; yet still, as in our youth,
The colored screen of matter hangs between us and the truth.

When in my careless childhood I dwelt beside a wood,
I tired of the clearing where my father's cabin stood;
And of the wild young forest paths that lured me to explore,
Then dwindled down, or led me back to where I stood before.

But through the woods before our door a wagon track went by,
Above whose utmost western edge there hung an open sky;
And there it seemed to make a plunge, or break off suddenly,
As though beneath that open sky it met the open sea.

Oh, often have I fancied, in the sunset's dreamy glow,
That mine eyes had caught the welter of the ocean waves below;
And the wind among the pine-tops, with its low and ceaseless roar,
Was but an echo from the surf on that imagined shore.

Alas! as I grew older, I found that road led down
To no more fair horizon than the squalid factory town:
So all life's purple distances, when nearer them I came,
Have played me still the same old cheat, — the same, the same, the same!

And when, O King, the heaven departeth as a scroll,
Wilt thou once more the promise break thou madest to my soul?
Shall I see thy feasting presence thronged with baron, knight, and page?
Or will the curtain rise upon a dark and empty stage?

For lo, quick undulations across the canvas run;
The foot-lights brighten suddenly, the orchestra has done;
And through the expectant silence rings loud the prompter's bell;
The curtain shakes, — it rises. Farewell, dull world, farewell!

Henry A. Beers.

GERMAN COÖPERATIVE CREDIT-UNIONS.

No healthy social science ever came before the public with plans which were to render labor, energy, and mental exertion unnecessary. Even if it were possible, no sound political economy would desire to make the struggle for existence less earnest. Social reforms, however, have the object of dividing material goods — and the spiritual ones to which the first serve as a necessary basis — more in proportion to useful intellectual and physical labor performed, and less in accordance to inheritance, privilege, and class; of easing the contest for the means of subsistence in some places, and giving it a better prospect of success; of rendering it really earnest in others.

Such is the aim of the credit-unions, founded and managed by a warm-hearted humanitarian for the purpose of elevating the moral and material welfare of entire classes of society. They are not charitable institutions. On the contrary, one main object is to render laborers and tradesmen independent; to give them such a consciousness of their own dignity as men as shall make them scorn charity. Their watch-word is "self-help;" the principle upon which they are based is "that man has received from nature not only wants, but also powers, the proper use of which gives him the means of satisfying his wants." Schulze-Delitzsch comes repeatedly back to this fundamental proposition, and is unable to value too highly a manly self-reliance. "We wish no aid from the state," cries he, "we desire no public subventions! Let us alone. Give us freedom and the liberty of managing our own affairs, and we ask no further assistance." Schulze-Delitzsch does not decry generosity and the doctrine of human "brotherhood." These are noble principles of our nature, and useful in relieving individual cases of distress. He contends, nevertheless, that where classes of the people are concerned, charity, whether public or private, is powerless. Instead of strengthening, it weakens; instead of elevating the character of the recipients of its benefits, it debases it. Coöperative associations, rightly understood, have a far weightier mission than that of relieving dependent poverty, namely, that of preventing it.

The Schulze-Delitzsch credit-unions presuppose two economic propositions: (1.) Wealth tends to accumulate in a few hands. (2.) A proper use of credit is of assistance in operating against this tendency, politically and economically injurious. Some writers are inclined to dispute these propositions, although modern political economists of note appear to be as unanimous in assenting to the first as in defending the value of credit.

It would seem that the careful student of history, as well as the close observer of his own times, ought to have little doubt that wealth has a dangerous tendency to accumulate. From the era of Lycurgus up to our own times, legislators have had to occupy themselves more or less with measures to prevent this. It is certain that concentration of property in a few hands had much to do with Rome's corruption and final fall. The agrarian laws did not prove sufficient to maintain a middle class, — the stronghold of freedom, "in which are generally to be found all the arts, wisdom, and virtues of society." We must remember that that is a wrong view of political economy which confines it to the treatment of ways proper to increase national wealth. The increase of national wealth is by no means necessarily a blessing. It can become also a curse to

a country. By flowing into the hands of the few, it may make the rest of the citizens their dependents, and to a certain extent, *de facto*, their slaves. Legislation has to be conducted with great shrewdness to operate against too vast an accumulation of wealth. This may be brought about by directly opposite causes. In England primogeniture has favored it; in Westphalia an equal distribution of property among the children. The farms in Westphalia have become so small, in a large number of cases, as to make a further division impracticable: upon the death of the father, the land must be sold to give each child its share; the consequence is, some large proprietor "rounds out" his great estate by buying the little farm which formerly nourished a humble but contented peasant family. Other examples are not difficult to be found. Let us turn our attention to the city. Hackney coaches do a considerable business in large towns. A has five coaches and horses, B one. One of A's horses dies, and a coach is smashed by a runaway. A has credit, buys a new horse and coach, his family avoid unnecessary expense for six months, and he is as fortunate as ever. At this juncture, B's one horse falls, breaks his leg, and must be shot. The poor man has no credit to enable him to purchase another, and is obliged to sell his hack to A in order to pay a small mortgage still remaining on it. A at once buys another horse, and B steps down into the class of day laborers. These are not fanciful examples. Any observant man sees such cases happening continually. The inventions and technical progress of the last few decades, though in themselves blessings, have been unfortunate in strengthening the natural tendency we have described. The means of communication, the transport of goods and passengers, formerly supported in every large country thousands of independent men, too rich to become the clients of the great, too poor to domineer over others. In countries like England and America, where railroads are managed by private parties, a few men of enormous wealth and power, with an army of subalterns, have taken their place. Similar movements have been accomplished in nearly all industries.

The tendency of our time is to conduct all business on a large scale, and crush out the "small man." Technical progress and the modern means of communication require increased stock in trades and commerce. A high preparatory education, increased skill, and large capital are now the elements of success. The credit-unions aim at preserving the independent existence of as many of the poorer classes as possible.

But how is credit to accomplish this? asks some one. There are those who condemn all credit as injurious. If we are not mistaken, this was the opinion of the late Horace Greeley. His repeated advice to any and every body was, under all circumstances, to avoid debt as the pest. It caused him an inward groan to relate that a person who should walk down Broadway, and ask the men he met if they wished a loan of ten thousand dollars, would receive an affirmative answer from nine out of ten. But such views result from too narrow a consideration of national and private economy. Credit, when rightly managed, is of immense benefit to a community, and its development is a mark of economic progress. One highly celebrated German economist, the late Professor Hildebrand, was so impressed with the importance and utility of credit that he divided the economic development of a people into three stadia, as follows: In the first, barter and truck prevail, — barter and truck economy; in the second, payment in money, — money economy; in the third, credit pushes aside, to a great extent, the employment of the precious metals as money, — the credit economy. We consider that this division contains sci-

entific errors, but we will not busy ourselves with them at present. It serves to show the weight that a distinguished scientist attached to credit; which is nothing other than a commercial transaction, in which the service or performance (*Leistung*) of the one falls in the present, the counter-service (*Gegenleistung*) of the other in the future.[1] We will point out the main benefits to be derived from a use of credit, following the order in which they are given by Professor Conrad, of Halle, in his lectures on Political Economy: (1.) Credit furnishes a more perfect and convenient means of payment in large sums and between distant places than the precious metals, saving time and labor. This is effected by means of notes, checks, and bills of exchange. (2.) Credit takes the place of corresponding amounts of gold and silver. This is a saving, as it enables us to employ the precious metals for other useful purposes. (3.) Capital is employed more productively. He who possesses capital, but is for any reason unable to make use of it, transfers it to another for a compensation, to the benefit of both, as well as that of the public economy. It is given, *cæteris paribus*, to him who is ready to pay the highest price for its use; that is, in general, to him who can employ it most productively. (4.) The laborers, artisans, and traders, although unprovided with means of their own, may by the use of credit obtain capital to assist them in their labors, and that without sacrificing their independence. This point is to be particularly borne in mind as of especial weight in judging the credit-unions. Credit is thus of importance in avoiding that separation of capital and labor which excites so much bad feeling, and which forebodes danger to modern civilization. (5.) Credit gathers together the smallest sums, which, by means of joint-stock companies and otherwise, are economically employed. Capital is concentrated, but its returns are disseminated among the people, — politically, a weighty point. (6.) The possibility of employing every sum, however minute, urges people on to saving. (7.) Credit binds together the interests of those having dealings with one another. Under a highly developed system of credit economy, it is the interest of each to show himself worthy of trust; this can be of advantage in the moral education of a people. (8.) It enables men to save for their old age, and make provision for their families in case of their death. Were there no such thing as credit, the best one could do would be to heap up, and then consume afterwards, the capital gathered together. (9.) Capital, when obtained under favorable circumstances, yields a larger return than the interest. Were it otherwise, borrowing, except in case of special need and distress, would cease. The prudent and skillful laborer, who can command credit, is thus enabled to obtain, besides his wages, a surplus from the use of the capital.[1] "Credit, WELL USED, is therefore economically as productive as a favorable climate, or a high education of a people."

The dangers of the credit-economy are not to be underestimated. Temptation to indulge in a disproportioned consumption and to undertake precarious speculation may be mentioned. There is also danger of the rich man's acquiring a still greater preponderance over the poor by a more extensive use of credit. The credit-unions are especially directed against the last-mentioned misfortune of the credit economy. A slight inquiry will show that banks and the other ordinary resources by means of which the rich obtain credit do not exist for the poor. What does the mechanic, with a small shop in some little town, know of the money market and its ways?

[1] Cf. Carl Knies, Geld u. Credit, Theil ii. der Credit. Berlin. 1875.

[1] No. 9 is added by the writer.

He is ill-acquainted with these things, and were he perfectly familiar with them would not be able to employ them for his purposes. The expenses of a journey to a money centre would often equal a third or a fourth of all he needed; and on arriving there, he would find himself unprovided with security which would be accepted, even though those acquainted with his affairs might know that he was good for ten times the amount desired. This is also true, in a higher degree, of ordinary laborers. Generally, these "little people" have to get on as best they can without the use of credit, however necessary and profitable it might be to them, or have recourse to a usurer; and in every small town, and great one too, will be found men who live by bleeding such people. Usury laws have too often proved themselves of little worth. In Germany they were abolished in 1867. Before this time, and before Dr. Schulze founded the first union in Delitzsch, in 1850, the interest which tradesmen in that town were obliged to pay was enormous, and a refutation to those who would have us think usury an unreality, an illusion! One tradesman, who had a lively little business in Delitzsch, wished to borrow fifty thalers ($37.50) for a few days, to make purchases at the Leipzig fair. He was obliged to pay an interest of one thaler a day, or an annual interest of seven hundred and thirty per cent. Schulze-Delitzsch reports that inquiry among small dealers and laborers has shown him that an interest of one thaler a month for a loan of twenty thalers was common enough, — an interest of sixty per cent. per annum.

The success of the credit-unions shows conclusively that they supply a need which was felt. Less than thirty years ago Dr. Schulze founded the first one in the provincial town of Delitzsch, in the province of Saxony. In 1851, the year after, two men, who have done much for the welfare of their fellows, Dr. Bernhardi and the tailor Bürmann, founded a second in the neighboring city of Eilenburg; the third was established in 1853, in Zörtig; in the next two years, four more were founded in various places. These seven unions flourishing, Dr. Schulze published the first edition of his work, Vorschuss- und Creditvereine als Volksbanken, in 1856. The idea took at once, and they have been spreading all over Germany since that time. In his annual report for 1878, Schulze-Delitzsch was able to mention the names and the locations of 1841 credit-unions. Full reports were made to him, as the representative of their interests, by 940 unions. These unions had, at the termination of the year 1878, 480,507 members, and had made loans during the same year to the amount of 1,456,003,733 marks.[1]

The want of people's banks was so keenly felt that numbers were established, especially in the larger cities, about the year 1848, in response to the cry for such institutions. They did not prosper. Some soon closed up; others led a miserable existence, wavering between life and death. The cause was the false foundation upon which they were built, namely, that of charity. Wealthy people, of good intentions, lent the money necessary for conducting the business. There was not always a sufficient examination into the ability of the receiver of the loan to repay what had been lent him, nor, indeed, did he in all cases think it incumbent upon him to pay at the appointed time. Money was lost. Those who should have been grateful for assistance received found themselves often disappointed in their expectations, and demanded increased loans of their patrons, or loaded them with reproaches. In short, universal discontent reigned on all sides. Germany's experience has demonstrated, says Schulze-Delitzsch, that institutions

[1] The mark is $0.23821. Three marks make a thaler.

of this character which are to possess life must stand on their own feet, demanding neither private nor public charity.

Schulze-Delitzsch, therefore, in establishing the unions which bear his name, proceeded from the stand-point that the greatest service those whose position in life has given them the advantage of greater intellectual development can render to the laboring classes is to teach them to grasp the means of self-help which lie within their reach, and to strengthen their trust in their own power (*ihr Selbstgefühl zu stärken*). These unions find their strength in the power of organization. The motto adopted is the French one: *Un pour tous, tous pour un.* In other words, they are founded on the principle of the full liability of each and every member for all debts of the association. The security offered is a different one from that recognized usually in business circles; it is in considerable degree personal. One laborer alone, have he a project never so sure of success, and be he never so skillful himself, is not able to borrow money from capitalists, least of all from banks, unless he can pledge property, easily realizable, to more than the full amount; if he does not do it, some friend is obliged to do it for him, or he must be deprived of the use of credit. If several artisans and laborers, however, each having need of credit, bind themselves together in such a way as to be unitedly responsible for the debt of all, a capitalist can well afford to lend them money. He can calculate upon the theory of probabilities, as the life insurance companies do. If they are ordinarily clever men, — and provision is made for that in the credit-unions, as we shall see hereafter, — a certain per cent. are bound to succeed well enough to pay any reasonable loan made to all. Some might be inclined to smile at such an investment as dangerous, but the plan has worked brilliantly in Germany. It is doubtful if, in America, any one kind of business can show so small a proportionate number of failures as the cooperative German unions. Yet these unions have provided the poor and propertyless with credit. Their good name has grown, and more money has often been offered them, at low rates of interest, — they pay on an average about four and a half per cent. per annum, — than they could use. In places where they have been established, the unions have made all those worthy of credit able to obtain it (*creditwürdig, creditfähig*). Instead of charging interest varying from fifty to seven hundred per cent., they have lent money to the "little" man at rates varying from six to ten per cent. — as for example in rare cases, to defray the expense of starting a new bank, the rate has been eleven per cent. One chief element in the organization of credit-unions is, therefore, the full liability of all members. The second is a saving and formation of capital by the members. They must become share-holders. No one can become a member of a credit-union without purchasing shares in the business. A majority of those, however, for whom the associations are designed are unable to purchase their shares at once; accordingly, they are sold on part payments, each of which is so small that the ordinary laborer can spare the sum. Thus in a few years it happens that a large part of the stock of the banks belongs to the members. The calculation is that each member shall buy shares to the amount of fifty to one hundred thalers. As Germany is a poor country and wages low, the corresponding minimum for the United States ought to be, at least, one hundred dollars. This may be considered insignificant, but it is not to be forgotten that a main point to encourage in saving is to create a taste for it. A large part of those who join the unions never before had so much capital in their possession; in fact, never before had any capital

which was yielding a revenue and accumulating.

In cultivating a habit of providing for the future, the importance of the first step cannot be overestimated. The self-respect and importance of the laborers are raised as soon as they become, even in a small way, capitalists. The feeling that they are members of a large and powerful institution has been found to help wonderfully. This may be called sentiment, but as it is, like many other sentiments, a reality and a power for good, that is no objection. Very many can be led to save only by such powerful motives as the associations offer, inasmuch as the shares are made a source of gain, and credit can be obtained by the most only by becoming members. It is touching to read of the race in saving which sometimes takes place between the members of the credit-unions after they have become fairly started, particularly after the first dividends have been declared. The poor strive to keep up with those better circumstanced by the most rigorous economy, by cutting off every unnecessary expense. The unions thus become savings-banks and render the pawn shops unnecessary for its members.

The principal items to be taken account of in considering the coöperative credit-unions are: —

(1.) The seekers of loans are in general members and managers of the institution which is to supply them with credit; they have a decisive voice in the administration; the profit and loss are alike shared by them.

(2.) The monetary transactions are conducted on business principles, as in banks, — service for counter-service; those who lend money to the union receive the usual interest; those who borrow pay the market rate for the loans; the directors and other officials receive salaries which correspond to their positions.

(3.) The members buy shares at once, or by means of payments in small sums from time to time. The shares furnish the standard for the distribution of the dividends; the latter are often added to the money paid for the shares. Dividends and shares thus build a continually increasing capital stock.

(4.) The money, apart from its own capital stock, which the union needs for conducting its business is borrowed. All members are fully liable for the amount.

THE LEGAL REQUIREMENTS FOR ESTABLISHING CREDIT-UNIONS IN GERMANY.

We give the legal status of the unions in Germany, because the laws have been framed with special reference to the co-operative credit-unions. Under German law coöperative unions have flourished as nowhere else, and have been followed as far as possible as models in other European countries. In any country or state, those founding such unions should first consult some honest and capable lawyer, and one interested in the coöperative cause. It were desirable, indeed, that the leader of the movement should be an able lawyer. It is owing to Schulze-Delizsch's legal knowledge and general ability that they have succeeded so well in Germany. He was formerly what we would call a county judge, and has long been a member of the Prussian and German Imperial Parliaments. In effecting the passage of the Imperial Association Law (*Genossenschaftsgesetz*), he is considered as having rendered one of his greatest services to his country. The chief cost and trouble is in starting the first association in each state. After one has been established, and formularies and statutes drawn up which can serve as models, the foundation of others is easy. No outside help is required. The elements for an organization are in every place. All that is necessary is earnestness.

In Germany no concession from the

state is required. Private law (*jus privatum*) is alone concerned. The purpose of the association is the mutual assistance of the members in their private affairs. The German courts have even decided that the unions cannot be regarded as business concerns, conducting a business for profit with the public, when they lend money only to members, although they may borrow money from third parties. The union furnishes its members with the means of carrying on various kinds of business. The profits and dividends come from the members themselves, and the members obtain them from their labors and trades. Legally, the dividends cannot be regarded any more as profits than the money which I take out of one pocket and put in the other. This decision of the German courts frees the unions from the tax to which trades and banks are subjected. Unions which do not confine their loans to members, but lend to the general public for interest and commission, are, on the contrary, naturally regarded as business concerns, in the ordinary sense.

We will best understand the legal position of the unions by comparing them with various other business associations. They differ from the *societas* of German-Roman law inasmuch as (1) the societas is formed by a certain limited number of definite persons. The entrance of new members and the withdrawal of old ones change its entire character, leading generally to its dissolution, even when the remaining old members and the new-comers form a new societas. In the credit-unions an easy means of entering the association and of quitting it is one of the fundamental conditions. Again, the benefits of the union are not confined to a small number of partners, as in the societas, but are extended to the greatest possible number. (2.) A societas does business with the public, and stands as a unity opposed to the public. The credit-unions do business within themselves. The members are the consumers. This is also the case with the "Consumers' Unions" and "Raw-Material Associations, which arose in Germany about the same time. If they have a larger capital than the members need, they may do business with the public, but that is a secondary consideration. The productive associations produce for the public, and occupy a different position.

Joint-stock companies answer the purposes of the unions as regards the change of members, the entrance of new-comers, the liberty of any member to quit the association, and the decision by majorities. But the full liability of the members, one of the chief considerations, fails. By uniting this element of ordinary partnership with the provisions we have named of joint-stock companies, we have the requirements necessary for establishing credit-unions. This was brought about in Germany by the federal law of 1867, which became imperial law in 1873. There are, however, other differences between the position of the credit-unions and that of joint-stock companies: (1.) To become a member of a joint-stock company, one must have a certain ready capital, which shuts out poor people. (2.) The amount of the capital of joint-stock companies must be fixed beforehand and made known to everybody. The capital cannot be changed without the knowledge of the creditors. The basis of the Schulze-Delitzsch unions is eminently personal credit. The French law of July 24, 1867, calls them, on account of the changeable capital, "*sociétés à capitale variable.*" In societies in a healthy condition the stock usually increases, on account of the savings of the members.

The unions are entered in the public registers, together with their statutes, by-laws, and officers, and gain thereby the rights of a legal and commercial person in respect of holding property, bills of

exchange, mortgages, etc. They can conduct legal proceedings before the courts, can sue and be sued. They are obliged by law to keep books which shall show plainly at all times their assets and liabilities: to publish during the first six months of every business year a statement of their balance, also the number of members who have quitted the union and who have joined it. They are obliged to send in monthly and quarterly statements to the commercial court (*Handelsgericht*) of the names of all new members and those who have left. Once a year an alphabetical list of all members must be sent to the court, and a notice published to the effect that at such a place it may be seen by any one desiring, as also a copy of the statutes. One very weighty provision of German association law is that all claims against members expire two years after they have left the union, either voluntarily, by death, or by the dissolution of the society. This is called the *zweijährige Verjährungsrecht*) the two-years-prescription law.

The statutes are subscribed to by all the members, thus forming a written contract. An abstract of the statutes must be published by the court. By these different means the public is inspired with confidence. It knows with whom it is dealing. The directors of the union are responsible for the correctness of the list of members, under pain of punishment. The names of the directors are published in the papers. The directors represent the union before the court. Notice must always be made to the court of a change of statutes or directors; in case of dissolution, of the liquidators.

CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP.

To demand ten or twenty dollars at once as a condition of entrance excludes the poorer class, and there is no object for doing this, even when the middle classes take an active part in the union, as frequently happens. The unions are founded on the principle of self-help, and this is the decisive point. As already emphatically remarked, the unions are not charitable institutions. He who cannot *probably* make use of credit, help himself by it, and return the loan when given on favorable terms cannot become a member. Therefore, as long as a man can care for himself and his own, even though wretchedly, he is to be admitted. Otherwise, "he is dead for the unions, and to be cared for by public or private charity." The test of a person's worthiness is his ability to pay each month even a small sum for his shares. This indicates a certain moral force and strength of will. Schulze-Delitzsch reports that he knows many laborers and tradesmen (*Handwerker*) without property who were at first refused credit, but who paid regularly their contributions. As a result, they have finally obtained credit corresponding to their conditions in life, and since have been among the most regular dealers with the unions, having always a balance in their favor. If the balance amounts to but thirty or forty dollars, it is not to be despised. It is with such small amounts as these that the great work is done in Germany.

It is evident that, on account of the liability of the members, only persons legally independent can join. Minors and wards are excluded, except that they can use the unions as savings-banks and thus become creditors. In Germany no married woman can join without the written consent of her husband. Admission is promised to no one and to no class of people indiscriminately, any more than admission to any other private society. Applicants have to be accepted by the directors and an admittance committee. A very important proviso is the right of appeal to the members, which any applicant has who has been rejected by the directors and committee. Did not this exist, the management would have the

power of crushing every opposition by admitting only those favorably disposed to it.

Although every member has the right of leaving, he may not do so at any time. Limits must be put upon this right in order to insure solidity to the union. No one can leave except at the close of the financial year, when all accounts are arranged, and the balance and share of each one in profits and business are reckoned. This is the requirement of German law, which also requires a four-weeks' warning when one intends to withdraw. The death of a member has the same legal effect as a warning, and closes his membership with the year, even if the death happens just before its close. This is of evident importance to the heirs. No one, after quitting the union, can demand his share in the business to be paid to him before the expiration of the first three months after the close of the year. This regulation is necessary for the safety of the creditors and the members. On leaving, no member has any claims on the reserve fund or on the property of the union as such, — furniture, etc.

THE FULL-LIABILITY PRINCIPLE, OR SOLIDARITY.

Herr Schulze-Delitzsch is a strong advocate of this stipulation of the law, dangerous as it may seem. Without it credit-unions have not been able to thrive in Germany. In Bavaria, in 1873, the unions had the choice offered them between a full-liability law and a limited-liability one, and chose the former. In Austria the law does not allow credit-unions to be formed with full liability, and their leader and attorney in that country, Herr H. Ziller, regards this restriction as a reason why they do not flourish so well in Austria as in Germany. He is agitating for a full-liability law.

The coöperative credit-unions teach the members the unity and identity of their interests. During the late crisis the different members have assisted one another as far as possible; the various unions have done the same. This makes them a good moral school for the members. The unions have fully stood the severe test of the crisis in Germany. The unions and the members have an interest to help one another over a hard point, as the failure of one is not a matter of indifference to the others, owing to the resulting discredit brought on the whole organization. This circumstance cultivates a feeling of personal responsibility.

Where the liability is limited, there is too much temptation to speculation, as in Austria. According to Dr. Schulze, the English law of August 7, 1862, which limited liability to the amount invested in capital stock, injured the co-operative cause in England. The law of the 24th of July, 1867, had a similar effect in France.

The prudent and skillful management of the unions of Germany appears from the fact that the eighty unions which reported in 1859 lent over 4,000,000 thalers, and that of this sum only 470 thalers were lost.

In Germany there are various other coöperative associations, some of which we have already named. At the close of the year 1878, the number of associations of all descriptions, so far as known, was 3146. Coöperative unions have existed over twenty years in Germany, but all the failures of importance during this time, including the voluntary liquidations, which have caused any considerable loss amount to, at the most, 120, so far as is known.

Two paragraphs of the German association law deserve attention: —

(1.) The creditors must first bring to a close bankruptcy proceedings against the union before they can turn to the members.

(2.) The opening of bankruptcy proceedings against the union does not

place its members in a state of bankruptcy.

Paragraph 2 is of especial weight. Since in many cases, a good part of the citizens of a town are members, to declare them all in a state of bankruptcy would stop business in the place, and produce so much harm as to be injurious to the creditors themselves. During the bankruptcy proceedings, the directors or liquidators prepare a plan for dividing the deficiency among the members, and, after it has been approved by the court, it is executed summarily.

MEANS OF RAISING THE MONEY FOR THE UNIONS.

The unions must take the same position as other banks, and not borrow from them, but direct from the public. If they borrow from banks, the costs and dangers are increased. In times when money is "tight," the other banks would be unable to satisfy their wants.

The greatest care is to be taken to reserve a right of demanding a previous notice (*Kündigung*) before one can withdraw one's deposit. If the union borrows the money on an average "on three months' notice," it is clear that it cannot lend its money on an average of "six months' notice." Safety demands that competition should be made with other banks rather by offering a higher rate of interest than by making any concession as to the "right of demanding notice." Thus the union in Delitzsch granted four per cent. interest, while the city savings-bank gave only three and one half per cent. In general these provisions are not needed, but they become necessary at once in a time of crisis, as a single inability to pay occasions bankruptcy and ruin. The right may perhaps be granted the smallest depositors to draw out their money at once.

Encouragement is to be offered to deposits for a long time by offering a higher rate of interest, which is of course lost when the depositor withdraws his money before the expiration of the term. The writer has noticed that this regulation seems to be general in Switzerland. Some prominent banks there, for example, the Banque Cantonale in Neuchâtel and the Comptoir d'Escompte in Geneva, give only two per cent. interest for deposits which can be drawn out at any time (*disponibles*), but advance it gradually until it reaches four or four and a half per cent. on deposits for two years. Another bank, that of Chatelain, Clandon & Cie, in Neuchâtel, gives four per cent. on deposits which are disponibles, four and a fourth per cent. when the deposits are on three months' notice, four and a half per cent. when they are on six months' notice, four and three fourths per cent. on nine months' notice, five per cent. on deposits for one year. That seems to be rather high for Switzerland. The regulations of the credit-unions have to be fixed more or less by experience and special circumstances. The larger the reserve fund and the shares of the members, which cannot be drawn out like deposits, the more favorable the conditions which can be offered.

In most of the German states and provinces the unions are organized into a whole, which has its directors. When one union has a lack of money and another a superfluity, the directors bring the two unions together, to their mutual benefit. This is also accomplished by means of advertisement in the paper which is the organ of all German coöperative associations, the Blätter für Genossenschaftswesen, published in Leipzig. The union which has a surplus lends to the union which has a want of money at the rate of five or six per cent. per annum and a small commission. Monthly, quarterly, and yearly reports are made, and thus the condition of each union is known.

Care is to be exercised in prosperous times not to accept more money than is needed and more than corresponds to

the funds in possession of the unions. A temptation to speculate can too easily arise if the unions are not on their guard in this matter.

There is a German Imperial Organization, or Central Board, which stands at the head of the state and provincial organizations. This superior organization includes all coöperative associations in Germany which choose to comply with the conditions required for joining it. It now embraces some 1100 unions of various kinds. As attorney (*Anwalt*) Schulze-Delitzsch stands at the head of it. This arrangement has been the chief promoter of the coöperative cause in Germany. Schulze-Delitzsch's repeated warnings against every beginning of an unhealthy development, his watchful care, and his readiness and ability to defend with pen and word the interests of the unions have contributed more than anything else to their sound business basis to-day. It is undoubtedly due to him that that certainly very dangerous full-liability act has not led to great abuses. The English have tried to supply the place of such a law by not allowing any one to withdraw the capital which he has placed in a coöperative association. The share any member may have can only be sold to another. This regulation gives the unions a certain stability, but would seem to be hardly sufficient to prevent two or three buying up all the shares, and thus defeating the purpose of the institution.

FUNDS OF THE UNIONS.

The first concern of a coöperative credit-union must be the formation of a capital of its own. It gives the association a solid basis. Banks would naturally hesitate to lend money to an association without capital proper, because however safe the full liability act might make such a loan, its collection, in case the union failed, would be attended with unpleasantness to say the least.

The next question is, What should be the proportion between the capital of the union and the borrowed money? The experience in Germany answers the question as follows: Even at the opening of a credit-union, its capital should never be less than one-tenth of the money borrowed, that is, one-eleventh of the whole capital; after two or three years this one tenth should have increased to one fifth or one fourth; and finally to one half.

The stock of the credit-unions is divided into two parts: (1.) The reserve (*das Gesammtvermögen des Vereines*), the property of the union itself. (2.) The shares of the members (*das Mitgliedervermögen*).

(1.) The reserve. The reserve gives an additional security to the union. When members quit, they can take no part of it with them. In case of dissolution only is it divided among the then remaining members. The reserve is formed in the beginning of a union by contribution on the part of the members. Afterwards an entrance fee is charged, which ought to become larger in proportion as the reserve grows, since the new member would have his share of the same in case of a dissolution. The entrance fee, at the same time, must never be so high as to shut out the poorest man. In Germany the maximum is ten marks, even when it is paid in part payments, from time to time, during two years or more. The entire profits of the first year are generally added to the reserve; fifteen to twenty per cent. of those of the second or third years; afterwards five to ten per cent. The reserve should increase in proportion to the growth of business and risk. It should also have a certain fixed relation to the capital the members have invested in shares, — say, ten per cent. The reserve is not to be used to cover any loss so long as undivided profits still remain in possession of the union; after the profits are exhausted, recourse is had to the reserve; after that is gone, to

the stock of the members. The reserve does not need to lie idle, as the credit-unions neither indulge in nor favor speculation. It must, nevertheless, be invested in such a manner as to be perfectly safe and to be realizable at all times. A separate account must be kept of it.

(2.) The shares of the members. The monthly contribution towards the payment for the shares must not be less than one half a mark in the smaller places, in the larger not less than one mark. As already stated, the ability of a laborer to save a small sum has been found by experience to be a good test of his worthiness to receive credit. When one reflects on the small wages of the laboring classes, and what saving means to them, one will be ready to avow that saving implies in them especial energy and understanding.

The amount which may be invested in shares depends upon the business done. After a credit-union has been doing business for some time, the capital needed is to be divided by the number of members. This gives the maximum which any one person may invest. If any member were allowed to buy more than a corresponding number of shares, it would be possible for a few members to take possession of the whole concern, and its *raison d'être* would cease. Let us suppose that a credit-union is able to make use of $20,000, and is composed of 200 members; we find, by dividing 20,000 by 200 that $100 is the maximum amount which any one member may invest in shares. It is, however, advisable to borrow part of the capital necessary for conducting the business, as thereby the profits are divided among a smaller number of shares, and the dividends are larger. In Germany, a bank which abstains entirely from unhealthy speculation and stock gambling has been found to be perfectly safe when fifty per cent. of the capital belongs to the share-holders. The profits of the other half of the capital are then divided among them in the form of dividends.

Loss and profit are divided among the share-holders in proportion to the shares which they own. The division is not made in either case in proportion to the shares for which one has subscribed; only the money actually paid into the treasury is considered. Any loss would otherwise fall hardest on the poorest, who are naturally most in arrears in their payments. The dividends have always given a sharp incentive to saving. After the first dividend has been declared, it frequently happens that many members increase their savings, so as to have in a short time three and four times as large an investment in the undertaking as before.

THE ORGANS OF THE CREDIT-UNIONS, AND THEIR COMPETENCY.

(1.) The general assembly of all the members. The unions are grounded on self-help; the members, therefore, are not merely passive. The general assembly is the constituent and legislative power. Its functions are: (*a*) the formation and change of the statutes; (*b*) the dissolution and liquidation of the union; (*c*) the election of directors, officials, plenipotentiaries (*Bevollmächtigte*), to transact business for the unions, the board of control and administration; (*d*) to listen to complaints against the directors and other officials of the union, and, when necessary, to order them to be tried before the court; (*e*) to decide in cases of dispute between the other organs of the union; (*f*) to dispose of the profits and to audit accounts.

All matters are decided by vote, but in certain cases of particular importance more than a simple majority is required to effect a decision.

(2.) The directors. The direction consists of the chief officers of the union, who represent it before the courts and public generally. Care must be taken

to elect men of acknowledged probity and good sense. Security is required from these and the other employees.

(3.) The board of control and administration. This board is consulted in important and difficult cases, which are prescribed by the statutes.

(4.) The cashier and other officials. All employees receive full compensation for their services.

FORMS IN WHICH LOANS ARE MADE.

Loans are made on (1) promissory notes and (2) bills of exchange, which are preferable because they can be realized on without possibility of dispute or delay; (3) on account current (*conto corrente*). The third form comes more and more into use in Germany, on account of its convenience for those desiring loans. It is, however, a more difficult and dangerous form of making loans than the first and second methods. It presupposes a certain skill and experience in banking, and no union should be hasty in beginning it. When such accounts are kept, it is necessary always to have on hand bills of exchange, notes, etc., which can be realized on at once.

The rules which Schulze-Delitzsch recommends to unions keeping accounts current are : —

(1.) To pay not over two per cent. per annum for any deposits that one may make who has such an account.

(2.) To begin an account current with no one who has not deposited at least fifty thalers in the union's bank.

(3.) To fix the maximum of money to be lent on such an account, under all ordinary circumstances, at one thousand thalers.

(4.) To pay the amounts desired on an account-current at once when they do not exceed fifty thalers, but not over one hundred thalers on one day; to reserve the right of fourteen days' notice when five hundred thalers are required, and of thirty days' notice for one thousand thalers. Usually no use is made of this right, but the amount is paid at once. A commission of one eighth of one per cent. is charged. If any person has given notice that he will need five hundred thalers in fourteen days, he cannot give any further notice of a demand for money before the expiration of fourteen days.

(5.) Interest must be paid semi-annually.

(6.) The union reserves the right of closing an account current by giving fourteen days' notice.

It is not easy to avoid the use of checks when accounts current are kept, but they are in general to be avoided, as being more suitable for large banks.

AMOUNT OF CREDIT TO BE GRANTED.

The people's banks must be on their guard against persons coming with demands for large sums. The ordinary banks are more profitable for the "big people" (*die grossen Leute*), and it looks suspicious when these wish to patronize the unions. There is a danger of temptation by offers of high interest and commissions. As the directors are usually paid partly by a percentage, the maximum of credit to be granted to one person should be fixed from time to time by the general assembly. The greater care is to be exercised, inasmuch as ruin does not come at once. Things may appear to be going very well for a year or two, and high dividends may be repeatedly declared, when all is preparing for a crash. This state of things is brought about by prolongations of the loans from time to time; finally, further prolongation is impossible, accounts cannot be settled, and ruin follows.

The maximum of credit to be allowed any one should always bear a certain fixed relation to the stock and property of the union, and not exceed one fifth, or at the most one fourth, of the same. By regulating the maximum in this way, a consciousness of the risk incurred is

kept alive in the minds of the members. In the largest and richest unions, the maximum should rarely exceed two thousand dollars. As already pointed out, too great prudence cannot be exercised in prolonging loans. It is advisable to demand at least a partial repayment every time a renewal is asked for. By all means, the unions must avoid accustoming any member to live on credit, or to suppose he has a permanent loan. The credit granted by the coöperative unions should be eminently a "productive" credit, to be employed in carrying on or extending one's business, and not to be eaten up in unproductive consumption.

MEANS OF INSURING THE SAFETY OF THE LOANS.

The basis of all transactions is the morality of the undertaking in which the loan is to be employed. Another one of Schulze's fundamental propositions is, "Whatever is morally bad is in all cases economically ruinous." The credit-unions abstain entirely from stock speculations. They lend no money to assist one in gaining a living without honest labor. Like the Prussian minister of public works, they regard the stock-exchange as a tree which bears only poisonous fruit (*Giftbaum*).

As the directors of the bank exercise control over the loans, they are not allowed in any shape, directly or indirectly, to borrow money from the unions. That is one condition of their employment, and its violation is punished with instant dismissal.

In cases where there is doubt about the advisability of granting a loan, the board of control is consulted. The points to be considered in the applicant are his financial solidity, his business ability, and his moral character.

One condition of granting a loan is that the applicant should find some one to sign the note or bill with him. A clever and industrious artisan or laborer can easily obtain security among his fellows, when his project has any reasonable prospect of success. In case of failure of the debtor to pay, his share is first taken, and then recourse is had for the deficiency to the one who signed with him. In Germany a praiseworthy moral feeling exists among the laborers in these matters. They consider it highly dishonorable to bring one of their fellows into trouble, even when they are less conscientious in their transactions with the rich or the union itself.

The shares of the members are not taken as security. If they were, one could draw out his capital without giving the required warning. The shares furnish the public with a certain security, and it is dishonest to mortgage or pawn them. The union which did so would lose stability.

Mortgages on real estate of any description should be avoided by the unions. The cost of realizing on them is too great. As money is usually borrowed on three months' notice, the securities should be of a character to be realized on in the same time. Not long ago, a credit-union found itself with a coal mine on its hands, and was ruined thereby; not because the mine had been valued too highly, but because the union was not able to sell it at once and did not understand managing it. The experience of the unions has exhibited so clearly the disadvantages of mortgages on real estate that two general conventions of the coöperative associations in Germany — those of 1864 and 1869 — have declared against them.

The interest and commission must be so reckoned as to pay all costs, dividends, contribution to reserve, etc.; otherwise, the enterprise will fail. When the unions first started, one Prussian *Pfennig* was charged weekly for a loan of one thaler, or three hundred and sixty Prussian pfennigs; that is, fourteen and one third per cent., inclusive of commission. The cost of starting justified this

high rate. Afterwards ten per cent., and then later on eight per cent., per annum inclusive of commission, was the rule. In some towns, where the people's banks do a large business, the interest has been reduced to five per cent., with a commission of one half per cent., which equals an annual interest of eleven per cent. on loans for one month, of seven per cent. on loans for three months. In a few large cities, where the middle classes have taken an active part in the credit-unions, the annual interest charged is five per cent., with a commission varying between one sixth and one fourth per cent., — about the rates which the large banks in Germany charge.

The credit-unions pay an average of four and one half per cent. for the money they receive ; the cost of conducting the business is usually about two per cent., making a total expense of six and one half per cent. on the capital employed. They receive an average varying between eight and ten per cent. for their money, which leaves a surplus for the dividends after adding a part to the reserve.

It remains only to add a few practical remarks, of importance in organizing and managing credit-unions. First of all, let no one deceive himself as to the obligation imposed by the full-liability principle. It is *very dangerous*, and were it possible it would be advisable to avoid it. The Americans are not such a steady-going, careful people as the Germans. Whoever founds credit-unions should remember that they are chiefly for the poorer classes. All formularies should be as clear and simple as possible. In small towns, where the affairs of a union are not very extensive and it is managed by laborers or artisans, book-keeping by single entry is to be recommended, on account of its simplicity. Unions in Germany have been founded and managed exclusively by laborers. In larger places book-keeping by double entry is necessary, and in such towns will occasion no difficulty. Branch unions are to be avoided as far as possible, since they make the business more complicated. In no place should a branch union be established where an independent one is able to exist.

In Germany a central credit-union bank has existed in Berlin since 1864. This connects the unions with the large banking institutions of the country. It has a capital of nine million marks, three fourths of which are owned by the various unions and their members. Such a central bank is to be recommended wherever the unions have obtained importance enough to justify it.

The unions of the various German provinces and states have annual meetings, besides which the unions of all Germany hold an annual convention. At these meetings and conventions the affairs of the unions are discussed by delegates. They assist, warn, and protect each other. The journal which is the organ of the coöperative cause in Germany and the annual meetings enable each union to make use of the experience which other unions have gathered. Schulze-Delitzsch sums up thus the benefits which the credit-union confers on its members : —

(1.) It enables them to obtain at any moment ready money in amount corresponding to their positions, their property, the business they do, etc.

(2.) It saves them the high interest they were formerly obliged to sacrifice for such loans, in case they obtained them.

(3.) The profits of money dealing, formerly *de facto* a monopoly of capitalists, flow into their pockets, and assist them in the formation of a capital of their own.

The following table of the different credit-unions which have furnished Schulze-Delitzsch with accurate accounts of their condition gives a good idea of the progress which has been made during the last twenty years : —

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS OF THE COÖPERATIVE CREDIT-UNIONS: 1859–1878.

1	2	3	4		5				6					7
			Loans and Prolongations granted.		Funds of the Unions (Eigner Fonds).				Money borrowed by the Unions.					
Financial Year.	Number of Coöperative Credit-Unions which reported.	Number of Members.	*a* The entire Sum.	*b* Average for each Credit-Union.	*a* Shares of the Members.	*b* Reserves.	*c* The entire Sum; that is, *a* + *b*.	*d* Average for each Credit-Union.	*a* Money borrowed from Private Individuals.	*b* Money borrowed from Banks and Unions.	*c* Savings Deposits.	*d* The entire Sum; that is, *a* + *b* + *c*.	*e* Average for each Credit-Union.	The per centum of the Capital of the Unions to the Borrowed Capital: Average.
			Thaler.	Thaler.	Thaler.	Thaler.	Thaler.	Thaler.	Thaler.		Thaler.	Thaler.	Thaler.	
1859	80	18,676	4,131,436	51,642	246,001	30,845	276,846	3,460	501,795		512,350	1,014,145	12,676	27.50
1860	133	31,603	8,478,489	63,748	462,012	66,845	528,857	3,976	1,069,833		1,322,494	2,392,327	17,987	22.10
1861	188	48,760	16,876,009	89,776	799,375	107,238	907,213	4,825	1,983,441		2,649,036	4,632,477	24,641	19.50
1862	243	69,202	23,674,261	97,425	1,199,545	132,893	1,332,438	5,483	3,441,033		2,747,577	6,188,610	25,467	21.10
1863	339	99,175	33,917,948	100,053	1,803,203	218,047	2,021,250	5,962	5,641,820		3,416,220	9,058,040	26,719	22.30
1864	455	135,013	48,147,495	105,818	2,957,296	293,461	3,252,757	7,148	7,401,317		5,355,265	12,756,582	28,036	25.40
1865	498	169,595	67,569,903	135,682	4,442,879	409,679	4,852,558	9,744	11,154,579		6,502,197	17,656,776	35,455	27.40
1866	532	193,712	85,010,145	159,793	5,773,106	556,398	6,329,504	11,897	10,646,394	522,617	8,726,518	19,895,529	37,397	31.80
1867	570	219,358	102,026,152	178,993	6,847,031	660,054	7,507,085	13,170	12,335,960	975,709	11,378,570	24,690,239	43,316	30.40
1868	666	256,337	139,247,793	209,080	9,365,502	865,955	10,231,457	15,362	16,309,078	1,178,367	16,221,592	33,709,037	50,614	30.30
1869	735	304,772	181,602,109	247,078	12,078,464	1,175,138	13,253,602	18,032	19,658,859	1,989,661	21,053,863	42,702,383	58,098	31.03
1870	740	314,656	207,618,287	280,565	13,449,152	1,214,175	14,663,327	19,815	20,136,679	2,360,040	23,502,443	45,999,162	62,161	31.87
1871	777	340,336	241,331,151	310,593	15,530,620	1,505,689	17,036,309	21,925	32,027,943	2,165,160	24,610,177	58,803,280	75,679	28.97
1872	807	372,742	354,519,200	439,305	19,515,767	1,857,762	21,373,529	26,485	41,747,927	4,283,432	31,157,372	77,188,731	95,649	27.69
1873	834	399,741	446,733,015	535,651	23,250,531	2,281,284	25,531,815	30,613	56,145,748	4,383,177	32,891,198	93,420,123	112,014	27.33
1874	815	411,443	451,908,394	554,488	25,711,589	2,479,783	28,191,372	34,590	59,686,384	3,686,272	38,439,274	101,811,930	124,929	27.68
1875	815	418,251	498,549,479	611,717	27,847,336	2,809,327	30,656,663	37,616	64,858,584	4,409,705	40,087,672	110,054,967	135,037	27.85
			Mark.	Mark.	Mark.	Mark.	Mark.	Mark.	Mark.	Mark.	Mark.	Mark.	Mark.	
1876	806	431,216	1,525,389,219	1,892,542	88,876,139	10,015,027	98,891,166	122,694	198,349,234	14,160,425	121,962,922	334,472,581	414,978	29.57
1877	929	468,652	1,550,402,483	1,668,894	98,635,583	12,065,410	110,700,993	119,161	209,285,582	17,141,659	124,591,862	351,019,103	377,846	31.54
1878	948	480,507	1,456,003,733	1,535,869	102,882,342	13,853,027	116,735,369	123,138	208,041,742	17,548,473	121,005,198	346,595,413	365,607	33.68

Particular attention should be given to column 7, which marks a favorable development in the proportion existing between the capital of the union and the borrowed capital.

The following figures show the trades or occupations of the members of seven hundred and six unions as they existed in 1878: —

Number of members, 346,051.

Farmers, gardeners, foresters, and fishermen having an independent business: males, 77,342; females, 3059.

Assistants and laborers for the foregoing class: males, 10,154; females, 687.

Manufacturers, mine-owners, and builders: males, 12,668; females, 277.

Artisans and tradesmen having a business of their own: males, 107,972; females, 3664.

Mechanics, miners, and artisans working for others: males, 16,232; females, 547.

Merchants: males, 32,894; females, 2257.

Clerks: males, 2374; females, 117.

Carriers (*Fuhrherren*), ship-owners, and hotel-keepers: males, 17,377; females, 884.

Conductors, other railway employees, waiters in hotels and restaurants, and sailors and letter-carriers: males, 7033; females, 84.

Servants and porters: males, 2449; females, 909.

Physicians, public officials, artists, teachers, authors: males, 23,602; females, 946.

Those living without work, retired merchants, etc.: males, 10,388; females, 13,984.

Summa summarum: males, 320,479; females, 27,421.

Although we cannot assent to all of the economic propositions of Dr. Schulze, and although we are unable to regard the credit-unions as by any means a solution of the social problem which exists in all European countries and will soon enough make its appearance in America, we acknowledge that they have done and are still doing a good work in Germany. They assist the cleverest and strongest of the laboring classes in bettering their condition.

Richard T. Ely.

Literature. The two works chiefly to be recommended to those who wish to become further acquainted with the coöperative credit-unions of Germany are: (1.) Vorschuss- und Creditvereine als Volksbanken. Von Schulze-Delitzsch. Fünfte völlig umgearbeitete Auflage. Leipzig. 1876. (2.) Jahresbericht für 1878 über die auf Selbsthilfe Gegründeten Deutschen Erwerbs- und Wirthschaftsgenossenschaften. Von Dr. H. Schulze-Delitzsch. Leipzig. 1879. Further information, as well as accounts of different coöperative associations in Germany, will be found in the following works: —

Die Raiffeisen'schen Darlehnskassen in der Rheinprovinz, und die Grundcreditfrage für den ländlichen Kleinbesitz. Von Dr. H. Schulze-Delitzsch. Leipzig. 1875.

Die Arbeitenden Klassen und das Associationswesen in Deutschland als Programm zu einem Deutschen Congress. Von H. Schulze-Delitzsch. Leipzig. 1858.

Associationsbuch für Deutsche Handwerker und Arbeiter. Von Schulze-Delitzsch. Leipzig. 1853.

Deutsche Baugenossenschaften. Von Dr. F. Schneider. Leipzig. 1875.

Consumvereine. Von Eugen Richter. Berlin. 1867.

Blätter für das Genossenschaftswesen. Published weekly in Leipzig.

Die Entwickelung des Genossenschaftswesens in Deutschland. Von Schulze-Delitzsch. Berlin. 1870.

Die Genossenschaftsgesetze im Deutschen Reiche. Von Ludolf Parisius. Berlin. 1876.

The best German work on credit in general is that by the distinguished professor of political economy in Heidelberg, Dr. Carl Knies, — Geld u. Credit, Theil II. der Credit.

For the condition of the small trades in Germany and the tendency towards concentration, see Die Deutschen Kleingewerbe im 19ten Jahrhundert. Von Gustav Schmoller, Professor of Political Economy in Strassburg, — a work so interesting that it is hard to lay it aside before finishing it.

WHO ARE THE ARYANS?

In the beginning of the Vendidad, or first of the Parsi collection of sacred books, known as the Zendavesta, we are told that the supreme deity Ahura-Mazda created a country full of delights, but difficult of access, and the name of this country was Aryana Vaëjo. So charming was this primitive country that, had it not been made difficult of approach, the whole animate creation would have flocked thither and quite overwhelmed it. But this state of things did not long continue; for Ahriman, or Anramainyus, the spirit of darkness, was the implacable adversary of Ormuzd, or Ahura-Mazda, the spirit of light, and took pleasure in spoiling all his creations. So this death-dealing enemy, with the aid of his *daëvas*, or demons, created a great serpent and brought ten months of winter cold upon the land, so that Aryana Vaëjo was no longer a comfortable dwelling-place. The good spirit then created a new home for his people, called Sugdha; but the adversary spoiled this by creating a kind of wasp which devastated the fields and brought death to the cattle. Then Ahura-Mazda made a third habitat, which was called the high and holy Muru; but the dark demon now whispered evil reports and stirred up strife, until here, too, life became unendurable, and the beautiful land of Bakhdhi, or Baktria, was created as a fourth home for the children of light. So the warfare went on, until no less than sixteen countries are enumerated as successively created and made uncomfortable. In the last region of all the complaint is again of cold weather and hoar-frost; but perhaps in comparison with all the other plagues this now seemed endurable. At all events, the account here ends, with the admission that there are also other regions and places besides those described; as much as to say that we are not here concerned, however, with the history of all mankind, but only with the worshipers of Ahura-Mazda.

The book from which this legend is cited is one of the oldest in the literature of the world. It belongs to a more primitive age than the Homeric poems, and may probably be regarded as contemporary with the oldest hymns of the Veda. Written not in the court language of ancient Persia, but in the closely-related archaic dialect of Baktria, — very much as the ecclesiastical services of Russia to-day are written in Old Bulgarian, — the Zendavesta was, in the time of Darius Hystaspes, the sacred book of the most prominent nation in the world. For eleven hundred years afterward the worship of Ahura-Mazda retained its ascendency in the countries between the Euphrates and the Indus, until in the seventh century after Christ this whole region was overrun by Mohammedans, and converted to their faith. For a long time, no doubt, the Magian religion continued to survive alongside of Islam, as we see from the frequent allusions to "fire-worshipers" in the Arabian Nights, where they are indeed most abominably slandered. But after a while the good Ahura-Mazda, yielding to this last and gravest mischief wrought by the adversary, devised yet another abode for the remnant of his people, and led them to Bombay and its neighborhood, where, under the name of "Parsis," or "Persians," they still keep up their old ceremonies and their old faith.

The legend of the sixteen countries created by the good spirit was regarded by Bunsen as a historical tradition of the migrations by which the ancestors of the Indo-Persians reached the countries

where, at the beginning of authentic history, we find their descendants. But it will not do to attach too much historical value to legends like this. For, however venerable may be the record, the very mist of antiquity which shrouds it prevents us from knowing how or whence it got the information which it imparts. The story before us, indeed, has neither the pretensions nor the credentials of an authentic historical narrative. It relates long-past events as ascertained not through the sifting of previous human testimony, but by direct revelation from the good spirit to his prophet Zarathustra or Zoroaster. Nevertheless, the geographical succession of the various places mentioned in this legend is very suggestive. With the exception of Aryana Vaëjo, every one of the sixteen abodes seems to be described by a genuine geographical name, though two or three have not yet been satisfactorily determined. Thus Sugdha, the second country, is what the ancients knew as Sogdiana; Muru appears to be the modern Merv, or Margiana; and Baktria, the next in order, has been already mentioned. And so, curiously enough, by stringing together the whole series of names, there is indicated a continuous migration from the region beyond the Oxus, at first southwesterly, and then southeasterly, down to what we now call the Punjab, or "country of five rivers," but which in the Vedic hymns is somewhat more comprehensively termed the Sapta-Sindhavas, or "Seven Rivers," and which in our Zend legend is described in identical language as the Hapta Hendu. This larger designation is reached by including, along with the five rivers of the Punjab, the Sarasvati and the Indus, or "The River," *par excellence*. Having thus reached the northwestern confines of Hindustan, in the fifteenth country created by Ahura-Mazda, the legend here informs us that Anramainyus devised "untimely evils and unbearable heat;" and thereupon we are abruptly transported, in the sixteenth region, to the cool neighborhood of the Caspian Sea, perhaps the country of the Medes.

Now, however difficult it may be to accept such an account as properly historical, the course of migration here indicated is so thoroughly in accordance with all that we know of the relations between the peoples of the Persian Empire and the dominant race of Hindus in India that it is hard not to grant to it some traditionary value. It would appear, at least, that when the Vendidad was composed the worshipers of Ahura-Mazda must have believed that their ancestors came from somewhere beyond the Oxus, and traveled in the direction of Hindustan, until something occurred which turned them westward again. This would seem to be the only sound meaning that can be extracted from the legend. But this is in wonderful accordance with the results of modern critical inquiry. From a minute survey of the languages and legends of this whole region, it has been well established that the dominant race in ancient Persia and in ancient India was one and the same; that it approached India from the northwest; and that a great religious schism was accompanied by the westward migration of a large part of the community, while the other part proceeded onward, and established itself in Hindustan. A comparison of the Zendavesta with the Veda — so strongly alike as they are, both in thought and in expression — shows clearly that the occasion of this schism must have been the promulgation of the worship of Ahura-Mazda.

In illustration of this community of origin between the Vedic and Zendavestan peoples, let us refer to the name of the first country which the supreme deity created, — the name of Aryana Vaëjo. This, as already hinted, is not a geographical name. There is no

identifiable locality which has ever been called Aryana Vaëjo. The name means simply "the starting-place of the Aryans." In later Persian mythology, as represented in the Minokhired, the name came to stand for a terrestrial paradise, where men live for three hundred years, without pain or sickness, where no lies are told, and where ten men eat of one loaf and grow fat thereon. In the Vendidad, however, Aryana Vaëjo is simply the primeval dwelling-place, whatever it may have been, from which the Aryans passed into Sogdiana. Now "Aryan" was the name by which the ancient Persians and the ancient Hindus alike described themselves. In the Vedic hymns the dominant people of India habitually speak of themselves as Aryans, in contrast with the Dasyus, or inferior races of Hindustan, whom they had subdued. Just in the same way Darius Hystaspes, in the inscription upon his tomb, declares himself to be an Aryan, of Aryan descent. The Medes are always called Aryans by Armenian writers; and Herodotos was also familiar with this appellation. In a more special sense the countries between India and Persia, now known as Afghanistan and Cabul, were known throughout classic antiquity as Ariana. Along with this community of name there was close community of speech among these peoples. The court language of the Medes and Persians, as preserved in the cuneiform inscriptions of Darius, the Zend or Baktrian language, in which the sacred books of Zarathustra are written, and the Sanskrit of the Vedic hymns are as clearly dialects of the same parental language as French, Spanish, and Italian are dialects of Latin. These outline facts are all that we need for the present to show how Aryan was the common name for a race which, advancing from the north, acquired supremacy over all the country between the Euphrates and the mouth of the Ganges. Whence these people originally came it would be idle to inquire, but we may fairly conclude that they first attained to something like world-historic importance in the highlands of Central Asia, somewhere about the sources of the Oxus and the Jaxartes; and this region we regard as "Aryana Vaëjo," or the most aboriginal spot to which we are able to trace the Aryan people.

We have next to inquire into the meaning of the word Aryan; and this is not a difficult matter, or one about which there is much question. In Sanskrit the word *arya*, with a short initial *a*, is applied to cultivators of the soil, and it would seem to be connected etymologically with the Latin *arare* and the archaic English *ear*, "to plow." As men who had risen to an agricultural stage of civilization, the Aryans might no doubt fairly contrast themselves with their nomadic Turanian neighbors, who — as Huns, Tatars, and Turks — have at different times disturbed the Indo-European world. But for the real source of the word, as applied to the race, we must look further. This word *arya*, "a cultivator of the soil," came naturally enough in Sanskrit to mean a householder or land-owner, and hence it is not strange that we find it reoccurring, with a long initial *a*, as an adjective, meaning "noble" or "of good family." As a national appellative, whether in Sanskrit or Zend, this initial *a* is always long, and there can be no doubt that the Aryans gave themselves this title as being the noble, aristocratic, or ruling race, in contradistinction to the aboriginal races which they brought into servitude. In this sense of noble, the word frequently occurs in the composition of Persian proper names, such as Ariobarzanes, Ariaramnes, and Ariarathes; just as in old English we have the equivalent word *ethel*, or noble, in such names as Ethelwolf and Ethelred. As an ethnic name, therefore, the word Aryan seems to have a tinge of patri-

otic or clannish self-satisfaction about it. But we shall find, I think, that such a shade of meaning has been more than justified by history; for we have now reached a point where we may profitably enlarge the scope of our discussion, and show how the term Aryan is properly applicable, not merely over an Indo-Persian, but over an Indo-European area, comprehending the most dominant races known to history, — the Greeks and Romans, Slavs and Teutons, with the highly-composite English, whose language and civilization are now spreading themselves with unexampled rapidity over all the hitherto unoccupied regions of the earth, which the Vendidad did not care or did not know how to specify. In order to explain in what sense we may all properly be called Aryans, we must consider for a moment some of the striking results which have been obtained, within the present century, from the comparative study of languages.

No event of modern times has exerted a more profound and manifold influence upon the intellectual culture of mankind than the English conquest of India. The enlargement of our mental horizon which has resulted therefrom is not less remarkable than that which attended the revival of Greek studies in the fifteenth century. It is not simply that observation of India is making us acquainted with an enormous multitude of primitive social, linguistic, and religious phenomena which formerly were hidden from our notice. In contemplating these phenomena, we have become possessed of a method of study which has already wrought such wonders as to vie with the ointment of the Arabian dervise, that enabled its owner to detect all the buried treasures of the earth. This mighty talisman is the Comparative Method, or the attempt to interpret a fact by comparing it with a series of similar facts, which different circumstances have caused to vary in different degrees. I do not mean to imply that mankind have not always used this method more or less, both in matters of science and in matters of every-day life. Nor do I mean to claim for modern philology any exclusive title to the honor of having shown what can be done by studying phenomena in this way. I do not forget that the classification of living and extinct animals by Cuvier, with reference to palæontological epochs, was a gigantic act of comparison, which first made it possible for us to understand the past history of life on our globe. It is none the less true not only that the systematic employment of the comparative method on an extensive scale is the most notable philosophic achievement of the nineteenth century, but also that its first great triumph was the establishment of the Aryan, or Indo-European, family of languages. This triumph was prepared by the study of Sanskrit, which ensued upon the English conquest of India. Previous to this, indeed, the close resemblance between Greek and Latin had been often enough remarked, and theories had been entertained concerning a primeval kinship between the peoples of Greece and Italy. But in the case of peoples so similar in aspect and so closely connected with one another from time immemorial, this similarity of speech did not provoke much curiosity. It was quite otherwise when a language unmistakably akin to Greek and Latin, both in grammar and vocabulary, was discovered in such an out-of-the-way country as Hindustan, and among a people who had hitherto been generally supposed to be barbarians. The discovery was emphasized by the fact that no such obvious resemblances existed in Hebrew, a language much nearer geographically and historically, and from which there had been no end of futile attempts to derive Latin and Greek. Further interest was excited when it became known that this newly-found language contained an enormous mass of literature alleged

to be the oldest in the world. All things thus combined to stimulate speculation as to the true character of the relationship between Sanskrit and the languages of Greece and Rome. This relationship was not one of parentage. It has been a common popular error to suppose that Latin and Greek are derived from Sanskrit; but from the first no such view was countenanced by competent scholars. About 1790, Sir William Jones declared his opinion that the three languages were sprung from "some common source, which perhaps no longer exists." Persian also he was inclined to attribute to the same source, and he hinted at the possibility that Gothic and Keltic might be included in the group. This was coming very near to the conception of an Indo-European family of languages. But that conception was not clearly formed until nearly twenty years later, and then it was reached not by a great philological scholar, but by a poet and literary critic. In 1808, Friedrich Schlegel maintained that the languages of India, Persia, Greece, Italy, and Germany were connected by common descent from an extinct language, just as the modern Romanic languages are connected by common descent from Latin; and for the whole family he proposed the name Indo-Germanic. The correctness of this view was demonstrated by Bopp, in his Comparative Grammar, published from 1833 to 1852, in which the Zend, Armenian, Slavonic, and Lithuanian languages also were added to the group. The Keltic languages were included about the same time, and the name Indo-Germanic was extended to Indo-European. Within the last fifteen years — mainly through the influence of Max Müller's writings — the name Aryan has come into general use as the most convenient designation of the whole family. The use of the word in this extensive sense has indeed been objected to by Professor Whitney and others, who urge that it is properly applicable only to the Indo-Persian branch of the family; and in strictness their argument seems to be sound enough. There is no evidence that any of the European peoples have ever called themselves Aryans, and the traces of the name which Müller has sought to point out in Europe are very scanty and obscure. According to Stephanus of Byzantium, Aria was an old name for Thrace, and among the ancient Germans we find a tribe of Arii and such proper names as Ariovistus; but it is by no means certain that these names are in any way connected with the original Arya. Nor did Pictet meet with any better success in his attempt to find Arya in the name of Erin or Ireland, the home of the Eri, or Irish. This modern name is a contracted form. Its root in old Keltic seems to have been *Iver*, which is the same as the Sanskrit *avara*, "western." It appears in the Latin *Avernus*, a famous lake on the west coast of Italy, as well as in *Ivernia*, or *Hibernia*, the western island. This old word Iver has been shortened to *Ir* or *Er*, and out of this, by putting on their own terminations, the English have made Ire-land, the home of the Ir-ish, or "westerners." But in spite of the fact that we find no certain traces of the name Aryan in the European languages, I believe that the modern use of the word, as descriptive of the whole family, is likely to prevail. It is a much less cumbrous term than "Indo-European," and, while it is advantageously free from geographical restrictions, it emphasizes, at the same time, the fundamental fact that the Aryana Vaëjo, or prehistoric starting-point of the eastern members of the family, was also the starting-point of the western members. It implies — what every one admits to be true — that the dominant race in Europe came from Central Asia. And, still further, it serves admirably as a name for the extinct mother tongue from which all the Indo-European lan-

guages have descended. By many scholars this primitive tongue is itself called Indo-European; but I am unable to see any propriety in giving such a name to a language which, as being confessedly spoken north of the Oxus and east of the Caspian, was certainly neither Indian nor European in any sense. It seems to me much better, and more in conformity to the general style of philologists, to call this ancestral language "Old Aryan," just as we say "Old Norse" for the primitive form of Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian.

As we now proceed to take a brief survey of the Aryan domain, I think we shall realize the advantage of having a word that is independent of geographical limits. The Aryana of the present day is much more than an Indo-European region. Its eastern boundaries have altered but little for many centuries; but on the west it has extended to the Pacific coast of America, and on the other side of the world it has begun to annex territory in South Africa and Australia. Indeed, if we are to judge from what has been going on since the times of Drake and Frobisher, it seems in every way likely that men of English speech will by and by have seized upon every part of the earth's surface not already covered by a well-established civilization, and will have converted them all into Aryan countries. But our linguistic term Aryan is independent of such changes. Since prehistoric times eight principal divisions of Aryan speech have existed, but these groups of languages have had very different careers, and some of them are rapidly becoming extinct. The first great separation of Aryan tribes was the separation between the invaders of Indo-Persia and the invaders of Europe. We have already observed how the language of the Indo-Persians became divided in twain. In the Indic class of languages, comprising the classical Sanskrit, the Prakrit of later dramatic writers, the Pali, or sacred language of the Buddhists in Ceylon, and some twenty modern dialects spoken chiefly in the northern half of Hindustan, we have the first grand division of Aryan speech. The second or Iranic class comprehends the Zend, the ancient Persian of the cuneiform inscriptions, the Parsi of Bombay, the Pushtu of Afghanistan, modern Persian, Armenian, Kurdish, and the Ossetian spoken in the Caucasus. Concerning these two grand divisions, we need only observe that the extremely close resemblance between Sanskrit and Zend would seem to indicate that the separation of the two occurred at a comparatively late date, though it would perhaps be difficult to suppose it later than two thousand years before Christ. Long before this time western tribes of Aryans must have crossed the Volga and begun the conquest of Europe. First appear to have come the Kelts, whose languages constitute the third great division. These languages diverge considerably from the common type, and were the latest to be recognized as Aryan in character, — a fact which is quite in harmony with the opinion that they were the first to branch off from the original stock. The Kelts have always been an important race, but their languages have not thriven in the world. Keltic geographical names are scattered all over Europe, and in the eastern part such words as Dnieper, Don, and Danube testify to the former presence of the language, in which *don* was a common name for water or river. The Kelts formed a large part of the populations of Spain and Northern Italy, and a principal part of the populations of Gaul and Britain, when these countries were subjected to Roman dominion; and as late as the Christian era they were to be found in large numbers as far east as Bohemia. Since then they have been partly conquered and partly driven westward by Romans and Teutons, without ceasing to be conspicuous

as a race; but their languages have sunk into comparative obscurity, and are fast disappearing. The Gauls, who showed such a remarkable aptitude for taking on the manners of their conquerors that by the fourth century their country was almost as thoroughly Romanized as Italy itself, forgot their own language with wonderful ease. It was so completely trampled out by Latin that very scanty vestiges remain to show what it was, if we except geographical names. At the present day two groups of Keltic languages remain: the Gaelic, still spoken in Scotland, Ireland, and the Isle of Man; and the Kymric, or old British, which survives in Welsh and in the dialect of Brittany. A third dialect of Kymric was formerly spoken in Cornwall, but it died in 1770 with Dame Dolly Dentreath.

Concerning the fourth and fifth grand divisions of Aryan speech — the Italic and Hellenic — but little need be said. These languages are too illustrious to stand in need of much description. The relationship between them is closer than in the case of any other Aryan languages of different class, save the Zend and Sanskrit; and this close resemblance justifies the inference that the separation between Greeks and Italians was comparatively recent. They would appear to have entered Europe somewhat later than the Kelts, but everything connected with their prehistoric career is extremely problematical. To the Hellenic class belong only two languages, — the uncultivated Albanian and the Greek, which was stereotyped so early and so thoroughly by literary culture that to the Athenian school-boy of to-day the history of Herodotos can hardly seem written in a foreign tongue. To the Italic class belong the ancient Umbrian and Oscan and the Latin, which still survives under the variously modified forms of Italian, French, Provençal, Spanish, Portuguese, Rumansch, and Wallachian. To the linguist the history of these Romanic dialects is peculiarly valuable, as illustrating, with the aid of plentiful documents, a process of divergence somewhat similar to that which previously broke up the Old Aryan into different languages.

The Teutons, whose languages form our sixth grand division, seem to have entered Europe after the tribes already mentioned. About Cæsar's time we find Teutons driving Kelts out of Germany, and threatening invasions into Gaul; but during most of classic antiquity the centre of Teutonism seems to have been farther east than Germany. The greater part of what is now European Turkey was occupied by Goths in the time of Herodotos, and for eight centuries afterwards. The ancient Thracians were Goths, according to Grimm, and so were the Getæ. And since the Christian era Teutonic tribes appeared in what is now Southern Russia. The terrible irruption of non-Aryan Huns from Asia, in the fifth century, drove these tribes westward, and brought them into collision with the Empire. Of the Gothic language nothing remains save a portion of a translation of the Bible, made by Ulfilas in the fourth century. The other branches of Teutonic speech — Scandinavian, High German, and Low German, of which our own English is the most important dialect — are too well known to require comment.

The seventh and eighth grand divisions of Aryan language are the closely-related Lettic and Slavonic. The Lettic languages, like the Keltic, are fast dying out. "Old Prussian, which has been dead for two centuries, is only represented by the Catechism of Albert of Brandenburg." [1] Lettish and Lithuanian, of which the latter is remarkable for its strong resemblance to Sanskrit, are still spoken in the Baltic provinces of Russia.

As for the Slavs, they appear in history north of the Black Sea about the

[1] Farrar, Families of Speech, page 104.

time of Trajan, and begin to be frequently mentioned in the sixth century. Since then they have pushed westward far into the Teutonic domain, but have nowhere, save in Russia, retained political independence. Of the fifteen or more Slavonic languages, the Old Bulgarian and the modern Russian, Polish, Bohemian, Croatian, and Serbian are of most importance.

Looking thus over our modern linguistic Aryana, we see that in the Old World it pretty nearly covers the geographical area included between the Ganges and the Atlantic Ocean. Small regions of non-Aryan speech, however, occur here and there within this area, and a brief glance at these will serve to increase the definiteness of our knowledge.

Wherever non-Aryan languages are spoken within this Indo-European domain, it is for either one of two reasons. Such languages are spoken either by descendants of the aboriginal tribes, whom the invading Aryans overcame, or by descendants of non-Aryan invaders, who have pushed in at a later date, and secured for themselves a lodgment upon Aryan soil. Of the first class we find a few sporadic instances. The language variously called the Bask, Euskarian, or Iberian, now spoken in the Asturias and about the Pyrenees, has no similarity whatever to the Aryan languages. It is spoken by the scanty remnant of a people who in immemorial antiquity seem to have been spread all over Western Europe, but who were for the most part conquered or absorbed by the Keltic van of the Aryan invasion. The case may have been similar with the Iapygian and Etruscan, which were long ago trampled out in Italy by the Latin; but on this obscure point I would hardly venture an opinion. In Northern Europe, Finnish, Esthonian, and Lappish are still spoken by races pushed into the corner by Teutons and Slavs. A perfect Babel of aboriginal dialects still exists in the inaccessible fastnesses of the Caucasus; and many of the highlands of India similarly shelter primitive non-Aryan tribes, whose forefathers refused to submit to Brahmanic oppression. It is a characteristic of such remnants of conquered speech to subsist only in out-of-the-way or undesirable corners. On the other hand, Turkish and Hungarian are foreign tongues brought into the Indo-European area by recent intruders. Both these languages belong to the Altaic, Turanian, or Tataric family, spoken by nomadic tribes all over Northern Asia, and including in Europe the Finnish and its congeners above mentioned. The Hungarian has especially strong affinities with the Finnish, while the nearest relatives to Turkish are to be found about Khiva and Bokhara, in the Tataric region which Russia is so rapidly subjugating.

We have now arrived at a tolerably correct idea of what is meant by the word Aryan. But one important point must not be overlooked. In its modern sense we have seen that the word is a linguistic term. It describes community of language. As we now use the word, Aryans are people who speak Aryan, or Indo-European, languages. It is only in a secondary way that this word can be used as an ethnological term, describing community of race. We are so accustomed to consider language a mark of race that it is difficult to avoid using linguistic epithets in an ethnological sense, and a good deal of confused thinking sometimes results from this. We have above alluded to the Aryans as a dominant race, which long since overran Europe and is now spreading over America; yet it is easy to see that we have no means of determining how far the various peoples who speak Aryan languages are of common descent. It is never safe to use language as a direct criterion of race, for speech and blood depend on different sets of circumstances, which do not always vary to-

gether. We of the English race have much Keltic blood in our veins, but very few Keltisms in our speech; while, on the other hand, with a vocabulary nearly half made up of Latin words, we have either no Roman blood in our veins, or so little as not to be worth mentioning. During the past twenty-five years Frenchmen have had a good deal to say about the "Latin race." There could hardly be a more flagrant instance of the perversion of a linguistic name to ethnological purposes. In reality, even in Cæsar's time, the dominant tribes of Latium had become well-nigh absorbed in the non-Latin, though kindred, Italic races which had succumbed to them. After Gaul had been conquered, it learned Roman manners, but without receiving any very large infusion of Roman blood. In point of race the French are Kelts, with a considerable substratum of Iberian and superstratum of Teutonic blood, — the former chiefly in the south, the latter chiefly in the north. Between Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Northern Italians there is, indeed, a close ethnic affinity; but this is because they are all to a great extent Kelts, not because they have all learned to speak dialects of Latin.

Now if we pursue the matter a little farther, and inquire what we mean by saying that these three peoples are in great part Keltic, we shall find that a similar qualification is needed. Obviously, we mean that they are Keltic in so far as they are descended from people who formerly spoke Keltic languages. Our knowledge of the prehistoric career of the Kelts is too small to admit of our meaning more than this. In just the same way, when we say that Spaniards and Englishmen and Russians are akin to each other as being Aryans, we can only mean that they are in great part descended from people who spoke Aryan languages.

There can be little doubt, however, that all races which have long wandered and fought have become composite to a degree past deciphering. And, however mixed may have been the blood of the Aryan-speaking invaders of Europe, it remains undeniable that the possession of a common language by such great multitudes of people implies a very long period of time, during which their careers must have been moulded by circumstances in common. It implies common habits of thought and a common civilization, such as it was. And this inference is fully confirmed by a comparative study of the myths and superstitions, as well as of the primitive legal ideas and social customs, of the various parts of the Indo-European world. For this reason I think we are justified in speaking of the Aryan race just as we speak, without error, of the English race, though we know that many race elements have combined their energies in the great work of English civilization. I do not say, either, that we may not fairly speak of a Latin race, provided we bear in mind the limitations of the phrase; the objection is not so much to the phrase as to the loose way in which it is customarily used and the absurd inferences which are often grounded on it.

The ethnologist, who deals with skulls and statures and complexions, may venture much farther, sometimes, than the linguist, — though perhaps the greater length of his excursions may not always compensate for their comparative insecurity. It is quite open to the ethnologist to hold that the successive Aryan swarms which colonized Europe were like each other in physiological characteristics, as well as in language and general culture. Differences of complexion, when well marked, are among the most conspicuous differences which distinguish individuals, groups, or races from one another; and they are, moreover, apt to be correlated with deep-seated physiological differences of temperament. In all countries peopled by Eu-

ropeans there are to be found two contrasted complexions, the blonde and brunette; endlessly complicated and varied by intermarriage, but nevertheless in their extreme examples so strikingly different that a stranger might well be excused for considering them as marks of difference in race. In populations that have long been stationary and isolated from foreign intrusion we do not find such differences of complexion. We do not find them in China or Japan, or among the Samoyeds, or Kafirs, or Pacific islanders, or among the Arabs. It appears to be only among the Indo-European nations that they occur side by side in the same community, as an every-day matter. Now we may account for this coexistence and intermingling of contrasted complexions by supposing that the various peoples of Europe have arisen from the intermixing in various proportions of a race that was entirely blonde with a race that was entirely brunette. We know that the Bask or Iberian race, which once seems to have possessed a great part of Europe, was, and still is, uniformly dark complexioned. We may, accordingly, suppose that the Aryan-speaking invaders were uniformly light. The effect of the earlier invasions of Kelts, Italians, and Greeks would be to crowd the dark-skinned Iberians into the three southern peninsulas, into Western Gaul, and into the British Isles. The next step would be the conquest of all these regions, followed by extensive intermarriage and the general adoption of Aryan speech. In the remotest corner of all, cooped up between the Pyrenees and the Bay of Biscay, — here, if anywhere, a remnant of the aboriginal population might preserve its purity of race and its primitive speech. As a result of these proceedings, the Aryan-speaking peoples of Greece, Italy, Spain, Gaul, and Britain would show a mixture of light and dark complexions, and wherever the invaders had been much less numerous than the aborigines the brunettes would predominate. But now, where the later swarms of Teutons and Slavs came pouring in, the case would have been somewhat altered for them. Their conquerings and interminglings would take place not with a pure-blooded race of dark aborigines, but with the mixed race which had resulted from the foregoing events. One consequence would be an increased percentage of fair complexions in western countries overrun by Teutons, especially in England, Northern France, and Northern Italy. Another consequence would be the partial darkening of Teutons and Slavs by intermixture with Kelto-Iberian predecessors in Southern Germany and Austria. Wherever, on the other hand, the new-comers were left pretty much to themselves, as in Northern Germany, Central Russia, and Scandinavia, we should find the auburn hair and blue eyes of the old Aryan still in the ascendent.

For my own part, I am quite inclined to accept this very ingenious hypothesis, which is defended by such a cautious ethnologist as Professor Huxley, and which makes such historic and philological data as we have account remarkably well for the actual distribution of light and dark complexions [1] throughout Europe. It agrees so well with the facts before us that we can hardly do better than adopt it as a provisional explanation, subject to such revision and amendment as may turn out to be necessary. But if we thus admit the existence of a primitive Aryan race that was physically homogeneous, it must be remembered that we admit it on very dif-

[1] I think we may go somewhat farther in our discrimination between the aboriginal Iberians and the invading Aryans. It is probable that, along with black hair, black eyes, and brunette skins, the Iberians were distinguished by short stature, slight and compact frames, and long heads; while, on the other hand, along with their yellow hair, blue eyes, and blonde skins, the Aryans would seem to have been distinguished by tall stature, massive frames, and broad heads.

ferent grounds from those on which were based the demonstration of a primitive homogeneous Aryan language. The original community of language is a point on which we have reached absolute certainty ; the community of race, in any other sense than that of long-continued community of language and culture, is merely a matter of speculation.

Concerning the people and the series of historic events of which Aryana Vaëjo was the legendary starting-point, we have thus obtained much interesting and trustworthy information by the aid of the comparative method of inquiry. For be it observed that the results so far set down have been reached, for the most part, by a mere comparative survey of the various regions of the linguistic and ethnical field with which we have been called upon to deal. We have in this way obtained quite an accurate conception of what is meant when we speak of the Aryans. But as yet we have dealt only with the veriest rudiments of the subject. Nor have we as yet gone far toward illustrating the vast and rich resources of the comparative method. To be able to depict the prehistoric culture of the Aryan-speaking people, to interpret their mythical conceptions, and to unfold the other remarkable truths that lie latent in the variety of their speech, — this is indeed a fruitful achievement. But to show how this has been brought about requires a separate and more detailed form of exposition.

John Fiske.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

X.

THE TAYLOR ADMINISTRATION, 1849, 1850.

General Taylor was elected president as an "available" candidate. The whigs, in nominating him rather than Webster or Clay, surrendered their good repute of fidelity, threw off all pretense of principle, and supported the hero of Buena Vista "as the only means" — so said Mr. Winthrop — "of averting the present policy of the country." His defeated competitors for the nomination were naturally much chagrined, for their ambition had not been weakened by age, or disheartened by defeat, while their credulity had only been increased with their years. Mr. Clay had confidently expected to be nominated until the result came upon him like a clap of thunder in a clear sky ; and he not only denounced the action of the convention, but was severe in his criticisms upon his former lieutenant, John J. Crittenden, for what he had done to bring it about. Mr. Webster was equally forcible in his denunciation of treacherous friends at the convention, and, while his pecuniary necessities forced him to accept a considerable sum of money from the whig state committee of Massachusetts, in payment for one of his oracular speeches advocating the election of Taylor, he did not hesitate to say that there was "no man more firmly of opinion that such a nomination was not fit to be made."

General Taylor was, of all the men who have filled the presidential chair by the choice of the people, the one least competent to perform its duties. He had been placed before his countrymen as a candidate, in spite of his repeated avowals of incapacity, inexperience, and repugnance to all civil duties.

Although sixty-four years of age, he had never exercised the right of suffrage, and he was well aware that he was elected because of his military prowess. But no sooner did he learn that he had been chosen than he displayed the same invincible courage, practical sense, and indomitable energy of purpose in the discharge of his new and arduous civil duties which had characterized his military career.

The president elect was fortunate in having as a companion, counselor, and friend Colonel William Wallace Bliss, who had served as his chief of staff in the Mexican campaign, and who became the husband of his favorite daughter, Miss Betty. Colonel Bliss was the son of Captain Bliss, of the regular army, and after having been reared in the State of New York he was graduated at West Point, where he served afterwards for some years as acting professor of mathematics. He thus acquired a pedagogical manner and studious habits, but he was sagacious and energetic, unacquainted with the crooked paths of politics, and unwilling to submit to arrogant Southern dictation.

On his way to Washington from his Louisiana plantation, General Taylor visited Frankfort, and personally invited Mr. John J. Crittenden, then governor of Kentucky, to become his secretary of state. Governor Crittenden, embarrassed by the return of Henry Clay to the senate, declined, and General Taylor then telegraphed to Mr. John M. Clayton, of Delaware, tendering him the position, which that gentleman promptly accepted. The Southern whigs had selected Mr. William C. Rives, — the man who, as Mr. Webster said, "could ride with all his personal friends in an omnibus," — but the president elect did not fancy his impracticable conservatism.

Mr. Abbott Lawrence, who had contributed largely to the expenditures during the presidential campaign, solicited the appointment of secretary of the treasury, and was offered the navy department, which he declined. Mr. Thomas Butler King, of Georgia, had desired this place, but Mr. Robert Toombs, supported by Representative Stephens and Senator Dawson, succeeded in having Mr. George W. Crawford, of that State, appointed secretary of war.

Mr. William M. Meredith, of Pennsylvania, was rather forced upon General Taylor as secretary of the treasury, by Mr. Clayton and other whigs; not only on account of his acknowledged talents, but to exclude objectionable Pennsylvanians, among them Mr. Josiah Randall, the man who, more than any other, had contributed to the nomination and election of the general. A contest between Messrs. Corwin and Vinton, of Ohio, for a seat in the cabinet was settled by the appointment of Mr. Thomas Ewing, of that State, as secretary of the interior; and Mr. Jacob Collamer, of Vermont, who had been an unsuccessful competitor with Mr. Upham for a seat in the senate, and had been recommended by the legislature as attorney-general, was made postmaster-general.

General Taylor had intended to appoint Mr. William Ballard Preston, of Virginia, as attorney-general, although several whig congressmen had expressed their disapprobation of the selection. Finally, Senator Archer, of Virginia, called and asked if there were any foundation for the report that his friend Preston was to be made attorney-general. "Yes!" answered General Taylor. "I have determined to appoint him." "Are you aware, general," said the senator, "that the attorney-general must represent the government in the supreme court?" "Of course!" responded the general. "But do you know that he must there meet Daniel Webster, Reverdy Johnson, and other leading lawyers?" "Certainly. What of that?" "Nothing, general, except that they will make a —— fool of

your attorney-general." The Virginia senator then took his leave, and the next morning's papers contained the announcement that the president had decided to appoint his friend Mr. Preston secretary of the navy, and Mr. Reverdy Johnson attorney-general. Ridicule had secured the desired result.

Mrs. Taylor regretted the election of her husband, and came to Washington with a heavy heart. She was a native of Calvert County, Maryland, and was born on the estate where the father of Mrs. John Quincy Adams had formerly resided. Her father, Mr. Walter Smith, was an independent and highly respectable farmer, and her brother, Major Richard Smith, of the marine corps, was well remembered at Washington for his gallant bearing and his social qualities. The eldest daughter of General Taylor had married Mr. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, then a subaltern officer of dragoons, against the wishes of her father, who would not for years exchange a word with his son-in-law. After her death, Mr. Davis served in the Mexican war as colonel of a regiment of Mississippi riflemen, and his gallantry at the battle of Monterey removed the existing prejudice, and secured for him the cordial thanks of General Taylor, who was in command. General Taylor's second daughter was the wife of Dr. Wood, of the army, who was at that time stationed at Baltimore, as was General Taylor's brother, Colonel Taylor. Mrs. Taylor, with her younger daughter, Mrs. Bliss, went directly from Louisiana to Baltimore, some weeks prior to the inauguration. They broke up housekeeping at Baton Rouge before they left there, and took with them William Oldham, a faithful colored man, who had been the body-servant of General Taylor for many years, the parade-horse "old Whitey," which he had ridden in the Mexican campaign, and a favorite dog.

President Polk called upon General Taylor soon after his arrival at Washington, and invited him and Mr. Fillmore to dine at the White House, — an invitation which was accepted. General Cass also called to pay his respects to his successful competitor, and as he entered the room General Taylor advanced, grasped his hand, and shook it cordially. General Cass, who had not at first recognized the president elect, exclaimed, "You had the advantage of me! That 's twice you 've had the advantage of me!" "That 's true," said General Taylor; "but you know the battle is not always to the strong?" "That 's a fact," replied General Cass, and then the two had a very friendly chat. Just before General Cass left the room, a gentleman introduced himself to him, remarking, "I was on the stump as a democrat, and in every State in which I spoke you had a majority." "My good friend," said General Cass, "I am very much obliged to you; but I wish you had stumped in two or three States more."

General Taylor was inaugurated on Monday, March 5th. He was escorted from Willard's Hotel by an imposing procession, headed by twelve volunteer companies. The president elect rode in an open carriage, drawn by four gray horses, and he was joined at the Irving House by President Polk, who sat at his right hand. One hundred young gentlemen, residents of the District of Columbia, formed a body-guard, and kept the crowd from pressing around the president's carriage. Then came the "Rough and Ready" clubs of Washington, Georgetown, Alexandria, and Baltimore, with banners, badges, and music, while the students of the Jesuits' college brought up the rear.

The personal appearance of General Taylor, as he read his inaugural address from a platform erected in front of the eastern portico of the Capitol, was not imposing. His figure was somewhat portly, and his legs were short; his

thin, gray hair was unbrushed; his whiskers were of the military cut then prescribed; his features were weather-bronzed and care-furrowed; and he read almost inaudibly. It was evident, however, that he was a popular favorite, and when he had concluded, the vociferous cheering of the assembled thousands was echoed by the firing of cannon and the music of the bands.

The inaugural message showed that General Taylor regarded the Union as in danger, and that he intended to use every possible exertion for its preservation. Mr. Calhoun had requested, through Mr. Clayton, that nothing should be said in the inaugural on this subject, which had prompted the addition of a paragraph, in which the incoming president declared that a dissolution of the Union would be the greatest of calamities, and went on to say, "Whatever dangers may threaten it, I shall stand by it, and maintain it in its integrity, to the full extent of the obligations imposed and the power conferred upon me by the constitution."

There were three inauguration balls at night, — one in a temporary building annexed to the city hall, one at Mr. Rives's Jackson Hall, and one at Carusi's saloon. President Taylor, accompanied by Colonel and Mrs. Bliss, attended them all, going last to the ball at the city hall, where the diplomatic corps were present, wearing their court suits. The Count de Bodisco wore the uniform of an imperial chamberlain, with the insignia of a number of orders of knighthood, while his beautiful wife appeared in the dress which she had worn when she was presented to the Czar, the year previous. It was of white satin embroidered with gold, and over it she wore a crimson velvet "polonaise," with a sweeping train, also embroidered with gold, while her crimson velvet head-dress was resplendent with diamonds.

When the bachelor ex-secretary of state came forward with a number of his fair friends, to present them to the president, General Taylor remarked, "Ah, Mr. Buchanan, you always pick out the prettiest ladies!" "Why, Mr. President," was the courtly reply, "I know that your tastes and mine agree in that respect." "Yes," said General Taylor; "but I have been so long among Indians and Mexicans that I hardly know how to behave myself, surrounded by so many lovely women."

President Taylor, although a Southerner by birth and a slave-owner, took prompt steps to thwart the schemes of Mr. Calhoun and his fellow conspirators. Military officers were promptly ordered to California, Utah, and New Mexico, which had no governments but lynch law; and the people of the last-named province, which had been settled two hundred years before Texas asserted her independence, were assured that her domain would be guaranteed by the United States against the claim of the Lone Star State.

The horde of whig office-seekers which invaded Washington after the inauguration of President Taylor recalled the saying of John Randolph, when it was asserted that the patronage of the federal government was overrated: "I know," said the sarcastic Virginian, "that it may be overrated; I know that we cannot give to those who apply offices equal to their expectations; and I also know that with one bone I can call five hundred dogs." The democratic motto that "to the victors belong the spoils" was adopted by the Taylor administration. Unexceptionable men were removed from office, that their places might be filled with officers of Rough and Ready clubs, or partisan orators. Democratic collectors of customs, postmasters, surveyors, marshals, tide-waiters, and even keepers of light-houses were replaced by whigs, who were thus rewarded for their fabulous services. Veterans like General Arm-

strong and even the gifted Hawthorne were "rotated" from the offices which they held, without mercy. In the post-office department alone, where Mr. Fitz Henry Warren, as assistant postmaster-general, worked the political guillotine, there were 3406 removals during the first year of the Taylor administration, besides many hundred clerks and employees in the post-offices of the larger cities.

In the dispensation of "patronage" there was a display of shameless nepotism. A brother-in-law of Senator Webster was made navy agent at New York. Sons of Senators Crittenden, Clay, and Davis received important appointments abroad, and the son-in-law of Senator Calhoun was retained in the diplomatic service. Two sons-in law of Senator Benton were offered high places. A nephew of Senator Truman Smith was made one of the United States judges in Minnesota, and a nephew of Secretary Clayton was made purser at the Washington navy yard. The pledge of the president that he had "no friends to reward" was apparently forgotten, and he was hedged in by a little circle of executive councilors, who urged him to listen to no other than their suggestions.

While the administration was profligate in its abuse of patronage, the conduct of several of the secretaries was such as to give the president great uneasiness as he became acquainted with what was going on. It was asserted that Secretary Ewing, of the interior department, had overturned the decisions of his predecessors, long acquiesced in, and that he had reopened and allowed obsolete claims, paying large sums as principal and interest without any specific authority of law. The Barron pension claim, the Chickasaw claim, the De la Francia claim, and others were but a part of the long catalogue of these raids upon the public treasury.

The Galphin claim was, however, the most barefaced robbery of the nation's funds ever made under the auspices of a cabinet officer. In 1848, on the last night of the session, a bill had been smuggled through Congress, providing for the payment of a claim brought by the heirs of George Galphin, an Indian trader, for the destruction of his property in 1773. The State of Georgia had never acknowledged the claim, but on the contrary had repudiated it in every form; nor could any good reason be given why the United States should be liable for it. Congress, however, ordered the payment of an unnamed sum, and Secretary Walker paid the principal claimed, — $43,518, — leaving the demand for the interest as a legacy to the Taylor administration. Of this sum, Mr. Crawford, the claimant's attorney, received one half; and after he became secretary of war the interest was allowed, amounting to $191,352, of which he also received one half, making his whole receipts for principal and interest about $115,000. The lawyers in Congress declared that the secretary acted professionally, but others censured him severely. Mr. James Brooks, the editor of the New York Express, then a whig member of the house, denounced Secretary Crawford's action as unwarrantable. He contended that the principal was never due from the United States, and he cited the authority of Attorneys-General Wirt, Legaré, and Crittenden to show that the interest was illegally paid. Judge Cartter, then a representative from Ohio, was severe in his comments on the monstrous corruption of the allowance of interest, the payment of which he said that he disliked, "both as an exaction on the part of the capitalist, and on account of its origin with the Jews, who killed the Saviour"!

A commission for the payment of claims arising from the war with Mexico was another source of corruption. Fraudulent claims were trumped up, and forced through the commission by lead-

ing whigs, some of them occupants of seats in Congress. This indecent practice of pressing unfounded and rejected claims before commissions or the executive departments by lawyers who are senators or representatives did not originate with the Taylor administration, but it received an impulse under it that was a serious infliction on the country, and alarmingly detrimental to the public interest. When those elected to make laws are employed, for high fees, to supplicate secretaries, auditors, and commissioners for worthless claims, and when those officials require these lawyers, in their legislative capacity, to grant them improper favors, the door for collusion is flung widely open between them. No species of bribery can be more corrupting than that by which the public treasury is made thus indirectly to pay legislators for bad laws and official delinquency.

President Taylor offered the place of secretary to the Mexican-claims commission to Dr. Charles Davis, who had practiced his profession in Mexico for fourteen years before the war, and had joined the general's staff as interpreter, rendering important services. The cabinet, however, decided to conciliate Senator Benton by giving the place to one of his sons-in-law, who was notoriously unfit for it, and the president had to apologize to Dr. Davis for having broken his promise. The doctor, incensed by this treatment, revenged himself by showing that the commission was beguiled into the allowance of a fraudulent claim to a dentist named Gardner, for damages to the works of a silver-mine which existed only in his imagination. A commissioner sent to Mexico exposed the fraud, and Gardner was tried and convicted, but escaped punishment by committing suicide. The trial revealed the fact that leading Washington bankers and prominent whig politicians had secured a large share of the proceeds of this ingenious swindle.

The cabinet officers originally were confined to their legitimate duties, and as advisers were consulted only on measures of importance. Nothing was heard, in those early days of the republic, of sessions of the executive board to consider appointments which the constitution and the laws confided to the president alone. But the Taylor cabinet usurped this power, giving the president the casting vote at their meetings, where enemies were punished and friends rewarded, while the executive was transformed into a directory.

Socially, President Taylor enjoyed himself, and he used to take morning walks through the streets of Washington, wearing a high black silk hat perched on the back of his head, and a suit of black broadcloth much too large for him, but made in obedience to his orders, that he might be comfortable. Mrs. Taylor used to sit patiently all day in her room, plying her knitting-needles, and occasionally, it was said, smoking her pipe. Mrs. Bliss was an excellent housekeeper, and the introduction of gas into the Executive Mansion, with new furniture and carpets, enabled her to give it a more creditable appearance. It was said that she did the honors of the establishment "with the artlessness of a rustic belle and the grace of a duchess."

The thirty-first Congress, which met on the first Monday in the December following the inauguration of President Taylor, contained many statesmen. Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Jeff Davis, Douglas, Dickinson, Hamlin, Hale, Corwin, Houston, Seward, Chase, and Berrien were among the sixty senators, while many names of national prominence were to be found upon the roll of two hundred and thirty representatives. The organization of the house was a difficult task; nine "free-soil" or anti-slavery whigs from the North and six "state-rights" or pro-slavery whigs from the South refusing to vote for that ac-

complished gentleman, Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, who was the whig candidate for speaker. On the first ballot, Howell Cobb, of Georgia, had 103 votes, against 96 votes for Robert C. Winthrop, 8 votes for David Wilmot, 6 votes for Meredith P. Gentry, 2 votes for Horace Mann, and a number of scattering votes. The tellers announced that there was no choice, and the balloting was continued, day after day, amid great and increasing excitement. After the thirty-ninth ballot, Mr. Winthrop withdrew from the protracted contest, expressing his belief that the peace and safety of the Union demanded that an organization of some sort should be effected without delay.

The Southern whigs who had opposed Mr. Winthrop were vehement and passionate in their denunciation of the North. "The time has come," said Mr. Toombs, his black, uncombed hair standing out from his massive head as if charged with electricity, his eyes glowing like coals of fire, and his sentences rattling forth like volleys of musketry, — "the time has come," said he, "when I shall not only utter my opinions, but make them the basis of my political action here. I do not, then, hesitate to avow before this house and the country, and in the presence of the living God, that if, by your legislation, you seek to drive us from the territories of California and New Mexico, and to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, I am for disunion; and if my physical courage be equal to the maintenance of my convictions of right and duty I will devote all I am and all I have on earth to its consummation."

These inflammatory remarks provoked replies, and after a heated debate Mr. Duer, of New York, remarked that he "would never, under any circumstances, vote to put a man in the speaker's chair who would, in any event, advocate or sanction a dissolution of the Union." This brought a dozen Southerners to their feet, with angry exclamations, and Mr. Bayly, of Virginia, who was near Mr. Duer, said, "There are no disunionists." "There are!" exclaimed Mr. Duer. "Name one!" shouted Mr. Bayly. At that moment Mr. Meade, of Virginia, rose, and passed directly before Mr. Duer, who pointed to him and shouted, "There 's one!" "It is false!" replied Mr. Meade, angrily. "You lie, sir!" responded Mr. Duer, in tones which rang through the hall; and, drawing himself up, he stood unmoved, while his political friends and foes clustered angrily about him, talking and gesticulating. Fortunately Mr. Nathan Sergeant, who was the sergeant-at-arms, was in his seat, and he immediately came to the side of Mr. Duer, bearing aloft the "mace," which is the symbol of the authority of the house. Quiet was restored, and Mr. Duer then apologized to the house for having been provoked into the use of the unparliamentary expression, but justified himself by referring to a speech which Mr. Meade had just made and printed, which contained disunion sentiments. Mr. Meade promptly challenged Mr. Duer, who showed no indisposition to fight; but with some difficulty friends secured an amicable settlement of the quarrel.

Finally, after three weeks of angry recrimination, it was voted that a plurality should elect, and on the sixty-second ballot Mr. Howell Cobb, of Georgia, having received 102 votes against 100 votes for Mr. Winthrop, was declared the speaker of the house. He did not have that sense of personal dignity and importance which belonged to Sir John Falstaff by reason of his knighthood, but he displayed the same rich exuberance of animal enjoyment, the same roguish twinkle of the eye, and the same indolence which characterized the fat knight.

President Taylor's first and only message to Congress was transmitted on the Monday following the organization of

the house, December 24th, and the printed copies first distributed contained the sentence, "We are at peace with all the nations of the world, and the rest of mankind." Other copies were soon printed, in which the corrected sentence read, "We are at peace with all the nations of the world, and seek to maintain our cherished relations of amity with them." The blunder caused much diversion among the democrats, and greatly annoyed Colonel Bliss, who, as the president's private secretary, had superintended the publication of the message.

Meanwhile, Henry Clay had reappeared at Washington as a senator from Kentucky, and occupied his old quarters at the National Hotel, which belonged to one of his many devoted friends, Mr. Calvert, of Maryland. Although in his seventy-third year, he was apparently hale and hearty. His head, bald on the top, was fringed with long iron-gray hair, his lofty forehead was arched and expansive, his cheeks somewhat sunken, his nose thin, and his wide mouth wreathed in genial smiles. He always was dressed in black, and from a high black satin stock, which enveloped his long neck, emerged a huge white shirt collar, which reached to his ears. He mingled in society, generally kissing the prettiest girls wherever he went; and he enjoyed a quiet game of cards in his own room, with a glass of toddy made from Bourbon County whisky.

At the commencement of the session Mr. Clay requested that he might be excused from service on any of the standing committees of the senate, and his wish was granted. It was not long, however, before he evinced a desire to reënter the arena of debate, as a leader of the whig party, but not as a follower of President Taylor. Presenting a series of resolutions which would consolidate the settlement of the eight different questions involving slavery, then before Congress, into what he expected would prove a lasting compromise, Mr. Clay moved their reference to a select committee of thirteen, with instructions to report them in one bill. The committee was authorized, but not without opposition, and Mr. Webster's vote secured for Mr. Clay the chairmanship. A general compromise bill was speedily prepared, and the "battle of the giants" was commenced; Clay, Webster, and Calhoun engaging for the last time in a gladiatorial strife, which exhibited the off-hand, genial eloquence of the Kentuckian, the ponderous strength of the Massachusetts senator, and the concentrated energies of South Carolina's favorite son. Mr. Clay was the leader in the debate, which extended over seven months, and during that time he was ever on the alert; sometimes delivering a long argument, sometimes eloquently replying to other senators, and sometimes suggesting points to some one who was to speak on his side. Indignant at the treatment which he had received from the whig party, he stood unsubdued, and so far from retreating from those who had deserted him he intended to make the Taylor administration recall its pledges, break its promises, and become national, or pro-slavery, whigs.

Mr. Webster was equally grieved and saddened by the recreancy and faithlessness of Massachusetts men who had in years past professed friendship for him, but of whose machinations against him he had obtained proof during the preceding autumn. He also ascertained that, to use the words of Mr. Choate, "the attention of the public mind began to be drawn a little more directly to the great question of human freedom and human slavery." If he responded to the beatings of the New England heart, and resisted the aggressions and usurpations of the slave power, he would have to follow the lead of the abolitionists, for whom he had always expressed a profound contempt. Dejected and depressed, Mr. Webster would then have been glad to take the mission to Eng-

land, and thus terminate his career of public service; but he was defeated by the claims of Mr. Abbott Lawrence, who had recently been disappointed in not receiving the appointment of secretary of the treasury, and who refused to to be comforted unless he could be the successor of George Bancroft at the court of St. James.

Thaddeus Stevens and Joshua R. Giddings asserted, after the decease of Mr. Webster, that he prepared a speech, the manuscript of which they read, which was a powerful exposition and vindication of Northern sentiment upon the compromise measures, especially the fugitive-slave bill. He was doubtless induced to "change front" by pledges of Southern support for the presidency, but he is reported by Theodore Parker as having said to a fellow-senator, on the morning of the 7th of March, "I have my doubts that the speech I am going to make will ruin me." He should have remembered that he had himself said of the Emperor Napoleon, "His victories and his triumphs crumbled to atoms, and mouldered to dry ashes in his grasp, because he violated the general sense of justice of mankind."

The truculent Mr. Benton headed the opposition in the senate to the compromise measures, and on one occasion he provoked Mr. Henry S. Foote, then a senator from Mississippi, into the use of some sarcastic comments in reply. At first Mr. Benton appeared somewhat surprised that any one should have the audacity thus to criticise what he had thought proper to say, but he soon manifested signs of excitement, and at last he sprang to his feet, knocked over his curule chair, and started for Mr. Foote's desk. The dapper little Mississippian, seeing the burly Missourian striding towards him with evidently hostile intentions, suspended his remarks, and retreated to the secretary's desk, where he drew a five-barreled revolver, cocked it, and stood at bay.

The two Senators Dodge, father and son, endeavored to arrest Mr. Benton's progress, but he struggled forward, shouting, "Let me pass! Don't stop me! Let the assassin fire! Only cowards go armed! I have no weapon! Let the assassin fire!" Vice-President Fillmore pounded his table with his mallet, and loudly called for order. A number of senators left their seats, some clustering around Mr. Foote, while others obstructed the passage of Mr. Benton, who finally permitted his friends to lead him to his seat, exclaiming as he went, "Let the assassin fire! I scorn to carry weapons!" Mr. Dickinson, of New York, took the revolver from Mr. Foote, uncocked it, and locked it in his desk. Then, as order had been partially restored, he mildly inquired of the vice-president what the question was before the senate.

Up jumped Mr. Benton again, and said, in a boisterous tone, "This is not going to pass off in this way. I ask senators to take immediate action on what has happened. A pistol has been drawn, sir! It has been aimed at me, sir! I demand the immediate action of this body, sir!" Mr. Mangum, to placate the excited senator, introduced a resolution appointing a committee to investigate the occurrence, which was passed. The committee examined witnesses, and made a report, condemning the occurrence, and expressing the hope that their censure of the attempt would be a sufficient rebuke and a warning not unheeded in the future.

Mr. Calhoun's health had gradually failed, and at last he was supported into the senate-chamber, wrapped in flannels like the great Chatham, and requested that his friend, Senator Mason, might read some remarks which he had prepared. The request was of course granted, and while Mr. Mason read the defiant pronunciamiento, its author sat wrapped in his cloak, his eyes glowing with meteor-like brilliancy, as he glanced

at senators upon whom he desired to have certain passages make an impression. When Mr. Mason had concluded, Mr. Calhoun was supported from the senate, and went back to his lodgings at Mr. Hill's boarding-house, afterwards known as the Old Capitol, to die.

An unpublished letter from Mr. R. M. T. Hunter, a Virginia senator, gives some interesting facts concerning Mr. Calhoun's last moments, and the views at that time of the Southern magnates. "Mr. Calhoun's death," wrote Mr. Hunter, "was eminently simple, calm, and unaffected, — no display or pretension, nothing for stage effect. He knew that his mortal sickness was upon him, but he did not expect to die so soon. The evening before his death he had his mail read to him, commented upon some of the letters, and directed his son to clear up his table, as was his wont every night. In the night, when he found he was dying, he directed his son to pack up his papers and watch, and to give his pencil to his son Andrew. When speech left him he still showed consciousness by signs; and, beckoning to his son, squeezed his hand and expired, without pain and without fear. He had always said to me previously and to others through his sickness that he had no apprehensions of death; that it was an event in relation to which he felt that he had no right to entertain a wish. He was a man of few quotations, but one which he often used to me was that there was 'the same Providence on the fatal as the natal hour.' He was not consulted as to his birth, nor did he believe that his wishes ought to weigh or even exist as to his death: such I suppose to have been his meaning. He had a greater faith in his abstractions, one and all, than any other man I ever saw, and this was his abstraction (as I think) about death."

"But," Mr. Hunter went on to say, "you must not whisper it to any one: I believe that he died under the firm impression that the South was 'betrayed' and gone. Indeed, he told me it was 'betrayed' the last time I ever saw him. Do not mention this, however. One of the last things he ever said to Judge Butler was, 'Don't despond, judge; never despond!' And if we mean to fight the battle we must not despond; or, if we do, we must not let the people see it until all is manifestly useless. Clay's course and Foote's eternal talk about compromise have done more to let down the tone of Southern feeling than everything else put together. Had Clay not taken the course he did, and had Foote and every Southern man forborne to press compromises on those who talked of nothing of the sort themselves, we might have gotten, I think, a fair compromise: say, the line of 36.30 through to the Pacific, with a recognition of slavery south of that line. Such, at least, is my opinion. Buchanan would have been willing to agree to this, I believe, and I think I know others in the North who would have agreed to the same. The North would not have severed the Union sooner than submit to such a proposition."

Mr. Calhoun's death elicited glowing eulogies in both houses of Congress, but the most impressive was that of Henry Clay. Evidently standing on the brink of his own grave, he went on to say, "I was his senior, Mr. President, in years, — in nothing else. According to the course of nature, I ought to have preceded him. It has been decreed otherwise; but I know that I shall linger here only a short time, and shall soon follow him."

Mr. Jefferson Davis aspired to the leadership of the South after the death of Mr. Calhoun, and talked openly of disunion. "Let the sections," said he, in the senate-chamber, "part, like the patriarchs of old, and let peace and goodwill subsist among their descendants. Let no wound be inflicted which time cannot heal. Let the flag of our Union

be folded up entire, the thirteen stripes recording the original size of our family, untorn by the unholy struggles of civil war; its constellation to remain undimmed, and speaking to those who come after us of the growth and prosperity of the family whilst it remained united. Unmutilated let it lie among the archives of the republic, until some future day, when wiser counsels shall prevail, when men shall have been sobered in the school of adversity, again to be unfurled over the continent-wide republic."

Yet when Mr. John P. Hale presented a petition praying for a peaceful dissolution of the Union, Mr. Davis objected to its reception. "When we come into this chamber, Mr. President," said he, "the first duty which the constitution requires of us is to go to your table, and to swear before Almighty God that we will support the constitution. Well, sir, what are we called upon to do? To support that instrument, which we have sworn to support? No, sir! No, sir! We are called upon to destroy it, and I am not prepared for a step of that description."

Mr. Hale, who, with Mr. Salmon P. Chase, was not named on any of the committees of the senate, was a constant target for the attacks of the Southerners; but the keenest shafts of satire made no more impression upon him than musket-balls do upon the hide of a rhinoceros. One day, when Senator Clemens had asserted that the Union was virtually dissolved, Mr. Hale said, "If this is not a matter too serious for pleasant illustration, let me give you one. Once in my life, in the capacity of justice of the peace, — for I held that office before I was senator, — I was called on to officiate in uniting a couple in the bonds of matrimony. They came up, and I made short work of it. I asked the man if he would take the woman whom he held by the hand to be his wedded wife; and he replied, 'To be sure I will. I came here to do that very thing.' I then put the question to the lady whether she would have the man for her husband. And when she answered in the affirmative, I told them they were man and wife then. She looked up with apparent astonishment, and inquired, 'Is that all?' 'Yes,' said I, 'that is all.' 'Well,' said she, 'it is not such a mighty affair as I expected it to be, after all!' If this Union is already dissolved, it has produced less commotion in the act than I expected."

General Cass, then a senator from Michigan, was very restive under the sharp thrusts which Mr. Hale occasionally gave him; thinking, doubtless, that they would injure his chances for a nomination by the national democratic convention in 1851. The general, then approaching seventy years of age, enjoyed robust health and possessed rare powers of endurance, which he attributed to his never having used ardent spirits or tobacco. His early investments in real estate at Detroit had made him a millionaire, and it was his boast that he had never foreclosed a mortgage or sued a debtor. He was always attentive to the interests of his constituents, but he never introduced a measure of national importance into the senate unless it was territorial — or, as Mr. Calhoun called it, squatter — sovereignty. The credit of this was taken from him by Mr. Douglas, and it doubtless did more to precipitate the rebellion than any other political theory ever broached in Congress.

Another total-abstinence senator was General Sam Houston, — a large, imposing-looking man, who wore a waistcoat made from the skin of some wild beast, dressed with the hair on, and who generally occupied himself during the sessions of the senate in whittling small sticks of soft pine wood, which the sergeant-at-arms procured for him. His life had been one of romantic adventure.

After having served with distinction under General Jackson in the Creek war, he had become a lawyer, and then governor of the State of Tennessee. Soon after his inauguration he had married an accomplished young lady, to whom he one day intimated, in jest, that she apparently cared more for a former lover than she did for him. "You are correct," said she, earnestly. "I love Mr. Nickerson's little finger better than I do your whole body." Words ensued, and the next day Houston resigned his governorship, went into the Cherokee country west of the Arkansas River, adopted Indian costume, and became an Indian trader. He was the best customer supplied from his own whisky-barrel until, one day, after a prolonged debauch, he heard from a Texas Indian that the Mexicans had taken up arms against their revolted province. A friend agreeing to accompany him, he cast off his Indian attire, again dressed like a white man, and never drank a drop of any intoxicating beverage afterwards. Arriving in Texas at a critical moment, his gallantry was soon conspicuous, and in due time he was sent to Washington as United States senator.

General Houston was very angry with those Southern senators who opposed the passage of a resolution permitting Father Theobald Mathew, the "apostle of temperance," to occupy a seat within the bar of the senate during the period of his sojourn at Washington. The opposition was headed by Senator Jefferson Davis, who declared, and who reiterated the assertion, that, had he the power, he would exclude every abolitionist, foreign and domestic, from the senate chamber.

If Father Mathew could have persuaded some of the congressmen who were then wrangling over the compromise measures to take the total-abstinence pledge, many disgraceful scenes would have been avoided. British parliamentary history chronicles the eating-room of the old House of Commons, where one Bellamy supplied chops, steaks, and port wine to manly legislators at the commencement of the present century, and there had been a similar "refectory" in the basement of the house wing of the Capitol, until Mr. Speaker Winthrop, by virtue of his prerogative, abolished the sale of liquors at its bar. Thenceforth the quality of the food served degenerated, and the refectory was not much patronized by the representatives, whose gastronomic and bibulous wants were gratuitously purveyed for by avowed lobbyists, who advanced their interests by judicious distributions of "ham-and-cham." The senators retained their lunch-room, — a small, circular apartment, known as "the hole in the wall;" and it was generally understood that in some of the committee-rooms there were closets well supplied with creature comforts.

Among other measures which were liberally lobbied was a bill rewarding the discoverer of the anæsthetic properties of sulphuric ether, which enabled surgeons to perform operations without pain. Large sums of money were expended at Washington by the agents of each of the three alleged discoverers who sought the award. The financial backer of one of these claimants, who occupied a position of trust in a Massachusetts railroad corporation, gradually stole some fifty thousand dollars from the company, which was disbursed in lobbying at Washington, under the delusive hope that an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars would soon be carried, from which restoration could be made. The corporation, fearing that it might jeopardize the passage of the appropriation, did not bring the defaulter to punishment; but he had ceased to be honest, and a few years afterwards he was sentenced to the penitentiary for robbing the mails.

Another hospitable and generous lobby was at work, in Congress and out of

it, advocating a renewal of the letters patent originally given in 1828 to William Woodworth, for a planing-machine. These letters patent were for fourteen years, and there had been two successive renewals for seven years each, the interest of the patentee in the last one having been sold by him for one hundred thousand dollars. It was now proposed that the patent be again renewed, and as such a renewal would have been worth at least a hundred thousand dollars, the advocates of the measure were lavish in their expenditures. Mr. Seward, who was one of the retained counsel for the patent, had declined to serve on the committee on patents, and he declared, on the floor of the senate, that he had so declined because he was not willing to make his public duties even seem to come in collision with any private duties that he might previously have assumed.

Mr. Seward entered the senate when General Taylor was inaugurated as president, and soon became the directing spirit of the administration, although Colonel Bullit, who had been brought from Louisiana to edit The Republic, President Taylor's recognized organ, spoke of him only with supercilious contempt. Senator Foote sought reputation by insulting him in public, and was himself taunted by Mr. Calhoun with the disreputable fact of intimacy with him in private. The newly elected senator from New York persisted in maintaining amicable relations with his revilers, and quietly controlled the immense patronage of his State, none of which was shared by the friends of Vice-President Fillmore. He was not at heart a reformer; he probably cared but little whether the negro was a slave or a freeman; but he sought his own political advancement by advocating in turn anti-masonry and abolitionism, — by politically coquetting with Archbishop Hughes, of the Roman Catholic church, and Henry Wilson, a leading know-nothing. Personally he was honest, but he was always surrounded by intriguers and tricksters, some of whose nests he would aid in feathering. The most unscrupulous lobbyists that have ever haunted the Capitol were devoted adherents of William H. Seward.

Mr. Buchanan had not shed many tears over the defeat of his rival, General Cass, and he retired from the department of state to his rural home, called Wheatland, where he began at an early day to secure strength in the national nominating convention of 1851; asserting continually that he was indifferent on the subject. Yet at the same time he was industriously corresponding with politicians in different sections of the country, and he was especially attentive to Mr. Henry A. Wise, with whose aid he hoped to secure the votes of the delegates from Virginia in the next national democratic convention.

Mr. Wise, recalling the time when he was a power behind the throne of John Tyler, encouraged Mr. Buchanan to bid for Southern support, and intimated a readiness to "coach" him so as to make him a favorite in the slave States. His counsels were kindly taken, and in return Mr. Buchanan wrote to the fiery "Lord of Accomac," in his most precise handwriting: "Acquire more character for prudence and moderation, and under the blessing of Heaven you may be almost anything in this country which you desire. There is no man living whose success in public and in private life would afford me more sincere pleasure than your own. You have every advantage. All you have to do is to go straight ahead, without unnecessarily treading upon other people's toes. I know you will think, if you don't say, What impudence it is for this childless old bachelor of sixty years of age to undertake to give me advice! Why don't he mind his own business? General Jackson once told me that he knew a man in Tennessee who had got rich

by minding his own business; but still I urged him, and at last with success, which he never regretted."

President Taylor saw General Scott on the second Sunday after his inauguration, at St. John's Episcopal church, and, not having met with him since the Mexican war, determined to evince by his reception of him that he bore no malice for what had occurred, and that, however much he might have felt when all his regular troops were taken from him, he was willing to forget it. The president, accordingly, waited after the congregation was dismissed, and then met General Scott in the most friendly manner, shaking him cordially by the hand, and inviting him to call at the White House. On the following day General Scott came, and sent up his card. Two gentlemen were with the president when it was received, and instead of inviting the general to climb the stairs to his office he told the messenger to show him into his private parlor below, and to say that he would join him with the least possible delay. Within five minutes the president went down; but General Scott was not in the parlor, and the messenger said that, after having waited a minute or two, he had petulantly left. The next day the general went to New York, without seeing or making another attempt to see the president.

The officers of the exploring expedition in the South Seas had brought home a small botanical collection, made during their voyage, which was at first kept in a greenhouse temporarily erected in the inner court of the Department of the Interior building. In 1850, an appropriation was made for the erection of a greenhouse for the reception of this collection of plants, on a public reservation near the Capitol, and this became the National Botanical Garden. The gratuitous supply, every spring, of boxes of plants to congressmen, and the distribution of bouquets among their female relatives and friends during the fashionable season, has never failed to secure the necessary annual appropriations from the treasury.

The distribution of plants and seeds to congressmen for their favored constituents has made it an equally easy matter for the commissioner of agriculture to obtain liberal appropriations for his department, and the publication of enormous editions of his reports. The first of these reports was issued by Edmund Burke, while he was commissioner of patents, during the Polk administration. On the incoming of the Taylor administration, Mr. Burke was succeeded by Thomas Ewbank, of New York city, and Congress made an appropriation of $3500 for the collection of ag ricultural statistics, with an additional $1000 for defraying the expenses of chemical analyses of vegetable substances produced and used for the food of man and animals in the United States. When Mr. Ewbank's report appeared, the Southern congressmen were — to quote the words used by Senator Jefferson Davis in debate, amazed to find that it was preceded by what he termed "an introduction by Horace Greeley, a philosopher and philanthropist of the strong abolition type." "The very fact," he continued, "that Mr. Greeley was employed to write the introduction is sufficient to damn the work with me, and render it worthless in my estimation."

Congress had been induced by Mr. Crutchett to make an appropriation for the erection of illuminating-gas works at the Capitol, from which a supply was to be furnished for lighting the interior of the building, and for a large lantern on the top of a mast planted on the dome. It was claimed that this lan tern would light up the Capitol grounds and the avenues radiating therefrom; but it failed to do so, and high winds soon began to sway it to and fro, endangering the stability of the dome. Mr. Crutchett was asked to remove it, but he declined, saying that the appropria-

tion had been voted to him for its erection, and not for its removal; so Congress had to vote more money to have it taken down. Gas was thenceforth procured from the Washington Company for lighting the Capitol, the public buildings, and Pennsylvania Avenue, and in order to secure the liberal appropriations necessary, no charge was made, for many years, for the gas used by those senators and representatives who occupied houses at Washington.

The congressmen not only provided for their wants and comfort, but secured a respectable burial-place in case they should be called from life. Appropriations were made for the enlargement and improvement of the Washington parish burial-ground, and those senators and representatives who died during a session were honored by the erection of a monument, whether their remains were interred beneath it, or were taken to their former homes. Many great and good men are interred there, including distinguished representatives of foreign powers; and among the monuments erected by the federal government is that of Push-ma-ta-ha, a Choctaw chief, who died of croup while engaged in making a treaty with President Monroe. On its base is inscribed his last request, — "When I am gone, let the big guns be fired over me," — which was religiously complied with.

Formerly, a congressional funeral was a source of great profit to the sergeant-at-arms of the house to which the deceased had belonged, as the undertakers and livery-stable keepers "divided" the profits on their exorbitant charges. Each congressional mourner received a pair of black kid gloves, which he put into his pocket, and generally exchanged the next day for others more serviceable; while the officiating chaplains were decked with large black scarfs, each one of which contained silk enough to make an apron for the recipient's wife. Although these funeral abuses have been reformed, a practice has since grown up of publishing in book form the eulogiums over departed congressmen, illustrated with portraits engraved on steel, at a cost of several thousand dollars.

"Beau" Hickman, so called, began during the Taylor administration to rank himself among the celebrities of Washington. He was a middle-aged man, who professed to belong to one of the first families of Virginia, and to have squandered a considerable estate at the gaming-table, but to have retained his fondness for dress. His attire was generally somewhat threadbare, but scrupulously clean; his black kid gloves fitted well, although the worse for wear; an eye-glass dangled from a black ribbon around his neck; and in cold weather he sported a Spanish circular cloak, with one end thrown over his shoulder. The beau was accustomed to frequent the lobbies of the hotels, and when he saw a stranger conversing with any Washington man whose name he knew, he would shamble up and say to the resident, "Your friend undoubtedly desires an introduction to me?" The stranger would bow assent, be introduced, and the beau would then coolly ask him to pay a dollar for the privilege of what he termed "an initiation." This was thought by some to be very amusing, especially by the long-haired students from Virginia colleges. It was the beau's entire stock of wit and his only visible means of support, although it was hinted that he was always ready to pilot strangers to gambling-houses, and that the gamesters contributed to his support when he found but few victims to be initiated. His face was a perfect mask, and he never betrayed any emotion, even when rudely repulsed, or made the hero of some fabulous adventure by a newspaper correspondent in want of a paragraph.

Queen Victoria accredited as her minister plenipotentiary to President Taylor the Right Honorable Sir Henry

Lytton Bulwer, an accomplished diplomate, slender and apparently in ill-health. He was afterwards, for many years, the British minister at Constantinople, where he defeated the machinations of Russia, and held in cunning hand the tangled thread of that delicate puzzle, the Eastern question. His private secretary while he was at Washington was his nephew, Mr. Robert Bulwer (a son of the novelist), who has since won renown as Lord Lytton, Viceroy of India, and as the author of charming poems signed Owen Meredith.

The secretaries and attachés of the foreign legations at Washington are an important feature in fashionable society there. Some of them, who have by their abilities and their energies risen from comparatively obscure positions at home, and who have political and diplomatic aspirations, are hard workers, and send to their respective governments really valuable reports upon our industrial interests, finances, etc. But the larger and the younger portion of the members of the "corps" are either novices who are taking their first lessons in diplomacy, or the needy scions of aristocratic families in search of lucrative matrimonial alliances. They have little or nothing to do, but they play their parts as gravely as if the welfare of the nations which they respectively represent rested upon their individual shoulders, and they occupy their abundant leisure in the small cares of society.

The bitter political discussions at the Capitol during the first six months of 1850 prevented much social enjoyment. There were the customary receptions at the White House and "hops" at the hotels, but few large parties were given. Tea-parties were numerous, at which a succession of colored waiters carried trays heaped with different varieties of home-made cakes and tarts, from which the beaux supplied the belles, and at the same time ministered to their own wants, balancing a well-loaded plate on one knee, while they held a cup and saucer, replete with fragrant decoctions from the Chinese plant "which cheers, but not inebriates."

The reigning belles were the queen-like widow Ashley, of Missouri, who afterwards married Senator Crittenden, and her beautiful daughter, who became the wife of Mr. Cabell, of Florida. Mrs. Frémont and her sisters made the home of their father, Colonel Benton, very attractive; General Cass's daughter, who afterwards married the Dutch minister, had returned from Paris with many rare works of art; and the proscribed free-soilers met with a hearty welcome at the house of Dr. Bailey, the editor of The New Era, where Miss Dodge, afterwards better known as Gail Hamilton, passed her first winter in Washington.

The diplomatic circles were excited by the proceedings connected with the will of General Kosciuszko, the Polish patriot, who had left an estate in the hands of ex-President Jefferson, as his trustee. Mr. Jefferson declined to accept the trust, and after some litigation it was found that Kosciuszko had made a subsequent will. His heirs employed Mr. Gaspard Tochman, a Polish exile, whose home estate had been confiscated, and who was at that time a practicing lawyer in New York, to conduct the suit. M. de Bodisco, the Russian minister, unwilling that a political enemy of his imperial master should derive any pecuniary advantage from the case, wrote to Poland, advising the Kosciuszko heirs to revoke the power of attorney given to Tochman, and to appoint a new agent. They did so, and sent to the United States Captain Ladislaus Wankowitz, a grand-nephew of Kosciuszko, to attend to the matter personally. Soon after Wankowitz's arrival at Washington, he was induced to reappoint Tochman as the attorney of the heirs, and to associate with him Mr. Reverdy Johnson. For this act of contumacy, the estate of Wankowitz in Poland, valued at

$60,000, was confiscated, and he was forced to accept an $800 clerkship in one of the departments for a livelihood.

On the evening of the 4th of July, a large party was given by Mr. Robert C. Winthrop to his gentlemen friends, without distinction of party or locality. At the supper-table, Mr. Winthrop had at his right hand Vice-President Fillmore, and at his left hand Mr. Speaker Cobb. Webster and Foote, Benton and Horace Mann; the members elect from California, with Clingman and Venable, who were trying to keep them out, were seen in genial companionship. Most of the cabinet and the president's private secretary, Colonel Bliss, were there, side by side with those who proposed to impeach them. The only drawback to the general enjoyment of the occasion was the understanding that it was the farewell entertainment of Mr. Winthrop, who had given so many evidences of his unselfish patriotism and eminent ability, and whose large experience in public affairs should have entitled him to the continued confidence of the people of Massachusetts.

President Taylor was absent, and Colonel Bliss apologized for his non-attendance, saying that he was somewhat indisposed. That day the old hero had sat in the sun at the Washington Monument, during a long address by Senator Foote, and a tedious supplementary harangue by George Washington Parke Custis. While thus exposed to the midsummer heat for nearly three hours, he had drank freely of ice-water, and on his return to the White House he had found a basket of cherries, of which he partook heartily, drinking at the same time several goblets full of iced milk. After dinner he again feasted on cherries and iced milk, against the protestations of Dr. Witherspoon, who was his guest. When it was time to go to Mr. Winthrop's he felt ill, and soon afterwards he was seized with a violent attack of cholera morbus.

This was on Thursday, but he did not consider himself dangerously ill until Sunday, when he said to his physician, "In two days I shall be a dead man." Eminent physicians were called in, but they could not arrest the bilious fever which supervened. His mind was clear, and on Tuesday morning he said to one of the physicians at his bedside, "You have fought a good fight, but you cannot make a stand." Soon afterwards he murmured, "I have endeavored to do my duty," and peacefully breathed his last. The announcement of the sad event startled the nation, whose standard he had so often borne to victory.

THE WIZARD POET.

In the dust of ages old
Sleeps the legend men have told
Of Virgilius and his skill:
How he, wicked or divine,
Wrought by secret spell and sign
Many marvels to his will;

How he breathed the vital flame
Through a pulseless statue's frame,
So that when the night's eclipse

Left its face it spake aloud, —
And no idle words or proud
Ever passed its marble lips;

How he made a lamp to light
All the city streets by night,
Made and rode a copper mare,
And from Babylon to Rome
Brought the Sultan's daughter home,
On a bridge built in the air.

Ah! his books upon my shelves
Hold the secret in themselves
Of the marvelous art he knew!
When we read, their written signs
Luminous grow in all the lines;
What he did his books still do!

In their silence and disguise
They are genies that arise,
Building bridges with their hands;
And our life's unending quest
Here may pause a while and rest
In the lap of golden lands.

Shepherd pipes around us sing,
Branches musically swing
In the west wind's cooling tides!
Then the shadows of the night,
Dropping earthward in their flight,
Darken o'er the mountain sides!

In the distance seem to be
Boats upon the toiling sea,
Oars adrip with silver foam;
Wave-tossed men of Troy almost
Grasp the e'er-receding coast,
Dreaming of their lofty Rome.

So the poet hath his will,
Working out his marvels still,
Makes us linger as we read!
In our hearts a statue stands, —
White and pure its lips and hands,
Symbolizing word and deed;

And the statue, as it were,
Is the poet's character,
Spotless in that age of wrong.

Did he travel in the air?
Ay, the bridge suspended there
Was the marvelous Bridge of Song!

And the greatness of his name
Pierces, with a silent flame,
Death and the sepulchral damp;
Somehow, still it seems to light
Rome in all her streets to-night,
And is a perpetual lamp.

Statue, bridge, and lamp unfold
Deeper meanings than of old:
His was no uncanny art;
He but used the spell and sign
Of the poet's right divine, —
Wizard of the human heart!

S. V. Cole.

IN LONDON AGAIN.

Returning to London, after wanderings in the shires, and in some counties that pride themselves on not being shires, seemed to me like getting home again. A strange feeling this, it may be said, in one who had lived in the great town only a few weeks, and who had never been in England before. And so, indeed, it seemed to me, at first. But, notwithstanding the vastness of London, it impressed me greatly, and I do not know but chiefly, as a collection of homes. It has little beauty; much of it is dull and dingy; more is commonplace, although it may be neither dull nor dingy. There is very little of it that poses itself before you architecturally and asks for admiration. But the whole of it, outside of "the city" proper, from Belgravia to Bethnal Green, has this home-like look. The very shops in Regent Street and New Bond Street and Oxford Street are more expressive of the sense of human habitation than of that of trade and traffic. In part this is due to the comparative lack of display and of staring sign-boards, and the absence of street railways, in which respects the contrast to New York, and to American towns which imitate New York, is very marked. But it seemed to me that this home-like homeliness of London (the strange freaks of language make this qualification and distinction possible and apprehensible) was caused by its gradual growth, and by the permanence of its not very substantially built houses. Very few indeed of these are ancient, or even at all venerable for their age, but a very large proportion of them are old fashioned. And thus, as man modifies even the face of nature, all the more has his presence among his own creations and his constant use of them left upon them the impression of his humanity. Even a man's coat and hat, if he wears them long enough, receive the impress of his individuality. Do we not recognize certain integuments, even upon hall tables and hat-trees? And thus generations of Englishmen have left their mark upon the houses of London, which,

without being a collection of curious architectural antiquities, is yet chiefly a slowly formed aggregation of urban homes, which bear upon their outsides the character of their inmates. The brain has given form and expression to the dome which is its workshop and dwelling-place.

There are nevertheless parts of London which are not without a likeness to some parts of New York and to some parts of Philadelphia, and a stronger likeness to certain parts of Boston. Edgeware Road and much of Oxford Street are very like the Sixth Avenue and the Third Avenue in New York. Give the houses in Edgeware Road, instead of their tawny, dingy outsides, walls of bright red brick, put a street railway in it, and a New Yorker carried to it on Aladdin's carpet might easily believe that he was in some part of Sixth Avenue with which he was not familiar. At least, so I thought; but, alas, this was before Sixth Avenue was traversed from end to end in mid-air by that monstrous contrivance for the confiscation of the property of many people for the convenience, or rather the pleasure, of some others, — the elevated railway. This abomination, in addition to the other injuries which it inflicts, gives to the many miles of New York streets through which it runs, darkening and deforming them, a hideous unlikeness to the public highways in any other town in the world. Some parts of Oxford Street also have the same sort of likeness to the second and third rate streets of New York before the imposition of the elevated railways. There is the same mingling of dwelling-house and shop; a like inferior style of building; a display somewhat like that which is made in our shop-lined avenues, and which is quite unlike the modest reserve which prevails in Regent Street, St. James's, New Bond Street, and Piccadilly. The likeness which I have pointed out is greatly helped by the fact that Edgeware Road and the upper part of Oxford Street are nearly, if not quite, straight, — the straightest streets of any length that I saw in London, where the highways, as well as the by-ways, wind this way and that in the easiest and most natural manner possible. Only in Boston and in the very oldest part of New York have we anything like this natural irregularity. In London, and in most other towns in England, streets are passage ways between houses; and the line of the street was originally determined by the position of the houses, and still remains so in a great measure. With us a street is, or at least seems to be, regarded merely as the directest possible passage way from one point to another, along which houses have been allowed to be built. In the one case, an idea of stability has governed; in the other, an idea of movement. There is, however, in this no indication of a difference of character between the people who built London and those who built New York and Philadelphia. The difference is produced simply by the fact that the later and larger parts of the latter places were laid out, projected, and that the former slowly grew. London has always been a town with suburbs; and it has gradually, almost insensibly, absorbed its suburbs, which have been allowed to retain their old forms, as they have also retained their old names. The various quarters of London which are known as Charing, Smithfield, Finsbury, Bethnal Green, Pimlico, and so forth are names of villages, or suburban places, or neighborhoods which have been swallowed up by the great town. When London was to be rebuilt, after the great fire (1666), in the plan proposed by a very eminent Englishman, Sir Christopher Wren, and approved by many other eminent Englishmen, including the king, the streets were all as straight as they could be drawn by rule; and the adoption of this plan was defeated only by the diffi-

culty of settling the question of property in the land. The consequence was that the houses were rebuilt upon the old plots of land; and of this the consequence was the retention of the old irregularity of the streets.

Oxford Street, which I have mentioned, is a very characteristic example of another peculiarity of London streets. It is the longest, broadest, and in a certain sense the most important thoroughfare in London. The road begins just out of Cock Lane, a little street made famous by the Cock Lane Ghost. But here it is called Holborn, or at first Holborn Hill. It is, however, really the continuation of a great street, which runs very directly through London from east to west, and which is called successively, beginning at the east, Mile End, Whitechapel Road, Aldgate High Street, Leadenhall Street, Cornhill, Cheapside, Newgate Street, Skinner Street, Holborn, Oxford Street. It is difficult to discover where these several divisions begin and end. There is no apparent cause for division. The road is continuous. It is as if Broadway had half a dozen names between the Bowling Green and Thirty-Fourth Street. The difference is caused merely by the great London thoroughfare's retention of the names which its different parts received from time to time in past centuries; while Broadway never had any name but that which it received at its starting-point. It has shot three or four miles into infinite space within the memory of living men.

Although I found in London very much less of visible antiquity than I had looked for (and indeed it was so in most other towns that I saw in England), its general unlikeness to towns in the United States is striking, and is very much greater at the present day than there is good reason for. It should seem that if Brown, Jones, and Robinson, whether British subjects or citizens of the United States, were to build themselves houses, whether in one place or another, under like influences of climate and habits of life, the result on the whole would be very much alike. And indeed it once was so. The New York of fifty years ago was very much like what a great part of London is now. An examination of old street views in New York will justify this remark. The lower part of Broadway, Beekman Street, Pearl Street, Greenwich Street, and the cross-streets below Canal Street were then filled with houses which in form, in expression, and in everything except color, were just like thousands of houses that make up now the better part of London west of Charing Cross. In London these houses have been allowed to stand. In New York they have been taken down, to give place to others more profitable. The conditions of property in houses and land in the two countries are so different that they affect the plans of owners and the stability of brick walls. The only question here is, whether an increase of rent can be obtained by "tearing down" and rebuilding; the result of which is that not only has the greater part of Wall Street been rebuilt twice within thirty years, but that beautiful and substantial houses in Fourteenth Street and on Union Square, and in other new parts of New York, not twenty-five years old, have been pulled down, within the last three or four years with as little remorse as if they were so many old hen-coops. In England there is no such indifference to dilapidation. There they cannot afford it; and indeed real property is so tied up there that houses cannot be shifted and scattered about as they are here. The consequence is a feeling of hesitation about destroying a house. In this there may be some inconvenience; but the general result is not altogether unadmirable.

Crosby Hall is a witness (although the example is an extreme one) of this unwillingness to improve a house off the face of the earth. The name of this

building is known to all readers of Shakespeare's Richard III. Richard, while Duke of Gloster, makes three appointments there. The house was built between 1466 and 1470 by Sir John Crosby, who was a grocer, an alderman, and a member of Parliament. It was therefore in the first gloss of its newness in Richard's time, and is now about four hundred and ten years old. I knew something of its beauty and its history, and it was one of the buildings in London that I was curious to see; but the way in which I saw it was most unexpected, and in effect quite ludicrous. I took my luncheon there, one day, with some dozen or score other chance feeders. It is now a common eating-house, chiefly frequented by commercial people. It is in Bishopsgate Street, not far from the Bank and the Exchange, and, like so many other places of note in London and in England, is quite withdrawn from general sight. It stands in a little court, and is hidden by houses and shops. As it is said to be the only remnant of the ancient domestic architecture of London, it is a building of peculiar interest. And certainly, if knightly grocers and aldermen customarily had such houses for their dwelling-places, they were magnificently lodged. The hall, which was the principal room of the house, and served as dining, drawing, and dancing room, is some fifty or sixty feet in length, about thirty feet wide, and the ceiling, or rather roof, which is of oak, seems to be fifty feet high, but is, I believe, somewhat less. It is lighted from the upper part on both sides by arched windows, exceedingly beautiful and of marked simplicity of design; and there is an oriel window so charming to the eye in its proportions and its detail that to see it alone is worth a pilgrimage. Two or three other rooms remain, not quite so large, and not nearly so lofty, but in the same noble style. This building seems to have come into the possession of the crown about a hundred years after its erection, for it was used in Queen Elizabeth's time for the reception of ambassadors. Since then it has passed through many changes. At one time it was a dissenting chapel; then it was used for public meetings, and for lectures and concerts. But for none of these was it very convenient, and it was deserted and useless. Nevertheless, it was not "torn down," as if it had been, for example, John Hancock's house, but was allowed to stand, and at last was made into an eating-house, that hungry and thirsty trading Britons may eat their chops and soles and drink their beer and port wine in the very hall where Plantagenet and Tudor monarchs held their state. I was with a commercial friend at the hour of the midday meal, and he proposed luncheon, adding, "Let's go to Crosby Hall." I did not quite apprehend his meaning. It was much as if had proposed to me to take luncheon with him in Stonehenge or John O'Groat's house. But we went, and although I enjoyed the beauty of the place I also enjoyed my luncheon; and the only result of my long-expected yet chance visit to this grand centre of Shakespearean and historical association was a brief memorandum in my pocket-book, thus: "October 20th. Luncheon with M. at Crosby Hall. Windows. Beautiful old marble fireplace, carved corners, unlike, used as a sink. Twelve she-waiters, — all skinny." The last somewhat irreverent remark records a fact worthy of note. Among the absurd notions which prevail about the people in the Old England and those in the New, not one is more unfounded and absurd than that which assigns full figures to the women of the former and spare figures to those of the latter. It seemed to me, on the contrary, that, although I saw more obese old women in England than I was quite accustomed to, I found there notably more slight figures, pinched features, and pale faces among the women who were between eighteen and thirty-five years old than

I had ever seen before; and of this my Crosby Hall observation was evidence. It is, however, probable that there is no excess on either side: it is not reasonable that there should be. And yet the nearest neighbors of our British cousins, the French, who see much more of them than we do, in their caricatures always represent the Englishwoman as "slab-sided" and bony, with limp, artificial side-curls and projecting upper teeth.

On this same day I went to Guildhall, where Fortune favored me, as it often did in England. The building itself is a strange architectural medley. It was originally built in 1411; but almost all of it, except the walls and the crypt, was destroyed in the great fire of 1666, and the subsequent restorations and additions are poor in themselves and incongruous. The great hall, however, has the grandeur which, in architecture, is always given, in a certain degree, by size: it is one hundred and fifty feet long. The building has its name from the fact that it was erected by the united efforts of the various guilds of the city, — associations, or rather trading and social institutions, of which the very germ seems not to have crossed the ocean. We have nothing with which to compare them, or which will help to give any idea of them. Notwithstanding the changes that have taken place in society and in trade, they still exist as highly respectable and influential bodies; and although their visible function seems to the outside world limited chiefly to the performance of their annual dinners — a heavy task — they do much to preserve the civic dignity and trade stability of London. Guildhall is the City Hall of London, and is a sort of state palace for the Lord Mayor; but it is also a place of meeting for the citizens, which our city halls are not. Like them, however, it is surrounded with courts of a minor grade, and within it some higher courts sometimes sit. The great hall contains some statues. Among them is one of William Pitt, and, if I remember rightly, one of Edmund Burke. They did not impress me as being of a high order of sculpture. Two other statues, or effigies, raised on high, adorned the place, — those known as Gog and Magog. I expected, of course, to see something grotesque in these famous figures; but I was not prepared for quite such an exhibition of colossal puerility. These absurd monsters look like painted and gilded toys, made to please the boys of Brobdignag. Words can hardly express their gigantic childishness. Why they are retained in their present position, and how they ever came there, seem to be beyond conjecture. They have not even the glamour of antiquity upon them, for they are, or the originals were, the production of the seventeenth century; and yet, with this recent origin, their history and purpose seem to be entirely lost. No one, not even the city antiquaries, can tell anything about them, except that these present figures were made in the last century to replace others that were worn out by being carried in Lord Mayors' shows. They stand there, wonderful and ridiculous witnesses to the immobility of British Philistinism.

There is an open space before the miserable front which Guildhall presents to the world, and this, as I approached it, was swarming with flocks of pigeons, which alternately swept down upon the ground and rose into the air. It was strange and pretty to see this multitude of gentle, winged creatures in the very heart of London. They are not always visible, I was told; but like Gog and Magog they were an "institution." They brought at once to mind the flocks that Hilda watches from her tower window, in Hawthorne's Roman romance. But not only the pigeons favored me. There was a little crowd before the hall, and some commotion; the reason of which proved to be that on that day the Lord Mayor visited the hall in state.

He was just coming out, and I saw him ascend his great, yellow, gilded coach, in which was a man wearing an enormous fur cap, which made him look like that domestic instrument whilom used for washing windows, called a pope's-head. A huge straight sword was thrust out of one of the windows of the carriage. The coach started, and a tall footman in a gorgeous light blue livery sprang after it, and, mounting it as it moved, took his place beside another being of like splendor, and his "lordship" was driven off. It seemed to me that a man of any sense must be very glad to get out of such a vehicular gimcrack as that, and to rid himself of such a preposterous companion as the man with the pope's-head. I wondered how they could sit in the coach and look at each other without laughing. Nothing could be more out of place, more incongruous, than this childish masquerading seemed to be with English common sense, and with the sobriety and true dignity befitting such an official person as the mayor of the city of London. But I was told that the people of London rather insist upon this puerile pageantry; and that the attempt of some previous Lord Mayors to mitigate the monstrosity of the "Lord Mayor's show" (although it is of very modern origin) was received with disfavor, and had sensibly diminished their popularity.

The number of statues and of monuments of which statues form a part is great in London. It could hardly be otherwise in the capital of a country with such a history as England's. Although few of these command much admiration as works of art, I found most of them interesting, not only on account of their associations, but as witnesses to the grateful memory in which the English people hold those who have served the country successfully, or only faithfully. Westward of Charing Cross one can hardly walk a quarter of a mile without seeing a monumental statue. Nor are the great statesmen and captains only thus honored. It was a pleasing sight to see in St. James's Street a monument to the private soldiers who fell in the Crimean war. It has three typical figures of private soldiers in the uniforms of various arms of the service. And there is a monument to the Westminster scholars who fell in the same war, which is now generally admitted to have been a gigantic British blunder. But, right or wrong, Britannia never forgets those who faithfully do her bidding.

Two statues in South Kensington impressed me strongly. They are very unlike. One is that of a man of mature years, seated. He wears a robe, and on his head a kind of bonnet, something like the cap of a Doge of Venice. I was struck by the strength and the sagacity of the face, and perhaps even more by a certain expression, which, notwithstanding its unmistakable Oriental character, awoke in me a feeling of kindred quite unlike that with which I ever looked into any Hebrew or other Semitic face, either in life or in art, not to say any face of Mongol or other Turanian race. I did not know who it was, nor did I know that there was in London a statue of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy; and yet as I approached it I felt that it must be he, as I soon found that it was by the inscription. I had learned, from friends who had known the great Parsee merchant in India, to honor him for his sagacity, for his public spirit, and for a large and sweet benevolence which we, in our religious arrogance, would call Christian. But few Christians have equaled, and none known to me have ever surpassed, in true philanthropy this fire-worshiper. The pleasure with which I looked upon his face was enhanced by the intuitive recognition in its lineaments, before I knew whose they were, of an inexpressible something that told of his Aryan origin. And yet this may possibly have been given to him by the English

sculptor. The imparting of such subtle traits is an unconscious process, which takes place even beyond the bounds of legitimate art. I remember seeing the colored photograph of a young New York lady which was taken in Switzerland, to which the Teutonic manipulator had managed to impart, it was impossible to say how or wherein, a German look that was quite ludicrous.

The other statue was the Eagle Slayer, which seems to me to merit a reputation which, so far as I know, it has not attained. It represents a young man who has just launched from his bow an arrow at the soaring bird. The lithe and supple figure — a fine embodiment of the forms of youthful manly beauty — seems as if it were bounding into the air with eagerness. The archer has shot not only his shaft, but his whole soul into the air. He wings his arrow with his breath; and yet there is that quietness about it, that instantaneous arrest of movement, which is one characteristic trait of the highest type of Greek sculpture. It seems to me that I saw no modern statue in England equal to this one, of which I had never heard. And yet I should speak of it with some reserve for I saw it but once.

Of all the statues and monuments that I saw in London, the most ambitious was that which pleased me least. I mean the Albert monument in Hyde Park. Its first suggestion is the unfortunate question, Why should such a monument have been erected to such a man? Prince Albert was an honorable, kind-hearted, prudent, and accomplished gentleman. As princes go, he was certainly a very superior person; so that we can forgive his being just the least bit priggish, as his biography by Mr. Theodore Martin reveals him to us. But the biography and the monument both seem to be quite out of proportion to the merits of their subject. If the Prince had united the genius of Napoleon to the virtues of Washington, there might, with more show of reason, have been such a literary and such a sculptured monument raised to him so soon after the close of his blameless and useful life. But even then something more simple and sober would have been more effective than this gilded, enthroned, enshrined, and canopied effigy of the demi-god of commonplace. In fact, this is the most obtrusively offensive monument in London. The Wellington statue on Hyde Park corner is ridiculous, but the Albert monument is ostentatiously vulgar.

At St. Saviour's church I was more impressed than anywhere else in London by the bringing together of the dead past and the living present, and by their incongruity. This church is a mere remnant — only one transept, I believe — of the old priory church of St. Mary Overy, which was built in the early part of the thirteenth century, that golden age of ecclesiastical architecture. It stands near the Southwark end of London Bridge. In it are some old monumental tombs and slabs, at which I looked with interest. Here is the tomb of John Gower, who atoned somewhat for his poetry by contributing largely to the repairing of this beautiful church, in which his effigy, painted after nature, lies enshrined above his grave. Here is John Fletcher's grave, and Philip Massinger's; and here, too, is the grave of one Edmund Shakespeare, an actor, who had a brother named William, also an actor; and he, Mr. John Spedding says, wrought with John Fletcher on his play, The Two Noble Kinsmen. I had stood a minute or two before the stones that bore these names, and had moved away, and was musing in the gloom over the effigy of an unknown knight in chain armor and a cylindrical helmet, which lay with crossed legs almost upon the very floor, when I was startled by the sharp whistle and the rumble of a railway train, which seemed almost to be directly overhead. And indeed the knight, whose good sword has been rust

and whose body has been dust for nearly five hundred years, is lying very "convenient" to the station of the South-eastern Railway, on which, if he would but arise, he might start for Palestine, and be there in fewer days than it took him months to go, — if indeed he went. For the notion that the crossed legs of an effigy indicate a crusader is, I believe, abandoned, as one of those many bubble theories which science painfully blows up and admires, and then explodes only by blowing a little longer.

I went deliberately to Bolt Court for the sake of Dr. Johnson, who lived there in a house which is still standing. It is, I believe, the only memorial of him now existing. There is nothing at all remarkable about the place or the house; and it is chiefly noticeable because of its unlikeness to what any one not familiar with old London would expect to see. When we read of Johnson's house in Bolt Court, although we do not think of the doctor as living in any state, we do not imagine a little place like a flagged yard, reached through a dark, narrow alley, and in which we should expect to see clothes drying on the lines. But such is Bolt Court, on which look a few houses with fronts that seem as if they ought to be their backs. That which was Dr. Johnson's is a respectable brick building of three stories, in the plain, domestic style of the last century. Bolt Court is a representative place, — an example of those nooks and secluded recesses found in the towns all over England, and even in London, which are open to the public and frequented daily by many people, and which yet are so withdrawn from the public eye that by those who do not know of them, and where they are, their existence would never be suspected.

Wapping is a neighborhood of which many persons know the name, but nothing more. It is preserved from decay by an odor of tar and pitch in the song, Wapping Old Stairs, of which some of my readers may be glad to see the first stanza; whereby they may remark how homely, and not only homely but tame and coarse and commonplace, are the folk-songs of Britain: —

"Your Molly has never been false, she declares,
Since last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs,
When I swore that I still would continue the same,
And gave you the 'bacco box marked with my name.
When I passed a whole fortnight between decks with you,
Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of your crew?
To be useful and kind with my Thomas I stayed;
For his trowsers I washed, and his grog, too, I made."

Wapping, too, may be remembered as having afforded a principal link in the chain of evidence against the notorious impostor who claimed the Tichborne estate. Immediately on his arrival at London he went to Wapping (which Roger Tichborne would never have done), and there he was recognized as a former resident of the place. Wapping is a narrow strip of old London, which lies below the Tower and between London docks and the river. It is, as might be expected, wholly occupied by mariners, or those who supply their wants. It is very damp and very dingy, and everybody in it seems to smell of oakum. The "stairs" in the song (which, by the way, is not very old, — only of the last century) are the steps by which, in the days of wherries and London watermen, when the river was the principal highway between London and Westminster, people descended to the river and took boat. There were Whitehall Stairs and many others, the names of which I do not now remember. Some of these stairs were of marble, with an arched and pillared gate-way. They have disappeared only within the last half century, and I believe one of them still remains. As I walked through Wapping, I saw in a dingy little window, on a dingy little card, "Soup 1*d.* A good dinner 4*d.* and 5*d.*" But as I did not visit Wapping to dine I did not go in, and so saved my fourpence. And who

knows but I might have been tempted into the extravagance of the extra penny! As there was no longer a wherry to be had at Wapping Stairs, — which, if I could have had it, I should certainly have taken, — I took one of the little steamers at London Bridge, and came home that way. But I had some compensation. On the boat was a little band of minstrels, who were allowed to play for the few pence they could get. There was a fiddle, a flute, and a harp; and the harpist, although his instrument was very primitive in structure, did not quite succeed in making me understand (what I have never been altogether able to understand) how it was that David, by harp-playing, could charm away Saul's evil spirit. But their music was not very bad, and mingled not unpleasantly with the plash of the boat, as we glided by the old wharves and the Thames embankment. Euterpe had not watched over these her poor votaries, who were sadly neglected and forlorn. Their clothes had certainly been worn out by predecessors in their occupancy, and had never fitted them; and they were shiny and drawn into rucks. Their trousers were darned at the knees with thread not so exactly of the color of the cloth as a punctilious tailor might have desired. And yet their shoes, although in one case tied with twine, were well blackened, and they wore chimney-pot hats; battered, indeed, and smoothed out and washed into a ghostly and sorrowful likeness to the real thing; but still they were chimney-pots. I remarked that well-blackened shoes and a chimney-pot hat seemed to be regarded by English people in their condition of life as the first steps toward respectability in dress, — the *sine qua nons* of elegant costume. When the time had come for collecting contributions, and the flute was going round, hat in hand, I spoke to the violin, who did not resent my intrusion. I asked him if they did well on the boats. "Purty well, sir, thank 'e, — purty well, as things goes. But music is n't 'preciated now as 't use t' be; 'r else *Hi* should n't be 'ere." "No, indeed; you 're something of a musician, I should say." "Somethink!" — a pause of admiring contemplation. "Wy, sir, *Hi* 'ave played in a band, — in horchesters. I 've played in gentlemen's 'ouses; heven in Russell Square, wen they give their parties, — vile-in, flute, piannah," — I expected him to add cornet, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music, but he disappointed me, and only said, "hanythink;" and he accompanied the mention of each of his many accomplishments with a gentle and gracious wave of his bow. "Ah, yes, I see how it is; and your friend, the flute-player there, I suppose, is a fair musician, too." "No p'ticler friend o' mine, sir. Business, business. No great musician, 'ither, sir." Here he mused a moment. "Plays well enough, but no feeling," — a slight deprecatory shake of the head, — "no sentiment; an'" — with a nod of conviction — "sentiment 's the thing in music, sir." The flute-player had made his round; and just at the hither end of his circle a gentleman dropped a fourpence into his hat, which he then presented to a lady and a lad sitting next the gentleman, when suddenly, with gracious flourish of the battered head covering, he said, politely, "Beg pawdon, sir, — beg pawdon. Same party, I see." We in the United States lose a great deal by having none but foreigners in positions like this. Our relations with those in the humbler walks of life are always with Germans, Irish, Italians, or, most rarely, French. Our street musicians, for example, are invariably Germans or Italians. And thus our sympathies are narrowed and limited, and our sight of life is all along one plane. One of the charms of England is that you are cheerfully served by Englishmen and Englishwomen; that from morning to night you look only into English faces, and hear your own lan-

guage spoken without a brogue or a break.

I was not present as a guest at a wedding while I was in England. None of my acquaintances assumed the bonds while I was there; and although I am sure that some of my fair friends would have willingly been married to the right man, just to please me, none of them were, and therefore I did not see that show. But I am inclined to think that I lost very little. A wedding in itself has very little attraction for a man; and the difference between a wedding in England and one in America can be very slight among people of a like condition in life and of the same faith. However, I saw one marriage ceremony. It was at the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. The church was open as I passed, and suspecting, from a little crowd of limp, draggled girls about the door, what was going on, I went in. The parties were of the lower middle class. It was just like a marriage in one of our churches, except that there was but one groomsman, or best man, and that there were none of those ridiculous "ushers," who have lately been added to the other painful impediments of the occasion. White wedding favors were worn; and except these trifling points I observed in the mere ceremony no peculiarity to distinguish the occasion from a similar one here among similar people. But the bride and the two bridesmaids were pale, thin young women, and the bridegroom was a little London "gent." In all the wedding party there was not one fine, blooming girl, nor one tall, well-made man. But there was one very fat old woman. They got into three carriages at the door, and drove sadly off, without the throwing of a single shoe, at which I was somewhat disappointed.

In this church there was a pew-opener, whose appearance and whose performance of his duty were remarkable. His function — unknown to us — is commonly committed in England to old women; but here it was performed by a dwarfish man, the top of whose big, half-bald head hardly came up to the top of the sides of the pews. He would take intending worshipers up to a pew, the shining top of his head rising and falling gently along the line of the pews, open the door, usher them in with a bow, and then shut the door with a flourish of his hand in the air, above his head, that suggested the idea that he was drowning, and about to disappear for the last time. And once I saw him bring down his hand, and, with an extra flourish, pass it deftly across his nose in the quality of what used to be called a muck-ender, until we English-blooded people gave it a French name. It was a very dexterous and somewhat astonishing performance.

Funerals I saw, but also from the outside. And indeed these occasions are much more private in England than they are with us. There is no such general attendance of friends and acquaintances as crowds our houses of mourning, and even our churches, with an elegantly dressed throng of sympathy and curiosity. There are the immediate family, two or three very intimate friends, the pall-bearers, the solicitor, perhaps the medical man, a few mourning coaches; and that is all. The mourning coaches are not mere ordinary coaches occupied by mourners; and, indeed, they are frequently quite empty. They are large, portly vehicles, covered with some black, dull-surfaced material like cloth, and are, in fact, coaches put in mourning. The harness and the horse-cloths are black, and coachman and footman are also in black, with weeds on their hats. At the death of any person of condition the event is announced to the world at large by the display of a hatchment on the front of the house, generally between two of the windows on the first floor, — that is, the first floor above the ground floor, the

second story. These hatchments are of white cloth, are about four feet square, and have a black border. Upon them are blazoned the armorial bearings of the deceased person. One morning, on one of the squares, I saw three houses with these funereal decorations, on one of which the lozenge-shaped shield and the absence of a crest told that it was the lady of the house that had departed. I cannot say that this fashion impressed me favorably. These hatchments seemed to be signs of a show going on within the house. They looked like unilluminated transparencies; and suggested a brass band.

Among my great pleasures at the Garrick Club was the sight of the large and very interesting collection of dramatic portraits that has accumulated there in the course of many years. Almost everything fine of this sort has gravitated there lately, as if by the operation of natural law. There were portraits in character and portraits out of character, portraits of actors and actresses of the past and of the present. There was the whole series of portraits in water-colors which were engraved for the fine edition of Bell's British Theatre. Among the old paintings were two portraits of Peg Woffington, in which she did not appear so beautiful as I had expected to find her. But that was Charles Reade's fault. I should not have been disappointed, had I not fallen in love with his heroine; and yet he stood by me quite unrepentant. But all Peg's possibilities, and some of her actualities, were written in her face. She must have been a most alluring creature. There, too, was a portrait of Mrs. Robinson as Rosalind. She is standing, and is evidently in one of the forest scenes. Yet this is her costume: powdered hair, a voluminous high white cravat that swathes her whole neck, furs, and a blue surtout coat decorated with a bow. Nevertheless she is charming; for her figure is fine, so much of it as can be seen, and her face has some beauty and much character. Her audiences were accustomed to her costume, and therefore to them its incorrectness was of no account; and it seems to me as if, with that face and her art, she could make even us forget it.

One day I was attracted — I can hardly tell why, for the sight is not uncommon in London — by seeing a very handsome coroneted carriage, in which sat a little, ugly, wizened, peevish, middle-aged woman, dressed richly but very ill-favoredly. The horses were magnificent; the coachman would have done honor to a bishop's wig; and the footman was as fine a young man as one could wish to see; and I could not but think how absurd it was, and what a shame, that four such splendid animals as those should be put to the use of carrying about such an insignificant creature as their mistress. But indeed one does not have to cross the ocean for that absurdity; we may see it almost as well dry-shod at home.

Richard Grant White.

IS ANYTHING LOST?

I.

They came out of a large frame house on the corner of L—— Street. She took his arm without show of ceremony, and they turned in the direction of some low, rough hills, which were neither built up, like the city proper, nor woody, like the country immediately beyond. The air breathed the first beguiling promise of

a Virginian spring; like scores of perfect days in past, forgotten seasons, its fitful, fond coquetry was the forerunner of biting winds and harsh rains sure to follow in the regular course of nature. But this could never be a forgotten season; there was a strange, sickening element of fatality in the soft atmosphere to the two, as they walked along. Their world was undergoing one of those convulsive, transforming agonies which follow in the trail of the war chariot; they were crushed and tortured, though they looked up heroically from under the wheels, as thousands of self-immolating victims have done before, and dedicated to the immortal gods a sacrifice which it may be the gods had little to do with, and were washing their hands the while of this innocent blood.

"Oh, Jo!" she exclaimed, clinging to his arm as though she could hold him back from the inevitable. "The terrible part is that, while you go, I must stay without you in this doomed, forsaken city!"

It was a day of destiny: Richmond was to be evacuated that night. Rumor had brought many a fantastic tale before, but this time it was Truth, grim and cruel as the grave, abroad in the streets, proclaiming everywhere the sentence of doom.

"Only to think," the young girl went on, with tears in her voice, though she forced them back from her eyes, "I sha'n't even know where you are, when we 've had our whole lives in common for so long!"

"I'll send you a letter, Annie, just as soon as I can. There will be some way of getting it through, you may be sure."

"Don't tell me that now!" she cried, — "though of course I want to hear from you. Say you think we shall soon see each other again. You do think so, don't you?"

He tried to smile. "I 'll say I hope so. Will that do?"

"Where did you say our troops were going?"

"To join Johnston in North Carolina. Don't despair of the cause." He spoke hopefully. "If we once yet fairly intrenched behind the mountains there, we may be able to hold out indefinitely, and the North will have to let us alone for our sheer persistence; we will wear them out."

"Nothing could bear me up now," she continued, "but the firm faith that the Lord is on our side; all the ministers say so, and of course I know he is. It looks dark now, but he will deliver us yet from the foot of the oppressor."

She planted firmly on the ground a foot, which, if it were designed at that moment to suggest the enemy's, failed to convey the idea of a very weighty oppression. It was very small, the foot of this little Tennessee refugee, and would have looked most shapely in a Paris slipper; but it was encased in a leather shoe, which was old and rusty, and had met with an accident to boot. A large hole had somehow been made in the toe, right in front and on top, where holes do not usually come from wearing, and the young lady, with the undaunted economy of war, had stuck a patch of black cloth underneath it. The patch had not escaped Captain Conrad's observation; he had laughed at it, the other day, and tried to brush the red mud off it with his army-cape, when they were walking over by the canal, and she had plunged into a mud puddle. This was her second-best pair of shoes, not her best; she did have a new pair, but had forgotten, in her agitation, to put them on this afternoon. These others she had purchased at reduced army rates from a shoemaker at one of the hospital camps near the city. "I only paid three hundred dollars for them," she told her sister Mildred in triumph, "when they 're selling in the city stores for four hundred and fifty. Only think how cheap! I don't see

how he can do it, except that he 's a soldier detailed to make shoes for the others, and materials are cheaper for the army. You must get a pair; Jo will see to it for you."

Annie was a famous manager in her way. As she sat by the captain on a rock under a tree, her toilet was a marvel of ingenuity in its construction. She even had silk flounces on her merino dress; true, they were made out of the best part of a cast-off umbrella, but they answered the purpose for a time. Her hat was considered exquisitely becoming by every one, though it was as different in shape and trimmings from those worn in the North at that period as Martha Washington's hats would have been, had they been discovered in some Virginian garret. Her gloves were quite an elegant fit; she had made them herself out of an old pair of thread stockings, which, being white originally, she dyed in tea leaves, setting the color with alum, and finally evolved a genteel gray tint. It was universally conceded that Miss Somerville dressed as well as any young lady of her set, which was in the best Richmond circles; and this was the desideratum everywhere, — in Central Africa probably, where they were wearing as little as possible, just then, the same as in the United and Confederate States of America, where they were wearing all they could conveniently get. Of course, there were always some provoking girls who succeeded in dressing better than all the others, — the Misses Briney, for instance. And well they might afford to do so; their father was one of those speculators who had the monopoly of the salt trade. Regardless of the public good, he and others had run it up for their private benefit. So his daughters, in consequence of his want of patriotism, wore the costliest fabrics which ran the blockade. How different these monopolists were from good Mr. Cheops, the rich butcher, who persisted in selling his meat low in the market, when meat was running up every day, till finally he brought it down and kept it there! That was patriotism, indeed, and the Misses Cheops should have been visited, and taken up by the first families. But they were not, while the Briney girls were.

However she was dressed, that afternoon in April, Annie looked very fair to the eyes of affection, as the sunset hues fell across her brown hair and pale cheeks. On this eve of separation, of direful portent, she represented all that was most desirable in the world to Captain Conrad, — home, love, and peace. Away from her on the morrow, there would be only the cruel uncertainties of war for a man out yonder. Some thought like this was in his mind as he said to her, —

"How small what we 've called hardships seem now!"

"Positively nothing!" she echoed. "What were tea and coffee without milk or sugar, or hoe-cakes without butter, compared to being without each other? But you have n't gone yet; I have you still. Oh, Jo, I shall never wish for romantic times again! When I was a little girl I often wished things would leave off being tame and monotonous; that we could have tilts and tourneys, like those in Scott's novels, and a few brigands and pirates here and there, for variety. But it does n't pay, now we see how it is. Is n't it still, out here on these rocks? I can't believe anything so dreadful as the evacuation is just going to happen, — that we won't be here to-morrow evening, or the next; we have come so often. I 'm never coming here again till you get back, Jo."

He looked around, as though to assure himself that they were entirely alone in the falling shades. There was no living thing visible, save one solitary sheep, drowsily grazing on the grass beyond.

"Annie, dear," he began, in a quick and very earnest voice, "there is one thing more I want to talk to you about. I came here for that, when I could ill

spare the time; there were so many around, at the house. How do you expect to live when the Yankees get in? Have you any money?"

"Lots," she answered, with emphasis.

"You are more lucky than I thought, then."

"Aunt Susan has an income from her state stock, you know; then I heard her say, the other day, that she had fifteen hundred dollars in her black trunk, tied up in a stocking, which we were to use only in case of emergency."

"Confederate money?"

"Of course; what else, pray? Don't we live in the Confederacy?"

"You will not to-morrow, my darling, innocent child. Your fifteen hundred dollars will be worth nothing then, — not so much as the stocking it is tied up in, for you might wear that; and Mrs. Gardner's Virginia State stock may not pay, — may never pay again. Who can tell?"

"Don't frighten me so, dear! How dreadfully you do talk! — as if everything were actually falling to pieces. I wonder if it will be this way when Gabriel blows his trump at the last day, and everything is changed all in a minute. Will people be standing on corners in squads, do you reckon, as they have been all the afternoon on Franklin and Grace streets?"

"I can't think about Gabriel now," he answered hurriedly. "I only know they're throwing Confederate money away down town at this very minute; I saw it in the gutters on Main Street." He rose as though about to go, giving her a hand to help her to rise, also, and with the other drawing from his pocket a small buckskin bag he placed it in hers.

"What's this?" asked Annie, in surprise.

"A parting keepsake."

She untied the string, curiously peeped in, and saw a number of gold pieces. Without stopping to tie it up again, she leaned over and thrust the bag back into his vest pocket, where it bulged out prominently.

"Don't be foolish," he urged; "pride is for other days than these. I am forced to leave the woman I love in the power of an unscrupulous enemy; let me at least feel that I have not left her to starvation!"

"But gold, Joe, — where did you get it?" Annie was used to high-sounding figures in Confederate scrip, but *gold!* It was to the Southern mind at that date the one unchangeably valuable possession in shifting fortunes, and commanded a higher species of respect than that which is everywhere accorded to money.

"Friday, when I reported that I could not go on with the repairs at Jackson I was detached to make, unless I had more funds, Thompson gave me a hundred and fifty dollars in gold for present use. The quartermaster seemed to have a good deal of it, and things have been rather irregular among them this winter. I've been looking all the afternoon, till I saw you, for Thompson, to return him this money. The purpose for which it was designed no longer exists. The government, you know, is to be removed to-night to Danville; Camp Jackson will be in the Federal lines. But I can't find him. He may be on that canal-boat which started for Lynchburg, with so many members and officials on it. I shan't certainly give it to Taylor, and have him squandering it for whisky along the road. I can see they're all making laws for themselves, in this rule of panic. It has been so ever since Davis got that dispatch from General Lee at St. Paul's, this morning. No man is in his right place to attend to anything."

"You'll need it all yourself, if you don't have a chance to return it to the government," suggested Annie.

"Of course I shall eventually return it. My family is not poor; we have

property," he added. The Conrads were indeed a family of high social position and landed estates in another part of Virginia. "But I must act for *to-day*. I shall only want to take a little money with me; I might be robbed on the way to the main army. A party of six of us will start together and keep in company, till we come up with it. You see, I should have to share it with them, and I would rather leave it with you. Confederate money will serve our purposes. I've kept out a few of the gold pieces, in case anything unforeseen should occur." He handed the bag back to her. "Rebecca would have done as much for Ivanhoe," he pleaded, eagerly.

"You don't know her as I do, if you think so!" she protested. "Indeed, it would be a great deal more like Rowena to take that gold; she was always calculating." She threw the bag very forcibly upon the ground.

Seeing it was of no avail that he had evoked these cherished and ghostly friends of hers, brought them all the way back from the Middle Ages, — she was too well versed in their motives to be deceived by a comparative stranger to them, — he exclaimed impetuously, "Well, Annie, you have thrown it on the ground; it shall stay there. I will bury that gold for your future use. Stop a minute!" and he took out five of the pieces. "These will answer for your present necessities, and you can come any time and get the rest, for I shall mark the place." Seeing her about to raise further objections, he said firmly, "Time presses. I may lose the horse I have engaged if I stay five minutes longer, for no bargain will hold to-night;" and picking up a stick he dug a hole with the aid of his rapid fingers. The little buckskin bag was soon out of sight. Then he placed a peculiarly marked stone over the spot, and made Annie look well at the tree above it, the rock they had used as a seat, and all the surroundings, already as familiar to her as her own room at home.

Yielding at last, she added, "Who knows, Jo, but what, after all, this may be only a gigantic panic, and our troops will return in a few days? Then what fun it will be for us to come out here again and unearth this treasure together!" Just as they were finally getting off, a little bird above them in the tree, which had probably been wakened by their eager voices, tuned up its tiny pipes, and sang a low, plaintive cadence, — a lay of love and parting. Its pathetic notes echoed the foreboding of their own hearts. There was something within which they dared not express to each other; yet it kept whispering, "Beware of parting! It is not so much the pain of the parting as the how and the where we shall meet again the face about to vanish from our view."

Annie burst into tears. "That bird — I cannot bear it!" she exclaimed, and they hurried home in the silence of despair. When they got to the gate, she spoke: "Do you mean that this is the *very* last?"

He hesitated, and looked at his watch. "I'll stop just one minute, about midnight, as I go by on my horse."

"I'll be right here at the gate, and not keep you waiting."

It was now about eight P. M. All the houses along L—— Street were brightly lighted, and figures hastily moving about could be seen everywhere through the open windows.

Mrs. Slack had converted her rather dilapidated family mansion into a boarding-house, not only to accommodate the overflowing population of the Confederate capital, but for the support of the Slacks, though she was an undoubted F. F. V. of "purest ray serene." She reserved a few rather unmarketable rooms in her attic for those who might, in Southern phraseology, wish to go to "room-keeping." Even with General

Grant's army advancing rapidly, the reader must be informed as to what was then meant by room-keeping. It was sometimes found more economical to do one's own marketing and provisioning, and to keep a separate table from the boarding-house, in one's own private apartment. It was nothing unusual, in the nomadic society-picnic called together in Richmond by the war, for a family of two or three females to transact all business pertaining to cooking and eating, as well as sleeping, in one and the same room, by means of some extra activity in the morning. They would reserve to themselves the privilege of receiving visitors in the general parlor. In this way they managed to enjoy considerable social pleasure, in spite of bread made out of poor flour, wheat as a substitute for coffee, hasty plates of tepid pea-soup, the profusion of cots and trundle-beds, the scarcity of bureaus and wardrobes. And this was "room-keeping." Mrs. Gardner and her nieces "room-kept," and found it revolting to their high-bred instincts, though fortunately they had their cooking done in the kitchen below.

As Annie entered the open front door, her ears were saluted by a deafening, bewildering noise of pounding, jumping, and screaming, and as she almost flew to her attic, she found that it all proceeded from the room underneath theirs, occupied by Mrs. General Standard and baby. She opened her own door, and her eyes fell upon a scene of general confusion. Though aunt Susan was calmly sitting in her arm-chair, Milly was on the floor in the middle of the room, amid a conglomeration of dresses, tin pans, and provisions. She raised a face beautiful with the roundness of extreme youth, and flushed with the roses of excitement, to her sister.

"Oh, s't' Annie, I thought you 'd never come!" Milly always meant to say "sister Annie," but somehow never could spare the time.

"Why, what *are* you doing, Milly?"

"Oh, I knew you 'd gone to walk with Captain Conrad, and waited for you ever so long down-stairs, where all the boarders were talking together. Then I thought aunt Susan would feel so lonesome up here, as she was n't able to come down; so I could n't leave her by herself any longer, and I came up. Then, when I had told her all *I* knew about the evacuation, and just had to sit down quietly, I got so miserable that I felt as if I must do something, and I concluded to pack up. Everybody, nearly, in the house and all along the square is packing up, and I feel ever so much better since I began."

"But why should *we* pack up Milly? We have n't any place to go to. We can't follow the army."

"Oh, but it 's better to be all packed, any way," said Milly, confidently, "for we don't know what 's going to happen to-morrow, and people can't steal our things so easily if they 're all in one place; and then if those vampires burn the house down, why, we can go sit in the church, and Uncle Jerry, or some of 'em, can move our trunks out for us. Don't you see how much better it is?"

Milly, it will be remarked, had heard of Vandals, but the distinction between them and vampires was not perfectly clear in her mind. She knew that one of these parties killed people by sucking their blood, and the other burned down and smashed up things indiscriminately: which was which did not much matter, in this case, for either would be appropriate. Yet even while revolving these murderous possibilities there was mirth lurking in the corners of her mouth, and she could laugh with the slightest provocation, if she did not decide to cry first. Milly was about fifteen.

The pounding, jumping, crashing, and screaming was still at full blast in the room below. "What *is* the matter down there?" asked Annie.

"Oh, Mrs. Standard 's packing up, and

getting ready to go out to the lines and join the general. All the afternoon no one could convince her of anything about the evacuation, and as dreadfully as we all felt we could n't help laughing; for she sat rocking the baby just as usual, and kept saying, in her slow, measured way, 'I have received no news of this kind from my husband. General Lee and President Davis have the highest respect for his judgment, and would not decide upon such a measure without his concurrence, I am sure. If it were true, he would have sent a courier at once to inform me, and as he has not done so I am positive it is all right, and the city is safe for the present.' I thought it was going to be a case of Casabianca on the burning deck," continued Milly; "but a while ago, sure enough, an orderly did ride up, all besmeared and bemired, and brought her a note from the general to come out to the lines at once and join him. So she 's got to be ready in three quarters of an hour, — an ambulance is coming for her; and the baby 's been yelling that way ever since she began to pack. I suppose the poor little thing 's frightened out of its wits."

"These are trying times, dear children," said aunt Susan, on whose face the signet of disease was set, as well as that of a mind at peace with itself under all circumstances. "I do hope everything will be better than it looks now, although to-night the ground does seem to be shaking under our feet."

"It certainly is, at this moment," said Milly, as the commotion in the lower region waxed louder and stronger.

After a while they had finished all the active employment they could find for their hands to do; there was nothing left but to *wait*, — such a hard thing to do always. They had no watches, and generally guessed at the time, unless they were where they could see the clock in the square. The old clock on Mrs. Slack's stairs had stopped six months ago at half past one. Presently a horse galloped up to the gate. Could it be anywhere near midnight? It was after eleven.

Annie put her head out of the window, and exclaimed, "That *is* Jo, — so soon? Run, Milly, if you want to say good-by, for I must have the last word."

A few seconds after, she brushed by her on the stairs, on her return from this leave-taking. Milly's tears were streaming over those roses now, for she, too, loved the captain. Annie hurried out to the gate, to which he had hitched his horse. He was standing there quietly in the mellow moonlight, — the same moon that was erelong to set, and shroud the retreat in gloom. How often she had stood with him there before! It was incredible, now, that the old law was about to pass away and all things to become new. A wave of sound in the distance kept steadily rising and falling, but her own neighborhood was very quiet now. The preparation was over. Only the Pryor girls were watching from their window. They had watched a dozen parting scenes that night from the same observatory. Little did Annie care for the Pryors in that last full moment. Her trembling feet had slipped through this outer earth of bloom and verdure, and had struck the heavy layer of tragedy which underlies it so closely everywhere.

II.

A fortnight and two days had passed by. A certain old-fashioned house in Richmond stood there, unchanged, on the corner of L—— Street; it was far removed from the burnt district. No difference at all was perceptible in the premises, except an advance of vegetation in the small garden.

The gate clicked, and two men in the uniform of officers of the United States Army walked up the narrow gravel path to the porch and door, both almost on a level with the street. That

door, as in Confederate days, was open, and so was the one at the opposite end of the hall, by which coincidence their position commanded a full view, if not a satisfactory one, of the kitchen yard, directly to the rear. A venturesome pig was rambling meditatively through the spacious hall, and grunting in a modified, apologetic way, as though well aware he was abusing his privileges. The officers laughed heartily, and wondered if this were the celebrated old Virginia hospitality as shown alike to man and beast, of which they had, as yet, no experimental knowledge. They consulted a card they had with them, and were convinced that this house answered to the description given. It had no number and no bell, but there was a knocker, with a lion rampant to catch hold of, and this responded bravely. An old colored woman issued on the stroke, from the quarters in the rear: she was Aunt Jane, the cook of the establishment. When her eye fell upon the strangers, she rushed forward in a transport of welcome. Throwing her arms around the neck of the foremost man, she screamed, with a joyful ring, —

"Ef it ain't two o' dem blessed critters! Thank the Lord, you done come at last!" Her victim retreated a good yard and more; but nowise disheartened, she continued. "I never runned away. No, I waited for my freedom to come to me; and I allers knowed it would come, for I had de witness ob de Sperrit — Git out! Git away from here, you nasty beast!" dividing her attention between the officers and the pig; but her tone, though one of disapproval, did not seem to imply that his perambulations had taken any extraordinary direction.

Aunt Jane urbanely invited them into the parlor, and went to tell "the mistiss." This they found to be a large, cheerful apartment, with various evidences of gentility apparent to the naked eye in the line of family portraits.

While the officers were in rapt contemplation of these works of art, awaiting the descent of Mrs. Slack to arrange the barter of board and lodgings for greenbacks, rations, and perquisites, two young girls were sitting up-stairs, under that sloping roof, looking drearily out of their dormer-window.

They had not been enslaved; they had not been forcibly abducted from the L—— Street house; they had never found themselves freer to come and go, at their own sweet will, than now, for the streets were never quieter or safer; they had ample leisure to unpack, and pack again, all unmolested, if they chose. Their scanty store of provisions was untouched by the invading foe, and he had even offered, in a general way, to furnish rations to all the inhabitants whose necessities required them; but kind Mrs. Slack had insisted on their sitting at her table, and having everything in common, now they were in "the hands of the enemy," as she said. So their apprehensions of personal danger had not been realized, and yet they were miserable. It was as if they had fortified themselves, with an invincible mien, to meet misfortune at the front door, where he was every moment expected to appear, and he had crept in, like a thief, by the back entrance, so as to take them at a disadvantage. Their aunt Susan lay ill, and they watched her rapid decay with daily growing anxiety; they had hoped she would last for years. On examining her store of money, they found she had only provided herself with some few greenbacks, and these, with the constant demands of illness, were rapidly lessening. They had written to their uncle Donald in Tennessee, since the occupation, but there had not been time yet to receive an answer; really, they knew very little about him now, for they had only received two or three letters from him since the beginning of the war. Then, all their friends in Richmond were poor now, and Annie had, at last, begun to

spend the five gold pieces she had taken from Captain Conrad. When she sent the first of them to be sold for greenbacks, it was with a tightening about the heart, for it reminded her so of Jo, — and he had not come home yet. She was expecting him every hour now with feverish impatience; for ever since Lee's surrender the "boys in gray" had been coming in by twos and threes, and more, all jaded and forlorn, but unharmed. So the clouds were gathering heavily around the sisters; it was easy to see this from their careworn faces and drooping air, as they listlessly sat by the window, and aunt Susan lay quietly on her couch, by the side of the trundle-bed.

"Oh, look out here!" cried Milly. As many as a dozen ex-Confederates were riding by, and Annie strained her eyes to look in each face as they passed; then she turned away from the window with a sigh. "Oh," exclaimed Milly, "I did hope so that the captain was one of those!"

By the next day, Major Graham and Captain Channing were as thoroughly domesticated at Mrs. Slack's as they would be in a year under existing social obstacles. Their material wants were conscientiously supplied. It was, in truth, important that they should stay; there were very few boarders there now, — and "one must live, you know!" They had not come to Richmond for society, or doubtless they would have been disappointed; as it was, they would be very busy, while they were at Mrs. Slack's, supervising the erection of some temporary quarters to be run up in the suburbs, just a few squares beyond L—— Street.

Being neither "dead, nor deaf, nor dumb," however, they could not fail to notice the youth, beauty, and sorrowful countenances of the two young ladies at the end of their table. Mrs. Slack had considerately seated them as far as possible from the officers. "It would be unpleasant for young girls to be brought in contact with them; though, to be sure, they are quite polite and gentlemanly, and all that sort of thing!" she said. These polite and gentlemanly individuals realized the situation, and were aware that it would be as easy to move Mont Blanc itself as to remove the least of the prejudices of their fair neighbors at this early period of the Federal rule; so, although it might have been agreeable to ascertain the color of eyes invariably lowered at their approach, they had to be resigned to a better acquaintance with their back hair, which nature had grown in so lavish a mood as to forbid concealment from the profane gaze.

After a few days, when, in conversation with their mutual landlady, — the only mutual thing they had, — they learned the unprotected state of these girls, they were deeply touched, being, after all, human.

It would be too sad to portray in detail the death of aunt Susan, but it soon occurred. They laid her to rest in Hollywood, on the hill-side of the historic James. After this, Annie, being the elder of the two and the manager, was forced to devote a great deal of her time to arithmetic.

"Milly," she said one morning, "my brain 's all in a ferment, from doing sums. I keep adding and adding all the time, — the money we ought to have to get this and that, and what we owe Mrs. Slack, and what we owe our dear pastor. I more than suspect he has done so much for the poor members of his congregation that he has very little left for himself. His wife says that if it were respectable to be seen in the streets without a coat, she is sure he would come home every day in his shirt-sleeves; he will give his clothes away to people who are worse off than he is."

"Yes, he 's too heavenly minded by

far, in my opinion," said Milly, "for this world. Oh, dear me!" with for her a rare accent of discouragement. "Why *don't* we hear from uncle Donald? Why *don't* the captain come back? Sometimes I think not only dear aunt Susan, but everybody we" —

Annie jumped up, and clapped her hand hastily over Milly's mouth. She could not bear what she knew was coming.

"I'll tell you what we can do!" exclaimed Milly, pushing her hand away, brightening up, and changing the subject. She had the charming temperament which prefers to look on the sunny side. "We can make pies and cakes, and sell them to the soldiers. It can be kept a dead secret from our acquaintances. Plato can carry them around and sell them for us. We can give him — what do you call it? — a percentage for his trouble. We can do that for a while, you know, until something turns up. There 's one trouble, though," she added, contemplatively: "I never made any pies and cakes myself, though I 've seen others do it often. I 'm going right down to the kitchen now, to get Aunt Jane to let me try my hand! That 's a brilliant idea. This is baking-day, and I 'll take her this apron as a present, to encourage the old lady, and make her feel an interest."

Annie did not oppose this project: her thoughts were far away. It may be as well to state here, however, lest it should afterwards be overlooked, that, like many other fine plans in theory, it failed in execution. There was an obvious difficulty in making cakes, apple sauce, and lemon pies without the wherewithal, and this cost money. The principles of young Plato, moreover, were not formed on the incorruptible model of Plato First's. He was likely, besides his percentage in money, to take one in the pies and cakes large enough to destroy all the profits of the trade.

On the morning in question, the theoretical pies and cakes answered a purpose, however: Annie had a chance to get an hour or two away from Milly. She wanted to take a solitary walk, not a walk for pleasure; it would be a very painful one, for she had never meant to go there again until — But it could be postponed no longer. So, hastily putting on her hat, she walked resolutely out of the house and garden in the direction of a familiar spot. Presently it began to look very odd over there. What was it?

"Why, I declare," she exclaimed, half aloud, "they 're actually building something!" She had come right up to those low stony hills now, and there were some soldiers in the Federal uniform, some workmen and mules with carts, and altogether a disgusting, desecrating air of business in the neighborhood of her dear trysting-place. A building she had never laid eyes on before was boldly confronting her. How she wished it could be burned down! It was not painted yet, and there was an immense pile of lumber at one side of it; her heart sank. "But oh, there 's *our* tree and rock, just as it always was! Yet it does bewilder my senses to find things so different." She did not like to go near those horrid soldiers, though there were only two or three of them; there were two officers, also, who seemed to be giving directions. But the case was so all important, she must at least reconnoitre this time, so that, if obliged to come once again at a more favorable hour, she could accomplish her objects in a hurry. Of course she could not keep coming and going where she was liable to meet any of those Yankee troops. She felt her thick green veil (the same for which she had paid fifty dollars a few weeks before, and could now have procured for a fifty-cent greenback) to be sure that it was tight over her face and head; then she walked slowly on, looking down at the ground for a moment, every now and then, and looking up

again in the most studiously unconscious way. But the men were not noticing her: they had seen so many women smothered in veils, since they came to Richmond, that they all looked alike to them, and it did not pay to try and detect the difference between the average F. F. V.'s and the average market-women; so they had ceased to scrutinize. Annie was emboldened to draw a little nearer the scene of action: they appeared to be measuring the ground, and oh, confusion! — there were the two officers who boarded at Mrs. Slack's! But their backs were turned. In haste she walked as near as she could go to the supposed locality of her treasure, so as to be fully assured before leaving the ground, when, woe indescribable! she discovered that the pile of lumber was lying in such a way that it would be utterly impossible to make any explorations without having the greater part of it moved. She stood still an instant, to reflect on this unforeseen obstacle, and just then up stepped, with firm yet gentle tread, Major Graham.

"Good morning!" with a courteous bow. How dared he speak to her now? He had never done so at Mrs. Slack's, yet here he showed no hesitation. "Pardon me for addressing a stranger, but I have charge of these premises," he began; "and seeing that you have apparently some interest in them — perhaps you have dropped something? — I hoped you would permit me to assist you in some way, if possible."

"Oh, I did n't think you could see me — I mean that you were looking," quoth Annie, "or that I was in the way, at all, of the workmen."

"Not in the least," he replied, with a smile. "You are at perfect liberty to inspect these buildings; they are rather rough, and are only temporary. But the place is hardly attractive as a promenade, just now, and I did n't think you would be walking here, unless" — He did not quite know how to finish, for the reason we must all of us have had, at times, when we dared not speak the thing foremost in our minds, and nothing else was to the point. So they both did considerable thinking in a few seconds.

"I can't get it, now, without his knowing," was running through *her* mind. "I can't wait for the money without making others wait and suffer, — even then I might not get any. There is no one I can ask for any more. I 'll have to tell him a part, at least."

"Well" — she began.

Seeing that something was coming, he interrupted: "I have a little room that I use as an office, just here," opening a door at the end of the frame building. "Do come in a moment, for I should be sorry to have one of the men come to me to receive further orders, from over there where they are laying off the ground. It may happen at any minute, and might be embarrassing for you."

"Oh, no, thank you!" exclaimed Annie, terrified. "I must go home now!" How could she be shut in there with a Yankee officer, or even be talking to him? It was a shame! Her cheeks burned at the thought of the Taylors and Johnsons and Brineys knowing it, — but they did not. In her agitation she pushed her veil aside, and now, for the first time, Major Graham ascertained that her eyes were as brown as her hair. They met his: in that one instant of time an irrepressible conviction of the man's honesty and worth bore in upon her mind, like a sudden illumination, and was superior to all previous education and deeply rooted impressions. By an overwhelming impulse she found herself in that little room, and he with her. She looked back, though, to see that he did not shut the door. That would be more than she could bear.

"Yes, — I *have* lost something," she commenced, "I mean I wanted to find something — I — A friend of mine, who is n't here now, hid something —

that is to say, he buried something. I need it now, and if you will be so kind as to let me look for it" —

"Anything in the world to assist your search," he responded, without the show of surprise Annie had expected; "but will you not be more definite?"

And then she was obliged to bring it out, which she did with a rush, that it was a small bag of gold. She failed to see any avaricious gleam in his eye. Yes, he was aware that burying their valuables had been a common resort among the Southerners, and sometimes a very judicious one, but he was truly glad that it had proved to be an unnecessary precaution in Richmond.

Then her story came out, little by little, and her manner underwent a thaw, as will generally be the case, if two people talk long enough, under such circumstances. The solidity of the ice can be maintained only under a paucity of language.

She said it was a small buckskin bag, tied up with a string, and there was just a hundred dollars in it. "I don't know how many of the pieces were large and how many small, for it was getting late, and I had n't time to examine them." His imagination was left to supply various details, and was capable of filling up vacancies which were occasioned by the great reluctance she felt to speak to him of her dear, absent Jo.

"And now are you sure that the right place was just under the extreme northwest corner of that pile of lumber leaning against that beech?"

"Oh, yes! It was a beech, I 'm sure, and there was a gray rock, which had lots of moss on the sides of it."

"Well, I assure you, it will give me great pleasure to institute a search for it. An excuse can easily be made for moving that pile, and I will thoroughly examine the premises with my own eyes and hands."

Now this was the end of it, and she was going; she had been standing during the entire conversation. He had been kind; she wanted to convey some idea of her appreciation, but she most wanted to avoid being at all impressive, so she thought she would begin by putting the qualification before the thanks: "It is most painful to a Southern woman — I hope you understand" —

"I fully understand: you are about to remind me that in your geography the large, though unimportant tract of land north of Mason's and Dixon's line is labeled, 'The Yankee States, — inhabited by a horrid race;' and that there is a great gulf fixed on your map between them and you. Won't you at least allow me to swim across the gulf, if I can do you a service, and if I promise to swim right back to my own side, and stay there afterwards? To relieve your mind of any idea of obligation in the case, I assure you that I regard the restoration of your personal property as a simple act of justice, on my part. I would do the same for any one, — say, old Aunt Jane; and yet I would rather choose some other example. She might deem it necessary to reward me!" He smiled at the mental photograph of this colored aunty as she had rushed forward to embrace him.

"This is going quite too far," thought Annie; "he 's getting familiar. I must set him back in his place." The ice was thickening again. "I have no acquaintance with the cook's private history," she began, with carefully measured dignity, "nor do I care to discuss the study of geography and maps in a business interview. I am extremely indebted to you for your kind intentions. Good morning!" As she went out of the door, she turned once more, and added, "*Please* don't tell anybody at Mrs. Slack's!"

"Oh, no! But pardon me if I can't help feeling sorry about the 'gulf,'" he added, wickedly.

Then, being tired of standing, he threw himself into a chair, tilted it back,

— feet up in the window, — and laughed heartily; after which he began whistling.

The young lady was making double-quick time up the street, and never looked back once, till she reached the front gate.

That day, at dinner, as the elder Miss Somerville passed round to her own seat, Major Graham naturally turned to see who it was. She bowed very slightly, almost imperceptibly.

"It *was* a bow, though!" exclaimed Mrs. Slack to herself, in amazement, down at her end. "I did n't know they had ever been introduced!"

The next morning, after breakfast, as Annie glided out of the dining-room, the major, who had evidently not breakfasted, came in from the porch, and by the time she had reached the foot of the staircase he was standing at the side of it. He would have been visible from the dining-room to the other boarders, but for once that door was shut; he had calculated his time and opportunity. "Here, Miss Somerville!" slipping something into her hand, glancing at the same instant both up and down the hall. "I told you I was good at finding!" and with a semi-friendly smile — a trifle chilly it was, as though fearing a rebuke — he was off again before she could regain her composure enough to say something. Then she flew to her garret to tell the story to Milly, whose first enthusiastic outburst on hearing it was, —

"S't' Annie, I can't help it what the others are, but I do believe that man is a gentleman!"

"I reckon he must be!" assented Annie, reflectively.

"Heavens and earth, Graham!" said Captain Channing that day, as his comrade joined him in a post-prandial cigar, "what *were* you doing out yonder last night after dark, and this morning since sunrise? I have n't had a chance to speak to you myself, but have heard of you as engaged in tearing up the country with a vengeance. Were you 'digging for the infinite,' trying to connect with the underground railroad to China, or *what?*"

"I was '*what*,'" replied the major, very quietly.

Channing looked at him rather curiously.

"Liberally construed, that means 'Mind your own business,' I presume. If so, I 've nothing more to say, of course; only I wonder if you did find anything?"

"The devil!" ejaculated the major, with a twitch of the shoulders. "I say, Channing, they 're having a tremendous time of it in Washington. Have you seen to-day's dispatches? My cigar 's out again; here, give me a light."

Then, getting into the affairs of the nation, they puffed away, and were happy.

It was some weeks after this that Milly came tripping in, one day, holding up a letter triumphantly above her head. "Uncle Donald at last!" she cried.

Her sister did not smile, though her eyes quickened with a gleam of intelligence at the tidings so long delayed. Somehow, it was very hard for her to smile of late. The letter read: —

My dear Children, — I cannot express my grief at hearing of the loss we have all sustained in the death of my sister Susan. The thought, too, of the many hardships my brother's children have undergone, while I had enough and to spare, is deeply painful to me; it shall be the effort of my remaining years to make you forget them. Your letter was forwarded to me by friends in Tennessee, I having sold out there two years ago, disgusted with my torn and distracted State, which I could not help, and moved to a ranch in California. You know I am an old line whig, of

iron-clad principles. I love the Union, and I suppose you don't, dear little rebs; but come to me as soon as possible, and we won't dispute about politics. Come and cheer the heart and home of a lonely old man, who will be only too glad to have something young about him to keep him from becoming a fossil. I inclose you a check, which will, I hope, cover all your present expenses, and will write again as soon as I can hear of a suitable escort to bring you across the country. Your affectionate uncle,

DONALD SOMERVILLE.

It is not very difficult to foresee that Annie and Mildred Somerville soon drifted Westward with the current. And Joseph Conrad, too, would have gone out to California, or kept Annie, at least, in Virginia; he would have followed her, if need be, to the ends of the earth; but he lay asleep at Appomattox Court House, among the last of those "unreturning brave" who died for an idea.

And whether we stay South, or go East or West, the dead are never forgotten: we carry them with us.

III.

It was early in the summer of 1876, the civil war had become an old story, and a full Western train came puffing along, nearly at its destination, Philadelphia.

Extremes were meeting, *en route* to that city, every day now, — Maine and Madeira, Barbary and Japan; surely, one should not be surprised at any possible encounter or combination.

A lady and gentleman, who occupied a seat on this train together, seemed to have come a long way, from the number of their bags, umbrellas, and wraps; more than all, from their air of acclimation to the cars, which is not to be acquired in a few hours' travel. The gentleman wore a linen duster; so did the lady, like the other hundreds of thousands who came to the Centennial; but in other respects there was something in their appearance which rather invited a second and a more interested glance. They were the reverse of ordinary. As he occasionally walked up and down the aisle for a change of position, his fellow-travelers thought his carriage fine and commanding; the more discerning of them decided that his shoulders must have come from West Point, and that the lines and expression of his face indicated talent and energy.

The women said to themselves, "She must feel proud of him!"

The men said, "He ought to feel proud of her!"

They had often been observed talking and making merry together, in a quiet, unobtrusive way, as though they were, for some reason or other, specially pleased with this journey. But then most persons were pleased to be on their way to the Centennial.

Just now he was absorbed in a San Francisco paper, as the letters at the head of the sheet proclaimed to the passer-by, and she was merely looking out of the window, — a mutual disregard which, if not denoting an absence of sympathy, rather suggests a superior quality of it that can dispense with effort.

Presently he folded his paper, however, and asked his companion if she were tired. "We 're due in less than an hour now."

"I am a little tired, and I might be candid enough to confess more than a little nervous; for you know — no, you never will know — what it is to meet a mother-in-law for the first time. I 'm all ready to like her," she hurried on, not willing that this fact should be doubted, "but is she all ready to like me?"

"Trust her a while. Can't you?"

"She may think her distinguished

son should have married somebody who was younger and prettier."

"You won't surely expect me to begin and compliment you now, if I did not to win you." He smiled over at her a little tenderly, as if quizzing her, "But I must admit that even in the leveling duster of '76 you are rather — lady-like. You see I put it mildly. Stop, — I 've a word of encouragement for you from a disinterested person. When I met Williams on the train this morning, 'By George!' he broke out. 'Who 's that handsome party you 're traveling with?' I stopped him, prudentially. 'Take care, my good friend, I married her about three weeks ago;' and he melted, oozed away, fairly, in congratulations, leaving me with the flattering impression that he would have liked it himself."

"How funny you are, any way! Any other man would have come right in and told me this; but I notice it always takes you a good while to tell anything. Only to think of your waiting till we were actually married before you ever confessed about your giving me that, yourself!"

"Giving you what? 'Pon my word, I don't know what you mean."

"That gold in Richmond, you know."

"Oh! Are you still anxious to pay me? You may, if you choose," and he shook his head at her and laughed.

"I 'm not at all troubled about paying you now; it may stand," she said, in a perfectly satisfied tone. "But at the time — Oh, Philip! I would almost rather have died."

"Yes, I saw how it was." They liked to bring back those old times, often as they must have done so before. "Channing and I used to wish we could do something to help you, — you were two pretty young creatures, especially Milly; but there was your terrible rebel dignity. And when the chance really presented itself in that unforeseen shape I thought, 'Now, Graham, is it really that you want to help her because she needs it and your heart responds to the call of suffering womanhood, or are you only willing to do it in some way which could add to her appreciation of yourself, — in short, by letting her know all about it? Here comes the test.'"

"And your decision was on the side of pure and heavenly charity." She spoke with a low, reverential accent. She must have been "proud of him;" those women were right.

"Why not?" he went on. "I was pretty flush just then; gold was not to me what it was to you. One must do some good in the world, and I never cared to do mine among the Parsees or the Ashantees. May be I expected to send in my bill, some day, to your rich uncle Donald."

"You did n't happen to know he was rich then."

"Ah, so I did n't! I forgot. At any rate, the facts in the case were that Miss Somerville, positive damsel that she was, had mistaken her moorings; it was impossible to find anything out there. She had said she '*could n't* wait,' so what else could I do? Break her little reb— excuse me, Confederate heart?"

"One thing I 'm very sure of, Philip; you were n't a bit in love with me then."

"No, for the best reason in the world, I had some one else in my mind, as you had. But who would be without his disappointments? I, for one, would n't sell out at any price. In truth, Nancy, I owe you to the Indians; for when I was sent West, and met you again, it really seemed as if the coincidence of being brought together a second time without seeking it was so striking that it would be rash to neglect the goods the gods provided."

"Thank you; indeed you were kind!" she returned in an amused tone. "You thought it a pity, too, that Milly, three years younger, had gotten so far ahead

of me with her husband and two children? She always was the best looking, you know."

"Yes, Eliot is a fortunate man. I 've nothing to say about Graham, for that would be personal."

"Well, I 'm thankful it is so they can stay with uncle Donald," she continued more seriously, "since I am to follow the fortunes of the army. Your hair is growing decidedly gray, my dear; you will soon arrive at that happy period when you will have a right to expect posts near large cities, and soft places generally, let us hope, — though I can stand any post that you can. We are both of us getting on in life,"— and her eyes were softened as that long-gone past came streaming back, — "but I do not feel that I have lost anything. Do you?"

"Well, no."

"Youth is gone forever," she added, with scarce a shade of regret for that "dead yesterday;" "but who would take it, with all its crudeness, again? The years bring their own compensation."

The train was slackening its speed now; they might be overheard. Colonel Graham began picking up newspapers, and resumed at once the indifferent air which, under retrospective influences, he had thrown aside. A man will shield himself from the eye and ear of the world, though that world may be composed of men and women having hearts like his own.

But his wife, as she turned away, and peered through the dusty pane, was looking beyond the flat, tame landscape out there, far away into some other country.

"My happiness was, after all my grieving, only hidden like the gold," she mused, "and God brought it back to me. And Jo? It is all safely over for him. He is where he can never lose anything again, — the richest of us all."

Fanny Albert Doughty.

DEXTER'S CONGREGATIONALISM.

A VIEW of Congregationalism which is based upon its records, histories, and apologies has certain advantages and disadvantages. The intellectual vigor and independence of the polity is disclosed; that is an advantage, and one sees clearly how closely the movement is allied with the general progress of liberty of thought. The practical result in life, however, the outcome of faith and zeal, the constructive power in education and missions, — these are not disclosed, and that is a disadvantage. One closes this ponderous work of Dexter's[1] almost with a belief that the Congregationalism which he has been developing from its literature is a wrangle of sectaries over things indifferent, — a shutting up of religious life within certain narrow limits, and then an unending conflict of words about the definition of those limits. Dr. Dexter has added an appendix, which he modestly offers as a contribution toward a full bibliography of Congregationalism, containing over seven thousand titles of books, tracts, sermons, broadsides, and the like; and it is not altogether surprising if the super-

[1] *The Congregationalism of the last Three Hundred Years, as seen in its Literature.* With Special Reference to certain Recondite, Neglected, or Disputed Passages. In twelve lectures, delivered on the Southworth foundation in the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass., 1876–1879. With a Bibliographical Appendix. By HENRY MARTYN DEXTER. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

ficial reader judges that the religious movement known under this name is an intellectual variation of Protestantism rather than an organic part.

The lectures which make up Dr. Dexter's volume were delivered before a professional audience, and in recasting them for publication it does not seem that the author has had any purpose to popularize them; on the contrary, he has fortified every point taken with explicit foot-notes, and the work bears on its face the look of learning. Nevertheless, the general reader of history will have no difficulty in discovering the importance and interest of the book for him. The subject is held to closely, and illustrated by pertinent facts and writings. A preliminary lecture discusses the religious condition of England at the beginning of the sixteenth century, with a view to show the need of a reformation. It may be hinted that here as elsewhere Dr. Dexter assumes too readily the exclusively reformatory function of Congregationalism, and ignores — as perhaps his subject compels him — other influences at work in the kingdom. He finds the first considerable prophet of the new order in Robert Browne, and seeks to rescue his fame from the somewhat unsavory condition it had acquired; he then reviews the Martin Marprelate controversy, and makes good his claim for the earnestness and substantial ability of the Marprelate tracts; he gives his reasons for believing that Barrowe was the author, and under the title of The Martyrs of Congregationalism makes out the story of Barrowe, Penry, and others; he follows the first separatists to Amsterdam, and exposes their weakness with an unhesitating hand when he gives page after page to the ignoble controversy of the Johnsons; the struggle of the early church there in the dreary days before John Robinson appeared are recited; and at length, in the lecture on John Robinson and Leyden Congregationalism, he reaches a point where his history attains some degree of dignity and general interest. The reader who bears in mind the historic progress of England will notice that the access of strength and virtue to Congregationalism was concurrent with the rise of Puritanism within the church; and as he follows Dr. Dexter in his studies to this continent, viewing the planting at Plymouth and the Puritan migration to Massachusetts Bay, he will see in the resultant Congregationalism conditions and movements which are to be referred to great political as well as religious ideas. The closing lectures treat of the course of Congregationalism here, ecclesiastical councils, the contemporaneous fortunes of the polity in England, and finally of the general principles discovered from the historic survey.

We have to thank Dr. Dexter for furnishing us with so thorough an exposition of an ecclesiastical movement which is identified with our own early history, is of great importance in any clear conception of the progress of liberty, and is to-day an active element in the determination of religious history. We may think him sometimes too disposed to mistake cause and effect, and to refer to an ecclesiastical polity what is due rather to an advance in knowledge and thought within all the bounds of Protestantism, but we cannot accuse him of concealing the history of his church. Its littleness as well as its greatness is impartially, if not always wittingly, displayed, and if one were disposed to be a merely captious critic of this way of religion, he would find himself abundantly supplied with weapons of offense. The exclusive spirit of Congregationalism, by which it perpetually seeks to set itself in judgment on the world and its own members, is again and again illustrated in this history. The logical issue is presented so boldly that Dr. Dexter himself pronounces judgment upon it, as when, in a foot-note, on

page 293, to the statement that several officers and members of the church at Amsterdam waited upon George Johnson to know if he purposed to receive the sacrament on the following Sunday, saying that many would not partake if he did, he remarks, "Thus early the illogical and silly notion that a believer, in communing with his Lord and with the church, in some way indorses the conduct of any to his thought unworthily partaking with him shows itself within the congregational body." Yet why illogical? Is such a proceeding anything more than pushing to an extreme the original dissent from the Church of England? Edward Winslow, an unimpeachable witness, in his Hypocrisie Unmasked, as quoted by Dr. Dexter, page 406, thus defends John Robinson: —

"'T is true, I confess, he was more rigid in his course and way at first, than towards his latter end; for his study was peace and union so far as might agree with faith and a good conscience; and for schism and division, there was nothing in the world more hatefull to him: But for the government of the Church of *England*, as it was in the Episcopall way, the Liturgy and stinted prayers of the Church then; yea, the constitution of it as Nationall, and so consequently the corrupt communion of the unworthy with the worthy receivers of the Lord's Supper, these things were never approved of him, but witnessed against to his death, and are by the church over which he was to this day."

Robinson allowed in his day, as Dexter allows in ours, that the Church of England contained many godly people with whom he could commune; yet these people then as now succeeded in maintaining a good conscience without separating themselves from those who showed darker against the sky. Protest there must be against corruption in any church that has life, and it may happen that the protest must take the form of separation; but it would be a hasty judgment which referred the vitality, for example, of the Church of England only to the successive separative protests of Congregationalism and Methodism, powerful as these have been. The logical result of Congregationalism is in individual separatism, but there is always a conservative force in great bodies which refuses to permit extreme logic. The logical result of Anglicanism, if we may believe Dr. Dexter's hints, is a return to Romanism, but neither Congregationalism nor Anglicanism accommodate our logic by running to the end of the rope.

It is in just this working aspect of an ecclesiastical system that we are bound to look for its practical value, and Congregationalism in America had exceptional advantages at the start. It withdrew from England a body of men who, in putting their theories to the test, brought character, resolution, brain, and sinew; they grew strong in subduing the wilderness, moreover, and the real trial of their system came later, when the form had hardened and threatened to inclose the spiritual substance. The honor and glory of Congregationalism in the early life of New England were in the infusion of religious power into the state; to-day, the most signal proof of its vitality must be looked for in education and missions. Dr. Dexter's title-page reminds us that three centuries have passed since its historic genesis; within that time it has accumulated traditions and a policy, but one may take leave to doubt whether it has demonstrated its comprehensiveness as an organism. Certainly, if we measure the organic growth of Congregationalism with that of the nation in which it has had fullest scope, we do not see an equal progress. In the one case, there is constant temptation to ignore the past, for the historic life of Congregationalism has not been very cumulative; in the other case, there has been a development of

form toward the more conclusive and comprehensive. Simplicity of form has its attractions; but if the life held in it is rich and strong, the form itself will obey the law of growth and make room for the expanding spirit. Man as a religious being can no more afford to sever himself from historic development than can man as a political being, and one of the interesting phases of modern Congregationalism is the struggle constantly going on to check tendencies toward development. Owing to the inorganic character of the body, individual members have little difficulty in slipping away from it and connecting themselves with orders of greater continuity; but the conciliary manifestoes only reassert the old formulas, and deny the possibility of any further step. Dr. Dexter ingeniously and probably with reason explains Robinson's famous saying that there is more light yet to break forth from God's word as limited entirely to organization, but it is pretty clear from his own book that, however he might agree with Robinson as to the incompleteness of the Congregational system at that date, he would be quite as ready to regard the full light to have been now attained in the matter of church government as Robinson himself was in the matter of church doctrine.

We commend this very interesting book to all who would study the workings of a vigorous ecclesiastical protest. They will find the writer to be no apologist for his creed, but confident in its entire superiority; and this confidence, as we have hinted, leads him to write unreservedly, where others might prudently veil the truth. One little irritation we have suffered, and that is from the ugly use of the word *fellowship* and even *disfellowship* as verbs. We have read over and over again this sentence, with a dim notion of its meaning, but with increasing sense of its deformity: "Councils called thus to fellowship the termination of the pastoral relation have not infrequently," etc. The book has been very carefully printed, and the author evidently has taken the utmost pains to secure accuracy.

RECENT VOLUMES OF SHORT STORIES.

American current literature is well off in the department of short stories. In England the ablest periodical-writing is exhibited in the handling of more or less serious subjects, political, social, or literary. For lighter entertainment, for pictures of life and character or ingenuities of construction, English writers provide and English readers naturally turn to the novel. The literary possibilities of the short story are hence a little overlooked. The occasional ones put forth by well-known novelists are rather apt to read like condensations or sections of longer works. A larger mass of story literature there is, flimsy in quality, and obviously designed merely for idle half-hours; but of good average work ranging between these two classes there is singularly little. The reason for this may lie partly in the lack of demand, novels being made so easily accessible through the circulating libraries as to make the want of lighter magazine writing less felt; but it must also be explained by the idiosyncrasies of the national genius. English fiction has never sought brevity or compression of form; it is analytic and thorough, requiring ample room for the adjustment of its *mise en scène*. American fiction, on the other hand, has cast some of its best

treasures in small moulds, from Hawthorne's classic statuettes to Bret Harte's dramatic and boldly hewn Western shapes and Mr. James's exquisitely finished studies and *jeux d'esprit*. The space devoted annually in our magazines to short stories is a generous one, and the number of writers constantly or occasionally engaged in their production very considerable. Looking, moreover, not only at the large body of workers, but at the actual value of the work itself, we are inclined to think that there is greater literary capacity, keener observation, and a finer sense of form displayed in this than in any other branch of our periodical literature. With us the magazine story has been constrained to fill, in a measure, the part of the novel in holding the mirror up to nature. The mirror is a small one, but, according to Bayard Taylor, our society is too scattered and heterogeneous ever to be reflected as a whole; in which case we have cause to be grateful for the many partial but clear images which are given us; for the bright little sketches of local life and character jotted down by writers who at least draw from nature, and who sometimes seem to lack only the strength or the technical knowledge for more sustained work. Few of us realize how largely we are indebted to novels for our knowledge of facts, and still less, perhaps, do we recognize how far our ideas in regard to unfamiliar portions of our own country are gleaned from mere occasional sketches and stories, or how complete a picture these would make if pieced together. Bret Harte has been followed westward by other pioneers, of whom two or three have caught something of his fire. Mrs. Stowe set in motion the ball of New England village tales, to which Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke and other bright character writers have given a new impetus. Among the many amateurs thrown into the arms of literature by the South's misfortunes there have been a few, at least, able to turn the negro into literary capital, and delineate his idiosyncrasies and oddities in a fresh, graphic way. A certain diversity of literary form runs nearly parallel with this variety of scene, so that the writers we have cited may almost be said to have founded different schools. That of the West adopted, under its brilliant leader, a form at once highly artistic and admirably fitted to its class of subjects, while New England has generally had its stories told in a more analytic manner, often preferring to clothe them in the quiet garb of the essay.

Examples both of the Eastern and Western story are now lying before us in Mr. Scudder's collection of essay-like romances[1] and the slender volume of Adirondack tales put forth by Mr. Deming.[2] Geographically, the Adirondacks are at no great distance from the Atlantic, but for literary purposes they are very far west indeed, and Mr. Deming's style and method show him to be distinctly related to that group of writers who have their head-quarters beyond the Rocky Mountains. His subjects, chosen from a common, even rude life, are poetic and pitched in a low key, consisting mostly of some bit of elemental pathos simply and suggestively rendered. The most original and striking feature of Mr. Deming's work is his adherence to pure narrative, and the strong, often dramatic effects gained by discarding entirely the dramatic form. We recall no other writer who has attempted to express so much in this way. The story is told almost without aid from the characters, who unburden themselves mainly through the medium of the author, in the *oratio obliqua*. Sometimes they are not allowed to speak at all. Lida Ann, the subject of a very true and tender sketch, does not utter a word while her sad little life

[1] *Stories and Romances.* By H. E. Scudder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

[2] *Adirondack Stories.* By P. Deming. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1880.

history is unfolded. The reader is not called upon to be present at the scene, but merely to listen to a relation of what has taken place; yet such is the truth and vigor of Mr. Deming's narrative that we are transported thither despite the prohibition, and only afterwards begin to wonder how characters whose speech we have not heard, whose actions are by no means elaborately dwelt upon, have been made so real and vivid to us. Mr. Deming possesses the art of turning at once to the most effective point of his story and setting it in a strong light. He writes in a repressed trenchant style, so weeded of redundancies that the few words which remain seem doubly charged with meaning. This power of suggestion and repression is among the most precious qualities in the construction of *petits romans*. By the few masters of the art it has been used with instructive, direct force. Mr. Deming shows here and there the effort of study. His workmanship strikes us as too finished for the breadth of his plan; the words too carefully selected, the simplicity a trifle conscious. Adjective hunting is a diversion of the cabinet; in large out-door subjects, however successfully pursued, it is too apt to imperil the freedom and sincerity of the work.

It is not often that a book made up of fragmentary publications exhibits such unity as we find in these Adirondack stories. Not only is the scene the same throughout, but a certain steadfastness of literary purpose is everywhere apparent. There is no unevenness, or shifting of styles; the aim raised in the beginning is pursued to the end. It is a book which distinctly gains in value by being read as a whole. It is only in that way that its full significance as a picture of an out-of-the-way life can be measured. Each sketch is the story of a single character or incident; the whole book is the history of a community. The entire action takes place within "the neighborhood," a term including, apparently, about twenty miles of Adirondack forest, and the individual most carefully studied is the public sentiment of this district. Every event is viewed not alone by itself, but in reference to how the world, that is the knot of men at a country store, regard it; and Mr. Deming has learned the inconsistencies, the harsh cruelty and warm, capricious kindliness, of this omnipotent jury, as he has noted the shifting aspects of the Adirondack scenery, which forms a variant frame-work for his dramas. His landscape is caught by a few instantaneous strokes, and is set before us full of moisture, atmosphere, and movement.

Mr. Scudder unfolds his treasure in a more leisurely and discursive manner. His romances have a pleasantly individual flavor, ruminant and dryly humorous; they are written from a sort of informal mental attitude, corresponding in a way to the external one of carrying one's hands comfortably incased in dressing-gown pockets. Mr. Scudder's imagination is delicate rather than powerful; it is full of quaint fancies, but has no impetuosity or glow. His style, while perfectly clear, is nearly colorless, and save for a grotesque image which occasionally juts out into the page is as smooth as glass. In choice of subjects Mr. Scudder is somewhat of an antiquarian, dropping the character, however, before it is carried to its logical sequence, — a bore. His favorite ground is among surviving morsels of old Salem and Cambridge architecture and odd, antiquated personages. There is one type in especial which appears to exercise a strong fascination over his pen. He recurs to it again and again, as if unable to resist its attraction; viewing it on all sides and under different lights, and devoting to its elucidation his most careful analysis. It is a Hawthornish type, — bloodless and silent and shy; clinging to sables as its natural raiment; with sympathies latent, or balked by an inherent incapacity for human inter-

course, — a mind with few inlets and no outlet. The type has not died out in New England, nor is it rare here; rather, it is difficult of approach. This aloofness and silence render it more susceptible of romantic than realistic treatment, and may possibly have suggested to Mr. Scudder the idea of a living phantom which he has used in his first story, — to our mind the most happily conceived of the collection. Left Over from the Last Century is the story of a youth who devotes his entire existence to spelling out the nearly obliterated traces of his great-grandfather, flinging himself into the work with such abandon as half consciously to reproduce in his own person, amid nineteenth-century surroundings, the traits and thought of his ancestor in the eighteenth. The parallel is of course made to extend throughout his career. Antipas Wigglesworth (the name is part of the burden laid on him by descent), confronted by a similar situation, is forced, in spite of himself, to repeat the mistake made by his prototype in the old love story which he already knows through letters, and of which the heroine was the great-grandmother of the girl he loves. To espouse a gentleman mentally a century old would be such a *triste* fate for a young girl that we cannot regret that Miss Molly Wyeth escapes it. It would be like marrying the demon lover of the old ballads. The ghostly *motif* of Wigglesworth's character is so well carried out that we can almost see a blue light following the angularities of his figure, and the blue cloak in which he is wrapped becomes a cloud of blue "illusion" such as envelops the stage ghost. Mr. Scudder has brought out the grotesqueness of this situation without entering too far into its dark or pathetic aspect, and the story, which is narrated by one of its characters, a humorous husband and father such as Mr. Black affects, is as pleasant to read as it is ingenious.

Antipas Wigglesworth enters the Shaker community, which is the nearest Yankee equivalent for becoming a Trappist monk, and dies among the brethren. We cannot help fancying that he comes to life again in the hero of the following story, another strange being with Shaker affinities; and we detect something of his nervous fibre, later in the book, hardened into the substance of a Salem Scrooge. Each of these studies is good in its way. Accidentally Overheard, a more pretentious effort at ingenuity, demonstrates clearly enough that Mr. Aldrich's patent on the surprise story is in no danger from Mr. Scudder's work in this *genre*. It is mechanical without being really ingenious, and lacks the humor of his romances. A couple of sermons in stories are also of inferior execution, and both in title and contents unpleasantly suggestive of the ubiquitous tract. Mr. Scudder redeems himself, however, at the close of the book, in an amusing representation of the trial of a man who wrote one of the No Name novels.

The feat performed by Mr. Scudder's hero in going back a century is one but rarely accomplished in actual life, the unwritten law which ties minds down to their own time being only less absolute than that which holds bodies to the sphere. The visitation of Centennial stories which we underwent four or five years ago left an impression of *ennui* and desolation which lingers even yet. Among all the squires and dames of "ye olden time" with whom we were constrained to feast in those weary days of tea-drinking, how many were aught but powdered barber's blocks? Magnificently accurate in apparel they were, but the eyes refused to sparkle and the wit was congealed. We find a few remains of those banquets before us today in a story of the Boston siege by Mr. Scudder, and a pretty eighteenth-century miniature among Miss Perry's dressy portraits. Dr. Mitchell also beck-

ons us backward, into that superstately, gracious, and exclusive antiquity, — old Philadelphia. Members of the society of Friends in that city are said to have taken grievous exception to the manner in which they — or their predecessors, rather — are represented in Hephzibah Guinness and Thee and You.[1] We do not feel competent, despite Centennial training, to enter into the historical merits of the case, but it is evidently not according to receipts furnished by the society that Dr. Mitchell has succeeded in extracting so much grace and color out of such gray material. Hephzibah Guinness is in length and plan a novelette rather than a short story. The grouping of characters is singularly French; hence of course effective. The heroine of thirty and the *ingénue* act as foils to each other, their beauty, of different types, being relieved against the rigid drab figure of Hephzibah. Three men, an airy French abbé, a stately Quaker of the old school, and a *jeune premier*, complete the cast of the comedy. The characters are all well drawn: notably those of Hephzibah, a strict, self-sufficing sectarian, who, even when disturbed by remorse for an unworthy act, serenely declares herself to be always right; and her opposite, Elizabeth Howard, the laughing, *dégagée* woman of the world.

Miss Perry has won an enviable popularity as the poetess of girlhood in its hours of crimping-pins and confidence. Her dainty prose volume[2] has also a good deal to say of these mysteries. Its pages are musical with the *frou-frou* of pretty gowns and the various ripples, ringings, and cadences of girlish laughter. The girls of this rosebud garden are all bright, pretty, and withal natural enough; a trifle light-headed, perhaps, but, as novels say, "not the least little bit fast," and with large hearts packed away in their slim forms. They are all distinctly and plainly girls. The men, on the other hand, are not men at all, though they do plunge their hands in their pockets and vent a little hard slang now and then, to give force to their boneless conversation. It seems to us that both sexes have reason to complain of this one-sided arrangement. To have Romeo depicted without muscle can be agreeable to neither. In other respects, also, the author presumes a little too much upon the *naïveté* of her readers. She has the faculty of constructing a story and telling it in a vivacious way, yet she will put us off with worn and flimsy expedients, such as accidental resemblances, coincidences in dreaming, and other make-shifts, which even the eyes of sixteen are sufficiently trained to see through, nowadays. The tragedy which gives its ponderous title to an airy book can hardly be unexpected to the reader, if experience in novel-reading have at all sharpened his guessing faculties. We believe we are following the authorities of the *cuisine* in asserting that the harder the exercise of hand and wrist the lighter the *soufflée*. The delicacy of Miss Perry's pen would not have been impaired by a closer attention to points such as we have mentioned, nor would a less slippery grammar than she has chosen to employ have fettered her vivacity. But poets are allowed a long tether in matters grammatical.

[1] *Hephzibah Guinness; Thee and You; and A Draft on the Bank of Spain.* By S. Weir Mitchell, M. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1880.

[2] *The Tragedy of the Unexpected, and Other Stories.* By Nora Perry. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

THE SPELL-BOUND FIDDLER.

KRISTOFER JANSON, who has recently visited the United States, and possibly will make his home among us, is one of the four Norwegian poets who enjoy a sort of official recognition from the government, being the recipient of a regular "poet's salary" of about six hundred dollars. The others are Björnstjerne Björnson, Henrik Ibsen, and Jonas Lie. Mr. Janson first became prominent in Norway as the advocate of a linguistic revolution aiming at the substitution of the peasant dialect for the Danish language, which is now the vernacular among cultivated people; and in all his tales, romances, dramas, and poems he has endeavored to demonstrate the fitness of this somewhat heterogeneous tongue (constructed by judicious selection from various dialects) to take the place in speech and writing of the imported Danish.[1] The cordiality with which his first book, Fraa Bygdom (From the Parishes), was received was undoubtedly due to the power and freshness of the two tales it contained, rather than to any sympathy on the part of the public with the linguistic innovation; while the very moderate success of his later works is due not to their lack of merit, but to the impatience of the public with the dialect and their unwillingness to read it. It is very unfortunate for a man in Mr. Janson's position to be obliged to depend upon the classes of society with which he is really at war. For it is the people of culture who buy and read books, and whose judgment asserts itself through the press and thus influences the market. The peasants, whose life and emotions Mr. Janson portrays and whose language he speaks, have as yet not reached the stage of development required for the enjoyment of good literature. The wretched prints which circulate among them, descriptive of the deeds of the master thieves Ole Höiland and Gjest Baardsen, correspond exactly to the dime novels and story papers which have their vogue among people of crude and youthful taste on this side of the ocean. Mr. Janson must have been painfully conscious of the hopelessness of appealing to such a public; but instead of abandoning his innovation, which with him was founded upon a deep conviction, he took a truly heroic step. He undertook to educate his public. He established a school for peasant lads and girls, and offered them for a merely nominal sum instruction which would dignify their lives and raise their standard of taste, without unfitting them for the manual toil which was inseparable from their position as tillers of the soil. It was a school on a severely democratic principle; the pupils and teachers lived in the same houses, and to a certain extent formed one family. The teaching was not confined to class-rooms, but was continued by lectures and conversations in the Socratic method, whenever the opportunity seemed favorable.

Mr. Janson and his friend, Kristofer Bruun, invested nearly all they possessed in this laudable and unremunerative enterprise; others followed their example, and soon a number of "People's High Schools" were established on similar principles in all the more populous districts of Norway. Educational establishments of a similar scope and character had, however, existed for several years in Denmark, and the system had, if we remember rightly, been introduced

[1] The merits of this controversy were discussed in the North American Review for October, 1872, where a sketch of Janson's life and literary activity will also be found. His poem, Sigmund Bresteson, was noticed in The Atlantic Monthly, vol. xxx. pp. 497, 498.

into Norway by Mr. O. Arvesen of Sagatun.

Pecuniarily, of course, these enterprises were rarely successful; the men who conducted them, on account of the novelty of their convictions, were suspected of republican and revolutionary designs, and the government, after much deliberation, resolved to put a check to their activity. It was, indeed, a master stroke on the part of the conservatives who represented the government policy in the Norwegian Storthing when, instead of persecuting the obnoxious educators, they entered into competition with them in their benevolent work, establishing county schools for peasant lads and girls, and offering apparently the same instruction without even a nominal return. It is superfluous to add, however, that the tendency of the teaching in these official schools was and is widely different from that of the People's High Schools. But the peasants were unable to discriminate; in the great majority of cases they regarded merely the cost and not the quality of the instruction, and they deserted to their enemy. Mr. Janson thus finds himself, in middle life, forced to abandon his cherished undertaking, but has, we are told, resolved to continue his work as a teacher and writer among his countrymen on this side of the Atlantic.

The Spell-Bound Fiddler,[1] which is not, in our opinion, Mr. Janson's best work, presents vividly some of the most peculiar phases of Norse folk life. The hero belongs to one of those families (which are found in almost every Norwegian parish) in which musical genius is hereditary. The model whom the author had in view was obviously the once famous Miller Boy, whom the late Ole Bull, with the noblest intentions, dragged out of his rural obscurity and presented to wondering audiences in the principal cities of the kingdom. His music, which was unlike anything that had ever been heard in a concert hall before or since, created a furor of enthusiasm, and was supposed to herald the awakening of a new national school of music. It is almost impossible, in describing it, to convey the remotest idea of its weird and haunting fascination. It consisted, to the superficial and unprofessional ear, of a simple theme wildly varied with fantastic trills and grace notes in falsetto, a perpetual rumbling on the bass string, and occasional fingering of four small metallic strings situated under the four principal ones. The effect was very singular, and would have been utterly incomprehensible to any one but a born Norseman; but he who had heard the wildly melodious folk songs crooned over him as a babe, who had listened to the cataracts and the whispering rush of the wind through the pine tops, and was conscious of a sympathetic chord being stirred within him at the sight of the red-painted little farm-houses climbing the steep hillsides, — he would not fail to detect in the Miller Boy's tempestuous improvisations an absolutely new note, and a genuine one, caught from Nature's own breast. A few imperfect attempts have been made to render the weird, unearthly quality of this music in a regular composition, and to imprison it in written, definable notes. Thus Tellefsen's Hulder's March gives a faint idea of the Miller Boy's strains, and in a beautiful collection of Norse, Swedish, and Danish ballads, with the melodies added, which was published some thirty or forty years ago, there was a wealth of unhackneyed musical themes which, as we can affirm from actual knowledge, has already enriched by fertile suggestions the musical literature of Germany. In Kjerulf's melodies to Björnson's

[1] *The Spell-Bound Fiddler.* A Norse Romance. By Kristofer Janson. Translated from the original by Auber Forestier, author of Echoes from North-Land, etc. With an Introduction by Rasmus B. Andersen. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1880.

songs, and in Edward Greg's varied compositions, the true national ring is also recognizable, though here in a more conventional garb, and sobered, as it were, by polite society and other civilizing influences. And Ole Bull himself, who was the chief interpreter of Norwegian music, owed undoubtedly, in some measure, the suddenness of his fame to the newness of the Norse element in his strains. This, too, will perhaps account for the decline of his popularity in later years, outside of his own land and Italy. The strain was no longer new, and though its charm was yet felt, the trained connoisseur could not define it, and therefore rebelled against it. His music, as that of his people, was not one of great thoughts, but of subtle sensuous impressions, which are no less poetic because they defy definition and appeal to a deeper stratum of the being than that of the intellect.

Ole Bull figures in Mr. Janson's tale in exactly the *rôle* which he assumed towards the Miller Boy, although, to guard his hero against the sordid fate which overtook the Telemark fiddler after his return from the capital, the author makes him go astray on the mountain in a fog, and thus prevents him from reaping the benefit of Ole Bull's offer.

In the introduction, too, by Professor R. B. Andersen, many interesting incidents from the life of the artist are related, so that until an authorized biography is published the present volume may be accepted as a satisfactory sketch of his career.

The tale in itself will probably interest transatlantic readers merely as a picture of a singularly fresh and primitive civilization. It is quite destitute of literary graces in the translation, even more so than in the original. The absence of dramatic incidents is the rule rather than the exception in Norse literature. Life in Norway is externally monotonous, and the poets represent it as it is. On the other hand they concentrate their energy on the inner soul-life of their characters, and often produce psychological studies of rare excellence. Thus in Jonas Lie's The Man of Second Sight, in spite of the commonplaceness of the incidents, one is thrilled with interest in the hero's fate. If Mr. Janson in The Spell-Bound Fiddler fails to arouse this interest to the same extent, it is apparently his creed that is at fault rather than his imagination; for in the tale Liv, in From the Parishes, he displayed a depth of insight and an intensity of thought which left upon the reader the impression of rare dramatic power. Since then he has become steadily more didactic; he writes very much as he would speak, and with a view to instruct. A moral is always lurking somewhere, even if ever so charmingly disguised. He keeps his Norse peasant before his mind's eye, and while describing his struggles and temptations, his victories and defeats, which have a common human value apart from the audience to which they are addressed, he takes pains to inculcate some wholesome lesson, which will do good if it reaches its destination, but which seems gratuitous when presented to a public which is in no danger of adopting a too lugubrious philosophy of life.

The literary style of the modern Norwegian authors, and of Janson among them, is consciously or unconsciously modeled after the Sagas, and is so direct and simple as almost to convey the impression that it is addressed to the intelligence of very young readers. Take, for instance, the following passage from the opening chapter of The Spell-Bound Fiddler: —

"He whom I am going to tell about here came from one of these musical families. His name was Torgeir. His father was named Jon, and was one of the best fiddlers in the parish, but he never went beyond the parish limits

with his fiddle. He was always on hand to play at feasts and dancing parties, when he was asked to do so, but otherwise he stayed about his own little place," etc.

This is the way a man would naturally talk to a child as a person of undeveloped intelligence, and the fact that the Sagas are written in this style merely argues (what is self-evident) that the Norsemen in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were a rude and powerful race, with strong fists and rudimentary intellects. Moreover, the prose Sagas are mostly the written records of oral tradition, and the colloquial style is thus doubly accounted for. But whether this style is worthy of imitation in an age which has long outgrown it may well be questioned. If it is the true and spontaneous expression of Mr. Janson's own individuality, and not a manner consciously adopted for didactic purposes, then of course it is perfectly legitimate, and the critic has only to judge of its merits.

LES DEUX MASQUES OF SAINT-VICTOR.[1]

It may be said that there is no literary form which is so strongly impressed by the characteristics of the different countries in which it has received attention as the drama. The aim of every writer of plays has been to hold the mirror up to nature; but just what nature is has been decided by them in as many various ways as has been done by painters who have sat down before a model or a landscape, and have put on canvas what they saw. The national life has expressed itself on the stage, and frequently in a way that has been obscure to the people of other countries. To take illustrations from modern times, we may point out the striking differences between the French, Spanish, and English dramas, and the very limited sympathy that we English-speaking people have for the plays of our neighbors, or they for ours. Inasmuch, however, as the dramatic literature of the world is nearly, if not quite, the most important manifestation of the mind of men, nothing so much excites and repays study as the drama, and we cannot be too grateful for a book that helps us in this task.

M. de Saint-Victor, a busy and accomplished writer, whose merits one might fear would never receive any other recognition than that of his contemporaries, because he writes mainly for the papers and seldom publishes a book, has now in hand a series of volumes that cannot fail to make a lasting impression on students of literature. It is his intention to write six volumes on the drama. The first volume, which has alone appeared, treats of Æschylus; the second is to be about Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes, with an appendix on Calidasa, the author of the Sakuntala; then will follow two volumes on Shakespeare; while the last two are to be on the French drama from the earliest days down to the time of Beaumarchais.

Certainly, the subject Saint-Victor has chosen is an attractive one, and, judging from the volume before us, it will be treated as it deserves. This is high praise, but it is no more than the book merits; for it would be hard to find another writer who has so vividly brought Æschylus before us, so vividly explained the peculiarities of the Greek stage, and

[1] *Les Deux Masques.* Tragédie — Comédie. Par Paul de Saint-Victor. Première Série. Les Antiques. 1. Eschyle. Paris: C. Lévy. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1880.

in every way facilitated our comprehension of the masterpieces of the Greek dramatic literature. The man who does this should have our lasting gratitude. The Greek plays are, in parts at least, so hard that only an accomplished scholar can read them without a translation by his side, and most of the English translations give us the merest dry bones of the author, without a ray of the poetical feeling that is lost in harsh inversions, awkward literal renderings, and crabbed constructions that rival in difficulty the original Greek. What can be said, for instance, in praise of these lines from Browning's translation of the Agamemnon? —

CHOROS.

"O much unhappy, but, again, much learned
Woman, long hast thou outstretched! But if truly
Thou knowest thine own fate, how comes that, like
to
A god-led steer, to altar bold thou treadest?

KASSANDRA.

"There's no avoidance, — strangers, no! Some
time more!

CHOROS.

"He last is, anyhow, by time advantaged.

KASSANDRA.

"It comes, the day: I shall by flight gain little,"
etc.

This passage is chosen at random, and it is certainly better than the literal prose versions. Plumptre's renderings are less baffling, but they leave the reader wondering and cold.

In contrast, one might almost say that, except in the mouths of foreigners, there is no such thing as bad French, and one may certainly say that Saint-Victor never wrote a page of French that was not full of life and eloquence. Lamartine was not unamiable when he said that he always wore blue spectacles when he read Saint-Victor; he only described picturesquely a most striking quality of that author's style; yet here — and we would be far from making any implication against the rest of his work — the style most admirably suits the subject.

Saint-Victor begins with an account of the origin of the Greek theatre, followed by a life of Æschylus. Then there comes a most vivid description of the wars between Greece and Persia, which serves to show the importance to us of that struggle between the East and the West, as well as the mighty influence it had in the development of Athens. This is a more or less familiar story, but it is told over again here in a way that is nothing less than thrilling. It serves, too, not only as a general introduction to a picture of the Athens of that time, but also as a special preparation for understanding Æschylus's Persians, which receive full comment. Saint-Victor's plan is to give what information is necessary before describing the play, and then to make copious extracts, in the French, of course, with pages of illustration and exposition. It would be hard to speak too highly of the skill, the thoroughness, the poetical sympathy, with which the remote poet is brought before us. The book is a masterpiece of literary skill. Its eloquence is most inspiring; and it is not the perfervid, somewhat artificial fire of some of the modern English writers, but the genuine expression of intense enthusiasm.

The subject is an inspiring one. When we reflect how much of what was plain to the Greeks is dim to us, that the language is to most readers anything but a transparent medium for the thought, that the religious significance of the myths is something we cannot fully comprehend, it is easy for us to acknowledge the wonderful excellence of, say, the Agamemnon, which no one can read, even in a translation, without feeling its tragic force. It seems to have been written by fate itself.

To the student Saint-Victor's book will be of invaluable service. Too often, histories of Greek literature are as arid as catalogues of irregular Greek verbs, but this volume is so animated, so clear, that he must hate letters who is not carried away by the author's enthusiasm.

If the scholars who are lost in the mazes of Greek constructions and the incomprehensible allusions of the plays will read what Saint-Victor has to say, they will see that the Greek literature is not a mere storehouse of grammatical puzzles and recondite points that demand protracted investigation, but that it contains some of the highest flights of human thought. Every year students are graduated from college with no comprehension of the marvelous beauty of the literature of Greece, yet this knowledge is in no way inconsistent with exact scholarship. But books like Saint-Victor's fill just this gap, and, moreover, they are of just as much service to those who cannot read a line of Greek. Every person who loves what is best in letters will find in this volume not only instruction, but rare intellectual pleasure. It is made plain what people mean when they praise Greek literature. Its beauty is not merely affirmed; it is shown.

MR. TILTON'S PICTURES.

A PECULIAR interest attaches to the pictures of Mr. J. Rollin Tilton, which have recently been on exhibition in Boston, because an American artist who lives many years in Rome, as he has done, is sequestered from the prevailing influences of modern schools, and has an opportunity to work upon lines of his own, unless overpowered by the old masters. Whether this be altogether an advantage is open to question, since much of the vital force of art springs from contemporary sympathies on the part of artists. But Mr. Tilton has, at any rate, been able to put in practice quite independently certain theories as to the greater relative value of color, and has followed consistently an aim of presenting historic landscapes from the Old World in an austerely imaginative way, treating them under general aspects, and often with a rigid exclusion of the picturesqueness which it is usual to throw around such subjects. In a word, his tendency is classic rather than romantic; and yet not in the direction of form, but rather in that of large, simple, and somewhat severe impressions from the color-chords presented by a scene. The view of Rome from the Aventine, which has been much discussed, necessarily involves much architectural form and the lines of many bridges, but these things Mr. Tilton does not grapple with very successfully, and they give his picture an effect of harshness and crudity, redeemed, however, by the delicate coloring of the clear sunset sky behind St. Peter's. The Temple of Minerva in Ægina is a work which does the artist far more justice. The brown glaze, which obscures so much of the Rome while adding a degree of tone to it, is here replaced by the soft gray of the ruined columns, which stand out finely from a surface of visionary color, yet blend with it, too. Behind are the dim blue-green sea and pale violet mountains, with fine transitions in the sky, the clouds of which on the left are irradiated by light touches of whitish-yellow. Mr. Tilton's skies, by the way, in his oil-pieces are nearly all of so pale a blue as to appear almost gray; a wise measure, by which a basis is secured for subtle harmonies of tints. In his Tivoli there is a delicate and dreamy combination of grays and dull greens and citrons with this faint sky above an open horizon, leading the eye into soft distances. A large picture of Granada and the Alhambra, with its sweeps of red-

dish orange hue and the snow-clad summits of the Sierra Nevada beyond the Alhambra walls and towers, is warmer and more decorative. So, too, the artist has seized a fine occasion for brilliant coloring in his large composition of Venetian fishing-boats off Torcello, illuminated by the setting sun, while the moon, not yet invested with full radiance, stands white and cold in the sky behind. Here, the liquid look of the sea is excellently rendered, and through a slight curve in the horizon line a consistency and balance are imparted to a subject which might otherwise appear deficient in unity. What distinguishes Mr. Tilton's landscapes from others, perhaps more than anything else, is the way in which he places before us the actuality of the scene, without isolation or adornment. Granada is shown just as it lies nestling upon the hills, and Cairo is depicted in a wide expanse which gives us at once a vision of its exact appearance, and conveys a new sense of its situation in a great stretch of bare Egyptian landscape veiled in soft colors and shadowed by a twilight of dim antiquity.

Among the smaller pictures in oil, that of Ronda, Spain, is simply a study of the graded hues of ruddy earth and gray-green olive-trees, with little attention given to structure; and we are inclined to value most the Torre del Schiave, on the Campagna, which is distinctly drawn, and has had infused into it an impressive sense of solemnity and lonely memories. Mr. Tilton's water-colors, of which more than a hundred were exhibited by the side of the score of oils, disclose a greater variety than these, and, it seems to us, carry a greater share of suggestiveness and of actual beauty. They certainly are executed with more technical ability than the large paintings. Perhaps never before have so many charming vistas into the loveliness of Venetian and other Italian scenes, of Egyptian, Spanish, and Swiss neighborhoods, been brought together at one time, by one artist, in Boston. In all these, naturally, the painter's chosen methods and instinctive preferences for particular chords produce a prevailing individuality; but at the same time the responsiveness which they reveal to varying conditions of climate and locality is remarkable. Mr. Tilton has contributed something of novel worth in his studies of Venice. What a contrast between the hard and uninspiring muddied hues of Canaletto, for instance, and the clear, intense, liquid green of the water in these studies, the rosy shadows, the softened and changeful whites, the broken tints of chrysoprase, or the warm red and carmine spots and surfaces in the buildings and boats! There is, besides, one sketch of the Doges' Palace at early morning, refined in its harmony of pale and evanescent colors, which gives a new aspect of Venice that we have not seen attempted before except by Mr. F. D. Millet, — a spiritualized Venice, a pictorial ghost of the Adriatic capital. The Egyptian subjects, again, — the Sphinx, Karnak, Esne with its curving lines of dahabeeah-masts, Kommombo, and the rest, — have a sober tone peculiar to them; and on turning to the scenes from Italy, or the glimpses of lake and mountain in Switzerland and the Engadine, we find them equally characteristic. The sharp, snow-rifted peaks of the Pitz Languard, and of the Sierra Nevada by morning, are fine instances of truthful transcription from the mountain forms of Europe. In the latter, the pale violet mountains contrasted with white towers and pink walls in front give a delightful result, and a number of Spanish studies impress us by their rich and tawny tones of vermilion and ochre, with traces of green and purple. There is a Convent at Perugia, unfinished, which is captivating in its very incompleteness, and a Towers and Plain of Assisi (with Perugia in the distance), to which sympathy is drawn instantaneously by its poetic distance. A slight

theme serves the artist equally well, — a narrow canal, a bridge, an old arched door-way, a tower, a group of boats. Around each he gathers a dainty spell, without exaggerating anything.

We have intimated that his definition of form is sometimes sacrificed to an illusive haze of color; but it is hard to hold the two things in balance, and we may well be content with the many agreeable impressions which Mr. Tilton imparts. Undoubtedly he is open to criticism on the subject of "texture" and for his inadequate use of the figure, which he presents merely as an ill-drawn spot of detail. But, after all, what we most need to look for is what an artist, in any branch, *can* give well; and we think Mr. Tilton may justly claim to have brought a great deal of the poetry and many interesting facts of landscape from Italy and Greece and Spain and Egypt within the reach of the untraveled public, which other painters — preferable as their versions may be in some respects — have not presented with quite the same fullness and descriptive accuracy.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

I WELL remember the interest excited by Washington Allston's return to this country, where he gave an impulse to the taste for high art, if he did not create it. He came to our house one evening, returning my father's call promptly; the indescribable charm of his presence won all our hearts at once; and though he did not come till after nine, and stayed till after twelve, we were not weary. He did not introduce the subject of art, but was ready to talk of it frankly and delightfully, describing pictures by the old masters and statues with such enthusiasm that he stood up to show us the attitude of the Apollo Belvedere, not then familiar to us as now. In spite of his blue coat with bright buttons, his pale buff waistcoat and white cravat, I wondered if the famous statue could be more graceful.

He used to call between nine and ten, and sit smoking cigars and sipping wine and water — he never took anything stronger — till twelve or one o'clock, talking quietly and charmingly on every subject that came up. At times he undertook to give us some of Coleridge's views, being a profound admirer of that mystic. I cannot say that he made proselytes of his matter-of-fact hearers, and whether he saw his own way through the fog seemed doubtful; but he certainly believed that he caught glimpses of a wonderful light.

At another time he thrilled us with ghost-stories, telling them as no one could, unless half crediting them. One night he was just at the appalling crisis of his tale, when the little French clock on the mantelpiece struck twelve, and a sudden blast of wind drove the blinds together with a crash that startled us all absurdly. He could not help laughing the next moment, for he had jumped as briskly as any of us.

Nothing struck me more in his talk than his use of epithets, so felicitous that the poetry in his nature often flashed out in them. Then he had a fund of anecdotes about foreign characters, the royal family of England, Beau Brummel, and artists, many of which were well known in their day, told at dinner-parties and in the newspapers, and now forgotten. But we never heard one word from him that betrayed jealousy, or any evil feeling. He loved not gos-

sip. He loved all that was good, pure, and beautiful, for such was his own nature. If he ever talked of his own paintings, it was because the subject was introduced by others; and it was charming to see with what freedom from egotism and vanity he would speak, honestly lamenting his incapacity to transfer his ideals to the canvas. Alas that modesty robbed us of what would have been his noblest work!

He once asked us if we would come to take a private look at a picture he had just finished, the Jeremiah; and we went next day. His studio was then, I think, in the loft of an unused stable in Mason Street. I was much awed. The artist's paraphernalia, busts, draperies, easels, took me into a new world. The light came solemnly in from a high window; the painter stood silently beside us, and there was the majestic prophet looking into an unseen world, and the youthful scribe sat reverently waiting, while we were as mute as he, too much moved for words. The painting stood just where it had received the artist's wondrous touches; the lights of course were exactly right for it, and we could not have seen it under more favorable circumstances. Mr. Allston spoke even more gently than usual, as if himself impressed by the sublime creation of his own hands and soul.

It was soon afterwards exhibited publicly, and we went with the crowd, hearing all sorts of comments, many just and appreciative, some absurd. I heard one lady criticising the size of the prophet's great toe, which she said was enormous. Mr. Allston came to see us, a few evenings afterwards, and spoke pleasantly of his critics. He said one man remarked that as Jeremiah was a Jew he should have had black eyes. "Now," said Mr. Allston, "I have several portraits of Polish Jews taken from life, and they have blue eyes; and as I wished to give the countenance an expression of prophetic inspiration, if I had bestowed black eyes upon him, he would have looked like a maniac."

Against the wall stood a large canvas, its back to us; we had no glimpse at the other side. The Feast of Belshazzar, then unfinished, still unfinished, hangs now at the Art Museum, tantalizing the lovers of Allston as they gaze at the stately figure of the queen. He once told us that he had effaced thirty figures that day, and he seemed a little depressed.

Just after the Giaour came out, I asked Mr. Allston what was his favorite passage in the new poem. It was the time when we young people were Byron-mad; when young men wore turned-down collars, and hated the world, and young women were impatient because it was so long before Byron's last could reach Boston. Mr. Allston took the cigar from his lips, paused a moment, and looking down began to repeat, —

"He who hath bent him o'er the dead."

He went through the passage in a low voice, hardly above a whisper, but distinct and full of feeling, and there still lingers in these old deaf ears the melancholy cadence, —

"'T is Greece, but living Greece no more."

Some years ago, I was much moved by suddenly encountering an unframed portrait of Mr. Allston by Chester Harding, for sale. It was certainly an excellent likeness, one of Harding's best, painted out of love for the man. I went back to Providence, spoke of it to a few gentlemen, and in two days it was ordered for the Providence Athenæum, where it now hangs.

One night, after I had had a gay week, I went to bed very early. Soon after ten o'clock, my mother came with a lamp, and said, "Mr. Allston is downstairs." I was awake in a moment, and in the parlor as speedily as possible. Mr. Allston suspected I had come from the land of dreams, probably; for he spoke of the fatigue of party-going, and said

he could sit up till morning with a friend or two, and be thoroughly refreshed by late sleeping next day, but crowded parties exhausted him. I suppose his nervous organization was delicately susceptible to the influence of so many human presences, to say nothing of noise and glare.

He gave us then an amusing account of his delight in balls in his college days. It was the custom then for students to board in private families, frequently with the professors; and his home was with Dr. Waterhouse, in the venerable mansion still occupied by the good man's granddaughters, and carefully preserved. Mr. Allston declared that he was an arrant fop in those days, and always in the extreme of fashion. He came home very late from a ball, arrayed, if I remember rightly, in a sky-blue silk coat, and white satin waistcoat, with an abundance of shirt-ruffling. He lifted the knocker gently, supposing that a servant was sitting up for him. The door was opened for him, and there stood Dr. Waterhouse himself, who silently raised and lowered his candle till he had deliberately surveyed the young man from head to foot; then he moved aside, and Mr. Allston, too much confounded to speak, hurried up the stairs, feeling himself, as he said, "a consummate puppy." At the foot of that staircase still hangs a portrait of Madam Waterhouse, painted by Allston in those early days. And until within a year a room at the head of those stairs was always papered with blue, because Mr. Allston preferred that color.

One night, it might be in the year 1826 (but I do not remember dates well), there was a ball at Commodore Hull's in the navy yard at Charlestown. Every one said it would be more interesting than ordinary balls; and Mr. Allston, with his artist eye, greatly admired the beautiful women of that family; so he went to it. As we stood looking at the gay figures after supper, he lamented the apparent indolence of the young men, who went lounging through the cotillon, scarcely lifting their feet from the floor. Presently he said, "I was passionately fond of dancing when I was young, and this music is so inspiring I *must* dance once more. Will you dance with me?" Then he added, "Will it not be better to wait till the crowd is diminished a little?" The carriages were rolling away rapidly, the room was thinning, when we stood up for the last dance. I was rather daunted by my partner's profound bow, but astounded when he began to "take his steps." Such "pigeon-wings," as I suppose they were, such bounding, and with all the elastic agility such perfect grace! All absorbed in the delight of his unforgotten exercise, and exhilarated by the music of the fine band, he was utterly unconscious that people were stepping back from the hall to look at him.

The currents of our lives carried us in different directions, and I never saw him after his second marriage, but his portrait still hangs in my heart, with few others so distinct. His eyes, I think, must have been hazel, they were capable of such varied expression; his hair was wavy, his features and complexion were delicate, his very hands graceful in every movement. I heard him say many things which indicated a humble and devout nature; a certain exquisiteness of refinement gave token of a pure heart; and I cannot wonder that those who knew him best almost forgot the noble artist in the lovable man.

— Two caviling objections may be raised against Dr. Johnson's famous definition of a lexicographer as a "harmless drudge," on the ground that unless he is very careful the maker of dictionaries is not harmless, and that, all things considered, his work is not, at any rate, the dreariest form of drudgery. The modern lexicographer, if he works in the scientific spirit, — and only in that can he hope to be harmless, — has the

delight of studying the altered meanings of words and of tracing them back to their earliest roots; and this, though it implies incessant labor, is labor of an agreeable sort. No, it is the maker of indexes that is the harmless drudge, by whose side the lexicographer is a creative genius. The importance of an index we know, like that of time, only from its loss. In the enormous abundance of modern literature, when so much of the best writing on disputed subjects — that is to say, the ideas which have not yet become commonplaces — is buried in different reviews and magazines, we lose time in hunting blindly through heavy volumes to find what has been said by men of competent authority; the volumes of essays are so numerous that it is hard to know even their titles, and any one who helps us deserves our warmest gratitude.

Such a person has just finished some important indexes: one, namely, of the first thirty volumes of the Nation, and one of vols. xxxix. to xlvi. of this magazine, with supplementary references to the index of the first thirty-eight volumes, that was published, as our readers well know, in 1877. Naturally, no two persons would adopt precisely the same method of forming an index: one would put everything about this country in *U* under United States; this indexer has set everything of the sort under America, U. S., with the particular titles following. However, the memory is not burdened by learning this fact. There are no cross-references, as from Civil Service Reform, or such general titles. Æschylus appears as Aiskulos; philosophy, philology, etc., are all spelt with an initial *f*. Still, when one has made note of these things, all that remains to do is to look up whatever one is hunting for, and there it is. The arrangement is very compact, so that we find the number of pages devoted to a subject, whether an article is poetry or fiction, and whether it has been reprinted in book-form. Different type tells at a glance whether the article is by a given man or about him. Certainly, until some machine is devised by which a volume that we want springs from the shelf and takes its place by our side, open at the desired page, we can hardly ask more than this.

The same indefatigable compiler has in press a general index to the International Review, vols. i.–ix., and is preparing indexes for Lippincott's Magazine and Scribner's Monthly. More than this, he has in manuscript, and only awaits enough subscribers, at three dollars each, to publish, an index to articles on history, biography, travel, philosophy, literature, and politics, in English, German, and French, that are to be found in bound volumes, as those of Sainte-Beuve, Scherer, Lowell, Freeman, Macaulay, etc., and in such collections as the Oxford and Cambridge Essays, Social Science Reports, etc. The utility of this index to every one who reads anything besides the newspapers is obvious. To be able to trace any subject through its treatment by various hands will be an excellent thing, and the facility in doing this cannot fail to make students carry their researches in any subject that interests them further than they would otherwise do. The name of the man who is doing this good work shall be often blessed; meanwhile, it is hidden under the pseudonym of Q. P. Index, of Bangor, Maine.

— A New York artist of repute has come to Boston for judgment. Nor is he the first that has appealed to us. Mr. Shirlaw, though justly admired, has not taken the city by storm. I am not sure that it can be taken by storm; in fact, I am inclined to think that it is inexpugnable. Could but the demi-gods of old, the Titanic Buonarotti, Raphael the divine, or Titian the golden (may their *manes* pardon the levity!) make their *débuts* at Doll's, how interesting would the side-shows be! Can any

one imagine five thousand Bostonians in a single day making a solemn (and rather distant) pilgrimage to a sculptor's studio, and hailing with patriotic pride his last *chef d'œuvre*, as the Romans did a few years since? Though we did go stark, staring mad on a memorable occasion less than twelve months ago, from an æsthetic point of view we are generally cool. Has Mr. Shirlaw raised the temperature of our blood?

I was curious as to the reception of his pictures by the collectors, or, as the French call them, the *amateurs*. That the artists would like them on technical grounds was a foregone conclusion. By good luck I happened on one amateur or two *in flagrante delictu*, that is, scrutinizing the paintings with the purchaser's eye. I probed their feelings. The result tallied with the anticipation. They admired the technique, and — They admired it, but "somehow were not interested." The whole truth lies in this homely criticism. It can be clothed in more pompous language. We can say, for instance, that Mr. Shirlaw lacks "intellectuality;" that he is occupied with "externalities;" that he does not "see beneath the epidermis;" or that he does not fathom the "true inwardness" of things: it is all one and the same. He has the enthusiasm of technique. Artists, therefore, who reluctantly pardon the unskillful hand, admire him. In this respect he is vastly superior to his fellow-townsmen at the Museum of Fine Arts. He does not flaunt his brush in one's face. He scorns the garish, look-at-me tones; the chalky lights and opaque shadows; the facile, airless relief obtained by contrast of black dress and fawn-colored background.

With one or two exceptions, — notably Sheep Shearing, — his execution is subdued, patient, elaborate. His color is harmonious and mellow, — at times Rubenesque. He freely employs the glaze, a potent, though an obsolescent medium. And why is it obsolescent? Because we strive to run a race with Nature, to cope with her in range of light and shade, to catch the public eye, and to make our works so loud that those who run may read. Mr. Shirlaw is more modest, and is quite right too in following his instincts, at all hazards. Though he does not give us that out-of-door feeling which only fresh paint can give (in fact, his out-of-door pictures have not the out-of-door tones), he does give us life. His little maidens smile, his boys are nervously boyish, his fiddlers fiddle, and verily his geese fly. As to his drawing, it is commensurate with his subjects, though it scarcely rises to the height demanded by cartoon work, as his designs for a frieze make evident. It is a current but baneful notion that any painter of note can decorate. Monumental art calls for style, grandeur, elegance, sympathy for architectural forms, a modicum (at least) of architectural knowledge, and an intense feeling for linear composition. Mere picturesqueness does not suffice.

It would have been a pleasure to discuss the merits of individual pictures, were not such a discussion foreign to my purpose, which was simply to show why Mr. Shirlaw has not engrafted himself upon the Bostonians. Educationally he has been of service to us, and merits our thanks. I have judged him by a high standard, but better a high standard than the no-standard-at-all of the daily press. Boston has crowned more than one artist whose hand has not been peer to his feeling; but she has never canonized any one whose imagination has been inferior to his technique. Therein she is right. She may yet save us from the soulless works that by courtesy alone can be styled works of art.

— Foreign actors of high reputation have often come to this country; we have seen on our own stage Rachel, Ristori, Salvini, Fechter, Seebach, — to name but a few of many; but no one of these has excited half so much

discussion as Mademoiselle Sara Bernhardt, whose somewhat obtrusive personality has been made familiar to all newspaper readers. In London she was accepted as a direct revelation of genius; in America the attitude of press and public has been more discriminating; a candid attempt was made to separate the woman from the actress, and to estimate her art apart from herself. She was found lacking in elevation, force, and truth in heroic and poetic characters. She delivers verse with a marvelously musical ease and grace, but she has no soul for poetry. Ideal characters, or characters in any way lifted above ordinary every-day existence, are beyond her reach. As Adrienne, her conception of the character was feeble and inadequate. As Phèdre, it was feeble and inaccurate. Adrienne Lecouvreur was something more than a whining schoolgirl languishing for a lover. Her Phèdre is cold and declamatory. Phèdre is indeed a difficult character to grasp, but when its inner meaning is once seized all is easy, and the part glitters with magnificent possibilities. Mademoiselle Sara Bernhardt never gets down into the character, and so all her effort — clever though it often is in detail — is but fighting the air. Her fatal defect is her inability to see character and to seize on it. It is obviously impossible for her to understand the nature of Adrienne or of Phèdre. Even in modern plays of every-day life, the finer distinctions of character altogether elude her. Gilberte in Frou Frou and Marguerite in the Dame aux Camélias have emotions that she can feel and make us feel, but she never suggests the more subtle differences which divide them each from the other and from any other heroine of the so-called "emotional" drama. It was not in her power to fill Frou Frou with the charm of a winsome personality, as Miss Agnes Ethel did, but surely she could have set before us more plainly the essential frivolity and frailty of the character, and show us that in spite of this frivolity and frailty Frou Frou had a refined and delicate nature. Her Frou Frou laughs and weeps in just the same way her Dame aux Camélias laughs and weeps; and, in spite of the accidental resemblance of situation, no two characters are more unlike than Gilberte and Marguerite. When Mademoiselle Bernhardt fully succeeds it is because she has hold of a character she can assimilate to herself, placed in a situation she herself can feel. And here her surpassing cleverness and quickness stand her in good stead; with unerring eye she picks out what she can do best, and she spends her strength on that alone. In fact, not having elevation enough for Adrienne, or being lightsome enough for Frou Frou, she skillfully takes both parts to pieces, and from the fragments makes a new part suited to her stature. As Gilberte and as Marguerite Mademoiselle Bernhardt gave us her measure; but in neither did she give a new and true view of character. What she did do was to give us with remarkable force certain moments of emotion. Not to see character clearly is, after all, a negative failing, whereas the presentation of passion is above all things positive and easily "understanded by the people." Whatever cleverness, — the word recurs again and again in writing of Mademoiselle Bernhardt, and it is the one word to use, — whatever extreme cleverness, training, tact, grace, a beautiful delivery, a voice of great range and flexibility, and a talent for the picturesque can do is within her reach. And these are precious qualifications for histrionic achievement, but they are not the only qualifications, nor the highest. Cleverness, however abundant it may be, is not to be weighed in the balance against the one touch of nature. It must not be inferred that Mademoiselle Bernhardt is always artificial; nothing would be farther from the truth; but the general impression of her work is one of

clever artifice. Miss Clara Morris, for instance, shocks our taste and sets our teeth on edge for three acts, and then in the fourth plays on our heart-strings at will, moving us to tears in spite of all irritation against her lack of art. Mademoiselle Bernhardt does not irritate and rarely moves. All her work is smooth, polished, finished to perfection, easy to admire, and impossible to be enthusiastic over. In watching her work one sometimes has a feeling of wonder as to whether she is "a born actress," as the phrase goes; whether she acts because she cannot help acting, or whether the stage is not merely the form of expression which her restlessness first happened to take. To say all this is to say that she belongs in the useful class of artists who are brilliant and entertaining, to be seen with pleasure, and even to be studied with care. It is to say also and emphatically that she does not belong with the little group of great actresses, and is not to be ranked with Ristori, and Cushman, and Rachel. Indeed, after having seen Mademoiselle Bernhardt in all her parts, and recalling what Mr. Lewes has recorded of Rachel and of her supreme greatness, one begins to understand what Mr. Matthew Arnold meant when he said that Rachel began where Mademoiselle Bernhardt left off.

— Women's clubs seem to be indigenous to American soil. But our club claims for itself at least novelty in its design, and a conscientious and enthusiastic carrying out of the original plan.

This club is not a sewing society; it is not a temperance union; its object is not to send missionaries to the heathen. It is neither benevolent, charitable, nor ecclesiastic in its motives, unless we accept the broadest sense of those terms. It is a club consisting of twenty women, who meet every alternate Wednesday, from twelve until four o'clock, to discuss and enjoy music and literature. Now this may sound very commonplace, considering the untold number of musical and literary clubs in existence, but we have yet to learn of any society whose plans and methods are exactly like ours. There is very little "red tape" in its organization. Its rules and regulations are so few as to be scarcely worth mentioning. We have no "constitution," no "by-laws," no president or treasurer, no fines or fees.

Two ladies were chosen as leaders or managers of the club, and one lady acts as secretary, to notify the members of any changes that may occur in the time or place of meeting, etc., etc. These ladies arrange, four weeks in advance, two programmes, so that we have a month in which to prepare our work, This consists of the careful study of two characters at each meeting: one a *composer*, and the other a person distinguished in literature, art, or history. So far, we have almost exclusively confined our study to musical composers, and authors who have been contemporaneous with them. You will see by reading the accompanying list of subjects, that we have diverged from this plan only two or three times, as when we studied Beethoven and Shakespeare, because the former was such a devout admirer of the latter, and because they are the two greatest masters in their separate arts. Sometimes the composers and authors have been warm personal friends, as in the cases of Mendelssohn and Goethe, Chopin and George Sand; or as in Marie Antoinette's case, she being the music pupil of "old Master Glück."

Perhaps our methods will be better understood by following us, in imagination, through our pleasant winter's work. Up to the present time we have studied the following subjects: —

(1.) Mendelssohn-Bartholdy and Goethe. (2.) Glück and Marie Antoinette. (3.) Von Weber and Jean Paul Richter. (4.) Händel and Dr. Samuel Johnson. (5.) Bach (J. Sebastian) and Martin

Luther. (6.) Chopin and Madame George Sand. (7.) Schubert and Heine. (8.) Beethoven and Shakespeare. (9.) Rossini and Lamartine. (10.) Mozart and Schiller.

Let us select at random one of the programmes as an illustration of one afternoon's work: —

Subjects, Schubert and Heine.
Orchestral trio, arranged for four hands (Opus 99).
Song, "Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings."
Essay on Schubert.
Song, The Question, from Schubert's Beautiful Milleress.
Story of Schubert's visit to Beethoven.
Reading of Schumann's thoughts on Schubert's music.
Story of Vogel's interpretation of Schubert's songs.
Reading of Heine's thoughts on music.
Story of Heine's epitaph: "Rich in what he gave, richer in what he promised."
Schubert's Serenade.
Reading of Goethe's Erl King.
Song, The Erl King. Schubert's arrangement.
Two movements from one of the sonatas (Opus 53).
Andante and Rondu. (Schubert.)
Minuet. (Schubert.)
Description of Heine's appearance.
Essay on Heine.
Impromptu (Opus 90). (Schubert.)
Reading of selections from Heine's Scintillations.
Reading of Heine's Night Song.
Heine's ideas upon religion.
Song, The Wanderer. (Schubert.)
Reading of a poem addressed to Heine's mother.
Impromptu No 2. (Schubert.)
Reading of Heine's opinion of Goethe.
Reading of selections from Heine's writings.
Two songs from Schubert's Beautiful Milleress. Whither? The Song to the Brook.
Reading of two of Heine's poems.
Andante from the Symphony in C.
Song, Impatience, from Schubert's Beautiful Milleress.

It will be seen by this programme that the music is pleasantly interspersed between the two essays and the various readings. Photographs and busts of the characters under consideration, and any pictures, stories, or anecdotes illustrating their lives, their times, and homes, come in under the general head of "chinking."

A simple lunch, restricted as to the *number* of its viands, is served after the first part of the programme, and so inspired with the enthusiasm of the work do we all become that our table-talk rarely descends to any lower level than that occupied by sonatas, fugues, gavottes, operas, and poetry!

— "There goes Parn*ell*, the Irish agitator!" observed a gentleman on the seat before me, in a railroad car. "Parn*ell*, is it?" replied his companion. "That is Mr. Parn*ell*," whispered the lady behind me to her daughter. "Mr. Parn*ell*. Ah!" Now here were four persons, educated people evidently, who in the course of two minutes mispronounced a plain English name. It is always annoying to hear the accent misplaced on a name, whether local or personal. We Americans seem to have taken a fancy for throwing the accent in family names on the last syllable, if possible, in defiance of all sound rules of good sense or good taste. These two qualities, by the bye, are very closely allied. You can never have good taste without good sense as the foundation. False taste is inevitably absurd. Now this common mispronunciation of names ending in *ell* has neither good sense nor good taste in its favor. It is opposed to the spirit of our mother tongue. Last year I had a nephew in love with a charming girl, Miss Brownell; of course she was Lily Brown*ell* to her lover. For three months I heard Tom mispronounce her name, or that of her family, a dozen times a day. A few months later, as ill luck would have it, his sister was courted by Harry Bedell, pronounced Bed*ell* of course. Now Brownell and Bedell are good English names, and should have a good English pronunciation. Bedell is no doubt the same as Beadle. Many English names ending in *ell* were originally connected with the common nouns *well* or *wall*. The governor of the State of New York to-day is Governor Corn*ell*. The university in Western New York is Corn*ell*

University. We have known a Judge Hubb*ell*. Lidd*ell* and Wadd*ell* are instances of the same fancy. Litt*ell's* Magazine travels over half the country. But the propensity to throw the accent on the last syllable is not confined to names ending in *ell*. Barnard is frequently pronounced Bar*nard*, Tricketts becomes Trick*etts*, General Steuben is General Steu*ben*, in spite of his German birth. That distinguished gentleman, the present secretary of state, is spoken of, in rustic parlance, as Mr. E-*várts*. Not long since we were shown a collection of the famous caricatures of Ho-*gárth!* A year or two since we were introduced — with a flourish — "to an Assemblyman from a Western State," the Honorable Mr. Hub-*bárd!*

O shade of old Mother Hubbard!

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History and Antiquities. Charles Scribner's Sons issue a new edition of Schliemann's Mycenæ in a handsome volume, with maps, plans, and more than 700 illustrations. It is stated on the title-page to have new plates and important additions over the edition of three years ago, and it is to be regretted that the exact nature of the changes and improvements should not have been pointed out in some preface to this edition. — Volume IV. of Kinglake's The Invasion of the Crimea (Harpers) treats of The Winter Troubles of the winter of 1854–55. It is provided with a plan showing the position of the belligerents. — In Young Ireland (Appletons) the author, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, means to give the history of the repeal movement. His narrative gathers the record of the Young Ireland party in the momentous decade of 1840–50. The author was deep in the councils of the party, and writes frankly. — The Harpers issue in good style, except that the paper scarcely does justice to the engravings, Dr. Schliemann's Ilios: The City and Country of the Trojans, — the results of researches and discoveries on the site of Troy and throughout the Troad in the years 1871–79. The work includes also an autobiography of the author and elaborate apparatus from various sources, and is illustrated with maps, plans, and about 1800 wood-cuts. — An important work upon Scandinavian antiquities is appearing in Norway, the former half having been issued by Alb. Cammermeyer, Christiania. Its title is Norske Oldsager orknede og forklarede af O. Rygh, tegnede paa trae af C. F. Lindberg. Mr. Lindberg's engravings of the early implements, utensils, and ornaments are admirable specimens of honest work, and the text is direct and clear. The work so far has advanced through the Stone Age, Bronze Age, and the early Iron Age. The Boston agent for the work is Mr. John Allyn.

Biography. Sunlight and Shadow is the title of an octavo volume by J. B. Gough. (Hartford: A. D. Worthington & Co.) The title-page, which, as in other subscription books, follows the old and respectable custom of announcement of contents, describes it as "gleanings from my life work, comprising personal experiences, observations and opinions, anecdotes, incidents, and interesting reminiscences of thrilling, pathetic, and amusing scenes, gathered from thirty-seven years' experience on the platform and among the people, at home and abroad." It is his lecture without his voice and mimicry, and with much more expansion than the platform permits. — Mr. A. J. Symington, who has lately written biographical sketches of Lover and Moore, is the author of William Cullen Bryant, — a biographical sketch, with selections from his poems and other writings (Harpers); a book upon the general plan of English Men of Letters, although more a mosaic of contemporaneous memorials and criticism. — Certain Men of Mark: Studies of Living Celebrities, by George Makepeace Towle (Roberts), comprises sketches of English and Continental statesmen, Victor Hugo only being excepted possibly from this category. They are brisk characterizations for the general reader, rather than labored analyses of historic power. — The memoir of Governor Andrew, which Mr. Peleg W. Chandler prepared for the Massachusetts Historical Society, has been expanded by the addition of some agreeable Personal Reminiscences and two unpublished literary discourses, together with the valedictory address. (Roberts.) The subject is one which could not be buried under a two-volume octavo monument; the fullest life ought not to suppress the quick presence, and this brief sketch cannot help hinting at the large place which the great war governor holds in history. — The memoir of Emily Elizabeth Parsons, by her father, Theophilus Parsons (Little, Brown & Co.), consists almost wholly of letters written during the war, when Miss Parsons was engaged in hospital work. Her nobility of character and untiring devotion are shown admirably in her own animated and modest letters. The book is published for the benefit of the Cambridge Hospital, which she was endeavoring earnestly to establish, when she died last spring. — Ludwig Nohl's Life of Beethoven, translated by

John J. Lalor, has been published by Jansen, McClurg & Co. It is brief, and devoted rather to the meagre facts of his painful life than to an interpretation of his compositions. — The Life and Times of Goethe, by Hermann Grimm, translated by Sarah Holland Adams (Little, Brown & Co.), is rather a critical and philosophical study of Goethe than a biography, but the analysis follows a chronological order. — From Death into Life, or Twenty Years of my Ministry, by Rev. W. Haslam (Appletons), is the title of an autobiographic sketch of a clergyman of the Church of England who underwent conversion while he was a preacher. A curious comparison might be drawn between his life and that of Hawker. Both men were under like social and geographical influences. — In the Personal Life of David Livingstone (Harpers) the author, Dr. W. G. Blaikie, of Edinburgh, has attempted to show the man rather than the traveler. He has digested material already published, but has also made use of unpublished correspondence and journals in the possession of his family. It may be said that the discoveries of such a man gradually fade in the light of more perfect knowledge, but the heroism of character is the finer and more lasting possession. There is a portrait and a map. — Schiller and his Times, by Johannes Scherr, translated from the German by Elizabeth McClellan (Philadelphia: Ig. Kohler), was originally published about twenty years ago. It aims at accounting for the artistic development of Germany through a presentation of Schiller's life and work. — Monsieur Guizot in Private Life, by his daughter, Madame de Witt, translated by M. C. M. Simpson (Estes and Lauriat), will be welcomed for its affectionate and animated disclosure of the personality of a historic character. We would rather trust a great man's daughter than an interviewer. — Dr. Lieber's Miscellaneous Writings as thus far published in two volumes (Lippincotts) fall partly within this section, partly in one of Politics. We place the work here because its special interest is in the more personal acquaintance which it permits with a man who was more American than many Americans, and whose work bestowed upon the larger themes of history and politics never obscured the fresh, hopeful, and helpful man. About half of the first volume is occupied with his personal reminiscences and a biographical address by Judge Thayer. There follow academic discourses and contributions to political science. The work is edited by President Gilman.

Holiday Books. The Teacher's Dream, by W. H. Venable. (Putnams.) To the artist, H. F. Farny, must be given the credit for all the interest which the book possesses, and that is mainly on the score of ingenuity of pictorial comment, and of the struggle of occasional beauty with a perverse style. — The Wooing of the Water-Witch, by Evan Daldorne, illustrated by J. Moyr Smith (Holt), follows The Prince of Argolis, treated in a similar fashion, by the same artist. It is called a northern oddity, and is an ingenious piece of fooling. The illustrations are half burlesque, half serious, and the whole is a scholar's conceit. We leave it to others to extricate Beaconsfield from the story; he is well secured in the illustrations. — Clarence Cook's The House Beautiful (Scribners) appears in a new edition, having a less luxurious external appearance than the original, but to our mind one even more attractive. It remains a fascinating collection of hints to the man or woman who wishes to live and be an object of envy to his less ingenious and less artistic neighbor. — The lovely story of Aucassin and Nicolette appears in a pretty form, translated by A. Rodney Macdonough from the modern French version of Alexandre Bida. It should not be left as an obsolete holiday book. — Scribner & Co. have issued a second series of Proofs from Scribner's Monthly and St. Nicholas. The change from a bound volume to portfolio form has its advantages, and the exceeding skill and frequent charm of these plates will render the collection always valuable. — The illustrated papers which Mr. W. H. Gibson has been contributing to Harper's Monthly have been gathered into an elegant volume, with the title Pastoral Days, or Memories of a New England Year. (Harpers.) The grace and sweetness of the pictures and the pensive gentleness of the text cloy the palate a little, but there are too many attractions in the book to let it be easily laid aside.

Books for Young People. G. P. Putnam's Sons issue a neat edition in two volumes of Mrs. Alfred Gatty's Parables from Nature. Mrs. Gatty does for the taste of this generation what Mrs. Barbauld did for an earlier; the difference is largely in style; Mrs. Gatty is not so sonorous, nor is she always as simple in thought. — The late Mr. Kingston wrote a number of books for boys, but none more crowded with adventure than one of his latest, Dick Cheveley, his adventures and misadventures (Lippincotts), in which the prolonged spectacle of a stowaway eating rats in a ship's hold is anything but agreeable. The book professes to be a warning against the traditional running away to sea, but as the hero turned out well most boys will expect to miss his perils and enjoy his successes. — The Moral Pirates, by W. L. Alden (Harpers), gives an entertaining account of a boys' boating excursion up the Hudson. It reads as if the author had reluctantly subdued the sensational element. — Clover Beach, by Margaret Vandegrift (Porter and Coates), is a pleasing story, which struggles more or less successfully with an abundant supply of pictures; the necessity of working these in gives a somewhat distracted air to the story, and as most of the pictures contain figures a very critical child might be puzzled to account for discrepancies, arising from the pictures being originally intended for several other books. — A Strong Arm and a Mother's Blessing (Lee and Shepard) is the latest of Mr. Elijah Kellogg's books for boys, — a writer who is severely honest, and has done good work in telling over and over again the manly story of difficulties overcome in the stern New England life of the early part of this century. This book will be called old-fashioned by some, and it lacks literary grace, but its old-fashion is of the rugged and homely sort. — Zig-Zag Journeys in Classic Lands,

by Hezekiah Butterworth (Estes and Lauriat), carries a party of young people into Italy, Greece, Spain, Sicily, and Southern France. It is abundantly illustrated. — The Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Common Things, (Holt) by J. D. Champlin, which we cordially praised last season, is followed now by the same editor's Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Persons and Places. It deals with living persons as well. It is a pity to have given such inferior portraits. — The veteran B. J. Lossing has prepared The Story of the United States Navy, for Boys. (Harpers.) The larger part of the book is necessarily occupied with the events of the war of 1812; as that war recedes the heroism of the navy becomes the most rememberable part. — A Bad Boy's Diary (New York: J. S. Ogilvie) is to be named only as a warning to writers and readers. One might look at it to see how much silly misspelling has increased the ill-manners of the book. — Although not professedly a book for the young, Friends Worth Knowing, by Ernest Ingersoll (Harpers), may be commended as an agreeable account, sure to interest boys and girls, of the manners and customs, so to speak, of many native birds, beasts, and insects. It is a pretty book, prettily illustrated. — Five Mice in a Mousetrap by the Man in the Moon, by Laura E. Richards (Estes and Lauriat), is children's nonsense run mad. There are some good pictures, which are wasted on a book which is no more literature for children than a kaleidoscope is art.

Education. To Mr. Hudson's new school Shakespeare (Ginn and Heath) have been added A Winter's Tale, King John, and Twelfth Night; the suggestions to teachers prefixed to As You Like It are repeated in the last two of these volumes. — The Orthoepist, by Alfred Ayres (Appletons), is a pronouncing manual, containing "about three thousand five hundred words, including a considerable number of the names of foreign authors, artists, etc., that are often mispronounced." — The Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year 1878 has been received from the Department of the Interior, Washington. It is a digest of the various local and state reports. — Harrington's A Graded Spelling-Book (Harpers) is a new venture, which departs from the old lines, regards spelling as connected rather with writing than with reading, and gives words in the order in which they are likely to be used by a child rather than in the order of size or sound.

Literature. To the well-known collection of Little Classics, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have added two volumes: Nature, with chapters from Warner, Hamerton, Burroughs, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and others, and Humanity, which takes in both familiar and unfamiliar papers by C. W. Stoddard, Dickens, Ludlow, Thackeray, Mrs. Jameson, and Mallock. — Mrs. E. H. Arr would have us take Old Time Child Life (Lippincotts) as a book for children, but she herself expresses a doubt if it will not be more acceptable to older persons. It is an affectionate lingering over scenes in a New England country village, but the characters and incidents are only slightly sketched; it will rather please those who have similar recollections than give a stranger very graphic views of New England.

Poetry and the Drama. Verses, by Susan Coolidge (Roberts), wins favor at once by its pretty dress of vellum-like cloth, gold stamp, and tasteful lettering. — Country Love and City Life and other Poems, by C. H. St. John (Williams), represents the rhymings of a writer who has less interest in his art than in the story which he has to tell, the moral he would point. His own estimate of his work is modest, and his book does not err in attempting the impossible in poetry. — Shakespeare's Dream and other Poems (Lippincotts) is by William Leighton, whose The Sons of Godwin will be recalled. In the dream the inventions of Shakespeare pass before his mind as objective visions. With Shakespearean material the author has reconstructed the forms in new relations. — Four o'-Clocks is the somewhat enigmatical title of a volume of short poems by Helen Barron Bostwick. (Philadelphia: Claxton.) — Onti Ora, a Metrical Romance, by Mrs. M. B. M. Toland (Lippincotts), gains its name from the Indian title of the Catskills, where the scene of the story is in part laid. The book is illustrated by W. L. Sheppard. — Lord Stirling's Stand and other Poems, by W. H. Babcock (Lippincotts), contains all that the author wishes to preserve of his poems. The preface has a curious passage. Recalling the first poem which he had written, not included in the book, the author says, "There were just twelve lines in all, of which I give the final four: —

> May no rebellion prosper
> And may no secession stand
> Before our country's power
> And God's own avenging hand.

The *others* were unmitigated doggerel." The italics are our own. — A third series of Our Poetical Favorites by A. C. Kendrick (Osgoods), has been published. Like the previous volumes, it selects from the best minor poems of the English language, and has special reference to very recent writers and to humorous poetry. Over three hundred poems are given, and a hundred and seventy authors are represented. — A new edition of Mr. R. W. Gilder's The New Day (Scribners) has been issued, showing even greater care and felicity in its dress. — Those who wish to take their history in a rhymed form will be interested in The Rhyme of the Border War; a historical poem of the Kansas-Missouri guerrilla war, before and during the late rebellion, the principal character being the famous guerrilla, Charles William Quantrell. By Thomas Brower Peacock. (Carleton.) — The Knight of the Lily, by Philip May (Brooklyn: Rome Brothers), is a short poem, and apparently an early effort. — All Round the Year is the title of a volume of poems by Elaine and Dora Goodale. (Putnams.) The same charm is in them as in the earlier poems. It is pleasant, too, to count the writings of these authors no longer as the work of children. — Professor J. Stuart Blackie's second edition of his translation into English verse of Goethe's Faust (Macmillan) follows the first at an interval of forty years. The translator has re-

vised and partly rewritten his youthful work, but adheres to the same general spirit of giving a poetical English version rather than a studiously careful translation. — Echoes of Half a Century is a volume of poems by William Pitt Palmer (Putnams), which the author holds lightly as the playthings of a busy life. — Under the initials C. K. T. upon the title-page of Miscellaneous Poems (London: Moxon, Saunders & Co.), readers on this side of the Atlantic will rightly guess the name of the minister to Greece. — Wayside Flowers is a collection of short poems by S. C. (Lippincotts.) — The Crimson Hand and other Poems, by Rosa Vertner Jeffrey (Lippincotts), can scarcely contain more entertainment for the reader than is found in one of its poems, The Phantom Ball, of which we quote one verse, disclosing the spectacle when the bubble had burst:

"I beheld the head of Washington around about me glancing,
With a thrill of horror noting his silk-stockinged limbs were lost;
Lafayette's head disappearing left his shapely legs still dancing,
And I dreaded the misfitting of somebody's glorious ghost."

— Thus far ten volumes, one half of the promised set, have appeared of Mr. Hudson's edition of Shakespeare called the Harvard Edition. (Ginn and Heath.) We have recorded mention of his school edition; this is substantially the same, except that certain introductions appropriate to that have been omitted, and others appropriate to this have been used. The form of this series is better for the library and very agreeable to hand and eye. It is a desirable thing to have in so comely a shape an edition of Shakespeare from the hands of an editor who is rather eager to have people read his poet than attend to his annotator. He has whips for fools' backs, but only encouragement for the sincere seeker.

Philosophy, Theology, and Religion. Mr. J. S. Kedney in The Beautiful and the Sublime (Putnams) gives an analysis of these emotions and determines the objectivity of beauty. His thought is clear, but his expression is often awkward when intelligible. — A Minister's Lectures on Woman's Sphere and Opportunities is properly to be classed under religion, and Rev. R. Heber Newton's Womanhood (Putnams) is a serious, sensible, and direct treatment of the subject. Mr. Newton's book is the broader in its scope for its constant reference to great authorities in philosophy and literature. Yet it is to be regretted that he should not have used Shakespeare in larger proportion to other poets. — Club Essays, by David Swing (Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.), takes its name from the fact that the five papers comprising the book were given before the Chicago Literary Club. They are the literary exercises of a man of religious thought, who seeks play for his mind and imagination in large historical and social themes. — From Mrs. Angeline Hofer, of Oberlin, Ohio, comes A Message by Angels to the Hebrew Prophet Daniel: Scripture Prophecy Fulfilled. Mrs. Hofer advises us that it was communicated by inspiration in the year 1871. — Studies in the Mountain Instruction, by George Dana Boardman (Appletons), is an amplification of the Sermon on the Mount. It has many fresh and suggestive passages, but does not sufficiently emphasize the fact that the discourse is the Magna Charta of Christianity, and that in form it is really elaborate as nothing else in the Gospels is, having marked groups of phrase and a logic of construction. An important point is missed when the author misplaces the accent in the words "I say unto you." — Mrs. John T. Sargent has edited a volume of Sketches and Reminiscences of the Radical Club of Chestnut Street, Boston (Osgoods) — a club which has had local repute for a dozen years, and has given opportunity for the first presentation of many topics afterward treated at greater length before the general public. As a sort of spiritual Bourse the club has had a life which renders a record of interest to students of current opinion.

Fiction. The Leisure Hour Series has adopted a new and more useful cloth binding, retaining some of the characteristics of the dress which has become familiar to the public. The first issue in this style is A Dreamer, by Katharine Wylde. (Holt.) — Recent numbers of the Franklin Square Library (Harpers) are A Confidential Agent, by James Payn; Horace McLean, a story of a search in a strange place, by Alice O'Hanlon, which opens with an amusing guess at local appearances in Boston; From the Wings, by B. H. Buxton; and He that Will not when He May, by Mrs. Oliphant. — Another of Henry Gréville's Russian stories has appeared, The Trials of Raïssa, translated by Mrs. Sherwood (Petersons). — Beaconsfield's Endymion is published both by Appletons in cloth and paper, and by Harpers in the Franklin Square Library. It is not likely to excite the interest which Lothair created, for it deals rather with obsolete issues, and its author has in a measure satisfied the world's curiosity since Lothair appeared. — The Head of Medusa (Roberts) is the title of a new novel by the author of Kismet and Mirage. — Mr. James's Washington Square has been completed in Harper's Magazine, and issued anew by the Harpers in a volume, illustrated, the title-page says, by George Du Maurier. — Bohemian Days is the title of a volume of three American Tales in prose, with lyrical epilogues, by George Alfred Townsend, and published by the author in New York. — Thomas Hardy's latest novel, The Trumpet Major, has been included in Holt's Leisure Hour Series. — Nestlenook, by Leonard Kip, is the latest addition to the Knickerbocker novels. (Putnams.) — Little Amy's Christmas, by Wilson J. Vance (American News Company), is the work of a sincere but somewhat unskillful writer. — T. B. Peterson and Brothers have reprinted My Hero, by Mrs. Forrester, author of Diana Carew. — The Tempter Behind, by John Saunders (Lothrops) is a sensational story under the sanction of a religious purpose. — As Thyself, by Sue W. Hubbard (Lippincotts), may perhaps be classed with the last named: that was a book for a drunkard, this for a crazy man.

Geography and Travel. A contribution to history and geography of much interest and novelty will be found in Moslem Egypt and Christian Abyssinia; or Military Service under the Khedive in his Provinces and beyond their Borders, as experienced by the American Staff. By William McE. Dye. (New York: Atkin and Prout, printers.) Mr. Dye, formerly of the United States Army, was late colonel of the Egyptian staff, and one of the Americans who have taken part in the singular reënforcement of Egypt by America. — An impartial and thoughtful report by a good observer is Mr. James H. Tuke's A Visit to Donegal and Connaught in the Spring of 1880. (London: W. Ridgway.) Mr. Tuke brings to his labor long familiarity with Ireland and a special acquaintance with the famine district in 1846–47. — Wandering Thoughts and Wandering Steps, by a Philadelphia Lady (Lippincotts), covers the ordinary track of European travel; it is written in a kindly spirit by a charitable sight-seer. — In Appletons' New Handy Volume Series Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard publishes Mashallah! A Flight into Egypt. The little volume consists of letters written in 1876. The traveler had been well prepared for a Nile journey by his Voyaging in Southern Seas. — Where to go in Florida, by Daniel F. Tyler (New York: Hopcraft & Co.), is a pamphlet giving the results of the writer's experience, with special reference to a spot where he has himself settled.

Art. A manual has just been published by Dickson, Philadelphia, entitled How to Draw and Paint, containing instructions in outline, light and shade, perspective, sketching from nature, figure drawing, artistic anatomy, landscape, marine, and portrait painting, the principles of coloring applied to painting, etc., etc.

Folk-Lore. Uncle Remus, his Songs and his Sayings, by Joel Chandler Harris (Appletons) is not the first attempt to preserve the peculiar stories current on Southern plantations, but all that have preceded it have been fragmentary and episodical. The field is not a very wide one, but it has great interest, and this contribution is well worth attention.

Music. A selection of Franz's songs, under the title Album of Songs, Old and New, by Robert Franz, has been published by Oliver Ditson & Co. Both German and English words are given, the translation of recent songs being by Miss Frothingham and Rev. C. T. Brooks. A lithographic portrait faces the title-page. — The same publishers have issued a most desirable volume of songs for children, under the title of A Book of Rhymes and Tunes, compiled and arranged by Margaret Pearmain Osgood; translation by Louisa T. Craigin. German composers furnish most of the melodies, but there are French and English melodies, and English Christmas Carols. The book is executed with unfailing good taste.

Didactic Literature. On the Threshold is the title of a volume of essays by Theodore T. Munger (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), having special reference to the conduct of life among young men. The manliness of tone, the freshness and admirable wisdom of the book, will commend it even to young men, and readers will discover on how large a conception of life the author has built his advice. — Duty, with illustrations of courage, patience, and endurance, by Samuel Smiles (Harpers), is an anecdotical and suggestive book, after the well-known manner of this popular writer. The same book is published in the Franklin Square Library. — In this class may be named the seven homilies on The Lord's Prayer, by Rev. Washington Gladden (Houghton, Mifflin & Co), a book direct, practical, and free from a professional character.

Medicine. Diphtheria, Its Cause, Nature, and Treatment, by Rollin R. Gregg, M. D. (Buffalo: Matthews Brothers and Bryant). This little treatise gives the experience and judgment of a physician of the Hahnemann school. — Dr. Daniel B. St. John Roosa has collected his occasional half-professional, half-general papers into a volume, A Doctor's Suggestions to the Community. (Putnams.) The papers are free from technical treatment, and are such contributions as a doctor might give, for instance, to his club, if that were made up of laymen. A large public is interested in the topics discussed. — Dr. Gonzalvo C. Smythe in Medical Heresies (Blakiston) gives a series of critical essays on the origin and evolution of sectarian medicine, embracing a special sketch and review of homœopathy, past and present, — a title which certainly implies a true church in medicine. — Food for the Invalid, the Convalescent, the Dyspeptic, and the Gouty is a handy volume of recipes, by Dr. Horatio C. Wood, with introduction by Dr. Fothergill, of Edinburgh, who suggested the work. (Macmillans.) — Dr. George M. Beard publishes a second and revised edition of his A Practical Treatise on Nervous Exhaustion (Neurasthenia), its Symptoms, Nature, Sequences, Treatment. (Wood.)

Business Literature. A Brief Synopsis of the Collection Laws of the United States and Canada has been compiled under the direction of Douglass and Minton, attorneys of the law and collection department of the mercantile agency of Dun, Wyman & Co. (Appletons.) The work is arranged in the form of a catechism.

Bibliography. The Publishers' Trade List Annual for 1880 (Leypoldt) reminds us that for eight years its indomitable editor and publisher has fought against the inertia of the book-trade, and has won a success which is now every one's advantage. In the unorganized condition of book-publishing in this country labors like these of Mr. Leypoldt are simply invaluable. In this stout octavo are bound, with few exceptions, the lists of publications of all the publishers in the country.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.'S
LITERARY BULLETIN

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Publishers, BOSTON, MASS.

**** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address, on receipt of the price by the Publishers,* MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., *4 Park Street, Boston. Prices are given on the last page.*

A New Book of Travel. — To most persons of ordinary intelligence New Guinea is an unknown region; unless they remember their geography unusually well, they have to stop a moment to think whether it is in Africa or South America, and finally it dawns upon them that it is in neither, but is an island fifteen hundred miles long in its own right. Even when they have located it, they think of it merely as a place where tropical products grow in profusion, and where the inhabitants have a maximum of hair and a minimum of clothing. In short, very little indeed is known of New Guinea, and a book of travel by one who had eyes to see, and literary skill to report what he saw, cannot fail to be exceedingly welcome. Such a book is "New Guinea," by Signor L. M. D'Albertis, an officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy, who a few years since made an exploration of the island, studying carefully its soil and climate, productions, animals, and birds, the inhabitants, their ideas, customs, and religion. This work forms two large volumes, containing a vast amount of authentic information in regard to the island; and this is reënforced with a map and numerous illustrations of the scenery, of the utensils and implements used by the inhabitants; with many illustrations of the inhabitants themselves, and also with several beautifully colored pictures of the birds of the island. Altogether, it is a work which cannot fail to interest all who find enjoyment in books of travel, and those who are interested in all things relating to the life and history of human beings.

Memoir of a Great Librarian. — The name of Sir Anthony Panizzi is one of remarkable distinction in the domain of letters, from his having been principal librarian of the British Museum for many years, and having secured a more liberal and effective administration of that great library than had before been attempted or thought practicable. Besides, he was so intimately connected, socially and politically, with eminent persons of his time, that he derives from this fact an additional interest for all lovers of biography.

The Life and Correspondence of Sir Anthony Panizzi, by Louis Fagan, who was for years associated with him in the British Museum, is now published in this country, and will be greeted with a hearty welcome by all who have enjoyed the use of the British Museum, or who have merely visited it; also by all lovers of biography which includes reminiscences, anecdotes, and letters of people of distinction in the literary, social, and political world.

This work contains a fine portrait of Panizzi; also portraits of many other people who are mentioned more or less frequently in the Memoir. It comprises two volumes, to which a third will be added hereafter, containing twenty years' personal and biographical reminiscences of Panizzi and the British Museum, by Mr. Henry Stevens, formerly of Vermont.

"Thirty Years" is the title of a volume just published, including those poems by the author of "John Halifax" which were embraced in the volume hitherto published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; also those which for several years past Miss Mulock (Mrs. Craik) has contributed to the English periodicals, and others new to the reading public. Readers who are familiar with Miss Mulock's novels know how charming they are in description, in characterization, and in the womanly sweetness which specially distinguishes them.

These traits are equally marked and engaging in her poems, which cannot fail to delight all who read them.

This work is published in America by special arrangement with the author.

On the Threshold. — Mr. Munger's book has gained immediate recognition as one of the best of the many books written for young men and women. Its good sense, manly tone, sympathy with the hopes and wishes of young people, and its remarkable *readableness* give it a popularity altogether well merited. The New York *Observer* says of it: —

> This is not a mere volume of good advice, such as those who need it will be sure to avoid, but a thoughtful, suggestive, reasonable view of some very important practical points in the history of every man who is about to take his position in the world as a responsible person. Though there may be differences of opinion as to certain details, the spirit of these chapters is true and elevating, and their usefulness is secured by an agreeable and tactful style, not at all common in the communication of profitable suggestions.

The Boston *Journal* remarks: —

> A sincere purpose of encouragement and helpfulness underlies his book; his tone is frank, genial and manly, and his counsel is tempered by so kindly

and sympathetic a humor that young people of either sex cannot fail to find it winning as well as practical.

The Advance, of Chicago, is enthusiastic in its commendation : —

Here is a book which, if we had our way, every boy at the threshold of life should have. The object of it, says the author, is to put into clear form some of the main principles that enter into life as it is now opening before young men in this country. The reader is assured that he will not encounter a mere mass of advice, nor the generalities of an essay, but rather a series of hints suitable to the times, and pointing out paths that are just now obscured. The manner of treatment is manly, brotherly, sympathetic, earnest. The style is excellent, clear, fresh, pointed, quickening, and winning. Altogether it is an admirable book, which will do a great deal of good. For it is one of the best books of the kind published.

The Lord's Prayer. — Mr. Gladden's book on this perennial subject is not a hackneyed, commonplace, uninteresting book, but is peculiarly fresh, vigorous, and attractive. It glows with generous feeling; it is inspired with a sincere desire to enable its readers to perceive more fully, and appreciate more heartily, the all-comprehending and enduring character of this universal petition. The Boston *Traveller* says of the essays : —

They are helpful and suggestive; they take a lofty view of the responsibilities of life, and are pervaded by the tone of healthy, manly Christianity. Mr. Gladden seems to have drawn little from the literature of the subject, and the ideas here expressed being self evolved are all the more effective.

No one will take up his little volume without gaining for himself a better understanding of the Lord's Prayer, and a new sense of the wideness of its range and the fullness of its meaning.

Miss Larcom's "Wild Roses of Cape Ann" have been welcomed with a kind and degree of heartiness quite remarkable. The Cleveland *Herald* says: —

There are nearly a hundred poems in the book, and they are all well worthy their place in it. Lucy Larcom's world is a narrow one, geographically considered, for her muse rarely strays beyond that part of Eastern Massachusetts which has Cape Ann for its easternmost stretch and Beverly for its metropolis, but the whole world of human feeling is hers. She deals with the lives and thoughts of the fisherfolk among whom her lot in life has been cast, she pictures in simple but graphic lines the sea which beats upon the coast, the rocks, the meadows, the trees, the old-fashioned flowers that grow by the roadside or in quiet nooks, the old houses and the drifting clouds that throw their passing shadows on the landscape.

The Chicago *Advance* pronounces it

A delightful volume, instinct with the spirit of the purest poesy, — as native to its own soil, to its own sky, as is any wild rose

> Flavored with the sea,
> And colored by the soft wind and much sun,
> To healthiest intensity of bloom.

We do not know of any poet who catches more truly, or voices more sincerely and naturally the "spirit of a place," than Miss Larcom is apt to do.

My Winter on the Nile. — The editor of the New York *Observer* is an expert in all matters relating to travel. Having been everywhere, he is peculiarly qualified to judge of the value of books describing any country or people. His emphatic commendation of Mr. Warner's Nile volume will carry unusual weight. He says : —

We congratulate ourselves and the reading public in having this delightful Nile story brought within reach by this attractive edition. There must be some constitutional defect in one who cannot travel with continual pleasure in company with Mr. Warner. His common sense and uncommon humor give a piquancy to his writings, which have never failed to meet the happy expectations of those who welcomed "My Summer in a Garden." Among the many excellent and characteristic narratives which have been given us of the Nile journey, Mr. Warner's is remarkable for its photographic fidelity to the scenes and scenery of that most fascinating river. Those who know the Nile best are most enthusiastic in their enjoyment of his experiences and pictures. Those who have not voyaged on its waters may have the pleasure and profit without the toil and discomforts, by living for some hours in these graphic pages. Besides all that one may anticipate in the way of agreeable description and entertaining narrative, these chapters abound in thoughtful observations on ancient architecture, modern civilization, and many other topics of great interest to every intelligent reader.

Mr. Fields's Ballads and other Verses form one of the most beautiful volumes recently published. The critics find the poems as attractive as the book which contains them. The Boston *Advertiser* says: —

The "Ballads and Other Verses" by Mr. James T. Fields are a genuine addition to American literature; they are modest, simple verses, full of good temper, saturated with the New England spirit, neither sombre nor pretentious, nor yet without the true ring of the popular rhyme. They are pure, wholesome, positive, poetic and almost merry. . . . One can afford to read Mr. Fields's verses with affectionate interest, and it is pleasant to hail them as genuine poetry.

The *Traveller* observes: —

His writings of late years have served to confirm the popular conviction of his sterling qualities, and the dainty little volume with the modest title, "Ballads and other Verses," will surely be widely welcomed. Mr. Fields's happy gift of humorous expression often recalls Tom Hood at his best, and in his songs he mingles a depth of sentiment and grace of rhythm which make them lyrics in the best sense of the word.

Historical Sketches of Andover. — This admirable book, by Miss Sarah Loring Bailey, receives hearty recognition. *The New England Journal of Education* says : —

Few towns in New England furnish such an amount of material for history as that of "Old Andover:" and not one has been more fortunate in securing a person qualified to prepare for the public a volume containing a complete collection of sketches of the romance and poetry of this town history. . . . Excellent illustrations greatly enhance the interest and value of this superbly printed book.

The *New York Tribune* gives this hint: —

Our advice to collectors is to procure a copy while they can, for, admirable as it is, the work is not of a kind which is likely to pass even to a second edition.

Sam Lawson's Oldtown Fireside Stories are peculiarly suited to reading aloud on winter evenings. It would be difficult to find any reading or any game more entertaining than these Yankee stories which Mrs. Stowe tells so marvelously well. The Boston *Journal* says: —

They are excellent bits of work, and are so far true to life that all who are familiar with types of New England character, as still existing in remote districts, where outside influences have not penetrated, will recognize and appreciate their fidelity. Their dry humor, the delicious exaggerations characteristic of the tellers of stories in village stores, and the genuine Yankeeisms which abound in them, impart a very pleasant flavor to these stories. The last four stories in the book are new in this edition.

"The Stillwater Tragedy" in London. — Mr. Aldrich's latest story, which has been read and enjoyed throughout America, has also found delighted readers in England. The London *Academy* says of it: —

It is no reflection on Mr. Aldrich's unquestionable and tried powers as a writer to say that the chief charm of "The Stillwater Tragedy" lies in the proofs it supplies of the excellence of the one-volume system of fiction. The plot is not intricate, it is true; yet within 324 pages we have a well-arranged and well-concealed murder, a thoroughly developed and refined courtship, not to speak of the rise, decline, and collapse of an American strike. Mr. Aldrich's powers of description, too, are considerable, reminding one here and there of Mr. Black, and here and there also of the now forgotten author of "Granby," but pervaded by a humor that is all either his soil's or his own. Nevertheless, within these narrow limits they have all adequate scope. Richard Shackford and Margaret Slocum, the hero and heroine, are admirably drawn, and the course of their emphatically true love is traced with an arch and *naïve* humor which surpasses anything we have met with in recent purely English fiction.

Mr. Stedman as a Critic. — A recent number of the *Christian Union* contained a careful study of Mr. Stedman's characteristics and rank as a literary critic. From this we quote two paragraphs which will command the cordial approval of all who have read Mr. Stedman's remarkable essay on Edgar A. Poe, recently published, and his exceedingly valuable work on the "Victorian Poets." Among many other things which ought to be quoted, the writer in the *Christian Union* well says: —

A fine order of criticism presupposes a high degree of literary culture and development. The critic who approaches his work with a generous endowment of genius, and with that liberal training in the schools of literature which furnishes him with the standards by which he measures the stature of the latest comer, supplies in his own person the best evidence of the presence of the literary genius in the people for whom he writes. Those who have been disposed to question the exis ence of a genuine literary impulse in this country may find, if they choose to seek it, a convincing answer to their doubts in the work of Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Mr. Stedman's critical work is now of such volume that his conceptions of life and art are quite fully disclosed by it, as well as those qualities of genius and skill which are the material out of which all fine and lasting creations are fashioned. His ability to discern and express the salient intellectual features of an age was tested in his study of the "Victorian Poets," and of his fitness to touch and reveal the secret of individual genius his recent discussions of American writers furnish abundant material for judgment. The task of a great critic is a far more difficult one than the purely critical work of studying the methods of the individual mind; it is such an apprehension of that mind in relation to its entire environment as demands the largest original endowment. Mr. Stedman, Matthew Arnold, and Mr. Lowell, all critics of the first order, are poets as well. To write criticism of the best sort is no longer the vocation of minds that are simply appreciative or acute; it is work as original as any in literature; indeed, Matthew Arnold defines poetry as "a criticism of life." It is in this creative quality that Mr. Stedman is especially strong.

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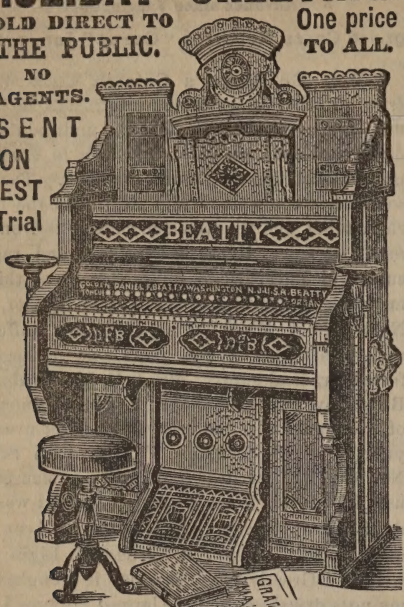

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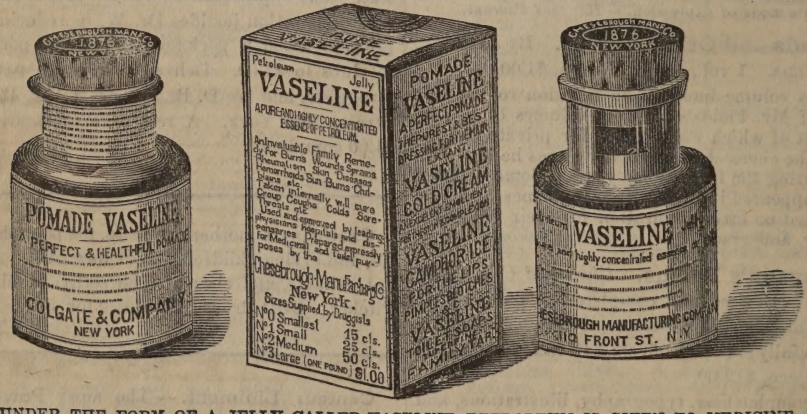

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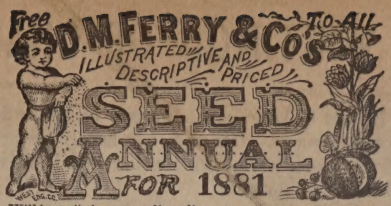

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VOLUME XLVII.—NUMBER 281

MARCH, 1881

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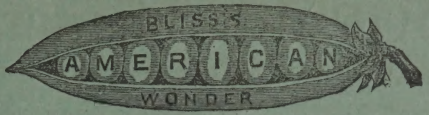

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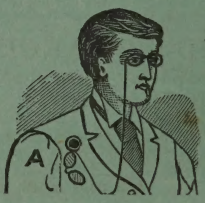

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FRIENDS: A DUET.

VI.

"Friends, lovers that might have been."
BROWNING.

THE process of undermining the reef of Hell Gate had lasted seven years; a slow-match and five minutes tore its heart out.

In Madam Strong's gray old stately guest-chamber, Nordhall, one day, made aloud this mysterious and somewhat cheerless reflection.

Young Mrs. Strong had just entered and left the room. Her errand was corn-starch pudding.

Two weeks had gone since Mr. Janet, terrified and trembling, drove slowly up Mrs. Strong's avenue (he did not know where else to go) at midnight, with Nordhall's senseless body in Cranby's suave, anxious, and hospitable wagon.

No man is more urbane than the rum-seller who is so unfortunate as to have met with a fight upon his premises. Mr. Cranby had sent for a physician, — the most expensive one he could think of. He had himself accompanied the sad procession. He stood at Madam Strong's great, reputable door with his hat in his hand. When the lights flashed, and the locks leaped, and a woman, lithe and stern as an angel of rebuke, sprang, with loose hair, down the dim, wide staircase, he sadly bowed, and urged, —

"Madam, I do assure you, such accidents take place anywhere; it might have happened in a church!"

But her eyes turned upon him like swords of flame.

"Such things," she said, "happen only in hell!"

Nordhall was unconscious for thirty-six hours. In falling he had broken his left arm, but that was a slight matter. The blow upon the head was the source of anxiety. He recovered very slowly. The two ladies attended him with conscientious care. Naturally, the brunt of the labor fell upon the younger Mrs. Strong. She installed Mr. Griggs as assistant nurse. Nordhall's cousins came from Boston, and shook hands with him. All the proper things were done. Yet when was there ever an invalid man — a lovely woman being under the same roof-tree — who was not left largely to the ministrations of the lovely woman? To plan otherwise is plainly a defiance of Providence which forestalls its own defeat. Some women yearn over a sick man like a mother over a wounded child. Reliance was one of these women. Nordhall's life was in danger. It is probable that she saved it. Her consciousness that he had risked it while helping (however reluctantly) to protect her pet drunkard and to further her heart's work, of course gave a certain personal

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intensity to the brooding maternal care which she would have expended upon anybody thrown in this way against her mercy. She felt a little as if she had killed him. She devoted herself to his need. She could not do enough.

Inevitably, their relation to one another slightly altered its character, under these conditions. Reliance felt that she had never half known Charley Nordhall. Nordhall felt that he had never known himself.

He used to watch her, as she moved about the room. He found this an absorbing occupation.

"She do move like a field of grain against the wind," said Mr. Griggs, one day. Nordhall did not rebuke this remark; it was reverently made; he felt differently about the "reformed man," now. "She is such a — lady!" said Mr. Griggs. "I never had a — lady — kind to me before."

"So that 's what 's the matter with you," said Nordhall, dreamily regarding the ex-drunkard.

"Sir?"

"It is the strangeness of it, is it, that helps you? The — refinement; the elevation; the inclination from such a height to such a" — He stopped.

"It is her being such a — lady," repeated Mr. Griggs perplexedly, but with a touch of doggedness, "and me being such a — raskill. Those are the two points in my mind, sir. And she *cares* whether I get drunk. She really does, Mr. Nordhall. It 's give me an idea" —

"Go on," said Nordhall, with an invalid's idle interest in his nurse's chatter.

"It 's give me an idea of the way God makes out to care, — being God, too, to the same time. I can't express what 's in my mind, sir. I can *think*, but I don't know how to *express*. You 're getting on fast, Mr. Nordhall. You won't need me after this week, I take it."

Thus they got quickly, as men are prone to do, away from the bare nerves.

Mr. Griggs went, and convalescence came. Nordhall crept about the room, or tottered to the balcony, or crawled to the head of the stairs and looked down. Reliance redoubled her gentle attentions, now that he was thrown entirely upon the mercy of her mother and herself.

He watched her, as I say, passing in and out. She was apt to wear white shawls. She had a voice created for a sick-room: very low and sweet, but pulsating with a certain cheerfulness, like muffled silver bells. He knew her voice in every cadence of misery, and — long ago — some of her tones in joy. This was a new note, this sister of charity in her sweet breath.

Sometimes she read to him; sometimes they talked; sometimes they sat upon the balcony in the summer air. Kaiser came and sat beside her. Nordhall looked over the railing to watch the hollyhocks come gently to their blossoming, — the rose, the gold, the silver; it seemed to him that he could, by leaning over, touch the tall one with the heart of wine.

Naturally, Mrs. Strong's mission work suffered a slight eclipse at this time. He could see that this troubled her, but that she was too hospitable to desire him to remember it. Delicately regarding her wish, he seemed to forget that she had any other duties in life than to read him Paracelsus, or to bring him pudding. Once in a while it occurred to him that she seemed to forget, too. Then he would remember that she remembered.

He suffered vague phases of feeling; he drifted on the current of returning life.

Once they had passed an unusually pleasant day. Nordhall got down to lunch. She helped him. Kaiser cried with delight, and conducted him to his chair. Madam Strong was in uncommon spirits. Janet and Jacobs said, "Glad to see you down, sir!" Mr. Janet came over, and shook his hand as if it

had been a village pump recently frozen up. The day was superb. After lunch, Madam Strong finished Peveril of the Peak, and went to sleep. They stayed in the cool, shaded parlor. Nordhall lay on the sofa. Reliance played old songs with the soft pedal. He stayed downstairs till after tea. Twilight came on quietly. She glided in and out. Once she sat down, and they talked together a long time. He could not have told what they talked about, — little things; yet he felt as if she took almost as much comfort from it as himself. He turned presently, and looked at her through the growing dark.

She needed comfort. . . .

Her hand lay relaxed and empty, white against her black dress.

"I wish I were one of the people who know how to say Thank you," said Nordhall abruptly. He had never before alluded to what she had done for him. He laid his hand upon hers, as he spoke, moved to one of the slight liberties which the well allow to the sick or the sick receive from the well; yet gravely, as one does to emphasize an earnest word.

"Don't, please!" said Reliance.

He hesitated for an instant.

"Don't — what?"

"It hurts me to be thanked, almost always."

"Very well, then."

"I am so glad — to help — any one! What have I to live for, but to help people?"

"'People' must express an obligation now and then," rather bitterly.

"Mr. Nordhall, don't let us quarrel. It has been such a pleasant day!"

He removed his hand in silence. Plainly, she had not noticed the slight and reverent touch. He was glad she thought it had been a pleasant day. He lay for a little, quite silent: for he felt weak, just then, with comfort. She began to talk, gently still. He listened idly. Then she went across the half-lighted room, and groping for the keys played a little more. Then she came back, and sat silent for a time, again.

By and by she said she must get the air, and would call her mother. As she stood in the bright door-way, she looked over her shoulder and said good-night. She did not return. Janet lighted the lamps. Madam Strong came in, and kindly volunteered to read the Transcript aloud. She dwelt upon the stock list as being of especial interest to a business man.

Kaiser went to sleep on the rug, and snored with unnecessary energy.

Nordhall heard the great front door open and shut, and felt rather than saw that Reliance drifted by the window, with the thick camel's-hair shawl over her head; he was glad she had thought to protect herself. He wondered what she was doing out alone there in the silent garden, among the moonlit flowers. He wondered, What was she thinking? His lips trembled with a senseless, groundless, blind, and battling happiness.

Reliance, in the garden, walked to and fro; quietly at first, like one who feels the eyes of others still upon her, and does what is expected of her. The moon was high. The heavens were bare. Shadows from the horse-chestnuts fell heavily across the graveled walks, and alternated sharply with jets of white light, like smoke and fire. The wind was warm but restless, rising from the south. The air was heavy with the scent of garden flowers. There were some tall yellow lilies that grew at that time of year. Her husband had a fancy for them, and had first pointed them out to her. They were of a pale flame color, pure and soft; they yielded perfume at night. These flowers stood in the moonlight, in rows, like lamps.

The street was still. The house, too, looked asleep. The garden stretched out like an unreal world. She herself seemed to herself a ghost in it. She glided up and down the defined, dry walks.

Beyond the marshes she could hear the throb to which, of all created sounds, her sense and soul were most responsive, — the regular pulse of unseen breakers upon unseen shores. She listened for a while to the sea.

She went presently and broke one of the yellow lilies from its stem, bent over it, and caressed the spotless, burning thing. The light of the lily and the light of the moon both struggled on her face. As she stood looking into the flower's heart, she said, to it — to herself — to who knew whom? —

"It would have been an insult — to have noticed — so slight" —

She lifted the hand with the lily in it to her eyes; suddenly she drew in her breath, and began to run. She swept across the white walks once or twice, then plunged into the grass, and ran up and down there, like a creature who had received a wound. The grass was long and wet; it clung to her damp dress and tangled her way; but still she ran, — aimlessly at first, then with a slower motion and more weakly. She came to a stop against an old fence at the bottom of the garden. Fire-flies were there, leaping from the meadows. Except for the now nearer call of the sea, it was cruelly still. She stretched her arms above her head, and cried out, — broken words, she did not know what. The fire-flies flashed about her, as she stood with the flame-colored lily held aloft. By their illusive light, suddenly turning, she looked for a moment at her own hand. She smote it with the other, as if she would have smitten it off.

She went back into the house, presently. Jacobs had been there and helped Nordhall up to bed. Her mother was locking the parlor windows. Only Kaiser came up and smelt of the crushed, yellow flower she held. No one spoke to her. She got up-stairs, — the hall was dark. But the light of the lily was on her.

Nordhall woke the next day with that stir at the heart which recalls a happiness whose nature is so evanescent that one does not know whether it is an experience or an expectation.

The dawn had been dewy, and the day was fresh. Wet branches swept in at his opened windows. There were robins on the balcony, twittering and stirring tamely about; one was singing. Jacobs was at work with an unseen scythe in an unseen shadow, and the breath of new-mown hay came up. The sick man felt strong, and would rise and surprise her. He sat at the window in the gray damask arm-chair, resting, after he was dressed. He looked out over the garden, where the flowers glowed, and drank the morning with his boyish eyes. All the fevers of life seemed laid. The world was real and young; no ghosts in it to-day; ghosts did not walk, thank Heaven, by the July sun. A man might have moments, in a long life (and a guarded one), when no one could blame him if he were too happy to think about dead people.

He crept down softly, clinging to the banister for the support his well soul could not yield his feeble body yet. He would go into the parlor and wait for her. She would come in and look. . . .

She was already there. She stood with her back towards him. She seemed to be searching for something; she ran her finger over the tufted sofa, and stooped, groping on the carpet with slender, sliding hand. Then she turned and looked out of the window. She did not see him, and he too stood still. She wore a white morning-gown; the high profile of her hair was towards him, and the upper curve of the cheek.

We all know that maddening turn of a woman's head. Ah, what a woman she was! — all woman, all woman; no ghost to-day.

Nordhall stirred, and stepped into the parlor. He only said good-morning, yet it seemed to him that he said half

that was in his heart. He only held out his hand, yet it seemed to him that he held out his life to her.

She would come half-way, perhaps; she too needed comradeship and comforting; she would turn and smile —

She turned, but she did not smile; or, if so, faintly as a disordered dream. She bade him good-morning quietly, said she was glad to see him down — she did not expect — she supposed — And then she faltered, and seemed to remember that he still stood, and that he was weak and trembled. Her manner changed. She led him quickly to the sofa, and softly said, —

"You have done too much. I will bring you a cup of coffee this moment. Do not stir till you get it."

This was all; yet it seemed to him that she said an inhuman thing. She was kind, — oh, as kind as love; yet it seemed to him that she had been cruel as the grave.

When she returned with the coffee, he saw that she had not slept, and that she had been weeping. He did not try to speak. His brain whirled, and he grew faint. He drank the coffee feverishly, and closed his eyes. All he felt now was that he did not understand her. He said he would take his breakfast there alone, if it were not too much trouble; and so she left him without a word. He lay and listened to the robin on the balcony, who sang on rapturously.

Madam Strong chiefly attended to Nordhall's wants that day. Reliance passed in and out, but wandered often into the garden, and sat for hours in her own room. Madam Strong did not comment on the circumstance. She read the Advertiser, and expatiated on Dr. Bishop's success with Mr. Nordhall's case. She had the utmost confidence in Dr. Bishop. She believed him to be the superior of many more celebrated men. He had always treated the best people in Salem. Nordhall listened confusedly.

Towards night she came into the parlor, and drawing her blue yarn from the old-fashioned black-silk bag that she wore at her side, began composedly to knit and say, —

"Reliance has been out of sorts to-day."

Nordhall pinned his eyes to the black-silk bag; it was run on clasps of black ivory that extended on either side, like gymnasium poles; the blue yarn seemed to be vaulting over these poles, as if competing for an athletic prize.

"She met with an affliction yesterday," pursued Madam Strong, in her finished, exasperating manner. "She lost her wedding-ring."

"*Ah!*"

"Yes, poor girl! She felt it very keenly. She has just found it. She dropped it in the garden last evening, while walking there to get the air before retiring. She has cried herself sick. She has been at the church-yard — where my son lies — half the day. Her hand has grown so thin, I have often urged her to get a guard. I am quite relieved that it was not lost."

The old black-silk bag shut with a soft snap, and the blue gymnast quivered, impaled upon the ivory pole, from which it seemed to have no longer courage or power to get away. Nordhall watched the senseless thing with interest, wondering how it was either going to get on and be knitted into anything, or climb back into the bag and be shut up.

VII.

"You may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend." — Bacon.

Nordhall concluded that it was time for him to get well; and he proceeded to this end with great intentness. In less than a week from the day Reliance broke and bruised the golden lily, she had her flowers to herself. She walked

much in the garden in the evenings of that waning moon, alone and calm. She searched no longer for lost rings, but wisely did as her mother bade her, and bought a guard.

The day that Nordhall left the house, she put on her bonnet and went to a temperance society, a business women's reading room, and a mission prayer-meeting.

The next day, she called on five "reformed men" and three sick girls, and attended a conference of coöperative visitors.

Reliance Strong was in no sense a remarkable person. Unless to love loyally is to be distinguished, she had no claim to the unusual. She was like many other delicate and tender women whom you and I know, and her life was like so many other women's lives that I hesitated at the outset to tell her story, and I hesitate more and more as I go on. It is my reassurance that no one will read it through who does not love women, and follow with some degree of comprehension the whirl of the all but invisible hair-springs by which the pulsations of their lives are touched. I am not without comfort sometimes, too, that these hidden wheels stir so fast, given a certain momentum to their secret strength, that such a story as this cannot be very long. The jeweled machinery yields and wears. Then, perhaps, we buy us a new time-piece, or we patch up the old one, or, possibly, we go without any for the rest of our lives. But the struggle to keep golden hours by a weakened mainspring is over, and with it the tale.

Reliance, I say, was not remarkable; yet in one respect I may retract the words. She had acquired by nature or by grace a power far less common among women than with men, — she knew how to withdraw from an indefinite and unrestful relation. She did not parry and play with a position which she did not clearly relish, nor with a feeling which she did not fully understand.

Something was the matter between her and Charley Nordhall. She would give him a chance to find out what. She plunged into her mission work with greatly increased energy. The slightly neglected shop-girls greeted her back. The somewhat overlooked invalids met her with outstretched hands. The patient but a little perplexed "reformed men" took heart, and welcomed her with watchful eyes.

"I know we can't expect you to be always just so," said Mr. Janet, philosophically, "but a man situated as I be is a great deal more so when you are!"

She did not answer this singularly lucid remark; her lip trembled in the fine profile cut against her veil. It was after the meeting, and she stood in the low door of the mission room, with the sunset struggling over her into the close, dusty, and now silent place. Her heart smote her once again; but not this time for Nordhall's sake. She turned and looked about the room. Little Janet, who was "organist," was just closing the asthmatic melodeon. The janitor was gathering up the battered hymn-books. Mr. Griggs stood, with his hat off, regarding her with his famishing eyes; he was pale with long abstinence and looked feeble. She could feel how every nerve in him cried for the indulgence between which and him her ideal stood. She stood, — *she!*

Her hand was ungloved. (It was the left one, on which her wedding-ring hung fettered by a fine gold chain.) She gave it to Mr. Janet, in one of the silent pledges whose power over the giver is doubled by the fact that the recipient cannot understand it. The miserable place seemed sacred to her as she turned away.

She saw little of Nordhall for several weeks. He called, of course; he expressed his gratitude. Madam Strong sat in the room, and the conversation took that

feebly unobjectionable and general tone which insures safety, if not entertainment. Reliance talked a good deal about her poor people; a perfectly objective direction of thought, in which his inclination seemed to follow her. Nordhall proposed going to one of the temperance prayer-meetings; but Reliance did not encourage this herculean effort at reformation. Nordhall's bright boy's eyes fell when he perceived this. He sincerely wanted to go; he said he should like to hear Griggs pray.

"Would you, *really?*" she asked, piercingly. He flushed, but made her no answer just then. Afterwards, Madam Strong having stepped out after her camphor bottle, he said very frankly that he was not a fellow to propose *that* sort of thing for the sake of her society. It was her turn to color. She felt that she had misrepresented herself, and stood in an undesirable attitude. They got on badly together that evening, and he went away at half past eight.

When he had gone she felt ashamed of herself, and as if John would be ashamed of her; and so went miserably up-stairs, took out her husband's picture, and cried over it for a while. It seemed to her that in all her life she had never needed him as she needed him now. *He* would know just what to do about Charley Nordhall.

Some time intervened between this and Nordhall's next appearance. He was very busy; he wrote a note of five lines to say so, and to ask, Had the ladies any commands upon his services in New York? He traveled a little, and attended to neglected duties. The real-estate business acquired a renewed importance in his mind, and its influence upon the interests of the country assumed a directness of which he was not always aware.

He set his teeth over it. He too could work, as well as she. They went their separate ways in that loud silence and with that pursuant consciousness of each other which belong only to ill-adjusted and unsatisfied relations.

One day, Reliance and Kaiser went down to the shore, and walked, as their wont was when she could find time, alone together up and down the beach. Reliance was not happy that day. Her work had gone wrong. One of her men had broken his pledge. One of her girls was "keeping company" with a rascal. One of her sick people had died suddenly, — had sent for her; she was in Boston matching crape for her mother-in-law, and when she came home, tired and dusty, in the evening train, she was too late. Mr. Griggs was out of employment and the coöperative treasury out of funds. Philanthropy seemed to her of less value than life itself just then, and more than this she knew not how to say. She was not very well; had stayed at home with her mother and her poor people during the July fevers, instead of hunting up Myrtle Snowe or some other cool old friend, and going to the mountains, as Nordhall had wished her to do. She was tired. Her whole heart ached.

Then, too, it happened to be one of those frequently recurring, little, unimportant anniversaries, of whose existence none but the mourner knows. This is the day when the dear one brought us a rosebud, gave us a book, sang us a song, took us to drive; or we walked to see a sunset fold, or a foxberry bloom; or there was a poem read, a headache cured; or hands touched, or lips met. And this was the hour, and the years have not buried it; they cannot, nor can we.

Reliance, on the yellow beach, wandered to and fro. The sky was yellow, too, and hence the sea; it was the sunset of a gray day. Dull splendors had broken out of yielding cloud and mist; a glory was on the horizon which was fog an hour ago. Into this glory the slender, dark-robed outline of the solitary figure on the shore could not fuse, —

black cannot melt to gold, — but rebelled from her atmosphere, and appealed the more to the eye that watched her, for this reason.

He thought at first he would tell her so, coming upon her suddenly, almost brusquely, as he did. But he told her nothing. She was a little startled at seeing him, and he only strolled by her side a moment or so, in silence. Then he spoke to Kaiser, and then he said — what was perfectly true — that he did not expect to overtake her; he had come out for a hard walk alone on the hard sand.

"And I too," she said smiling.

He hesitated. "Shall we pursue the objects which drew us here?"

"I don't know," said Reliance, with gentle vagueness.

"Shall I leave you to your own devices? I can go about my own."

"Just as you like, Mr. Nordhall. I am glad to see you; you know that." She spoke with a grave, sweet dignity. There was never any ingenious parrying of words between these two. No man could have drawn inconceivable conclusions from fantastic glimpses of feeling in her conversation. As for the thousand-and-one refined phases of that modern emotion which used to be called flirtation, but which we have now "evoluted" into a form of psychological study, a man would as soon have made them the staple of a morning call on St. Catherine or Elizabeth Frye as to have offered them to this young and beautiful widow.

"*Are* you glad to see me always?" asked Charles Nordhall, with an honest flush.

"Why, certainly I am!" But this was without any flush at all.

"And glad to-day? I hope you are particularly so to-day! It is a good while since I have seen you; and there are not many such evenings as this in a summer."

They walked on together, drawing nearer to the water, and so nearer to the glory in the heavens, beyond the shifting sea and stable shore.

"Not many such in a life-time, I think," murmured Reliance, after this pause. She was moved by the color, by the sound. The wave broke at her feet gently, but somewhere the breakers cried; the sun was ready to sink into the yielding tide. It seemed to her that they all alike — sun and shore, she and John, sky and molten mist — were part of the splendor, made the glory. And Nordhall, too, — Nordhall was a part of it; she could *see* that he was; she could not see her husband. . . .

She stirred, and they strolled, splashing their feet in the warm and glittering shallow wave that overtook them. They walked in perfect silence for what seemed a long time. The sun dropped.

"I 'm tired!" she said abruptly.

He led her to the nearest rock, and wrapped her shawl around her. She submitted quietly, — so quietly that he marveled, till, looking at her, he saw that her lip was quivering.

"You are tired out!" he cried.

"I believe I am," she said, trying to smile. "It has been coming on for a long time. Don't mind it!"

He sat down beside her on the great brown bowlder. He knew that she was afraid she should cry; he would not look at her, nor speak. She was one of the women from whom a tender word spoken at the wrong (or the right) moment will bring the scorching tears which a sharp or neglectful one would have frozen stiff. For a silence, he left her to struggle with herself.

When she spoke, which she did soon enough, she was quite under her own control; not at all, he keenly felt, under his, as she might have been had he made her cry. He half repented his delicate and honorable impulse. He did not know how grateful she was to him, nor that such are the little acts which a woman never forgets, and always re-

veres as if they were a species of heroism. The man capable of them seems to her, for the moment, less unlike herself; the sympathy is stronger to the fancy; he seems like a woman to her; the clay is finer to the touch.

She began to talk directly, when she had recovered herself, of the waning light; of the advancing fog; of a beach of Norton's this reminded her of; and whether Mr. Nordhall thought William Hunt could paint waves.

But Nordhall heard her with rebellious irresponsiveness. He could not so soon abandon that other mood; nay, more, he would not. It had not darkened, but it had deepened, before he turned, and without any preparation, looking down at her through the subdued but still live color of the evening, said, —

"I begin to think I was not honest, once, in a thing I said to you. I wish to confess."

"Oh, I will absolve!" she answered quickly.

He thought, She does not wish to hear me. She fears me; or she fears what I shall say. He answered, —

"I am very much in earnest. Will you permit me to go on?"

"It is plain I could not prevent you if I tried. Yes, go on."

"I said — once — that I valued your friendship for your husband's sake. That was true, so far as it went. It does not go far enough. I desire your friendship for my own sake — now." He paused, and added slowly, "Perhaps I always did. But I did not know it as well as I know it now. I desire — that we may be friends — you and I — because we are you and I; I wish it for my own sake and for yours. I wish to be quite clear. I know that I have made myself obnoxious to you lately; I hope it was partly that we did not understand one another. I want, above all things, that we should understand each other with perfect distinctness, if we can. I ask your permission that we may be personal friends for the sake of no other than ourselves. Do I make myself plain?"

"I think so," said Reliance, in a low voice. She had sunk back against the bowlder, which now had grown purple, like a royal figure. She wrapped her shawl about her, as if preparing for a conversation of some length. Nordhall took a gray stone at her feet, and leaned on his elbow, looking up. She noticed just then the color of his hair, and wondered if she had never observed it before. She had usually thought about his boyish eyes when she looked at him. Often, poor fellow, she had not thought about him at all.

"I wonder," she asked abruptly, "what you would think it meant, precisely. What *is* a friend?"

"Definitions are always dangerous," murmured Nordhall, inaudibly. Then, raising his voice to a gently argumentative tone, he seemed to put her question aside in that imperious, because easy, way which he had at times. "Now, look here. Here we are. I am a solitary fellow, not so young as I was, — I am thirty-seven. I find I mind it, living in a vacuum, more than I used to do. My mother is dead. I have no sisters. My housekeeper is sixty-one. You know I don't care for society women, and you know I never did. You and John used to make me so happy, in Boston. I remember the first time he asked me home to tea I said, 'Your wife won't want me.' I was afraid of intruding; you don't know how afraid of intruding I was! But you made me so easy, so happy! I remember just how you walked across the room. I remember how you looked when you asked if I ate olives, and if I would have cream. I had only seen you at dinner-parties and such places, before, — among the other women. I remember how you asked me to light the fire, after tea, as if I belonged there.

From the time when I saw you in your own house and you were so good to a homeless fellow, and John was so good, — he said, I remember, when I said you would n't want me, 'Trust my wife' " —

"Oh, don't!" she cried, putting up both hands. "Oh, don't, don't, *don't!* I can't bear it! I can*not* bear it! Oh, *what shall I do?*"

She sank; she hid her face against the purple bowlder, — soft as velvet to the eye, hard as iron to the touch, — and on its granite shoulder lay and sobbed as if she would sob her soul out.

He let her cry. He let her cry till she was worn out. All his life and strength struggled to comfort her. But she was John's wife. He left her to the arms of the rock. He only put out his hand in the twilight, and stroked the fringe of her shawl.

By and by, they perceived that it was growing dark; they seemed both to have a recognition of the fact at the same moment, and simultaneously stirred and rose. Neither spoke. She gave him her hand, and he helped her from the purple rock to the gray one, — both black now, — and so upon the lighter, yielding sand. His fingers, as they met hers, touched the chained wedding-ring.

They walked home without one word. She was perfectly quiet now, and leaned wearily towards him. When they had gone through the syringa arbor and up the long front yard, at the foot of the steps she paused, and said, —

"If we are to be better friends, to understand each other better, — and there is no reason why John should mind" —

"There is no such reason!" whispered Nordhall, impetuously. "I ask for nothing but friendship. I want nothing else! I only want that what I have shall be *mine*. John would not blame me for this, — nor you either."

"I *could* not do anything for which my husband could blame me!" She drew herself to her full height, and dropped his arm.

Then she said, "I am too tired to talk about it to-night," and like a spirit she was gone.

VIII.

"There sometimes occurs in a strong soul a love firm enough to transform itself into impassioned friendship so as to become a duty, and appropriate the quality of virtue." — CHATEAUBRIAND.

That delightful consciousness of having left something of the first importance so far unexplained to a woman as to necessitate an immediate occasion for seeing her again followed Nordhall the next day, through the (for the time being) depreciated interests of the real-estate business, whose value to the country and to posterity seemed less marked than it had of late.

He took an earlier train than usual out from Boston, and sought her at the first pardonable hour. As he walked up the avenue, that night, he looked at the great horse-chestnut shadow meeting over his head, and across the garden where some snow-ball bushes stood white in the night, and towards the gray marshes, and up at the eloquent house, and thought within how small a compass the drama of his feeling for this woman had been played. How limited the scenery through which she and he had moved in these four widowed years! It made her dearer to him that this was so. He was a quiet fellow, liking quiet ways and near horizons. What should he have done if she had been one of the mourners who want to be taken to the theatre to "be got out of themselves," or who must keep running to Paris for a "change of scene"?

He thought, with a thrill of pride in her not unlike the haughtiness of possession, how sincere a life it had been, how *real* she was. He thought of her unselfishness, her modesty, the sweet outgoing of her nature to those more

needy than herself; how rare, how fine, this bruised but vital womanhood!

Nordhall exulted over her, as he walked up the lonely avenue.

He did not fully analyze the nature that so appealed to and commanded him. Yet he plied himself with queries, keen and inevitable as stabs of physical pain. Whence grew a genuineness real and rich as life? Whence sprang this tenderness, sad and sweet and mysterious as death? Whence came this deepening wealth and beauty of a character to which every year added new splendors, like a picture before which he stood, distant and awed, to watch the artist lay the wet, fresh colors on, — he who could not touch it?

Some works belong to their creator, like those of the great Belgian painter, who never parted with his own, but elaborated his pictures from year to happy year, until he died and left their glory to his country, perfected and unique.

. . . Whose picture was *this?* Whose work was *she?* To whom belonged the bewildering outline, the tender tint, the fine harmony?

He did not answer his own questions. He did not admit in words that no power on earth could make and keep a woman like this woman but the eternal fertility of constant love. He did not say to himself that the very ideal which he reverenced was the daily growth of causes which separated and must separate it from himself.

He only went up the steps and rang the bell, and asked for her.

Madam Strong was not well that night; she lay on the sofa in the drawing-room, and apologized to Mr. Nordhall, carefully covered with an afghan knit in mourning colors, gray and black. She found a bronchial difficulty in her throat, and talked about Dr. Bishop. Nordhall and Reliance sat by the table and chatted quietly. Reliance was drawing up a list of tableaux for the entertainment in the coffee rooms. He helped her, and they discussed many little things. If she only said, "*Would* you have a temperance dialogue?" he felt as if she needed him. If he only ruled off her programme, it seemed to him as if he upheld her. She was gentle, cheerful, and calm. They had a pleasant time.

Her scrap-book, among other things that could be assessed as taxable for the temperance entertainment, lay upon the table. He took it up, with the delicately familiar glance which says: I know I may! She did not forbid. He turned the leaves slowly, pleased with her permission; yet, had she refused it, he would have been profoundly hurt.

"Ah!" he said suddenly.

"Ah what?"

"*You* have that thing, too! I never heard of anybody else who liked it. It came out in the Pacific, I think, anonymously. Apparently, it fell dead. *I* carried away the remains and buried them; but I thought myself the only mourner."

She held out her hand for the book, with a sparkle of pleased curiosity. She was at the time assiduously cutting gilt paper for a tableau (name and nature as yet indistinct) in which Janet was to figure. Janet had begged to be allowed to "act in something with stars." Mrs. Strong read and returned the poem, with the air of an astronomer disturbed at an eclipse.

These were the lines: —

Thrust backward on the border of the Land,
Defied, yet dauntless, we obey, and drop
Our level lids, — dazzled. None see so far
As the denied. To none, so radiant, lift
The foreheads of the reigning hills. To whom
So fair, the garments of the valley, when
She leans against their feet?
Not lost, O Land,
The mute, majestic forests where no man
Has set his foot; thy tropic balm and calm
Of tangles where the moon shines warm enough
To call the blush upon the rounding grape.
Not lost the unfamiliar, far, bright sands
Of hidden beaches waking with the wave
That calls the soul to sail a virgin sea.

Gold is the gleam that never fell on trodden shores,
Thy shadows purple splendors be, brave Land!
O perfumes faint, for which we have no name!
Strange blossoms none have ever culled, nor can,
And colors new-created! Glorious!
Ye are not lost, but living. Living, we.
Await us. Ye are ours. Each to his own
Shall come. The sure can wait. We set our seal
Of kingdom and discovery upon
Thy silences and solitudes, and wild
Surprises, and unfathomed rest.

O Friend,
Step hither; look with me. Draw near. Shrink not.
Since we shall share the empire, are we not
So strong that we can share the exile, too?

"It has no title," said Nordhall, feeling that some one should speak. "*I* should call it — if I must call it at all — Discovered, — Unexplored. Who was that wise fellow who said poems ought to have no titles?"

"How many rays would exact science permit in a gilt-paper planet," replied Reliance, thoughtfully, "if it had to cut them with extremely dull embroidery scissors, from a pattern furnished — and adored — by Janet? Yes; I like the poem. I wish you would pick up a few of these nebulæ scattered round the table." Nordhall felt a vague hurt, as if the continuity and intensity of his sentiment had jarred with the variety and delicacy of hers; while at the same time he respected his own impulse sturdily. What if he had quoted poetry at an unexpected moment? At least his mood was as worthy as her recoil from it. He shut the scrap-book, however, and became as devoutly astronomical as she could wish.

When Madam Strong went, by and by, to sleep, — Dr. Bishop having recommended naps, — and the gray and black afghan took on a less insistent character to their consciousness (there was a bereaved work-basket left with crape bows; but this was not so expressive), Nordhall and Reliance quickly fell into one of those silences which are so much more awkward and vocal than speech. She worked over her stars a few minutes, but was the first to speak, and she said, without looking up, snipping burning bits of gold paper over her black dress, —

"I want to understand, exactly, what you meant by saying that it was for my sake."

"That what was for your sake?"

"That we should understand each other better, and be better friends, — for your sake, and mine too. Why mine too?"

"Because I think you need me."

He had never spoken like this to her. She lifted her protesting eyes. He had brought his lips together with a decision which alarmed, but a gentleness which disarmed her.

"You are lonely," he said, with suppressed breath. "You are as lonely as you can be, and live. I desire to help you. I desire to comfort you all I can."

"You always *have* tried to help me."

"Yes, but so imperfectly, so poorly; always with some doubt or misconception behind. I could help you more, far more, if you would let me."

"I have my husband!" She looked over her shoulder, as if he stood there.

"You can't see him!" cried Nordhall, cruelly.

"What does that matter? He is *there*."

Instinctively, Nordhall looked over her shoulder, too, into the warm, lighted, empty air. His eye traversed the bright vacancy, the length of the drawing-room, and returned. His manner changed.

"Perhaps he is. I hope so, if that helps you any. I offer you nothing which I should not offer if he were, — though *I* can't see him, either. I am not here as your lover, Reliance Strong. I am here as your friend."

Her face crimsoned terribly, like crimson lightning, for that one instant, then she went deadly pale; and then her calm and natural look came back.

"*Please* don't think I misunderstand! I am not so vain, so conscious. I do not think about things in that way. I don't,

Through a failure to receive the author's proof in season for correction, Mr. Lloyd's article goes to our readers without the strong confirmatory facts and figures which his revision embodied. His paper was written several months ago, and as printed represents the condition of things at the time of writing. Some minor errors of statement, not affecting his positions generally, have necessarily remained uncorrected.

indeed! I only want to do what is quite right. If it is right to take the kind of friendship you speak of, to need you, to depend on you, when I am perplexed or tired . . . Oh, I *am* so tired, lately, it seems to me as if I could not live another day!"

She dropped her paper, as if ashamed of her own impulsive words, and moved from him; went across to the low window, opened it, stood by it, then stepped over and out upon the piazza. He followed her without a moment's hesitation, stopping only to draw the afflicted afghan closer over Madam Strong, who had partially waked and spoken. He closed the window after he had passed through.

This little pause gave Reliance recovery of herself. She stood looking up at him. They seemed to be shut apart there, — they two alone together in the September night. She held up her hands in that appealing way no other woman had, and with her sweet self-possession said, —

"Dear Mr. Nordhall, I am willing to let you be my friend, as well as John's. I think it must be right. I think my husband would feel it to be so. Let us help each other all we can. It is a hard world . . . to live in. . . . I need help." . . .

Her voice dropped. I[illegible] took both her hands in his[illegible] instant; then put them dow[illegible] had been dead desires.

His ideal of himself stoo[illegible] side them on the dark veran[illegible] ible but powerful as the de[illegible] spirit. It was as if four of [illegible] there, — John and Relian[illegible] Charles Nordhall and Ch[illegible] hall's vision. At that m[illegible] himself to be capable of s[illegible] exampled in the history [illegible] that man knows for wom[illegible] himself capacious for the [illegible] and the powerful protecti[illegible] he who is wrought of passi[illegible] control and controlled passio[illegible] der to her whom he might h[illegible]

Of all the forms and s[illegible] relation possible between [illegible] and women, none, perhaps [illegible] power over character, a[illegible] sadder, than this which exis[illegible] free soul and bound lips say, *I might have loved.* None, pe[illegible] knows either happiness so secret, so unselfish, or fidelity so hopeless and so permanent.

"But I will never love her!" cried the visible to the invisible Nordhall, in the September night. "I will befriend her — for her sake."

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

STORY OF A GREAT MONOPOLY.

When Commodore Vanderbilt began the world he had nothing, and there were no steamboats or railroads. He was thirty-five years old when the first locomotive was put into use in America. When he died, railroads had become the greatest force in modern industry, and Vanderbilt was the richest man of Europe or America, and the largest owner of railroads in the world. He used the finest business brain of his day and the franchise of the state to build up a kingdom within the republic, and like a king he bequeathed his wealth and power to his eldest son. Bancroft's History of the United States and our railroad system were begun at the same time. The history is not yet finished, but the railroads owe on stocks and bonds $4,600,000,000, more than twice

debt of $2,220,000,000, eople annually $490,000,- a half times more than the s revenue last year of $274,- More than any other class, ad men have developed the nd tried its institutions. The almost all taxes by the New al Railroad has thrown upon f New York State more than f the cost of government, s some of the methods by ch are making the poor lations of trust by Credit ay Gould's wealth and the Erie stockholders, such cor- legislatures as gave the Pa- its subsidies, and nicknamed ey "The State of Camden " are sins against public faith on a scale impossi- rly days of republics and A lawsuit still pending, n ten years ago by a citizen go, to recover the value of bag- destroyed by the Pennsylvania Railroad; Judge Barnard's midnight orders for the Erie ring; the surrender of its judicial integrity by the supreme court of Pennsylvania at the bidding of the Pennsylvania Railroad, as charged before Congress by President Gowen, of the Reading Railroad; the veto by the Standard Oil Company of the enactment of a law by the Pennsylvania legislature to carry out the provision of the constitution of the State that every one should have equal rights on the railroads, — these are a few of the many things that have happened to kill the confidence of our citizens in the laws and the administration of justice. No other system of taxation has borne as heavily on the people as those extortions and inequalities of railroad charges which caused the granger outburst in the West, and the recent uprising in New York. In the actual physical violence with which railroads have taken their rights of way through more than one American city, and in the railroad strikes of 1876 and 1877 with the anarchy that came with them, there are social disorders we hoped never to see in America. These incidents in railroad history show most of the points where we fail, as between man and man, employer and employed, the public and the corporation, the state and the citizen, to maintain the equities of "government" — and employment — "of the people, by the people, for the people."

Our treatment of "the railroad problem" will show the quality and calibre of our political sense. It will go far in foreshadowing the future lines of our social and political growth. It may indicate whether the American democracy, like all the democratic experiments which have preceded it, is to become extinct because the people had not wit enough or virtue enough to make the common good supreme.

The remarkable series of eight railroad strikes, which began during the Centennial Exposition of the prosperity of our first century and the perfection of our institutions, culminated on July 16, 1877, in the strike on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Martinsburg, West Virginia. This spread into the greatest labor disturbance on record. For a fortnight there was an American Reign of Terror. We have forgotten it, — that is, it has taught us nothing; but if Freeman outlives us to finish his History of Federal Government from the Achaian League to the Disruption of the United States, he will give more than one chapter to the labor rising of 1877. The strike at Martinsburg was instantly felt at Chicago and Baltimore in the stoppage of shipments. In a few hours the Baltimore and Ohio, one of the chief commercial arteries of Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, was shut up. The strike spread to the Pennsylvania, the Erie and the New York Central railroads, and to the Great Western lines, with their countless

branches, as far west as Omaha and Topeka, and as far south as the Ohio River and the Texas Pacific. The feeling of the railroad employés all over the country was expressed by the address of those of the Pennsylvania Railroad to its stockholders. The stockholders were reminded that "many of the railroad's men did not average wages of more than seventy-five cents a day;" that "the influence of the road had been used to destroy the business of its best customers, the oil producers, for the purpose of building up individual interests." "What is the result? The traffic has almost disappeared from the Pennsylvania Railroad, and in place of $7,000,000 revenue this year, although shipments are in excess of last year, your road will receive scarcely half the amount. This alone would have enabled your company to pay us e ough for a living." The address also refers pointedly to the abuses of fast freight lines, rolling-stock companies, and other railroad inventions for switching business into private pockets. Other workingmen followed the example of the railroad employés. At Zanesville, Ohio, fifty manufactories stopped work. Baltimore ceased to export petroleum. The rolling mills, foundries, and refineries of Cleveland were closed. Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, all the cities large and small, had the same experience. At Indianapolis, next to Chicago the largest point for the eastward shipment of produce, all traffic was stopped except on the two roads that were in the hands of the national government. At Erie, Pa., the railroad struck, and notwithstanding the remonstrance of the employés refused to forward passengers or the United States mails. The grain and cattle of the farmer ceased to move to market, and the large centres of population began to calculate the chances of famine. New York's supply of Western cattle and grain was cut off. Meat rose three cents a pound in one day, while Cleveland telegraphed that hogs, sh and poultry billed for New dying on the side-tracks th chants could not sell, man could not work, banks could The country went to the verge for the banks, in the absence tances, had resolved to close if t ade lasted a few days longe dent Garrett, of the Baltimor Railroad, wrote that his "gre highway could be restored to only by the interposition of States army." President S Pennsylvania Railroad, teleg authorities at Washingto unless the general govern sume the responsibility of o out the land, the anar now present will become more terrib than has ever been known in the history of the world." The governors of ten States — West Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, and Kentucky — issued dispersing proclamations which did not disperse. The governors of four of them — West Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Illinois — appealed to the national government for help against domestic insurrection, which the State could not suppress. The president of the United States issued two national proclamations to the insurgents. The state troops were almost useless, as in nearly all cases they fraternized with the strikers. All the national troops that could be spared from the Indian frontier and the South were ordered back to the centres of civilization. The regulars were welcomed by the frightened people of Chicago with cheers which those who heard will never forget. Armed guards were placed at all the public buildings of Washington, and ironclads were ordered up for the protection of the national capital. Cabinet meetings were continuous. General Winfield S. Hancock was sent to Baltimore to take command, General Sher-

lled back from the West, and chofield was ordered from t into active service. Barri- he French style, were thrown e voters of Baltimore. New nd Philadelphia were heavily ed. In Philadelphia every ave- approach to the Pennsylvania was patrolled, and the city was uard of six thousand armed eight batteries of artillery. e encounters between troops with loss of life, at Martins- timore, Pittsburg, Chicago, Buffalo, Scranton, and San n the scene at Pittsburg, ery horror of revolution. soldiers were killed, the sol- to flight, and the town left the mercy of the mob. Railroad cars, depots, hotels, stores, elevators, private houses, were gutted and burned. The city has just compromised for $1,810,000 claims for damages to the amount of $2,938,460, and has still heavy claims to settle. The situation was described at this point by a leading newspaper as one of "civil war with the accompanying horrors of murder, conflagration, rapine, and pillage." These were days of greater bloodshed, more actual suffering, and wider alarm in the North than that part of the country experienced at any time during the civil war, except when Lee invaded Pennsylvania. As late as August 3d, the beautiful valley of the Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, was a military camp, traversed by trains loaded with Gatling guns and bayonets, and was guarded by Governor Hartranft in person with five thousand soldiers. These strikes, penetrating twelve States and causing insurrections in ten of them, paralyzed the operation of twenty thousand miles of railroad, and directly and indirectly threw one million men temporarily out of employment. While they lasted they caused greater losses than any blockade which has been made by sea or land in the history of war. Non-sensational observers, like the Massachusetts Board of Railroad Commissioners, look to see the outburst repeated, possibly to secure a rise of wages. The movement of the railroad trains of this country is literally the circulation of its blood. Evidently, from the facts we have recited, the States cannot prevent its arrest by the struggle between these giant forces within society, outside the law.

Kerosene has become, by its cheapness, the people's light the world over. In the United States we used 220,000,000 gallons of petroleum last year. It has come into such demand abroad that our exports of it increased from 79,458,888 gallons in 1868, to 417,648,544 in 1879. It goes all over Europe, and to the far East. The Oriental demand for it is increasing faster than any other. We are assured by the eloquent petroleum editor of the New York Shipping List that "it blazes across the ruins of Babylon and waste Persepolis," and that "all over Polynesia, and Far Cathay, in Burmah, in Siam, in Java, the bronzed denizens toil and dream, smoke opium and swallow hasheesh, woo and win, love and hate, and sicken and die under the rays of this wonderful product of our fruitful caverns." However that may be, it is statistically true that China and the East Indies took over 10,000,000 gallons in 1877, and nearly 25,000,000 gallons in 1878. After articles of food, this country has but one export, cotton, more valuable than petroleum. It was worth $61,789,438 in our foreign trade in 1877; $46,574,974 in 1878; and $18,546,642 in the five months ending November 30, 1879. In the United States, in the cities as well as the country, petroleum is the general illuminator. We use more kerosene lamps than Bibles. The raw material of this world's light is produced in a territory beginning with Cattaraugus County in New York, and extending southwesterly through eight or nine counties of Pennsylvania, making a belt

about one hundred and fifty miles long, and twelve or fifteen miles wide, and then, with an interval, running into West Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, where the yield is unimportant. The bulk of the oil comes from two counties, Cattaraugus in New York, and McKean in Pennsylvania. There are a few places elsewhere that produce rock oil, such as the shales of England, Wales, and Scotland, but the oil is so poor that American kerosene, after being carried thousands of miles, can undersell it. Very few of the forty millions of people in the United States who burn kerosene know that its production, manufacture, and export, its price at home and abroad, have been controlled for years by a single corporation, — the Standard Oil Company. This company began in a partnership, in the early years of the civil war, between Samuel Andrews and John Rockefeller in Cleveland. Rockefeller had been a bookkeeper in some interior town in Ohio, and had afterwards made a few thousand dollars by keeping a flour store in Cleveland. Andrews had been a day laborer in refineries, and so poor that his wife took in sewing. He found a way of refining by which more kerosene could be got out of a barrel of petroleum than by any other method, and set up for himself a ten-barrel still in Cleveland, by which he cleared $500 in six months. Andrews' still and Rockefeller's savings have grown into the Standard Oil Company. It has a capital, nominally $3,500,000, but really much more, on which it divides among its stockholders every year millions of dollars of profits. It has refineries at Cleveland, Baltimore, and New York. Its own acid works, glue factories, hardware stores, and barrel shops supply it with all the accessories it needs in its business. It has bought land at Indianapolis on which to erect the largest barrel factory in the country. It has drawn its check for $1,000,000 to suppress a rival. It buys 30,000 to 40,000 barrels of crude oil a day, at a price fixed by itself, and makes special contracts with the railroads for the transportation of 13,000,000 to 14,000,000 barrels of oil a year. The four quarters of the globe are partitioned among the members of the Standard combinations. One has the control of the China trade; another that of some country of Europe; another that of the United States. In New York, you cannot buy oil for East Indian export from the house that has been given the European trade; reciprocally, the East Indian house is not allowed to sell for export to Europe. The Standard produces only one fiftieth or sixtieth of our petroleum, but dictates the price of all, and refines nine tenths. Circulars are issued at intervals by which the price of oil is fixed for all the cities of the country, except New York, where a little competition survives. Such is the indifference of the Standard Oil Company to railroad charges that the price is made the same for points so far apart as Terre Haute, Chicago, and Keokuk. There is not to-day a merchant in Chicago, or in any other city in the New England, Western, or Southern States, dealing in kerosene, whose prices are not fixed for him by the Standard. In all cases these prices are graded so that a merchant in one city cannot export to another. Chicago, Cincinnati, or Cleveland is not allowed to supply the tributary towns. That is done by the Standard itself, which runs oil in its own tank cars to all the principal points of distribution. This corporation has driven into bankruptcy, or out of business, or into union with itself, all the petroleum refineries of the country except five in New York, and a few of little consequence in Western Pennsylvania. Nobody knows how many millions Rockefeller is worth. Current gossip among his business acquaintance in Cleveland puts his income last year at a figure second only, if second at all, to that of Vanderbilt. His partner, Samuel An-

drews, the poor English day laborer, retired years ago with millions. Just who the Standard Oil Company are, exactly what their capital is, and what are their relations to the railroads, nobody knows except in part. Their officers refused to testify before the supreme court of Pennsylvania, the late New York Railroad Investigating Committee, and a committee of Congress. The New York committee found there was nothing to be learned from them, and was compelled to confess its inability to ascertain as much as it desired to know "of this mysterious organization, whose business and transactions are of such a character that its members declined giving a history or description, lest their testimony be used to convict them of crime."

Their great business capacity would have insured the managers of the Standard success, but the means by which they achieved monopoly was by conspiracy with the railroads. Mr. Simon Sterne, counsel for the merchants of New York in the New York investigation, declared that the relations of the railroads to the Standard exhibited "the most shameless perversion of the duties of a common carrier to private ends that has taken place in the history of the world." The Standard killed its rivals, in brief, by getting the great trunk lines to refuse to give them transportation. Commodore Vanderbilt is reported to have said that there was but one man — Rockefeller — who could dictate to him. Whether or not Vanderbilt said it, Rockefeller did it. The Standard has done everything with the Pennsylvania legislature, except refine it. In 1876 its organization was brought before Congress, and referred to a committee. A prominent member of the Standard, not a member of Congress, conducted the farce of inquiry from behind the seat of the chairman. Another member of the company, who was a member of Congress, came with the financial officer of the company before the committee, and sustained him in his refusal to testify about the organization, its members, or its relations with the railroads. The committee never reported. The facts they suppressed must be hunted out through newspaper articles, memorials from the oil producers and refiners, records of lawsuits, reports of chambers of commerce and of legislative investigating committees, and other miscellaneous sources of information.

The contract is in print by which the Pennsylvania Railroad agreed with the Standard, under the name of the South Improvement Company, to double the freights on oil to everybody, but to repay the Standard one dollar for every barrel of oil it shipped, and one dollar for every barrel any of its competitors shipped. This contract was produced in Congress, and was stigmatized by Representative Conger as "the most damnable and startling evidence yet produced of the possibility of railroad monopoly." Ostensibly this contract was given up, in deference to the whirlwind of indignation it excited. But Rockefeller, the manager of the Standard, was a man who could learn from defeat. He made no more tell-tale contracts that could be printed. He effected secret arrangements with the Pennsylvania, the New York Central, the Erie, and the Atlantic and Great Western. What influences he used to make the railroad managers pliable may probably be guessed from the fact that one quarter of the stock of the Acme Oil Company, a partner in the Standard combination, on which heavy monthly dividends are paid, is owned by persons whose names Rockefeller would never reveal, which Mr. Archbold, the president of the company, said under oath he had not been told, and which the supreme court of Pennsylvania has not yet been able to find out. The Standard succeeded in getting from Mr. Vanderbilt free transportation for its crude oil from the wells

in Pennsylvania, one hundred and fifty miles, to the refineries at Cleveland, and back. This stamped out competing refineries at Pittsburg, and created much of the raw material of the riots of July, 1877. Vanderbilt signed an agreement, March 25, 1872, that "all agreements for the transportation of oil after this date shall be upon a basis of perfect equality," and ever since has given the Standard special rates and privileges. He has paid it back in rebates millions of dollars, which have enabled it to crush out all competitors, although many of them, like the Octave Oil Company and the Titusville refiners, had done all their business over his road till they went into bankruptcy, broken by his contracts with the Standard. He united with the Erie in a war on the Pennsylvania Railroad, to force it to sell to the Standard all its refineries, and the great pipe lines by which the oil, like Croton water in the mains, was carried from the wells to the railroads. He then joined with the Erie and the Pennsylvania in a similar attack on the Baltimore and Ohio, which had to sell out to the Standard. So the Standard obtained the control of all the pipe lines and of the transportation, of everything, in fact, as a witness said before the New York Railroad Investigating Committee, except the bodies of the producers. Mr. Vanderbilt began, as did the Erie and Pennsylvania railroad kings, with paying back to the Standard, but to no other shipper, ten per cent. of its freight bills. He continued making one concession after another, till when he was doing the business for other shippers at $1.40 and $1.25 a barrel, he charged the Standard only eighty and eighty-one cents, and this was afterwards reduced to sixty cents a barrel. During the war against the Pennsylvania road to make it sell out to the Standard, the New York Central carried oil for less than nothing. Besides the other allowances, Mr. Vanderbilt paid the Standard through its alias, the American Transfer Company, a rebate of thirty-five cents a barrel on all the crude oil shipped by it or its competitors. When the independent producers, whom the Standard had cut off from all access to the world except through it, sought an exit through an out-of-the-way railroad and the Erie Canal, or down the Ohio River hundreds of miles to Huntingdon, thence by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad to Richmond, and so to the sea, Mr. Vanderbilt lowered his rates to the Standard so that it could undersell any one who used these devious routes. When the producers, June, 1879, completed their own tidewater pipe line, 104 miles long, to a junction with the Reading Railroad, obtaining in this way a direct connection with the seaboard, Mr. Vanderbilt reduced his rate to the public from $1.40 to $1.25 a barrel to thirty-five and twenty-five cents, and charged the Standard twenty, fifteen, finally but ten cents. For ten cents Mr. Vanderbilt hauled for the Standard a barrel weighing 390 pounds over 400 miles, and hauled back the empty cars, at the same time that he charged forty-five cents for hauling a can of milk weighing ninety pounds for sixty miles. So closely had the Standard octopus gripped itself about Mr. Vanderbilt that even at the outside rates its competitors could not get transportation from him. He allowed the Standard to become the owner of all the oil cars run over his road, and of all his terminal facilities for oil. As the Standard owned all but 200 of the oil cars run on the Erie, and leased all that road's terminal facilities, it could charge its rivals anything it pleased for the privileges of New York harbor. When Mr. Vanderbilt was questioned by Mr. Simon Sterne, of the New York committee, about these and other things, his answers were, "I don't know," "I forget," "I don't remember," to 116 questions out of 249 by actual count. At a time when the Standard Oil Company through its other self, the American Transfer

Company, was receiving from the New York Central thirty-five cents a barrel on all oil shipped by itself or its competitors, and was getting other rebates which cost the New York Central over $2,000,000 from October 17, 1877, to March 31, 1879, Mr. Vanderbilt testified positively before the New York Investigating Committee that he knew nothing whatever about the American Transfer Company, its officers, or the payments to it.

The Standard's control of the Erie was not less complete than its hold of the New York Central. The Erie shipped only ten cars for outsiders in a whole year, and those were given by mistake. Although a public corporation and a common carrier, the Erie let the Standard sink hundreds of wells on its road-bed, and steal the oil of the neighboring wells. After promising cars, of which it had hundreds idle, to independent shippers, the Erie withdrew them at the dictation of the Standard. One shipper had 10,000 barrels of oil brought down to the side of the track by pipe line to be put into cars promised him by the Erie. The agent of the Standard appeared and stopped the shipment. When this shipper told his story, months later, before the New York committee the oil had not been shipped, though meanwhile the market value of oil had gone down thirty per cent. In giving the Standard special rates, rebates, and the like, the Erie followed the same course as the New York Central and the Pennsylvania railroads.

When the Pennsylvania Railroad began its discriminations against the oil producers, they appealed to President Scott for equal rates with the Standard. At the interview they obtained after repeated solicitations, he answered their petition by recommending them to make a compromise with the Standard Oil Company! He did not want, he said, to get into any trouble with that concern. Representing the greatest common carrier under the constitution of Pennsylvania, which expressly provides that everybody shall have "equal rights" on the railroads of the State, President Scott actually offered to get from the Standard Oil Company for the shippers the privilege of transportation over his own road. He volunteered his personal services to mediate between the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Standard. More American than he, they refused the proposed service. One of them, a New York refiner, in describing the scene, says, "We gave him very distinctly to understand that we did n't propose to go into any 'fix up,' where we would lose our identity, or sell out, or be under anybody else's thumb." President Scott told these outsiders that they could not have the same rate as the Standard, not even if they shipped the same amount of oil, and refused to tell them what discriminations were being made. He refused to give them transportation or to let them put their own cars on the road, although they had been his heaviest customers in the years when the Standard was an ally of his competitors in one of the fiercest railroad wars ever waged between the trunk lines.

Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Jewett, and Mr. Scott contracted with the oil producers in writing, March 25, 1872, "not to give any party the slightest difference in rates or discrimination of any character whatever" and "to make no change in rates without ninety days' notice in writing to the producers." Among other features of the systematic and chronic violations of this compact, which began almost immediately, was a special allowance by the Pennsylvania road of twenty-two and a half cents a barrel to the Standard on all oil shipped by its competitors or itself. Vice-President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania, said under oath, in the Pennsylvania suit against his road, that he did not think this special allowance was any violation of the agreement. But by it, as Mr. E. G. Patterson,

of Titusville, said before the New York Investigating Committee, the Standard was able to sell refined oil at less than the cost of manufacture, and put its buyers of oil into the field, and crush out the business of any rival, by bidding this twenty-two and a half cents, or part of it, above the price any one not getting this rebate could pay. In the end the rebate came out of the unfortunate producer. After the Standard had used the rebate to crush out the other refiners, who were its competitors in the purchase of petroleum at the wells, it became the only buyer, and dictated the price. It began by paying more than cost for crude oil, and selling refined oil for less than cost. It has ended by making us pay what it pleases for kerosene, and compelling the owner of the well to take what he can get for his product. For the producer of petroleum, as for the producer of grain, the railroad fixes the price the producer receives.

Mr. Roger Sherman, of counsel for the complainants in the suit brought by the State of Pennsylvania, hunted through the officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad to find some one who knew what rebates the Standard was getting. Most of the officers knew as little as Mr. Vanderbilt. Finally, Mr. Cassatt was put on the stand. He testified as to the rebate of twenty-two and a half cents, already referred to, and similar rebates of thirty-five cents a barrel from the New York Central, and twenty to thirty cents a barrel from the Erie. He showed that, while the open rate to the public was $1.90 to New York for carrying a barrel of refined oil, the Standard had the work done for $1.10 and $1.20 a barrel less, and that out of the seventy and eighty cents the Pennsylvania received it paid ten cents for storage and six cents for lighterage for the Standard. The public rate for transporting crude oil was $1.40 a barrel, but the Standard paid only eighty-eight and a half cents, and finally but ten cents. While the Pennsylvania was giving all these special allowances, carrying oil at one time, according to Vice-President Cassatt's sworn declaration, for less than nothing, it charged shippers like George W. Cachaan, who were not in with the officers of the road, the extreme rate of $2.00 a barrel. The effect of these discriminations was well expressed by Mr. B. B. Campbell, a witness for the State of Pennsylvania, who when asked what profit there was in refining replied, "To any one paying the open rate of freight there would be a heavy loss, but with a $1.10 rebate on every barrel there would be a heavy profit." The New York Central, the Pennsylvania, and the Erie railroads and their connections lost between January and October, 1879, about $13,000,000 of freight earnings they would have had but for their alliance with the Standard. The latest annual report of the Reading company gives a great deal of space to these heavy losses. The president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad called the attention of the other trunk line presidents to its statements. They could not, he said, fail to embarrass the railroads before Congress, and to do them "most serious damage" before the bar of public opinion. He appealed to the trunk line presidents at their meeting on January 21, 1880, to reform "the wasteful and absurd rates on oil," which virtually for the Standard amounted to free transportation. His appeal was without effect. The presidents decided at that meeting not to alter their rates. The rebates given the Standard extend to nearly every State in the Union. These rebates are about equal to the average value of the oil at the wells. The railroads of the United States virtually give the Standard its raw material free. The Western railroads favor the Standard in the same way that the Eastern ones do. They refused competing shippers, in the days before these had been killed

off, equal rates with the Standard, unless they did an equal business. The railroads create the monopoly, and then make the monopoly their excuse. When the Lake Shore charged nominally eighty cents a barrel and thirty cents a hundred pounds to carry oil from Cleveland to Chicago, it did the business for the Standard at seventy cents a barrel and twenty-five cents a hundred.

It seems incredible that Americans should have been willing to do what the Standard, by means of these special privileges from the railroads, did to its competitors. The refineries at New York had often to lie idle while the oil was running on the ground at the wells, because they could not get transportation. The monopoly of the pipe lines which the railroads gave it made the Standard the master of the exits of oil from the producing districts. Producing themselves but one fiftieth of the oil yield they stood between the producers of the other forty-nine fiftieths and the world. There was apparently no trick the Standard would not play. It delivered its competitors inferior oils when they had ordered the high-priced article, out of which alone they could manufacture the fancy brands their customers called for. The Standard received as a common carrier from E. W. Coddington oil for transportation through its United Pipe Line, but, when he sold it to a New York dealer outside the Standard combination, refused to deliver it, at the same time shipping oil to one of this dealer's competitors in New York. The Standard controlled the pipes by which alone Mr. Coddington and all other producers could get to market. When the flow from his wells had filled his tanks, and he had to have them emptied, his application to the Standard's United Pipe Line, a common carrier, was met by refusal to move his oil unless he sold it to the Standard. The following extract from the stenographic report tells the story plainly enough.

Ques. Upon what conditions would they run it?

Ans. Upon condition it was sold to certain parties, — J. A. Bostwick & Co., members of the Standard.

Ques. At what price compared with the market price?

Ans. Below the market price.

Ques. Always below the market price?

Ans. Always below it.

H. L. Taylor & Co., of Petrolia, had wells producing 1600 barrels of oil a day. Their tanks at the wells were full. They owned other tanks, to which they could get their oil only through the pipes which the Standard owned and operated as a common carrier. They applied to it for transportation, and were refused. The wells could not be shut down for fear of water, and so thousands of barrels of oil ran into the ground. The Standard carried its point, for after that the firm sold all their oil to it, always twenty-two to twenty-five cents a barrel below the market price. H. Caldwell was another producer who had flowing wells and empty tanks, which the Standard refused to connect, and who had to sell his oil to it at prices ranging from twelve and one fourth to eighteen and one half cents a barrel below the lowest market rate. Lewis Emery, Jr., a producer of oil, was an owner in six different companies, all of which were denied transportation by the Standard, and forced to sell to it at its price. He said, "We go down to the office, and stand in a line, sometimes half a day; people in a line, reaching out into the street, sixty and seventy of us. When our turn comes, we go in and ask them to buy, and they graciously will take it." This was known in the trade as the "immediate shipment swindle." Sometimes the Standard, after buying the oil this way, would take away a small part of it, and refuse to pay for the rest till it was shipped, months later. As an immediate result of these manip-

ulations, the price of oil began a steady decline from $1.30 to eighty cents a barrel, in the face of an increased demand unequaled in the history of the trade. In 1878 oil went down to seventy-eight and three fourths cents a barrel at the very time the shipments from the wells were 56,000 barrels a day, the largest ever made till that time. All this, as one of the largest producers testified, was because "we take our commodity to one buyer and accept the price he chooses to give us, without redress, with no right of appeal."

Hundreds and thousands of men have been ruined by these acts of the Standard and the railroads; whole communities have been rendered desperate, and the peace of Pennsylvania imperiled more than once. The thousands of men thrown out of employment in Pittsburg between 1872 and 1877 were actors in the Pittsburg tragedy of July, 1877. The oil producers, in their memorial to Governor Hartranft, August 15, 1878, for help declared that "the Standard and the railroad companies leave to the people, whose creatures they are, but two remedies, — an appeal for protection first to the law of the land, and next to the higher law of nature!" The very intelligent and fair correspondent of the New York Sun, whom the Standard could not seduce, as it did the representative of another great New York daily, wrote from Titusville, Pa., November 4, 1878, "The fact is the State of Pennsylvania has had a narrow escape from an internal war, that would have required all its resources to control and check, and the danger is not over yet. . . . Had certain men given the word there would have been an outbreak that contemplated the seizure of the railroads and running them, the capture and control of the United Pipe Line's [the Standard's] property, and in all probability the burning of all the property of the Standard Oil Company in the region. The men who would have done this, and may do it yet, are not laborers or tramps. They are men who believe in order and law, and have business to attend to." Mr. B. B. Campbell, who described himself as the unfortunate owner of nearly a hundred producing wells, told a story before the supreme court of Pennsylvania that ought not to be uninteresting to the million of consumers of kerosene. One day, returning to his home at Parker, near Pittsburg, the centre of a great oil district, he found the citizens in a state of terrible excitement. The Standard, through its pipe line, had refused to run oil, unless sold to them, and then declared it could not buy, because the railroads could furnish it no cars in which to move away the oil. Hundreds of wells were stopped, to their great damage. Thousands more, whose owners were afraid to close them for fear of injury by salt water, were pumping the oil on the ground. All the influence of a few leading men was hardly enough to prevent an outbreak and the destruction of railroad and pipe lines. Mr. Campbell telegraphed the railroad authorities, "The refusal of the Standard to run oil, unless sold upon immediate shipment, and of the railroads to furnish cars, has created such excitement here that the conservative citizens will not be able to control the peace, and I fear the scenes of last July will be repeated in an aggravated form." The interview that followed convinced the railroad men they had gone too far, and in a few hours afterwards hundreds of empty cars suddenly appeared at Parker, and for a week the railroad, which had said it could furnish no cars, took away from Parker fifty thousand barrels of oil a day!

If we turn to the experience of the refiners we find they fared as badly as the producers. The handful of New York refiners who survived the conspiracy against them testify that they had to keep their capacity limited and to do as little as they could. They did not

dare to build large refineries, because they would not be able to get oil enough carried to them to keep them going. Mr. Alexander, of Cleveland, tells how he was informed by Rockefeller, of the Standard, that if he would not sell out he should be crushed out. The Standard had a contract with the railroads which made them master. He had to take their terms, and sell for $65,000 a refinery which cost him $150,000, and was making money. Refiner after refiner in Pittsburg, buying his crude oil in the open market, manufacturing it at his works, shipping it to the seaboard, met with a continued succession of losses, and was forced into bankruptcy or a sale of his works to the Standard, who always had a buyer on the spot at the right time. The great majority of these refineries, when bought by the Standard, were dismantled and the "junk" was hauled to other refineries. The Vesta and Cosmos refineries, which cost about $800,000, were sold at sheriff's sale to the Standard for $80,000, and are now run vigorously by that company. The Germania, which was run to its full capacity as long as the Pennsylvania Railroad gave its proprietor transportation, is now leased to the Standard, but stands idle, as that concern can make more money by limiting the production and maintaining an artificial price than by giving the people cheap light. The Standard became practically the only refiner of oil in Western Pennsylvania, and its rule was bankruptcy to all attempting to lead an independent existence. D. P. Reichardt tells us how the agents of the Standard came to him with the threat that if he did not come into their combination they would drive him to the wall. The Standard called upon this free man to choose between financial ruin and joining them on these terms: he was to refine only half as much as he had been doing, and was to pay them a tribute of one cent a gallon, a tax of five to twelve per cent. The selling, storing, transporting, and price of his oil he was to leave entirely to the Standard. This testimony with regard to the regulation of prices by the Standard is confirmed by the unwilling evidence of Mr. J. J. Vandergrift, president of the Standard's United Pipe Line, and a stockholder in the Standard, who said that the Standard fixes for the other refiners in the combination how much they shall produce each month, thus "keeping up the price." It is also proved to have manipulated the price of oil on the exchanges by the issue of fictitious pipeline certificates to the amount of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The Pittsburg Chamber of Commerce reported April 3, 1876, that there were twenty-one oil refineries idle in that city, owing to freight discriminations and combinations. There were $2,000,000 invested in these refineries, and if in operation they would have required the labor directly of 3060 men, besides the much larger number of carpenters, masons, bricklayers, boiler-makers, pump-makers, and other workingmen, who would have employment if the oil refining business were prosperous. A minute prepared in 1879 by the Hon. Lewis Emery, Jr., a member of the Pennsylvania legislature, shows that of the fifty-eight refineries in Pittsburg in 1867 twenty-eight have been crushed out and dismantled, and that of the remaining thirty twenty-nine have been bought up or leased by the great monopoly. A partial list prepared by Mr. Emery of "the petroleum refineries in Pennsylvania bankrupted, squeezed out, bought up, leased, or dismantled" by the Standard contains seventy-six refineries, of which thirty-one were dismantled, twenty-four leased or bought, some to be run, and some to be shut down, and twenty-one were driven out of business.

Its genius for monopoly has given the Standard control of more than the product of oil and its manufacture. Wholesale merchants in all the cities of the

country, except New York, have to buy and sell at the prices it makes. Merchants who buy oil of the Standard are not allowed to sell to dealers who buy of its few competitors. Some who have done so have been warned not to repeat the offense, and have been informed that, if they did so, the Standard, though under contract to supply them with oil, would cut them off, and would fight any suit they might bring through all the courts without regard to expense. At least one case is known where the deputy oil inspector, in a city to which oil had been shipped by an outside dealer, received from the state inspector peremptory orders by telegraph, before the oil had arrived, to condemn it. In the South, the Standard's control is absolute. It has now stretched out its hands to grasp the turpentine trade, and its peculiar tactics have already been disastrously felt in the turpentine market.

These oil producers and refiners whom the Standard was robbing with and without forms of law fought with every weapon they could command. The struggle has been going on continuously for nine years. All that men could do who were fighting for self-preservation was done. They caused to be introduced into Congress the first original bill to regulate railroads in interstate commerce. The outrages done by the roads and the Standard were proved before an investigating committee of Congress, but Congress did nothing. The legislature of Pennsylvania was besought to pass laws to enforce the constitutional provision for equal rights on the railroads of the State, but the money of the Standard was more powerful than the petition of business men who asked only for a fair chance. Numbers of suits were brought, by individuals and nominally by the State, but by the harmonious efforts of the governor, the attorney-general, the courts, and the defendants they were prevented from coming to any conclusion. Indictments for criminal conspiracy were found by a grand jury, but when Governor Hoyt, of Pennsylvania, in due course of law, was called upon to issue requisitions for the extradition of the two Rockefellers and their accomplices, he refused to do so. Worst failure of all, the supreme court of Pennsylvania stayed the trial of the most important of the cases in progress in a lower court, and so brought the legal proceedings against the Standard and the railroads to an end, in striking agreement with the prediction of one of the defendants that "the case would never be tried." In short, the plundered found that the courts, the governor, and the legislature of their State, and the Congress of the United States were the tools of the plunderers, and were forced to compromise. This compromise, signed February 5, 1880, was a victory in forcing a pledge from the Standard and the railroads of the abandonment of the worst of their practices, but there lies in it, as in most compromises, a germ of disaster. It permits the Standard to receive any rebate the railroads have a right to grant, and allows the railroad to give rebates to large shippers, of whom there is but one, — the Standard. This is the relative position of the parties to-day. The Standard holds its vantage-ground, and America has the proud satisfaction of having furnished the world with the greatest, wisest, and meanest monopoly known to history.

To-day, in every part of the United States, people who burn kerosene are paying the Standard Oil Company a tax on every gallon amounting to several times its original cost to that concern. The average price of crude oil at the wells or at Cleveland, as the railroads carry the crude free to the Standard's refineries, was in December last about three cents a gallon. The price of refined at Cleveland was seventeen cents a gallon. Oil that the Standard sells in New York at a profit, at ten and one half

cents a gallon, they charge nineteen and three fourths cents for in Chicago. The average cost, last December, of the one and a third barrels of petroleum needed to make a barrel of kerosene was $2.05 at Cleveland. The cost of refining, barreling, and all expenses, including a refiner's profit of half a dollar a barrel, is, according to the testimony of experts, $2.75 a barrel. To bring it by rail to Chicago costs seventy cents, making the total cost $5.50 for a barrel of fifty gallons, or eleven cents a gallon. The price the Standard charges in Chicago is nineteen and three fourths cents a gallon, in which, as the difference between eleven and nineteen and three fourths cents, there is a tax on the public of eight and three fourths cents. This tax is transmitted by the middle-men, jobbers, and retailers to the consumer. When at twenty-five cents a gallon the working-man buys kerosene because it is cheaper than gas, or the student because it is better, each pays the Standard this tax of eight and three fourths cents a gallon. A family that uses a gallon of kerosene a day pays a yearly tribute to the Standard of $32, the income from $800 in the four per cents. In Pennsylvania, the tax levied by the Standard above all expenses and legitimate profits is calculated by an expert at fourteen cents a gallon. This makes a yearly tax on the light in most general use in that State of $2,555,000. The whole country consumed last year, at a low estimate, 220,000,000 gallons of kerosene. Putting the Standard tax, to avoid all possibility of exaggeration, down to five cents a gallon, we have a levy on the whole country of $11,000,000, besides the millions taken from the railroads in rebates. These, according to the sworn evidence of the officers of the railroads and the known figures of shipments, amounted in 1878 to $6,960,840, and in the period between October 17, 1877, and March 31, 1879, to $10,151,218. These figures make reasonable the current estimate that the Standard pays dividends of $1,000,000 a month. It can do this, and have millions left to pay the suits of refineries it has leased and keeps idle, its backsheesh to railroad men, the bribes it has had to give judges, state legislatures, and state inspectors, and its salaries of hundreds of thousands of dollars a month to men whom it has turned out of the business, and who are acting as its paid agents. To-day the only visible hope of cheap light for the people of this country is the discovery, announced by the Atlantic cable on January 28th, that in the Hanover petroleum district in Germany a basin has been found, which is thought by experts to be, beyond doubt, as large and rich as the one in Pennsylvania. In Europe, such alliances between the railroads and the refiners as created the Standard monopoly are impossible. German oil wells, German refineries, and the Canadian canals may yet give the people of the interior of this continent what the American Standard and the American railroads have denied them, — cheap light.

It is the railroads that have bred the millionaires who are now buying newspapers, and getting up corners in wheat, corn, and cotton, and are making railroad consolidations that stretch across the continent. By the same tactics that the railroads have used to build up the Standard, they can give other combinations of capitalists the control of the wheat, lumber, cotton, or any other product of the United States. There is more than a suggestion of this in the action, last winter, of the railroads connecting the East and West, in raising rates at a stroke of the pen from fifteen and twenty cents a hundred pounds, between New York and Chicago, to forty and forty-five cents a hundred. The immediate result was a jam at Chicago of $26,000,000 of the products of the farm. Chicago was filled up, and word had to be sent back along the rail-

roads to take no more grain for shipment. The roadside elevators filled up, and the farmers found their market gone. As it happened, on this occasion they had already sold the most of their crop, but the occurrence shows how the outlet for wheat could be cut off by a combination of railroad men and speculators, just as the outflow of oil was cut off by the Standard and the railroads. Some of the speculators most prominent in the recent wheat speculations are powerful railroad owners and directors. Given the power to raise and change the freight rate at will, these speculating directors can control the prices the West shall get for its grain and cattle, and those the East shall pay for its bread and meat. The New York Chamber of Commerce, on February 5, 1880, unanimously adopted a report, — signed by Charles S. Smith, Jackson S. Schultz, Benjamin B. Sherman, Francis B. Thurber, Benjamin G. Arnold, Jacob Wendell, and Charles C. Dodge, — in which these significant words occur: "What has happened in the case of the Standard Oil Company may happen in other lines of business. With the favor of the managers of the trunk lines, what is to prevent commerce in the rest of the great staples from being monopolized in a similar manner? Already it is taking this course. One or two firms in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, with their branch houses in the West, are, by the favor of the railroads, fast monopolizing the export trade in wheat, corn, cattle, and provisions, driving their competitors to the wall with absolute certainty, breaking down and crushing out the energy and enterprise of the many for the benefit of the favored few."

The case of the Standard Oil Company brings the three great trunk lines and their magnates, Scott, Vanderbilt, and Jewett, a great national export and interstate commerce, into one condensed illustration of our subject, but otherwise it is not peculiar. Mr. Vanderbilt assured the public over his own signature that the New York Central made no special rates. Mr. Sterne's examination of the officers and books of the road proved the existence of 6000 special contracts. The Northern Pacific, which has been built by grants of land from the people, and which is now an applicant before the people's Congress for the extension of its land grant, gives special rates to the Dalrymples, the Casses, the Grandins, with their 30,000 and 40,000 acre farms, and charges the poor farmers full rates. The St. Paul and Sioux City Railroad furnishes the large farmers along its route with rates one half those charged the small farmers. Who are the large farmers? President Drake, of the road; General Bishop, its manager; President George T. Siney, of the Metropolitan Bank of New York; Mr. Orr, a partner of the great house of David Dows & Co., of New York; Goldschmidt, the rich German banker, of Frankfort-on-the-Main; and every director on the road. The investments of these men average a return of twenty per cent. the first year, and fifty-five per cent. the second year.

One mind invented the locomotive, established the railroad, and discovered the law of this new force. All railroad history has been a vindication of George Stephenson's saying that where combination was possible competition was impossible. To-day, wherever in this country there is a group of railroads doing business at a common point, you will find a pool. These pools are nothing more mysterious than combinations to prevent competition. They are continually breaking up into railroad wars, but as constantly forming again with improvements gained from experience. The Saratoga agreement, the Colorado pool, the Evening system, the Omaha pool, the Southwestern Rate Association, the Southern Steamship and Railway Association, accounts of which are

continually appearing in the papers, to be always skipped by the general reader, are all experiments in this one direction, — combination to kill competition. For three years our ablest railroad men have been trying to invent a pool that should put all railroad traffic between the Mississippi River and the ports of Europe under one control. The New York Central, the Erie, the Pennsylvania, and the Baltimore and Ohio roads, under the direction of Mr. Albert Fink, the greatest of our railroad experts, have formed a combination under the title of the Trunk Line Executive Committee, which besides themselves includes thirty-two Western roads and one great Southern road, — the Louisville and Nashville. These roads tax the people in their territory $155,000,000 a year for transportation. This pool fixes for each of these roads the rates which it shall charge and the proportion of the entire business it shall do. Only two important Western roads east of the Mississippi do not belong to it, the Rock Island and the Northwestern, but they are both in the Gould-Vanderbilt system, and are operated in substantial harmony with the pool. Ex-Governor Seymour, of New York, in an interview at Utica with a special correspondent of the New York World, held that national regulation of the railroads ought to be opposed by New Yorkers, because it would take away from New York its advantage of position in the struggle with Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore for the business of the West. Governor Seymour is apparently not aware that the Fink pool have already done this. One of their main regulations is that rates from common Western points of shipment, like Chicago to Europe, shall be the same whether made through New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or Baltimore. Of this latest pool Mr. Albert Fink is the executive, periodical meetings of the representatives of the roads form its legislature, and a Board of Arbitration, composed of Charles Francis Adams, Jr., John A. Wright, and David A. Wells, is its judiciary. It has lasted a little over a year, and its members are bound to keep the peace till 1884. It is a stronger union than any the roads have yet made, and is the most powerful, the richest, and the ablest trades union that has yet confronted any government or people. Its managers claim to have abolished all special rates. All shippers, Commissioner Fink said at the meeting of the pool legislature at Chicago in December, are treated alike in the territory of the combination. There must must have been a big mental reservation as to the Standard Oil Company and its competitors in Mr. Fink's statement. He also says, rates are now fixed on a reasonable basis and a permanent one. As to the reasonableness, it must be remembered that the increase in rates last winter excited a great deal of indignation in the West, and was everywhere claimed to be unreasonable in that part of the country. As to the permanence, it is too soon to speak. Mr. Fink dreams of taking into the pool all the railroads between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains, and the Southern system, and so forming a great national federation of railroads. There must be one universal pool, or no pool. To make these pools binding, he plans to ask Congress to enforce contracts between railroads, so that if a road violates its agreement not to compete, it can be brought to terms in the courts. Whatever merits it may have, the Fink pool is secret, irresponsible, and voluntary only. Reporters — that is, the public — were excluded from the annual meeting at Chicago. The pool is not of the people, for the people. Its judiciary arbitrate between the roads, not between the roads and the people. These pools must be either dispersed, as the Reagan bill proposed, or controlled, as Charles Francis Adams, Jr., would do, by legal-

izing the federation. The cat must be killed or belled. In either case, it must be confronted by a power greater than itself. There is but one such power.

Our experience in the riots of 1877, in the countless cases of excessive and unfair railroad taxation fairly represented by the case of the Standard Oil Company, and in pools, which have culminated in the Great Trunk Line Executive Committee, makes it clear that an adequate power must be called in to secure these things :—

(1.) Railroad charges must be public. Publicity is the great moral disinfectant.

(2.) They must be stable. In transportation, as in currency, taxation, and the law, it is indispensable that the citizen know what to count on.

(3.) They must be reasonable. They must be based on the cost of the service, not on what people will stand. The community will not be taxed to pay dividends and interest on the $53,507,000 of water in the New York Central, the $63,963,881 in the Erie, the $13,000,000 in the New York Elevated roads, and so on through the list, or to fatten corrupt railroad officials, like the secret stockholders in the Acme Oil Company.

(4.) They must be equal; for similar services, similar rates. If the absolute equality of the post-office, which sells stamps at the same price by one or one million, is not practicable, and there must be wholesale and retail rates, let the additional charge — as in the case of the single harvester of the small farmer along the Northern Pacific — in no case exceed the actual additional cost of handling and hauling.

(5.) Railroads and railroad men must exercise their public functions. No road shall voluntarily stop running, as several roads did in July, 1877, and no railroad man or multiple of him shall desert his post or interfere with the operation of any road.

(6.) There must be a national board to hear the complaints of citizens and railroads, with power to take testimony, to investigate abuses, to publish the results, and to call upon the legal officers of the government to prosecute where prosecution is needed.

(7.) Under the constitutional right of Congress to pass laws and levy taxes, "to establish justice," there must be such amendment of the law and its processes that all violations of the duties of common carriers, "in commerce among the States," can be prosecuted by civil or criminal proceedings promptly and cheaply.

The costliness, the delays, and the technicalities of our law amount to a denial of justice that is eating deep into the hearts of the people. Only the rich can get justice; only the poor cannot escape it.

In less than the ordinary span of a life-time, our railroads have brought upon us the worst labor disturbance, the greatest of monopolies, and the most formidable combination of money and brains that ever overshadowed a state. The time has come to face the fact that the forces of capital and industry have outgrown the forces of our government. The corporation and the trades-union have forgotten that they are the creatures of the state. Our strong men are engaged in a headlong fight for fortune, power, precedence, success. Americans as they are, they ride over the people like Juggernaut to gain their ends. The moralists have preached to them since the world began, and have failed. The common people, the nation, must take them in hand. The people can be successful only when they are right. When monopolies succeed, the people fail; when a rich criminal escapes justice, the people are punished; when a legislature is bribed, the people are cheated. There is nobody richer than Vanderbilt except the body of citizens; no corporation more powerful than the transcon-

tinental railroad except the corporate sovereign at Washington. The nation is the engine of the people. They must use it for their industrial life, as they used it in 1861 for their political life. The States have failed. The United States must succeed, or the people will perish.

H. D. Lloyd.

ARACHNE.

I WATCH her in the corner there,
As restless, bold, and unafraid,
She slips and floats along the air,
Till all her subtile house is made.

Her home, her bed, her nets for food,
All from that inward store she draws;
She fashions it and knows it good
By instinct's sure and sacred laws.

No silver threads to weave her nest
She seeks and gathers far or near,
But spins it from her fruitful breast,
Renewing still till leaves are sere.

Till, worn with toil and tired of life,
In vain her shining traps are set,
For frost hath stilled the insect strife,
And gilded flies her charm forget.

Then, swinging on the shroud she spun,
She sways to every wintry wind,
Her joy, her toil, her errand done,
Her corse the sport of storms unkind.

Poor sister of the spinster clan!
I too, from out my store within,
My daily life and living plan,
My home, my rest, my pleasure spin.

I know thy heart when heartless hands
Sweep all that hard-earned web away,
Destroy its pearled and glittering bands,
And leave thee homeless by the way.

I know thy peace when all is done, —
Each anchored thread, each tiny knot
Soft shining in the autumn sun,
A sheltered, silent, tranquil spot.

I know what thou hast never known,
Sad foresight to a soul allowed, —
That not for life I spin alone,
But day by day I spin my shroud.

Rose Terry Cooke.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

XIX.

As Mrs. Touchett had foretold, Isabel and Madame Merle were thrown much together during the illness of their host, and if they had not become intimate it would have been almost a breach of good manners. Their manners were of the best; but in addition to this they happened to please each other. It is perhaps too much to say that they swore an eternal friendship; but tacitly, at least, they called the future to witness. Isabel did so with a perfectly good conscience, although she would have hesitated to admit that she was intimate with her new friend in the sense which she privately attached to this term. She often wondered, indeed, whether she ever had been, or ever could be, intimate with any one. She had an ideal of friendship, as well as of several other sentiments, and it did not seem to her in this case — it had not seemed to her in other cases — that the actual completely expressed it. But she often reminded herself that there were essential reasons why one's ideal could not become concrete. It was a thing to believe in, not to see, — a matter of faith, not of experience. Experience, however, might supply us with very creditable imitations of it, and the part of wisdom was to make the best of these. Certainly, on the whole, Isabel had never encountered a more agreeable and interesting woman than Madame Merle; she had never met a woman who had less of that fault which is the principal obstacle to friendship, — the air of reproducing the more tiresome parts of one's own personality. The gates of the girl's confidence were opened wider than they had ever been; she said things to Madame Merle that she had not yet said to any one. Sometimes she took alarm at her candor; it was as if she had given to a comparative stranger the key to her cabinet of jewels. These spiritual gems were the only ones of any magnitude that Isabel possessed; but that was all the greater reason why they should be carefully guarded. Afterwards, however, the girl always said to herself that one should never regret a generous error, and that if Madame Merle had not the merits she attributed to her, so much the worse for Madame Merle. There was no doubt she had great merits, — she was a charming, sympathetic, intelligent, cultivated woman. More than this (for it had not been Isabel's ill-fortune to go through life without meeting several persons of her own sex, of whom no less could fairly be said), she was rare, she was superior, she was preëminent. There are a great many amiable people in the world, and Madame Merle was far from being vulgarly good-natured and restlessly witty. She knew how to think, an accomplishment rare in women; and she had thought to very good purpose. Of course, too, she knew how to feel; Isabel could not have spent a week with her without being sure of that. This was, indeed, Madame Merle's great talent, her most perfect gift. Life had told upon her; she had felt it strong-

ly, and it was part of the satisfaction that Isabel found in her society that when the girl talked of what she was pleased to call serious matters her companion understood her so easily and quickly. Emotion, it is true, had become with her rather historic; she made no secret of the fact that the fountain of sentiment, thanks to having been rather violently tapped at one period, did not flow quite so freely as of yore. Her pleasure was now to judge rather than to feel; she freely admitted that of old she had been rather foolish, and now she pretended to be wise.

"I judge more than I used to," she said to Isabel; "but it seems to me that I have earned the right. One can't judge till one is forty; before that we are too eager, too hard, too cruel, and in addition too ignorant. I am sorry for you; it will be a long time before you are forty. But every gain is a loss of some kind; I often think that after forty one can't really feel. The freshness, the quickness, have certainly gone. You will keep them longer than most people; it will be a great satisfaction to me to see you some years hence. I want to see what life makes of you. One thing is certain, — it can't spoil you. It may pull you about horribly; but I defy it to break you up."

Isabel received this assurance as a young soldier, still panting from a slight skirmish in which he has come off with honor, might receive a pat on the shoulder from his colonel. Like such a recognition of merit, it seemed to come with authority. How could the lightest word do less of a person who was prepared to say of almost everything Isabel told her, "Oh, I have been in that, my dear; it passes, like everything else." Upon many of her interlocutors, Madame Merle might have produced an irritating effect; it was so difficult to surprise her. But Isabel, though by no means incapable of desiring to be effective, had not at present this motive. She was too sincere, too interested in her judicious companion. And then, moreover, Madame Merle never said such things in the tone of triumph or of boastfulness; they dropped from her like grave confessions.

A period of bad weather had settled down upon Gardencourt; the days grew shorter, and there was an end to the pretty tea-parties on the lawn. But Isabel had long in-door conversations with her fellow-visitor, and, in spite of the rain, the two ladies often sallied forth for a walk, equipped with the defensive apparatus which the English climate and the English genius have between them brought to such perfection. Madame Merle was very appreciative; she liked almost everything, including the English rain. "There is always a little of it, and never too much at once," she said; "and it never wets you, and it always smells good." She declared that in England the pleasures of smell were great, — that in this inimitable island there was a certain mixture of fog and beer and soot which, however odd it might sound, was the national aroma and was most agreeable to the nostril; and she used to lift the sleeve of her British overcoat and bury her nose in it, to inhale the clear, fine odor of the wool. Poor Ralph Touchett, as soon as the autumn had begun to define itself, became almost a prisoner; in bad weather he was unable to step out of the house, and he used sometimes to stand at one of the windows, with his hands in his pockets, and, with a countenance half rueful, half critical, watch Isabel and Madame Merle as they walked down the avenue under a pair of umbrellas. The roads about Gardencourt were so firm, even in the worst weather, that the two ladies always came back with a healthy glow in their cheeks, looking at the soles of their neat, stout boots, and declaring that this walk had done them inexpressible good. Before lunch, Madame Merle was always en-

gaged; Isabel admired the inveteracy with which she occupied herself. Our heroine had always passed for a person of resources, and had taken a certain pride in being one; but she envied the talents, the accomplishments, the aptitudes, of Madame Merle. She found herself desiring to emulate them, and in this and other ways Madame Merle presented herself as a model. "I should like to be like that!" Isabel secretly exclaimed, more than once, as one of her friend's numerous facets suddenly took the light, and before long she knew that she had taken a lesson from this exemplary woman. It took no very long time, indeed, for Isabel to feel that she was, as the phrase is, under an influence. "What is the harm," she asked herself, "so long as it is a good one? The more one is under a good influence, the better. The only thing is to see our steps as we take them, — to understand them as we go. That I think I shall always do. I need n't be afraid of becoming too pliable; it is my fault that I am not pliable enough." It is said that imitation is the sincerest flattery; and if Isabel was tempted to reproduce in her deportment some of the most graceful features of that of her friend, it was not so much because she desired to shine herself as because she wished to hold up the lamp for Madame Merle. She liked her extremely; but she admired her even more than she liked her. She sometimes wondered what Henrietta Stackpole would say to her thinking so much of this brilliant fugitive from a sterner social order, and had a conviction that Henrietta would not approve of it. Henrietta would not like Madame Merle; for reasons that she could not have defined, this truth came home to Isabel. On the other hand, she was equally sure that, should the occasion offer, her new friend would accommodate herself perfectly to her old; Madame Merle was too humorous, too observant, not to do justice to Henrietta, and on becoming acquainted with her would probably give the measure of a tact which Miss Stackpole could not hope to emulate. She appeared to have, in her experience, a touch-stone for everything, and somewhere in the capacious pocket of her genial memory she would find the key to Henrietta's virtues. "That is the great thing," Isabel reflected; "that is the supreme good fortune, — to be in a better position for appreciating people than they are for appreciating you." And she added that this, when one considered it, was simply the essence of the aristocratic situation. In this light, if in none other, one should aim at the aristocratic situation.

I cannot enumerate all the links in the chain which led Isabel to think of Madame Merle's situation as aristocratic, — a view of it never expressed in any reference made to it by that lady herself. She had known great things and great people, but she had never played a great part. She was one of the small ones of the earth; she had not been born to honors; she knew the world too well to be guilty of any fatuous illusions on the subject of her own place in it. She had known a good many of the fortunate few, and was perfectly aware of those points at which their fortune differed from hers. But if by her own measure she was nothing of a personage, she had yet, to Isabel's imagination, a sort of greatness. To be so graceful, so gracious, so wise, so good, and to make so light of it all, — that was really to be a great lady; especially when one looked so much like one. If Madame Merle, however, made light of her advantages as regards the world, it was not because she had not, for her own entertainment, taken them, as I have intimated, as seriously as possible. Her natural talents, for instance; these she had zealously cultivated. After breakfast she wrote a succession of letters; her correspondence was a source of surprise to Isabel when they sometimes

walked together to the village post-office, to deposit Madame Merle's contribution to the mail. She knew a multitude of people, and, as she told Isabel, something was always turning up to be written about. Of painting she was devotedly fond, and made no more of taking a sketch than of pulling off her gloves. At Gardencourt she was perpetually taking advantage of an hour's sunshine to go out with a camp-stool and a box of water-colors. That she was a brilliant musician we have already perceived, and it was evidence of the fact that, when she seated herself at the piano, as she always did in the evening, her listeners resigned themselves without a murmur to losing the entertainment of her talk. Isabel, since she had known Madame Merle, felt ashamed of her own playing, which she now looked upon as meagre and artless; and indeed, though she had been thought to play very well, the loss to society when, in taking her place upon the music stool, she turned her back to the room was usually deemed greater than the gain. When Madame Merle was neither writing, nor painting, nor touching the piano, she was usually employed upon wonderful morsels of picturesque embroidery, cushions, curtains, decorations for the chimney-piece, — a sort of work in which her bold, free invention was as remarkable as the agility of her needle. She was never idle, for when she was engaged in none of the ways I have mentioned, she was either reading (she appeared to Isabel to read everything important), or walking out, or playing patience with the cards, or talking with her fellow inmates. And with all this she always had the social quality; she never was preoccupied, she never was pressed too hard. She laid down her pastimes as easily as she took them up; she worked and talked at the same time, and she appeared to attach no importance to anything she did. She gave away her sketches and tapestries; she rose from the piano, or remained there, according to the convenience of her auditors, which she always unerringly divined. She was, in short, a most comfortable, profitable, agreeable person to live with. If for Isabel she had a fault, it was that she was not natural; by which the girl meant, not that she was affected or pretentious, for from these vulgar vices no woman could have been more exempt, but that her nature had been too much overlaid by custom and her angles too much smoothed. She had become too flexible, too supple; she was too finished, too civilized. She was, in a word, too perfectly the social animal that man and woman are supposed to have been intended to be; and she had rid herself of every remnant of that wildness and acridity which we may assume to have belonged even to the most amiable persons in ages when social friction had lasted less long among mankind than it has to-day.

Isabel found it difficult to think of Madame Merle as an isolated figure; she existed only in her relations with her fellow mortals. Isabel often wondered what her relations might be with her own soul. She always ended, however, by feeling that having a charming surface does not necessarily prove that one is superficial; this was an illusion in which, in her youth, she had only just sufficiently escaped being nourished. Madame Merle was not superficial, — not she. She was deep; and her nature spoke none the less in her behavior because it spoke a conventional language. "What is language at all but a convention?" said Isabel. "She has the good taste not to pretend, like some people I have met, to express herself by original signs."

"I am afraid you have suffered much," Isabel once found occasion to say to her, in response to some allusion that she had dropped.

"What makes you think that?" Madame Merle asked, with a picturesque

smile. "I hope I have not the pose of a martyr."

"No; but you sometimes say things that I think people who have always been happy would not have found out."

"I have not always been happy!" said Madame Merle, smiling still, but with a mock gravity, as if she were telling a child a secret. "What a wonderful thing!"

"A great many people give me the impression of never having felt anything very much," Isabel answered.

"It's very true; there are more iron pots, I think, than porcelain ones. But you may depend upon it that every one has something; even the hardest iron pots have a little bruise, a little hole somewhere. I flatter myself that I am rather stout porcelain; but if I must tell you the truth, I have been chipped and cracked! I do very well for service yet, because I have been cleverly mended; and I try to remain in the cupboard — the quiet, dusky cupboard, where there is an odor of stale spices — as much as I can. But when I have to come out, and into a strong light, then, my dear, I am a horror!"

I know not whether it was on this occasion or some other that, when the conversation had taken the turn I have just indicated, she said to Isabel that some day she would relate her history. Isabel assured her that she should delight to listen to it, and reminded her more than once of this engagement. Madame Merle, however, appeared to desire a postponement, and at last frankly told the young girl that she must wait till they knew each other better. This would certainly happen; a long friendship lay before them. Isabel assented, but at the same time asked Madame Merle if she could not trust her, — if she feared a betrayal of confidence.

"It is not that I am afraid of your repeating what I say," the elder lady answered. "I am afraid, on the contrary, of your taking it too much to yourself. You would judge me too harshly; you are of the cruel age." She preferred for the present to talk to Isabel about Isabel, and exhibited the greatest interest in our heroine's history, her sentiments, opinions, prospects. She made her chatter, and listened to her chatter with inexhaustible sympathy and good nature. In all this there was something flattering to the girl, who knew that Madame Merle knew a great many distinguished people, and had lived, as Mrs. Touchett said, in the best company in Europe. Isabel thought the better of herself for enjoying the favor of a person who had so large a field of comparison; and it was perhaps partly to gratify this sense of profiting by comparison that she often begged her friend to tell her about the people she knew. Madame Merle had been a dweller in many lands, and had social ties in a dozen different countries. "I don't pretend to be learned," she would say, "but I think I know my Europe;" and she spoke one day of going to Sweden to stay with an old friend, and another of going to Wallachia to follow up a new acquaintance. With England, where she had often stayed, she was thoroughly familiar; and for Isabel's benefit threw a great deal of light upon the customs of the country and the character of the people, who "after all," as she was fond of saying, were the finest people in the world.

"You must not think it strange, her staying in the house at such a time as this, when Mr. Touchett is passing away," Mrs. Touchett remarked to Isabel. "She is incapable of doing anything indiscreet; she is the best bred woman I know. It's a favor to me that she stays; she is putting off a lot of visits at great houses," said Mrs. Touchett, who never forgot that when she herself was in England her social value sank two or three degrees in the

scale. "She has her pick of places; she is not in want of a shelter. But I have asked her to stay because I wish you to know her. I think it will be a good thing for you. Geraldine Merle has no faults."

"If I did n't already like her very much, that description might alarm me," Isabel said.

"She never does anything wrong. I have brought you out here, and I wish to do the best for you. Your sister Lily told me that she hoped I would give you plenty of opportunities. I give you one in securing Madame Merle. She is one of the most brilliant women in Europe."

"I like her better than I like your description of her," Isabel persisted in saying.

"Do you flatter yourself that you will find a fault in her? I hope you will let me know when you do."

"That will be cruel — to you," said Isabel.

"You need n't mind me. You never will find one."

"Perhaps not; but I think I shall not miss it."

"She is always up to the mark!" said Mrs. Touchett.

Isabel, after this, said to Madame Merle that she hoped she knew Mrs. Touchett believed she had not a fault.

"I am obliged to you, but I am afraid your aunt has no perception of spiritual things," Madame Merle answered.

"Do you mean by that that you have spiritual faults?"

"Ah, no; I mean nothing so flat! I mean that having no faults, for your aunt, means that one is never late for dinner, — that is, for *her* dinner. I was not late, by the way, the other day, when you came back from London; the clock was just at eight when I came into the drawing-room; it was the rest of you that were before the time. It means that one answers a letter the day one gets it, and that when one comes to stay with her one does n't bring too much luggage, and is careful not to be taken ill. For Mrs. Touchett those things constitute virtue; it 's a blessing to be able to reduce it to its elements."

Madame Merle's conversation, it will be perceived, was enriched with bold, free touches of criticism, which, even when they had a restrictive effect, never struck Isabel as ill-natured. It never occurred to the girl, for instance, that Mrs. Touchett's accomplished guest was abusing her; and this for very good reasons. In the first place, Isabel agreed with her; in the second, Madame Merle implied that there was a great deal more to say; and, in the third, to speak to one without ceremony of one's near relations was an agreeable sign of intimacy. These signs of intimacy multiplied as the days elapsed, and there was none of which Isabel was more sensible than of her companion's preference for making Miss Archer herself a topic. Though she alluded frequently to the incidents of her own life, she never lingered upon them; she was as little of an egotist as she was of a gossip.

"I am old, and stale, and faded," she said more than once: "I am of no more interest than last week's newspaper. You are young and fresh, and of to-day; you have the great thing, — you have actuality. I once had it, — we all have it for an hour. You, however, will have it for longer. Let us talk about you, then; you can say nothing that I shall not care to hear. It is a sign that I am growing old, that I like to talk with younger people. I think it 's a very pretty compensation. If we can't have youth within us we can have it outside of us, and I really think we see it and feel it better that way. Of course we must be in sympathy with it, — that I shall always be. I don't know that I shall ever be ill-natured with old people, — I hope not; there are certainly some old people that I adore. But

I shall never be ill-natured with the young; they touch me too much. I give you *carte-blanche*, then; you can even be impertinent, if you like; I shall let it pass. I talk as if I were a hundred years old, you say? Well, I am, if you please; I was born before the French Revolution. Ah, my dear, *je viens de loin;* I belong to the Old World. But it is not of that I wish to talk; I wish to talk about the New. You must tell me more about America; you never tell me enough. Here I have been since I was brought here as a helpless child, and it is ridiculous, or rather it 's scandalous, how little I know about the land of my birth. There are a great many of us like that, over here; and I must say I think we are a wretched set of people. You should live in your own country; whatever it may be, you have your natural place there. If we are not good Americans we are certainly poor Europeans; we have no natural place here. We are mere parasites, crawling over the surface; we have n't our feet in the soil. At least one can know it, and not have illusions. A woman, perhaps, can get on; a woman, it seems to me, has no natural place anywhere; wherever she finds herself she has to remain on the surface, and, more or less, to crawl. You protest, my dear? You are horrified? You declare you will never crawl? It is very true that I don't see you crawling; you stand more upright than a good many poor creatures. Very good; on the whole, I don't think you will crawl. But the men, the Americans, — *je vous demande un peu*, what do they make of it over here? I don't envy them, trying to arrange themselves. Look at poor Ralph Touchett; what sort of a figure do you call that? Fortunately, he has got a consumption; I say fortunately, because it gives him something to do. His consumption is his career; it 's a kind of position. You can say, 'Oh, Mr. Touchett, he takes care of his lungs; he knows a great deal about climates.' But without that who would he be, — what would he represent? 'Mr. Ralph Touchett, an American who lives in Europe.' That signifies absolutely nothing; it 's impossible that anything should signify less. 'He is very cultivated, they say; he has got a very pretty collection of old snuff-boxes.' The collection is all that is wanted to make it pitiful. I am tired of the sound of the word; I think it 's grotesque. With the poor old father it 's different; he has his identity, and it is rather a massive one. He represents a great financial house, and that, in our day, is as good as anything else. For an American, at any rate, that will do very well. But I persist in thinking your cousin is very lucky to have a chronic malady, so long as he does n't die of it. It 's much better than the snuff-boxes. If he were not ill, you say, he would do something? — he would take his father's place in the house? My poor child, I doubt it; I don't think he is at all fond of the house. However, you know him better than I, though I used to know him rather well, and he may have the benefit of the doubt. The worst case, I think, is a friend of mine, a countryman of ours, who lives in Italy, — where he also was brought before he knew better, — and who is one of the most delightful men I know. Some day you must know him. I will bring you together, and then you will see what I mean. He is Gilbert Osmond, — he lives in Italy; that is all one can say about him. He is exceedingly clever, a man made to be distinguished; but, as I say, you exhaust the description when you say that he is Mr. Osmond, who lives in Italy. No career, no name, no position, no fortune, no past, no future, no anything. Oh, yes, he paints, if you please, — paints in water-colors, like me, only better than I. His painting is pretty bad; on the whole, I am rather glad of that. Fortunately, he is very

indolent, — so indolent that it amounts to a sort of position. He can say, 'Oh, I do nothing; I am too deadly lazy. You can do nothing to-day unless you get up at five o'clock in the morning.' In that way he becomes a sort of exception; you feel that he might do something if he would only rise early. He never speaks of his painting — to people at large; he is too clever for that. But he has a little girl, — a dear little girl; he does speak of her. He is devoted to her, and if it were a career to be an excellent father he would be very distinguished. But I am afraid that is no better than the snuff-boxes; perhaps not even so good. Tell me what they do in America," pursued Madame Merle, who, it must be observed, parenthetically, did not deliver herself all at once of these reflections, which are presented in a cluster for the convenience of the reader. She talked of Florence, where Mr. Osmond lived, and where Mrs. Touchett occupied a mediæval palace; she talked of Rome, where she herself had a little *pied-à-terre*, with some rather good old damask. She talked of places, of people, and even, as the phrase is, of "subjects;" and from time to time she talked of their kind old host and of the prospect of his recovery. From the first she had thought this prospect small, and Isabel had been struck with the positive, discriminating, competent way which she took of the measure of his remainder of life. One evening she announced definitely that he would not live.

"Sir Matthew Hope told me so, as plainly as was proper," she said; "standing there, near the fire, before dinner. He makes himself very agreeable, the great doctor. I don't mean that his saying that has anything to do with it. But he says such things with great tact. I had said to him that I felt ill at my ease, staying here at such a time; it seemed to me so indiscreet; it was not as if I could nurse. 'You must remain, you must remain,' he answered; 'your office will come later.' Was not that a very delicate way both of saying that poor Mr. Touchett would go, and that I might be of some use as a consoler? In fact, however, I shall not be of the slightest use. Your aunt will console herself; she, and she alone, knows just how much consolation she will require. It would be a very delicate matter for another person to undertake to administer the dose. With your cousin it will be different; he will miss his father sadly. But I should never presume to condole with Mr. Ralph; we are not on those terms."

Madame Merle had alluded more than once to some undefined incongruity in her relations with Ralph Touchett; so Isabel took this occasion of asking her if they were not good friends.

"Perfectly; but he does n't like me."

"What have you done to him?"

"Nothing whatever. But one has no need of a reason for that."

"For not liking you? I think one has need of a very good reason!"

"You are very kind. Be sure you have one ready for the day when you begin."

"Begin to dislike you? I shall never begin."

"I hope not; because if you do, you will never end. That is the way with your cousin; he does n't get over it. It's an antipathy of nature, if I can call it that when it is all on his side. I have nothing whatever against him, and don't bear him the least little grudge for not doing me justice. Justice is all I ask. However, one feels that he is a gentleman, and would never say anything underhand about one. *Cartes sur table*," Madame Merle subjoined in a moment; "I am not afraid of him."

"I hope not, indeed," said Isabel, who added something about his being the kindest fellow living. She remembered, however, that on her first asking him about Madame Merle he had an-

swered her in a manner which this lady might have thought injurious without being explicit. There was something between them, Isabel said to herself, but she said nothing more than this. If it were something of importance, it should inspire respect; if it were not, it was not worth her curiosity. With all her love of knowledge, Isabel had a natural shrinking from raising curtains and looking into unlighted corners. The love of knowledge co-existed in her mind with a still tenderer love of ignorance.

But Madame Merle sometimes said things that startled her, made her raise her clear eyebrows at the time, and think of the words afterwards.

"I would give a great deal to be your age again," she broke out once, with a bitterness which, though diluted in her customary smile, was by no means disguised by it. "If I could only begin again, — if I could have my life before me!"

"Your life is before you yet," Isabel answered gently, for she was vaguely awe-struck.

"No; the best part is gone, and gone for nothing!"

"Surely not for nothing," said Isabel.

"Why not? What have I got? Neither husband, nor child, nor fortune, nor position, nor the traces of a beauty which I never had!"

"You have friends, dear lady."

"I am not so sure!" cried Madame Merle.

"Ah, you are wrong. You have memories, talents" —

Madame Merle interrupted her.

"What have my talents brought me? Nothing but the need of using them still, to get through the hours, the years, to cheat myself with some pretense of action! As for my memories, the less said about them the better. You will be my friend till you find a better use for your friendship."

"It will be for you to see that I don't, then," said Isabel.

"Yes; I would make an effort to keep you," Madame Merle rejoined, looking at her gravely. "When I say I should like to be your age," she continued, "I mean with your qualities, — frank, generous, sincere, like you. In that case I should have made something better of my life."

"What should you have liked to do that you have not done?"

Madame Merle took a sheet of music — she was seated at the piano, and had abruptly wheeled about on the stool when she first spoke — and mechanically turned the leaves. At last she said, —

"I am very ambitious!"

"And your ambitions have not been satisfied? They must have been great."

"They were great. I should make myself ridiculous by talking of them."

Isabel wondered what they could have been, — whether Madame Merle had aspired to wear a crown. "I don't know what your idea of success may be, but you seem to me to have been successful. To me, indeed, you are an image of success."

Madame Merle tossed away the music with a smile.

"What is *your* idea of success?"

"You evidently think it must be very tame," said Isabel. "It is to see some dream of one's youth come true."

"Ah," Madame Merle exclaimed, "that I have never seen! But my dreams were so great, — so preposterous. Heaven forgive me, I am dreaming now!" and she turned back to the piano, and began to play with energy.

On the morrow she said to Isabel that her definition of success had been very pretty, but frightfully sad. Measured in that way, who had succeeded? The dreams of one's youth, — why, they were enchanting, they were divine! Who had ever seen such things come to pass?

"I myself, — a few of them," Isabel ventured to answer.

"Already! They must have been dreams of yesterday."

"I began to dream very young," said Isabel, smiling.

"Ah, if you mean the aspirations of your childhood, — that of having a pink sash and a doll that could close her eyes."

"No, I don't mean that."

"Or a young man with a mustache going down on his knees to you."

"No, nor that either," Isabel declared, blushing.

Madame Merle gave a glance at her blush which caused it to deepen.

"I suspect that is what you do mean. We have all had the young man with the mustache. He is the inevitable young man; he does n't count."

Isabel was silent for a moment, and then, with extreme and characteristic inconsequence, —

"Why should n't he count?" she asked. "There are young men and young men."

"And yours was a paragon, — is that what you mean?" cried her friend, with a laugh. "If you have had the identical young man you dreamed of, then that was success, and I congratulate you. Only, in that case, why did n't you fly with him to his castle in the Apennines?"

"He has no castle in the Apennines."

"What has he? An ugly brick house in Fortieth Street? Don't tell me that; I refuse to recognize that as an ideal."

"I don't care anything about his house," said Isabel.

"That is very crude of you. When you have lived as long as I, you will see that every human being has his shell, and that you must take the shell into account. By the shell I mean the whole envelope of circumstances. There is no such thing as an isolated man or woman; we are each of us made up of a cluster of appurtenances. What do you call one's self? Where does it begin? Where does it end? It overflows into everything that belongs to us, and then it flows back again. I know that a large part of myself is in the dresses I choose to wear. I have a great respect for *things!* One's self — for other people — is one's expression of one's self; and one's house, one's clothes, the books one reads, the company one keeps, — these things are all expressive."

This was very metaphysical; not more so, however, than several observations Madame Merle had already made. Isabel was fond of metaphysics, but she was unable to accompany her friend into this bold analysis of the human personality.

"I don't agree with you," she said. "I think just the other way. I don't know whether I succeed in expressing myself, but I know that nothing else expresses me. Nothing that belongs to me is any measure of me; on the contrary, it 's a limit, a barrier, and a perfectly arbitrary one. Certainly, the clothes which, as you say, I choose to wear, don't express me; and Heaven forbid they should!"

"You dress very well," interposed Madame Merle, skillfully.

"Possibly; but I don't care to be judged by that. My clothes may express the dressmaker, but they don't express me. To begin with, it 's not my own choice that I wear them; they are imposed upon me by society."

"Should you prefer to go without them?" Madame Merle inquired, in a tone which virtually terminated the discussion.

I am bound to confess, though it may cast some discredit upon the sketch I have given of the youthful loyalty which our heroine practiced towards this accomplished woman, that Isabel had said nothing whatever to her about Lord Warburton, and had been equally reticent on the subject of Caspar Goodwood. Isabel had not concealed from her, however, that she had had opportunities of marrying, and had even let her know

that they were of a highly advantageous kind. Lord Warburton had left Lockleigh, and was gone to Scotland, taking his sisters with him; and though he had written to Ralph more than once, to ask about Mr. Touchett's health, the girl was not liable to the embarrassment of such inquiries as, had he still been in the neighborhood, he would probably have felt bound to make in person. He had admirable self-control, but she felt sure that if he had come to Gardencourt, he would have seen Madame Merle, and that if he had seen her he would have liked her, and betrayed to her that he was in love with her young friend.

It so happened that during Madame Merle's previous visits to Gardencourt — each of them much shorter than the present one — he had either not been at Lockleigh, or had not called at Mr. Touchett's. Therefore, though she knew him by name, as the great man of that country, she had no cause to suspect him of being a suitor of Mrs. Touchett's freshly-imported niece.

"You have plenty of time," she had said to Isabel, in return for the mutilated confidences which Isabel made her, and which did not pretend to be perfect, though we have seen that at moments the girl had compunctions at having said so much. "I am glad you have done nothing yet, — that you have it still to do. It is a very good thing for a girl to have refused a few good offers, — so long, of course, as they are not the best she is likely to have. Excuse me if my tone seems horribly worldly; one must take that view sometimes. Only don't keep on refusing for the sake of refusing. It 's a pleasant exercise of power; but accepting is after all an exercise of power as well. There is always the danger of refusing once too often. It was not the one I fell into, — I did n't refuse often enough. You are an exquisite creature, and I should like to see you married to a prime minister. But, speaking strictly, you know you are not what is technically called a *parti*. You are extremely good-looking and extremely clever; in yourself you are quite exceptional. You appear to have the vaguest ideas about your earthly possessions; but from what I can make out, you are not embarrassed with an income. I wish you had a little money."

"I wish I had!" said Isabel, simply, apparently forgetting, for the moment, that her poverty had been a venial fault for two gallant gentlemen.

In spite of Sir Matthew Hope's benevolent recommendation, Madame Merle did not remain to the end, as the issue of poor Mr. Touchett's malady had now come frankly to be designated. She was under pledges to other people which had at last to be redeemed, and she left Gardencourt with the understanding that she should in any event see Mrs. Touchett there again, or in town, before quitting England. Her parting with Isabel was even more like the beginning of a friendship than their meeting had been.

"I am going to six places in succession," she said, "but I shall see no one I like so well as you. They will all be old friends, however; one does n't make new friends at my age. I have made a great exception for you. You must remember that, and you must think well of me. You must reward me by believing in me."

By way of answer, Isabel kissed her, and though some women kiss with facility there are kisses and kisses, and this embrace was satisfactory to Madame Merle.

Isabel, after this, was much alone she saw her aunt and cousin only at meals, and discovered that of the hours that Mrs. Touchett was invisible only a minor portion was now devoted to nursing her husband. She spent the rest in her own apartments, to which access was not allowed even to her niece, in mysterious and inscrutable exercises. At table she was grave and silent; but

her solemnity was not an attitude, — Isabel could see that it was a conviction. She wondered whether her aunt repented of having taken her own way so much; but there was no visible evidence of this, — no tears, no sighs, no exaggeration of a zeal which had always deemed itself sufficient. Mrs. Touchett seemed simply to feel the need of thinking things over and summing them up; she had a little moral account-book, — with columns unerringly ruled, and a sharp steel clasp, — which she kept with exemplary neatness.

"If I had foreseen this I would not have proposed your coming abroad now," she said to Isabel, after Madame Merle had left the house. "I would have waited and sent for you next year."

Her remarks had usually a practical ring.

"So that perhaps I should never have known my uncle? It 's a great happiness to me to have come now."

"That 's very well. But it was not that you might know your uncle that I brought you to Europe." A perfectly veracious speech; but, as Isabel thought, not so perfectly timed.

She had leisure to think of this and other matters. She took a solitary walk every day, and spent much time in turning over the books in the library. Among the subjects that engaged her attention were the adventures of her friend, Miss Stackpole, with whom she was in regular correspondence. Isabel liked her friend's private epistolary style better than her public; that is, she thought her public letters would have been excellent if they had not been printed. Henrietta's career, however, was not so successful as might have been wished even in the interest of her private felicity; that view of the inner life of Great Britain which she was so eager to take appeared to dance before her like an *ignis fatuus*. The invitation from Lady Pensil, for mysterious reasons, had never arrived; and poor Mr. Bantling himself, with all his friendly ingenuity, had been unable to explain so grave a dereliction on the part of a missive that had obviously been sent. Mr. Bantling, however, had evidently taken Henrietta's affairs much to heart, and believed that he owed her a set-off to this illusory visit to Bedfordshire. "He says he should think I would go to the Continent," Henrietta wrote; "and as he thinks of going there himself I suppose his advice is sincere. He wants to know why I don't take a view of French life; and it is a fact that I want very much to see the new republic. Mr. Bantling does n't care much about the republic, but he thinks of going over to Paris, any way. I must say he is quite as attentive as I could wish, and at any rate I shall have seen one polite Englishman. I keep telling Mr. Bantling that he ought to have been an American; and you ought to see how it pleases him. Whenever I say so, he always breaks out with the same exclamation: 'Ah, but really, come, now!'" A few days later she wrote that she had decided to go to Paris at the end of the week, and that Mr. Bantling had promised to see her off, — perhaps, even, he would go as far as Dover with her. She would wait in Paris till Isabel should arrive, Henrietta added; speaking quite as if Isabel were to start on her Continental journey alone, and making no allusion to Mrs. Touchett. Bearing in mind his interest in their late companion, our heroine communicated several passages from Miss Stackpole's letters to Ralph, who followed with an emotion akin to suspense the career of the correspondent of the Interviewer.

"It seems to me that she is doing very well," he said, "going over to Paris with an ex-guardsman! If she wants something to write about, she has only to describe that episode."

"It is not conventional, certainly," Isabel answered; "but if you mean that, as far as Henrietta is concerned, it

is not perfectly innocent, you are very much mistaken. You will never understand Henrietta."

"Excuse me; I understand her perfectly. I did n't at all at first; but now I have got the point of view. I am afraid, however, that Bantling has not; he may have some surprises. Oh, I understand Henrietta as well as if I had made her!"

Isabel was by no means sure of this; but she abstained from expressing further doubt, for she was disposed in these days to extend a great charity to her cousin. One afternoon, less than a week after Madame Merle's departure, Isabel was seated in the library with a volume to which her attention was not fastened. She had placed herself in a deep window-bench, from which she looked out into the dull, damp park; and as the library stood at right angles to the entrance-front of the house she could see the doctor's dog-cart, which had been waiting for the last two hours before the door. She was struck with the doctor's remaining so long; but at last she saw him appear in the portico, stand a moment, slowly drawing on his gloves and looking at the knees of his horse, and then get into the vehicle and drive away. Isabel kept her place for half an hour; there was a great stillness in the house. It was so great that when she at last heard a soft, slow step on the deep carpet of the room she was almost startled by the sound. She turned quickly away from the window, and saw Ralph Touchett standing there, with his hands still in his pockets, but with a face absolutely void of its usual latent smile.

She got up, and her movement and glance were a question.

"It 's all over," said Ralph.

"Do you mean that my uncle" — And Isabel stopped.

"My father died an hour ago."

"Ah, my poor Ralph!" the girl murmured, putting out her hand to him.

XX.

Some fortnight after this incident Madame Merle drove up in a hansom cab to the house in Winchester Square. As she descended from her vehicle she observed, suspended between the dining-room windows, a large, neat wooden tablet, on whose fresh black ground were inscribed in white paint the words, "This noble freehold mansion to be sold," with the name of the agent to whom application should be made. "They certainly lose no time," said the visitor, as, after sounding the big brass knocker, she waited to be admitted; "it 's a practical country!" And within the house, as she ascended to the drawing-room, she perceived numerous signs of abdication: pictures removed from the walls and placed in positions apparently less convenient, windows undraped and floors laid bare. Mrs. Touchett presently received her, and intimated in a few words that condolence might be taken for granted.

"I know what you are going to say, — he was a very good man. But I know it better than any one, because I gave him more chance to show it. In that I think I was a good wife." Mrs. Touchett added that at the end her husband apparently recognized this fact. "He has treated me liberally," she said; "I won't say more liberally than I expected, because I did n't expect. You know that as a general thing I don't expect. But he chose, I presume, to recognize the fact that though I lived much abroad, and mingled — you may say freely — in foreign life, I never exhibited the smallest preference for any one else."

"For any one but yourself," Madame Merle mentally observed; but the reflection was perfectly inaudible.

"I never sacrificed my husband to another," Mrs. Touchett continued, with her stout curtness.

"Oh, no," thought Madame Merle; "you never did anything for another!"

There was a certain cynicism in these mute comments which demands an explanation; the more so as they are not in accord either with the view — somewhat superficial, perhaps — that we have hitherto enjoyed of Madame Merle's character, or with the literal facts of Mrs. Touchett's history; the more so, too, as Madame Merle had a well-founded conviction that her friend's last remark was not in the least to be construed as a side-thrust at herself. The truth is that the moment she had crossed the threshold she received a subtle impression that Mr. Touchett's death had had consequences, and that these consequences had been profitable to a little circle of persons among whom she was not numbered. Of course it was an event which would naturally have consequences; her imagination had more than once rested upon this fact during her stay at Gardencourt. But it had been one thing to foresee it mentally, and it was another to behold it actually. The idea of a distribution of property — she would almost have said of spoils — just now pressed upon her senses and irritated her with a sense of exclusion. I am far from wishing to say that Madame Merle was one of the hungry ones of the world; but we have already perceived that she had desires which had never been satisfied. If she had been questioned, she would of course have admitted — with a most becoming smile — that she had not the faintest claim to a share in Mr. Touchett's relics. "There was never anything in the world between us," she would have said. "There was never *that*, poor man!" with a fillip of her thumb and her third finger. I hasten to add, moreover, that if her private attitude at the present moment was somewhat incongruously invidious she was very careful not to betray herself. She had, after all, as much sympathy for Mrs. Touchett's gains as for her losses.

"He has left me this house," the newly-made widow said; "but of course I shall not live in it; I have a much better house in Florence. The will was opened only three days since, but I have already offered the house for sale. I have also a share in the bank; but I don't yet understand whether I am obliged to leave it there. If not, I shall certainly take it out. Ralph, of course, has Gardencourt; but I am not sure that he will have means to keep up the place. He is left very well off, but his father has given away an immense deal of money; there are bequests to a string of third cousins in Vermont. Ralph, however, is very fond of Gardencourt, and would be quite capable of living there — in summer — with a maid-of-all-work and a gardener's boy. There is one remarkable clause in my husband's will," Mrs. Touchett added. "He has left my niece a fortune."

"A fortune!" Madame Merle repeated, softly.

"Isabel steps into something like seventy thousand pounds."

Madame Merle's hands were clasped in her lap; at this she raised them, still clasped, and held them a moment against her bosom, while her eyes, a little dilated, fixed themselves on those of her friend. "Ah," she cried, "the clever creature!"

Mrs. Touchett gave her a quick look. "What do you mean by that?"

For an instant Madame Merle's color rose, and she dropped her eyes. "It certainly is clever to achieve such results — without an effort!"

"There certainly was no effort; don't call it an achievement."

Madame Merle was rarely guilty of the awkwardness of retracting what she had said; her wisdom was shown rather in maintaining it and placing it in a favorable light. "My dear friend, Isabel would certainly not have had seventy thousand pounds left her if she had not been the most charming girl in the

world. Her charm includes great cleverness."

"She never dreamed, I am sure, of my husband's doing anything for her; and I never dreamed of it, either, for he never spoke to me of his intention," Mrs. Touchett said. "She had no claim upon him whatever; it was no great recommendation to him that she was my niece. Whatever she achieved, she achieved unconsciously."

"Ah," rejoined Madame Merle, "those are the greatest strokes!"

Mrs. Touchett gave a shrug. "The girl is fortunate; I don't deny that. But for the present she is simply stupefied."

"Do you mean that she does n't know what to do with the money?"

"That, I think, she has hardly considered. She does n't know what to think about the matter at all. It has been as if a big gun were suddenly fired off behind her; she is feeling herself, to see if she be hurt. It is but three days since she received a visit from the principal executor, who came in person, very gallantly, to notify her. He told me afterwards that when he had made his little speech she suddenly burst into tears. The money is to remain in the bank, and she is to draw the interest."

Madame Merle shook her head, with a wise and now quite benignant smile. "After she has done that two or three times she will get used to it." Then, after a silence, "What does your son think of it?" she abruptly asked.

"He left England just before it came out, — used up by his fatigue and anxiety, and hurrying off to the south. He is on his way to the Riviera, and I have not heard from him. But it is not likely he will ever object to anything done by his father."

"Did n't you say his own share had been cut down?"

"Only at his wish. I know that he urged his father to do something for the people in America. He is not in the least addicted to looking after number one."

"It depends upon whom he regards as number one!" said Madame Merle. And she remained thoughtful a moment, with her eyes bent upon the floor. "Am I not to see your happy niece?" she asked at last, looking up.

"You may see her; but you will not be struck with her being happy. She has looked as solemn, these three days, as a Cimabue Madonna!" And Mrs. Touchett rang for a servant.

Isabel came in shortly after the footman had been sent to call her; and Madame Merle thought, as she appeared, that Mrs. Touchett's comparison had its force. The girl was pale and grave, — an effect not mitigated by her deeper mourning; but the smile of her brightest moments came into her face as she saw Madame Merle, who went forward, laid her hand on our heroine's shoulder, and, after looking at her a moment, kissed her as if she were returning the kiss that she had received from Isabel at Gardencourt. This was the only allusion that Madame Merle, in her great good taste, made for the present to her young friend's inheritance.

Mrs. Touchett did not remain in London until she had sold her house. After selecting from among its furniture those objects which she wished to transport to her Florentine residence, she left the rest of its contents to be disposed of by the auctioneer, and took her departure for the Continent. She was of course accompanied on this journey by her niece, who now had plenty of leisure to contemplate the windfall on which Madame Merle had covertly congratulated her. Isabel thought of it very often, and looked at it in a dozen different lights; but we shall not attempt to enter into her meditations, or to explain why it was that some of them were of a rather pessimistic cast. The pessimism of this young lady was transient; she ultimately made up her mind that to be

rich was a virtue, because it was to be able to *do*, and to do was sweet. It was the contrary of weakness. To be weak was, for a young lady, rather graceful, but after all, as Isabel said to herself, there was a larger grace than that. Just now, it was true, there was not much to do, — once she had sent off a check to Lily and another to poor Edith; but she was thankful for the quiet months which her mourning robes and her aunt's fresh widowhood compelled the two ladies to spend. The acquisition of power made her serious; she scrutinized her power with a kind of tender ferocity, but she was not eager to exercise it. She began to do so, indeed, during a stay of some weeks which she presently made with her aunt in Paris, but in ways that will probably be thought rather vulgar. They were the ways that most naturally presented themselves in a city in which the shops are the admiration of the world, especially under the guidance of Mrs. Touchett, who took a rigidly practical view of the transformation of her niece from a poor girl to a rich one. "Now that you are a young woman of fortune, you must know how to play the part, — I mean to play it well," she said to Isabel, once for all; and she added that the girl's first duty was to have everything handsome. "You don't know how to take care of your things, but you must learn," she went on; this was Isabel's second duty. Isabel submitted, but for the present her imagination was not kindled; she longed for opportunities, but these were not the opportunities she meant.

Mrs. Touchett rarely changed her plans, and having intended before her husband's death to spend a part of the winter in Paris she saw no reason to deprive herself — still less to deprive her companion — of this advantage. Though they would live in great retirement, she might still present her niece, informally, to the little circle of her fellow-countrymen dwelling upon the skirts of the Champs Elysées. With many of these amiable colonists Mrs. Touchett was intimate; she shared their expatriation, their convictions, their pastimes, their *ennui*. Isabel saw them come with a good deal of assiduity to her aunt's hotel, and judged them with a trenchancy which is doubtless to be accounted for by the temporary exaltation of her sense of human duty. She made up her mind that their manner of life was superficial, and incurred some disfavor by expressing this view on bright Sunday afternoons, when the American absentees were engaged in calling upon each other. Though her listeners were the most good-natured people in the world, two or three of them thought her cleverness, which was generally admitted, only a dangerous variation of impertinence.

"You all live here this way, but what does it all lead to?" she was pleased to ask. "It does n't seem to lead to anything, and I should think you would get very tired of it."

Mrs. Touchett thought the question worthy of Henrietta Stackpole. The two ladies had found Henrietta in Paris, and Isabel constantly saw her; so that Mrs. Touchett had some reason for saying to herself that if her niece were not clever enough to originate almost anything she might be suspected of having borrowed that style of remark from her journalistic friend. The first occasion on which Isabel had spoken was that of a visit paid by the two ladies to Mrs. Luce, an old friend of Mrs. Touchett's, and the only person in Paris she now went to see. Mrs. Luce had been living in Paris since the days of Louis Philippe; she used to say jocosely that she was one of the generation of 1830, — a joke of which the point was not always taken. When it failed, Mrs. Luce used always to explain: "Oh, yes, I am one of the romantics;" her French had never become very perfect.

She was always at home on Sunday afternoons, and surrounded by sympathetic compatriots, usually the same. In fact, she was at home at all times, and led, in her well-cushioned little corner of the brilliant city, as quiet and domestic a life as she might have led in her native Baltimore. The existence of Mr. Luce, her worthy husband, was somewhat more inscrutable. Superficially, indeed, there was no mystery about it; the mystery lay deeper, and resided in the wonder of his supporting existence at all. He was the most unoccupied man in Europe, for he not only had no duties, but he had no pleasures. Habits certainly he had, but they were few in number, and had been worn threadbare by forty years of use. Mr. Luce was a tall, lean, grizzled, well-brushed gentleman, who wore a gold eye-glass and carried his hat a little too much on the back of his head. He went every day to the American banker's, where there was a post-office, which was almost as sociable and colloquial an institution as that of an American country town. He passed an hour (in fine weather) in a chair in the Champs Elysées, and he dined uncommonly well at his own table, seated above a waxed floor which it was Mrs. Luce's happiness to believe had a finer polish than any other in Paris. Occasionally he dined with a friend or two at the Café Anglais, where his talent for ordering a dinner was a source of felicity to his companions and an object of admiration even to the head-waiter of the establishment. These were his only known avocations, but they had beguiled his hours for upwards of half a century, and they doubtless justified his frequent declaration that there was no place like Paris. In no other place, on these terms, could Mr. Luce flatter himself that he was enjoying life. There was nothing like Paris, but it must be confessed that Mr. Luce thought less highly of the French capital than in earlier days. In the list of his occupations his political reveries should not be omitted, for they were doubtless the animating principle of many hours that superficially seemed vacant. Like many of his fellow colonists, Mr. Luce was a high — or rather a deep — conservative, and gave no countenance to the government recently established in France. He had no faith in its duration, and would assure you from year to year that its end was close at hand. "They want to be kept down, sir, — to be kept down; nothing but the strong hand, the iron heel, will do for them," he would frequently say about the French people; and his ideal of a fine government was that of the lately-abolished Empire. "Paris is much less attractive than in the days of the Emperor; he knew how to make a city pleasant," Mr. Luce had often remarked to Mrs. Touchett, who was quite of his own way of thinking, and wished to know what one had crossed that odious Atlantic for but to get away from republics.

"Why, madam, sitting in the Champs Elysées, opposite to the Palace of Industry, I have seen the court carriages from the Tuileries pass up and down as many as seven times a day. I remember one occasion when they went as high as nine times. What do you see now? It 's no use talking, the style 's all gone. Napoleon knew what the French people want, and there 'll be a cloud over Paris till they get the Empire back again."

Among Mrs. Luce's visitors on Sunday afternoons was a young man with whom Isabel had had a good deal of conversation, and whom she found full of valuable knowledge. Mr. Edward Rosier — Ned Rosier, as he was called — was a native of New York, and had been brought up in Paris, living there under the eye of his father, who, as it happened, had been an old and intimate friend of the late Mr. Archer. Edward Rosier remembered Isabel as a little

girl; it had been his father who came to the rescue of the little Archers at the inn at Neufchatel (he was traveling that way with the boy, and stopped at the hotel by chance), after their *bonne* had gone off with the Russian prince, and when Mr. Archer's whereabouts remained for some days a mystery. Isabel remembered perfectly the neat little male child, whose hair smelt of a delicious cosmetic, and who had a bonne of his own warranted to lose sight of him under no provocation. Isabel took a walk with the pair beside the lake, and thought little Edward as pretty as an angel, — a comparison by no means conventional in her mind, for she had a very definite conception of a type of features which she supposed to be angelic, and which her new friend perfectly illustrated. A small pink face, surmounted by a blue velvet bonnet, and set off by a stiff embroidered collar, became the countenance of her childish dreams; and she firmly believed for some time afterwards that the heavenly hosts conversed among themselves in a queer little dialect of French-English, expressing the properest sentiments, as when Edward told her that he was "defended" by his bonne to go near the edge of the lake, and that one must always obey to one's bonne. Ned Rosier's English had improved; at least, it exhibited in a less degree the French variation. His father was dead and his bonne was dismissed, but the young man still conformed to the spirit of their teaching, — he never went to the edge of the lake. There was still something agreeable to the nostril about him, and something not offensive to nobler organs. He was a very gentle and gracious youth, with what are called cultivated tastes, — an acquaintance with old china, with good wine, with the bindings of books, with the Almanach de Gotha, with the best shops, the best hotels, the hours of railway trains. He could order a dinner almost as well as Mr. Luce, and it was probable that as his experience accumulated he would be a worthy successor to that gentleman, whose rather grim politics he also advocated in a soft and innocent voice. He had some charming rooms in Paris, decorated with old Spanish altar-lace, the envy of his female friends, who declared that his chimney-piece was better draped than many a duchess. He usually, however, spent a part of every winter at Pau, and had once passed a couple of months in the United States.

He took a great interest in Isabel, and remembered perfectly the walk at Neufchatel, when she would persist in going so near the edge. He seemed to recognize this same tendency in the subversive inquiry that I quoted a moment ago, and set himself to answer our heroine's question with greater urbanity than it perhaps deserved. "What does it lead to, Miss Archer? Why, Paris leads everywhere. You can't go anywhere unless you come here first. Every one that comes to Europe has got to pass through. You don't mean it in that sense so much? You mean what good it does you? Well, how can you penetrate futurity? How can you tell what lies ahead? If it 's a pleasant road I don't care where it leads! I like the road, Miss Archer; I like the dear old asphalte. You can't get tired of it, — you can't if you try. You think you would, but you would n't; there 's always something new and fresh. Take the Hôtel Drouot, now; they sometimes have three or four sales a week. Where can you get such things as you can here? In spite of all they say, I maintain they are cheaper, too, if you know the right places. I know plenty of places, but I keep them to myself. I 'll tell you, if you like, as a particular favor; only you must not tell any one else. Don't you go anywhere without asking me first; I want you to promise me that. As a general thing avoid the Boulevards; there is very little to be done

on the Boulevards. Speaking conscientiously, — *sans blague*, — I don't believe any one knows Paris better than I. You and Mrs. Touchett must come and breakfast with me some day, and I'll show you my things; *je ne vous dis que ça!* There has been a great deal of talk about London of late; it 's the fashion to cry up London. But there is nothing in it, — you can't do anything in London. No Louis Quinze, — nothing of the First Empire; nothing but their eternal Queen Anne. It 's good for one's bed-room, Queen Anne, — for one's washing-room; but it is n't proper for a *saloon*. Do I spend my life at the auctioneer's?" Mr. Rosier pursued, in answer to another question of Isabel's. "Oh, no; I have n't the means. I wish I had. You think I 'm a mere trifler; I can tell by the expression of your face, — you have got a wonderfully expressive face. I hope you don't mind my saying that; I mean it as a kind of warning. You think I ought to do something, and so do I, so long as you leave it vague. But when you come to the point, you see you have to stop. I can't go home and be a shopkeeper. You think I am very well fitted? Ah, Miss Archer, you overrate me. I can buy very well, but I can't sell; you should see when I sometimes try to get rid of my things. It takes much more ability to make other people buy than to buy yourself. When I think how clever they must be, the people who make *me* buy! Ah, no; I could n't be a shopkeeper. I can't be a doctor; it 's a repulsive business. I can't be a clergyman; I have n't got convictions. And then I can't pronounce the names right in the Bible. They are very difficult, in the Old Testament particularly. I can't be a lawyer; I don't understand — how do you call it? — the American *procédure*. Is there anything else? There is nothing for a gentleman to do in America. I should like to be a diplomatist; but American diplomacy, — that is not for gentlemen, either. I am sure if you had seen the last min— "

Henrietta Stackpole, who was often with her friend when Mr. Rosier, coming to pay his compliments, late in the afternoon, expressed himself after the fashion I have sketched, usually interrupted the young man at this point, and read him a lecture on the duties of the American citizen. She thought him most unnatural; he was worse than Mr. Ralph Touchett. Henrietta, however, was at this time more than ever prolific of superior criticism, for her conscience had been freshly alarmed as regards Isabel. She had not congratulated this young lady on her accession of fortune, and begged to be excused from doing so.

"If Mr. Touchett had consulted me about leaving you the money," she frankly said, "I would have said to him, 'Never!'"

"I see," Isabel had answered. "You think it will prove a curse in disguise. Perhaps it will."

"Leave it to some one you care less for, — that 's what I should have said."

"To yourself, for instance?" Isabel suggested, jocosely. And then, "Do you really believe it will ruin me?" she asked, in quite another tone.

"I hope it won't ruin you; but it will certainly confirm your dangerous tendencies."

"Do you mean the love of luxury, — of extravagance?"

"No, no," said Henrietta; "I mean your moral tendencies. I approve of luxury; I think we ought to be as elegant as possible. Look at the luxury of our Western cities; I have seen nothing over here to compare with it. I hope you will never become sensual; but I am not afraid of that. The peril for you is that you live too much in the world of your own dreams; you are not enough in contact with reality, — with the toiling, striving, suffering, I may even say sinning, world that surrounds you. You are too fastidious;

you have too many graceful illusions. Your newly acquired thousands will shut you up more and more to the society of a few selfish and heartless people, who will be interested in keeping up those illusions."

Isabel's eyes expanded as she gazed upon this vivid but dusky picture of her future. "What are my illusions?" she asked. "I try so hard not to have any."

"Well," said Henrietta, "you think that you can lead a romantic life; that you can live by pleasing yourself and pleasing others. You will find you are mistaken. Whatever life you lead, you must put your soul into it, to make any sort of success of it; and from the moment you do that it ceases to be romance, I assure you; it becomes reality! And you can't always please yourself; you must sometimes please other people. That, I admit, you are very ready to do; but there is another thing that is still more important, — you must often *dis*please others. You must always be ready for that, — you must never shrink from it. That does n't suit you at all; you are too fond of admiration, — you like to be thought well of. You think we can escape disagreeable duties by taking romantic views, — that is your great illusion, my dear. But we can't. You must be prepared, on many occasions in life, to please no one at all, — not even yourself!"

Isabel shook her head sadly; she looked troubled and frightened. "This, for you, Henrietta," she said, "must be one of those occasions!"

It was certainly true that Miss Stackpole, during her visit to Paris, which had been professionally more remunerative than her English sojourn, had not been living in the world of dreams. Mr. Bantling, who had now returned to England, was her companion for the first four weeks of her stay; and about Mr. Bantling there was nothing dreamy. Isabel learned from her friend that the two had led a life of great intimacy, and that this had been a peculiar advantage to Henrietta, owing to the gentleman's remarkable knowledge of Paris. He had explained everything, shown her everything, been her constant guide and interpreter. They had breakfasted together, dined together, gone to the theatre together, supped together, really in a manner quite lived together. He was a true friend, Henrietta more than once assured our heroine; and she had never supposed that she could like any Englishman so well. Isabel could not have told you why, but she found something that ministered to mirth in the alliance the correspondent of the Interviewer had struck with Lady Pensil's brother; and her amusement subsisted in the face of the fact that she thought it a credit to each of them. Isabel could not rid herself of a suspicion that they were playing, somehow, at cross-purposes, that the simplicity of each of them had been entrapped. But this simplicity was none the less honorable on either side; it was as graceful on Henrietta's part to believe that Mr. Bantling took an interest in the diffusion of lively journalism and in consolidating the position of lady correspondents as it was on the part of her companion to suppose that the cause of the Interviewer — a periodical of which he never formed a very definite conception — was, if subtly analyzed (a task to which Mr. Bantling felt himself quite equal), but the cause of Miss Stackpole's coquetry. Each of these frank allies supplied, at any rate, a want of which the other was somewhat eagerly conscious. Mr. Bantling, who was of a rather slow and discursive habit, relished a prompt, keen, positive woman, who charmed him with the spectacle of a brilliant eye and a kind of bandbox neatness, and who kindled a perception of raciness in a mind to which the usual fare of life seemed unsalted. Henrietta, on the other hand, enjoyed the society of a fresh-looking, professionless gentleman, whose leisured state, though generally indefensible, was

a decided advantage to Miss Stackpole, and who was furnished with an easy, traditional, though by no means exhaustive, answer to almost any social or practical question that could come up. She often found Mr. Bantling's answers very convenient, and in the press of catching the American mail would make use of them in her correspondence. It was to be feared that she was indeed drifting toward those mysterious shallows as to which Isabel, wishing for a good-humored retort, had warned her. There might be danger in store for Isabel; but it was scarcely to be hoped that Miss Stackpole, on her side, would find permanent safety in the adoption of second-hand views. Isabel continued to warn her, good-humoredly; Lady Pensil's obliging brother was sometimes, on our heroine's lips, an object of irreverent and facetious allusion. Nothing, however, could exceed Henrietta's amiability on this point; she used to abound in the sense of Isabel's irony, and to enumerate with elation the hours she had spent with the good Mr. Bantling. Then, a few moments later, she would forget that they had been talking jocosely, and would mention with impulsive earnestness some expedition she had made in the company of the gallant ex-guardsman. She would say, "Oh, I know all about Versailles; I went there with Mr. Bantling. I was bound to see it thoroughly, — I warned him when we went out there that I was thorough; so we spent three days at the hotel, and wandered all over the place. It was lovely weather, — a kind of Indian summer, only not so good. We just lived in that park. Oh, yes; you can't tell me anything about Versailles." Henrietta appeared to have made arrangements to meet Mr. Bantling in the spring, in Italy.

Mrs. Touchett, before arriving in Paris, had fixed a day for her departure; and by the middle of February she had begun to travel southward. She did not go directly to Florence, but interrupted her journey to pay a visit to her son, who at San Remo, on the Italian shore of the Mediterranean, had been spending a dull, bright winter, under a white umbrella. Isabel went with her aunt, as a matter of course, though Mrs. Touchett, with her usual homely logic, had laid before her a pair of alternatives.

"Now, of course, you are completely your own mistress," she said. "Excuse me; I don't mean that you were not so before. But you are on a different footing; property erects a kind of barrier. You can do a great many things if you are rich, which would be severely criticised if you were poor. You can go and come, you can travel alone, you can have your own establishment; I mean, of course, if you will take a companion, — some decayed gentlewoman with dyed hair, who paints on velvet. You don't think you would like that? Of course you can do as you please; I only want you to understand that you are at liberty. You might take Miss Stackpole as your *dame de compagnie;* she would keep people off very well. I think, however, that it is a great deal better you should remain with me, in spite of there being no obligation. It 's better for several reasons, quite apart from your liking it. I should n't think you would like it, but I recommend you to make the sacrifice. Of course, whatever novelty there may have been at first in my society has quite passed away, and you see me as I am, — a dull, obstinate, narrow-minded old woman."

"I don't think you are at all dull," Isabel had replied to this.

"But you do think I am obstinate and narrow-minded? I told you so!" said Mrs. Touchett, with much elation at being justified.

Isabel remained for the present with her aunt, because, in spite of eccentric impulses, she had a great regard for what was usually deemed decent, and

a young gentlewoman without visible relations had always struck her as a flower without foliage. It was true that Mrs. Touchett's conversation had never again appeared so brilliant as that first afternoon in Albany, when she sat in her damp waterproof and sketched the opportunities that Europe would offer to a young person of taste. This, however, was in a great measure the girl's own fault; she had got a glimpse of her aunt's experience, and her imagination constantly anticipated the judgments and emotions of a woman who had very little of the same faculty. Apart from this, Mrs. Touchett had a great merit: she was as honest as a pair of compasses. There was a comfort in her stiffness and firmness; you knew exactly where to find her, and were never liable to chance encounters with her. On her own ground she was always to be found; but she was never over-inquisitive as regards the territory of her neighbor. Isabel came at last to have a kind of undemonstrable pity for her; there seemed something so dreary in the condition of a person whose nature had, as it were, so little surface, — offered so limited a face to the accretions of human contact. Nothing tender, nothing sympathetic, had ever had a chance to fasten upon it, — no wind-sown blossom, no familiar moss. Her passive extent, in other words, was about that of a knife-edge. Isabel had reason to believe, however, that as she advanced in life she grew more disposed to confer those sentimental favors which she was still unable to accept, — to sacrifice consistency to considerations of that inferior order for which the excuse must be found in the particular case. It was not to the credit of her absolute rectitude that she should have gone the longest way round to Florence, in order to spend a few weeks with her invalid son; for in former years it had been one of her most definite convictions that when Ralph wished to see her he was at liberty to remember that the Palazzo Crescentini contained a spacious apartment which was known as the room of the signorino.

"I want to ask you something," Isabel said to this young man, the day after her arrival at San Remo, — "something that I have thought more than once of asking you by letter, but that I have hesitated, on the whole, to write about. Face to face, nevertheless, my question seems easy enough. Did you know that your father intended to leave me so much money?"

Ralph stretched his legs a little further than usual, and gazed a little more fixedly at the Mediterranean. "What does it matter, my dear Isabel, whether I knew? My father was very obstinate."

"So," said the girl, "you did know."

"Yes; he told me. We even talked it over a little."

"What did he do it for?" asked Isabel, abruptly.

"Why, as a kind of souvenir."

"He liked me too much," said Isabel.

"That 's a way we all have."

"If I believed that I should be very unhappy. Fortunately, I don't believe it. I want to be treated with justice; I want nothing but that."

"Very good. But you must remember that justice to a lovely being is after all a florid sort of sentiment."

"I am not a lovely being. How can you say that at the very moment when I am asking such odious questions? I must seem to you delicate!"

"You seem to me troubled," said Ralph.

"I am troubled."

"About what?"

For a moment she answered nothing; then she broke out, —

"Do you think it good for me suddenly to be made so rich? Henrietta does n't."

"Oh, hang Henrietta!" said Ralph, coarsely. "If you ask me, I am delighted at it."

"Is that why your father did it, — for your amusement?"

"I differ with Miss Stackpole," Ralph said, more gravely. "I think it's very good for you to have means."

Isabel looked at him a moment with serious eyes. "I wonder whether you know what is good for me, — or whether you care."

"If I know, depend upon it I care. Shall I tell you what it is? Not to torment yourself."

"Not to torment you, I suppose you mean."

"You can't do that; I am proof. Take things more easily. Don't ask yourself so much whether this or that is good for you. Don't question your conscience so much; it will get out of tune, like a strummed piano. Keep it for great occasions. Don't try so much to form your character; it's like trying to pull open a rosebud. Live as you like best, and your character will form itself. Most things are good for you; the exceptions are very rare, and a comfortable income is not one of them." Ralph paused, smiling. Isabel had listened eagerly. "You have too much conscience," Ralph added. "It's out of all reason, the number of things you think wrong. Spread your wings; rise above the ground. It's never wrong to do that."

She had listened eagerly, as I say; and it was her nature to understand quickly.

"I wonder if you appreciate what you say. If you do, you take a great responsibility."

"You frighten me a little, but I think I am right," said Ralph, continuing to smile.

"All the same, what you say is very true," Isabel went on. "You could say nothing more true. I am absorbed in myself, — I look at life too much as a doctor's prescription. Why, indeed, should we perpetually be thinking whether things are good for us, as if we were patients lying in a hospital? Why should I be so afraid of not doing right? As if it mattered to the world whether I do right or wrong!"

"You are a capital person to advise," said Ralph; "you take the wind out of *my* sails!"

She looked at him as if she had not heard him, though she was following out the train of reflection which he himself had kindled: "I try to care more about the world than about myself, but I always come back to myself. It's because I am afraid." She stopped; her voice had trembled a little. "Yes, I am afraid; I can't tell you. A large fortune means freedom, and I am afraid of that. It's such a fine thing, and one should make such a good use of it. If one should n't, one would be ashamed. And one must always be thinking, — it's a constant effort. I am not sure that it's not a greater happiness to be powerless."

"For weak people I have no doubt it's a greater happiness. For weak people the effort not to be contemptible must be great."

"And how do you know I am not weak?" Isabel asked.

"Ah," Ralph answered, with a blush the girl noticed, "if you are, I am awfully sold!"

The charm of the Mediterranean coast only deepened for our heroine on acquaintance; for it was the threshold of Italy, the gate of admirations. Italy, as yet imperfectly seen and felt, stretched before her as a land of promise, — a land in which a love of the beautiful might be comforted by endless knowledge. Whenever she strolled upon the shore with her cousin — and she was the companion of his daily walk — she looked a while across the sea, with longing eyes, to where she knew that Genoa lay. She was glad to pause, however, on the edge of this larger knowledge; the stillness of these soft weeks seemed good to her. They were a peaceful interlude in a career which she had little warrant as

yet for regarding as agitated, but which nevertheless she was constantly picturing to herself by the light of her hopes, her fears, her fancies, her ambitions, her predilections, and which reflected these subjective accidents in a manner sufficiently dramatic. Madame Merle had predicted to Mrs. Touchett that after Isabel had put her hand into her pocket half a dozen times she would be reconciled to the idea that it had been filled by a munificent uncle; and the event justified — as it had so often justified before — Madame Merle's perspicacity. Ralph Touchett had praised his cousin for being morally inflammable; that is, for being quick to take a hint that was meant as good advice. His advice had perhaps helped the matter; at any rate, before she left San Remo she had grown used to feeling rich. The consciousness found a place in rather a dense little group of ideas that she had about her herself, and often it was by no means the least agreeable. It was a perpetual implication of good intentions. She lost herself in a maze of visions; the fine things a rich, independent, generous girl, who took a large, human view of her opportunities and obligations, might do were really innumerable. Her fortune therefore became to her mind a part of her better self; it gave her importance, — gave her even, to her own imagination, a certain ideal beauty. What it did for her in the imagination of others is another affair, and on this point we must also touch in time. The visions I have just spoken of were intermingled with other reveries. Isabel liked better to think of the future than of the past; but at times, as she listened to the murmur of the Mediterranean waves, her glance took a backward flight. It rested upon two figures which, in spite of increasing distance, were still sufficiently salient: they were recognizable without difficulty as those of Caspar Goodwood and Lord Warburton. It was strange how quickly these gentlemen had fallen into the background of our young lady's life. It was in her disposition at all times to lose faith in the reality of absent things; she could summon back her faith, in case of need, with an effort, but the effort was often painful, even when the reality had been pleasant. The past was apt to look dead, and its revival to wear the supernatural aspect of a resurrection. Isabel, moreover, was not prone to take for granted that she herself lived in the mind of others; she had not the fatuity to believe that she left indelible traces. She was capable of being wounded by the discovery that she had been forgotten; and yet, of all liberties, the one she herself found sweetest was the liberty to forget. She had not given her last shilling, sentimentally speaking, either to Caspar Goodwood or to Lord Warburton, and yet she did not regard them as appreciably in her debt. She had, of course, reminded herself that she was to hear from Mr. Goodwood again; but this was not to be for another year and a half, and in that time a great many things might happen. Isabel did not say to herself that her American suitor might find some other girl more comfortable to woo; because, though it was certain that many other girls would prove so, she had not the smallest belief that this merit would attract him. But she reflected that she herself might change her humor, — might weary of those things that were not Caspar (and there were so many things that were not Caspar!), and might find satisfaction in the very qualities which struck her today as his limitations. It was conceivable that his limitations should some day prove a sort of blessing in disguise, — a clear and quiet harbor, inclosed by a fine granite breakwater. But that day could only come in its order, and she could not wait for it with folded hands. That Lord Warburton should continue to cherish her image seemed to her more than modesty should not only expect, but even desire. She had so definitely

undertaken to forget him, as a lover, that a corresponding effort on his own part would be eminently proper. This was not, as it may seem, merely a theory tinged with sarcasm. Isabel really believed that his lordship would, in the usual phrase, get over his feeling. It had evidently been strong, — this she believed, and she was still capable of deriving pleasure from the belief; but it was absurd that a man so completely absolved from fidelity should stiffen himself in an attitude it would be more graceful to discontinue. Englishmen liked to be comfortable, said Isabel, and there could be little comfort for Lord Warburton, in the long run, in thinking of a self-sufficient American girl, who had been but a casual acquaintance. Isabel flattered herself that should she hear, from one day to another, that he had married some young lady of his own country, who had done more to deserve him, she should receive the news without an impulse of jealousy. It would have proved that he believed she was firm, which was what she wished to seem to him; and this was grateful to her pride.

Henry James, Jr.

THE SEVEN DAYS.

MONDAY.

(*Day of the Moon.*)

DIANA, sister of the Sun! thy ray
Governs these opening hours. The world is wide;
We know not what new evil may betide
This six days' journey; by what unknown way
We come at last unto the royal day
Of prophecy and promise. O preside
Propitious, and our doubting footsteps guide
Onward and sunward. Long in shadows gray
We have but slumbered, — hidden from our view
Knowledge and wisdom in unfruitful night.
But if upon the dawn's unfolding blue
Thy hand this day our destiny must write,
Once more our outer, inner life renew
With Heaven's first utterance, — *Let there be light!*

TUESDAY.

(*Day of the War-God.*)

Fear not, O soul, to-day! Imperial Mars
Leads on the hours, a brave and warlike train,
Fire in his glance and splendor in his reign,
From the first glitter through the sunrise bars
Till his red banner flames among the stars!
Thou, too, go forth, and fully armed maintain
Duty and right. The hero is not slain,
Though pierced and wounded in a hundred wars.

The daring are the deathless. He alone
Is victor who stays not for any doom
Foreshadowed; utters neither sigh nor moan
Death-stricken, but right onward, his fair plume
Scorched in the battle flame, through smoke and gloom,
Strikes for the right, nor counts his life his own.

WEDNESDAY.

(*Day of Odin.*)

The mighty Odin rides abroad, and earth
Trembles and echoes back his ghostly sigh,
More deep than thought, more sad than memory.
The very birds rejoice in timid mirth,
For in the forest sudden gusts have birth,
And harsh against the pale, appealing sky
Ascends his ravens' melancholy cry.
Peace be with Odin. Of his ancient worth
Many and proud the tales we will repeat,
For sacred memories to these hours belong.
But yesterday with reckless speed our feet
Dared the bold height. With spirit no less strong
To-day step softly. After battle's heat
Warriors and wars are only themes for song.

THURSDAY.

(*Day of the Mighty.*)

White-robed, white-crowned, and borne by steeds snow-white
The Thunderer rolls across the echoing skies!
No hour is this to dream of past surprise
Or with old runes the memory to delight.
The mountain tops with prophet beams are bright!
The eagle soars aloft with jubilant cries!
Thou too unto the hills lift up thine eyes;
To some new throne these sacred signs invite.
Learn thy own strength; and if some secret sense
Of power untried pervades thy low estate,
Bend thy soul's purest, best intelligence
To seek the mastery of time and fate.
Courage and deathless hope and toil intense
Are the crown jewels of the truly great.

FRIDAY.

(*Day of the Beautiful.*)

In the world-garden walled with living green,
The foam-born goddess of delight to-day
Plucks glowing garlands for her own array.
Poppy and myrtle in her wreath are seen,

And roses bending o'er her brow serene
Blush to perceive she is more fair than they.
Sweet grasses at her feet their odors lay,
While doves, low warbling, hover round their queen.
In this brief life shall ever toil and care
Hold fast our wishes? Earth's bewildering bowers,
Her streams melodious and her woodlands fair,
Are palaces for gods. The world is ours!
Beauty and love our birthright; we will share
The sunshine and the singing and the flowers!

SATURDAY.

(*Day of Saturn.*)

Though bright with jewels and with garlands dressed,
The bloom decays, the world is growing old!
Lost are the days when peaceful Saturn told
The arts to men, and shared their toil or rest
With eloquence divine. The Olympian guest
Took with him in his flight the age of gold!
Westward through myriad centuries has rolled
The ceaseless pilgrimage, the hopeless quest
For the true Fatherland. Through weary years
What if some rainbow glory spans the gloom?
Some strong, sweet utterance the wayside cheers?
Or gladness opens like a rose in bloom?
Step after step the fatal moment nears,
Earth for new graves is ever making room.

SUNDAY.

(*Day of the Sun.*)

Thou glorious Sun! illumining the blue
Highway of heaven! to thy triumphant rays
The earth her shadow yields, the hill tops blaze,
Up lifts the mist, up floats the midnight dew.
Old things are past away, the world is new!
Labor is changed to rest and rest to praise!
Past are the toilsome heights, the stormy days,
The eternal Future breaks upon our view!
Last eve we lingered uttering our farewells, —
But lo! One met us in the early light
Of this divinest morn. The tale He tells
Transfigures life and opens heaven to sight.
Bring altar flowers! Lilies and asphodels!
Sing Jubilates! *There is no more night!*

Frances L. Mace.

NEW YORK THEATRES.

THE season this winter was opened at Wallack's with an attempt at Shakespearean comedy, in the production of As You Like It, with Miss Rose Coghlan as Rosalind, Mr. John Gilbert as Adam, Mr. Osmond Tearle as Jaques, and Miss Germon as Audrey. There is a fatal fascination about this comedy which leads at frequent intervals to its production on the metropolitan and provincial stage, although we believe, as a matter of fact, it rarely succeeds in doing more than depleting the treasury of the theatre. As You Like It is probably the most beautiful and the most difficult of all Shakespearean comedies. It is pervaded by an atmosphere of poetry, which renders it alike attractive to young and old playgoers. The dialogue abounds in wit and pleasantry; the characters are all entertaining, and that of Rosalind is one well calculated to excite the ambition of any young and pretty actress. Besides all this there is a good deal of pleasing incidental music. The reason why it always fails is probably because it is impossible, with any ordinary human company, to strike the exact line between the real and the ideal suggested by the text. Adam is a tolerably easy character to act, as old men's parts are apt to be, and Mr. John Gilbert is the most accomplished actor of old men's parts on the American stage. Jaques, on the other hand, is a part which must have been difficult to conceive, and is far more difficult to represent, dramatically. To play-goers he is known as the "melancholy Jaques," an epithet to which he is entitled quite as much by the melancholy produced by seeing him played as by that of his character. As we generally see him on the stage there is in much of what he does and says neither rhyme nor reason. His soliloquy is generally spoken as if it originally had appeared in some school speaker, and had then been copied into the play. His account of the emotions aroused in him by the pursuit of the deer is generally given in such a way as to make the least bloodthirsty of the audience long to participate in the cruelest sports. We have seen many Jaqueses and have read many analyses of the character, but have never met with one that was intelligent or seen one that was good. To say, therefore, that Mr. Osmond Tearle makes a poor Jaques is to say very little. We cannot be sure that he even makes a Jaques at all. The part as played by him is bodily injected into the play, has no connection with anything else in it, and is a mere vehicle for the delivery of stage speeches. The speeches are good, for they are Shakespeare's, and the delivery is tolerable; but the play with the part altogether left out would as usual have been more coherent and successful. Miss Effie Germon long since made herself mistress of the part of Audrey, and in it she holds the stage wherever she has an opportunity of doing so. She is one of the best actresses of English low comedy in the United States, thoroughly trained, and with that natural *vis comica* which so many comic actresses lack. Miss Rose Coghlan made in Rosalind what would be called in France a *succès d'estime*. There is no more reason that Miss Coghlan should undertake to act Rosalind than that she should undertake to act Hamlet. She is nearly as well fitted for one as for the other. The last great Rosalind seen on our stage was Adelaide Neilson, who in the lighter Shakespearean female parts was without a rival. In Imogen, in Viola, in Rosalind, she looked the part to perfection; her voice was deliciously musical, her gayety irre-

sistible, her delivery excellent. Her conception of these parts was not perhaps the profoundest, but as far as it went it was perfect. To compare Miss Coghlan, who has hardly ever attempted Shakespeare, with an actress who devoted her life to it would be unfair. A more reasonable standard of comparison is afforded by Miss Davenport, who has tried this and all other parts known to the modern stage. Miss Davenport's Rosalind has always struck us as being one of her best parts, and Miss Coghlan might have studied it to advantage. One inherent difficulty in the character is the natural assumption of a man's part by a woman distinguished by every attractive feminine trait. It is far easier to do this on paper; it was far easier for Shakespeare to imagine it than it is for any actress, however clever, to play it. On either side she runs the danger of going to an extreme. We must always remember and feel that she is a woman, while she must pass on the stage for a man. We must be charmed by the contrast, but the contrast must not be made so apparent as to strike us as violent. Miss Davenport very nearly succeeds in accomplishing this extremely difficult feat. If she errs at all, it is in making the character too masculine. The difficulty with Miss Coghlan is that she makes it too feminine. She does not appear to be able to imagine the situation. Her Rosalind is from first to last a woman masquerading very badly as a poor imitation of a man. In Miss Davenport's performance one of the most delightful things was always the sudden revulsion of feminine feeling on hearing of Orlando's wound. This sudden access of emotion and the contrast between it and her previous frivolity and lightness is one of the great touches of nature in the play. Miss Davenport thoroughly understands this, and understands also that the contrast could not be presented effectively unless the character were down to that point made manly. Miss Coghlan, being a woman throughout the play, hardly succeeds in it at all.

Mr. Alfred Cellier's Sultan of Mocha was brought out early in the season as English opera bouffe of the higher order, with the usual result. It is now a long time since English musicians and dramatists began to imitate the French opera bouffe, and they have not as yet succeeded in producing much that is above the level of mediocrity. Early last spring a somewhat more successful effort than usual was made at the Bijou Opera House, where several little musical plays were given in a manner which appeared to please a fastidious audience. In one at least of these cases, the libretto was by Mr. Gilbert. A good deal of the music was by Mr. Cellier, who has something of the French lightness of touch and ease of composition in melody. If there was a fault to be found with the performances at the Bijou Opera House it was that they were too moral. The nations of Southern Europe who invented and perfected buffoonery on the stage never attempted to make their buffoonery pay tribute to virtue, but this on the English stage is an absolute necessity of the experiment. Mr. Gilbert is very nearly the only Anglo-Saxon of modern times who has succeeded in being ridiculous without offense, and in such operas as Pinafore and The Pirates of Penzance he and Mr. Sullivan have almost created a school of English burlesque opera. The operettas introduced at the Bijou Opera House and the Sultan of Mocha bear about the same relation to Pinafore that flat soda-water does to the same liquid immediately after it is opened. As the attempt will hardly be made again for a long time, it is probably not worth while to go into the reasons for this failure at great length. They were sufficiently obvious. The music of Mr. Cellier is light and imitative, but the fundamental fault with the whole school of production to which the

Sultan of Mocha belongs is that whatever else they may be they are not amusing. The school of English burlesque, properly so called, which probably originated in the Christmas pantomime, and which had a great vogue until within a few years, was a better and healthier dramatic product, notwithstanding all its vulgarity and absurdity. But the fact is that Anglo-Saxon genius is not adapted to this sort of work. It may be through its virtues, or it may be through some defect. It has not the requisite levity, and whether in drama or in music it refuses to descend to the level at which real opera bouffe becomes possible. It may descend much lower, but in that way it only makes the matter worse. Even Mr. Sullivan's music has not the true bouffe character; it is serious music of a poetic order, and really better fitted to be preserved as intrinsically good melody than to serve as the lyrical accompaniment of dramatic absurdity. So, too, of Mr. Gilbert's librettos. It must be said that, amusing as they are, there is a depth of seriousness behind the humor and continually suggested by it which forces that sort of reflection upon us that true bouffe never does. That comical inversion of the moral position of things which in the Offenbachian opera continually makes us laugh is not introduced for the purpose of satire, or in fact for any purpose at all. When a king suddenly rewards the conspirators against his throne by making them all cabinet ministers; when cowardice is encouraged by rapid promotion and fraud by continued extension and increase of confidence as soon as it is detected, this is done in French opera bouffe for exactly the same reason that a council of war is broken up by the leading general's dancing off the stage on one leg, — simply because it is laughable. When the lavish and profligate secretary in Les Brigands comes forward and explains his riotous living and peculations by attributing the whole to his congenital peculiarities of character, there is no deep moral purpose in his song any more than there is in the previous scene, in which he unsuccessfully attempts to bribe the chief brigand with a thousand-franc note by placing it on the table and then looking underneath it. But the Anglo-Saxon is fundamentally serious; he has no flippancy, no levity; and though he has a great fund of humor, it is of a serious character. Absurd as Mr. Gilbert's librettos are, there is just enough suggestion of seriousness in his humor to prevent us from feeling that we have escaped the bonds of the real world and are luxuriating in an atmosphere of pure nonsense. Mr. Gilbert, as we have said, has come nearer the mark than any other Englishman. The author of the Sultan of Mocha was apparently in doubt as to what the mark was.

The business of writing American plays has not made much progress during the past year, but Mr. Edgar Fawcett has succeeded in producing one at least, — Our First Families, — which had a very good run at Daly's Theatre. Mr. Fawcett proved himself last year to be an ingenious playwright by his drama, A False Friend, which ran for a considerable time at the Union Square. A False Friend was founded on the Tichborne case. The scene was laid in England and Australia, and the atmosphere of the play was intended to be thoroughly English. In Our First Families Mr. Fawcett returns to his native land. There are three or four easily recognizable American types in the play. There is, for instance, the old Knickerbocker type, representing that exclusive and interior society which is believed by many people to exist somewhere in New York, to which there is no introduction save through birth and breeding. Then there is the *nouveau riche* type, — that of the people who are continually coming up through their money, and who are always endeavoring to mingle in the ex-

clusive society which they know to be the best, and to marry their daughters to Englishmen. Mr. Fawcett has made a great deal of the prevailing Anglomania, and his Mrs. Pomeroy Stanhope is a very good character. The difficulty of writing a comedy of this sort is, as we have pointed out before, the want of fixity and permanence of the type. The belief in the existence of the Knickerbocker type is a sort of tradition and legend of New York life which has a strong hold upon the imagination, but which has very little basis at present in fact. If there really ever was any society in New York composed of old families distinguished by strikingly characteristic qualities, it would of course be possible for any one to put a representative of the society upon the stage in such a way as to strike anybody familiar with it as either false or true to nature; but thoroughly well as Mrs. Gilbert plays Mrs. Manhattan, what is there in the character to identify her in any way, except that she refers to the old days when the Battery was a favorite resort, and that she continually dwells on the importance of keeping new people at a distance? If this is all there is in the Knickerbocker type, there is no wonder that little is known about it, for a society made up of such people could not possibly possess any interest. It might exclude new people, but there could be no reason why new people having any intelligence should ever desire to be admitted to it. The fact is that the belief in the existence of a Knickerbocker society belongs to an earlier period than the present, and that society in New York is quite as little under what is supposed to be Knickerbocker influence as that of Boston is under the influence of the Puritans. People who believe themselves to be Knickerbockers in the sense that Mr. Fawcett represents the type must be very stupid people, and it is the stupidity of the type which should be dwelt upon rather than its social importance. It would perhaps be possible to invent a person believing himself to be such a Knickerbocker as Mr. Fawcett imagines the type of a certain society, but it would be his social self-deception, stupidity, ignorance, and vanity which would make the principal capital of the part. With regard to Anglomania, Mr. Fawcett has hit upon a new view which might with patience and industry be made to yield a good deal. Anglomania is a recent product of American life, and a very amusing one. It is undoubtedly true that there is a large number of women in New York whose principal idea or aim in life is to marry their daughters to Englishmen, although it is a well-established fact that in the majority of cases the English marriage market is by no means a good one, and that the daughter is fortunate if the mother secures for her anything better than a broken-down rake and gambler. In the same way there is a large number of men in New York whose sole object in life appears to be to imitate and import English fashions which are not adapted to the conditions of life in this country; who delight in riding across country over imaginary fences, and in pursuing the sport of coaching in heavy vehicles built for English use over American turnpikes and "dirt-roads." For purposes of comedy, however, there is more in this Anglomania than Mr. Fawcett has yet made it yield.

When Sara Bernhardt arrived in this country she went almost immediately to witness one of the performances of Miss Clara Morris, and she is reported to have been so moved by the spectacle that she embraced Miss Morris and expressed her cordial approval of the latter's acting. The significance of this approval was supposed to lie in the fact that Miss Morris acts the same "emotional" parts which have made the reputation of Mademoiselle Bernhardt. She is, we believe, the only American actress who

has ever achieved a great success with such plays as Article Forty-Seven, The Sphinx, and Alixe. Precisely what the emotional drama is nobody has ever very accurately defined. There is certainly no non-emotional drama, and the peculiarity of many of the plays of the so-called emotional school seems to be not so much the prominence given to sentiment as that given to physical suffering, disease, and death. It would be a curious and interesting thing to trace, in the modern development of the drama, the continually rising importance of scenes in which the physical sympathy with physical pain is the feeling sought to be excited in the audience. In the plays of the old classical school there is plenty of death, even plenty of poisoning; but it would never have occurred to Racine and Corneille to exhibit a hero or heroine actually writhing upon the stage in physical torture from the effect of poison, even after the fatal dose had been taken, nor would such pathological spectacles have ever been endured upon the English stage in its palmy days. Shakespeare allows his characters to die before the foot-lights in a great variety of ways, and in the eyes of the classical school it was a reproach to him that he did so; but with all his liberality it never would have occurred to Shakespeare that physical dissolution was a proper subject for dramatic representation. It is not until we reach the period of Adrienne Lecouvreur, in some respects a very modern play, that we have a large part of an act devoted to physical suffering. In La Dame aux Camélias we have consumption put to good use; and in The Sphinx an intelligent actress, some years ago, made a great hit by foaming at the mouth in the death scene. All this is of course realism. The plays of the so-called emotional school are all realistic. Miss Clara Morris is a realistic actress, and a very good realistic actress. Now realism on the stage is the general name for a very important tendency which has shown itself in all sorts of different ways, some bad and some good. So far as regards the external part of the art, the scenery and properties, realism has had the effect of introducing great exactness and attention to accuracy of detail. On the modern stage the old wings have disappeared, and the scene is as close a copy of the actual place to be suggested as can be produced. The exterior of the house, the row of buildings in a street, the interior of a room, is put before the audience in fac-simile. In Henry the Fifth, in the charming invitation to the play given by Rumor, there is a delightful passage in which she begs the audience to summon their fancy to their aid and to imagine as much as possible, so as to eke out the scanty material set before them. If Rumor had been a realist she would have known that the imagination of an audience cannot be relied upon for this purpose; that nothing must be suggested, but everything given in full. It is in fact one of the main differences between the old-fashioned and the modern stage that the chief effort seems to be to appeal as little as possible to either the imagination or the fancy, and to rely almost solely upon the critical faculty of the spectator. This has been carried to a point which is at times absurd. It is really founded upon a theory which is in itself a mistake. A theatrical illusion, whenever it is created at all, is unquestionably created by the acting. The theory on which stage realism proceeds is that it is created by the scenery. With any one who disputes this, there is no room for argument; there is no common ground of comparison. At the same time, if the proposition is true a tendency to stage realism is in itself unimportant, because, provided the dramatic art itself be pursued with intelligence and appreciation of its real character, the misdirected zeal for accuracy in the external representation of ob-

jects, though it may do very little good, can hardly do harm. But realism has another side which is not so harmless. One of its objects is to portray on the stage, not great passions and emotions, not great or exceptional characters, but life as it is seen every day in the streets, in houses, at parties and balls, in church, — every-day, commonplace, accidental, dull, monotonous life. It is one of the first dogmas of realism, considered in this aspect, that you must put life as it actually is on the stage, and not make selections. Zola has carried this idea to the point at which it becomes disgust. In fact, it seems to be Zola's mission to prove that there is no difference between the beautiful and the disgusting. But long before Zola appeared on the scene the tendency was in existence, and the tendency is one which threatens to convert the drama into an engine of simple mimicry. The drama of course springs from the mimetic faculty, but it involves something far higher and more intellectual. The best way of proving this is not by absurd considerations, but by examining what the world has long agreed upon as the best dramas that have ever been produced, and asking ourselves how near or how far from the level of actual life these are.

Ordinary life, as we have suggested, is dull, and it was necessary for the realistic drama, in order to escape being dull, to become sensational. That sensationalism is unlike life never seems to have occurred to any one. Hence the modern drama, both in England and in France, has allowed itself the widest latitude in this respect. In England it has made use of the sensation of situation. In France it has generally made use of emotional sensation. In England we have trains rushing towards open drawbridges, the victims of designing villains tied to rails, houses rapidly consumed by flames, murders in the snow, sudden arrests in ball-rooms, and, in fact, every sort of thrilling situation that ingenuity can suggest. In France, on the other hand, we have women becoming insane on the stage, dying slowly of poison in violent agonies, dying slowly and pathetically of consumption; ladies of easy virtue becoming suddenly patterns of the highest morality under the influence of love. All this is realism, and the best actress is she who can do it in the most real way. This brings us to the last and best thing in the movement, which is the tendency towards sincerity in the art itself. To be real in the representation of emotion in any school, to be sincere, not to distort and exaggerate, but to represent the feeling through a knowledge of it from experience, — this is true art; and, if we mistake not, Miss Clara Morris has a great deal of it. She has many defects, principally those which arise from a lack of training, but her one great virtue is her sincerity of emotion.

The condition of Miss Morris's health will evidently not long permit her to remain upon the stage, and her loss will be an irreparable one. In the emotional drama, although there have been many actresses who have displayed in single parts talents equal to hers, there has been no one who has made herself mistress of the whole range so completely as Clara Morris. There have been many Camilles and many Frou Frous, but no one except Miss Morris has been able to go through the whole catalogue from Alixe on the one hand to Cora in Article Forty-Seven and The Sphinx on the other. When we come to details, there is, it is true, hardly a point in her acting which is not open to severe criticism. She has never succeeded in making her voice or intonation agreeable, and she always betrays that want of training which is the great defect of the best English and American actors. If Miss Morris had been born in France and in early life had been through the severe drill which prepares a French actress for serious acting, had always been

obliged to look forward to running the gauntlet of the trained criticism of the French dramatic press, and had been able to make a successful appearance upon a stage such as that of the Comédie Française the goal of her ambition, Miss Morris would probably by this time have become one of the greatest living actresses. As it is, she merely has a local reputation, made by her striking natural gifts and in spite of her lack of training. After all, it is this great want which is at the bottom of most of the crudeness of the American stage, and it is hard to see how the difficulty can ever be remedied as long as the drama is carried on as a purely commercial undertaking. For two hundred years, throughout the Anglo-Saxon world, the theatre has stood on precisely the same footing as any other business governed by the law of supply and demand, and it is a business in which the general public demand is never very likely to be of a high order. The public, it is true, must in the long run be the judge of success in any art, but the public is not at all a good judge of the means which it is necessary to take to produce this success. The same audience that is thrilled with emotion by the acting of a Rachel or a Salvini is absolutely ignorant of the steps in the process by which their emotions are aroused. They may recognize thoroughly when an actor fails in striking the key required by the situation, yet at the same time they would be totally unable to explain to the actor in what his mistake or fault lay. Besides this, with the theatre carried on as with us, there is no machinery for training possible. The preparation of pupils for the stage, or the drilling of actors after admission to the stage, requires time and money, and there is no fund of either upon which to draw. In most countries in which the drama has long flourished the government has supplied the means by which the art has been maintained at the level of the standard recognized by tradition. In France to-day the theatre is upon a government foundation, just as with us the higher education is upon a foundation established by private beneficence. It seems out of the question to dream of government support of the drama in this country. When we reflect what our government is, what is the class of people through which such support would be obtained, and what are the influences which would be brought to bear upon them in obtaining it, the idea must be dismissed as preposterous. The support of the drama by private beneficence is not, however, either absurd or impossible. Private donations have supported multitudes of colleges and institutions of charity, and done much for the fine arts and music. Why should the drama alone be an exception? Of one thing we may be certain: that as long as the theatre is carried on entirely upon its present commercial basis, managers supplying simply what the public will pay to see, and the public demanding simply what the managers find it commercially possible to produce, there will be no higher trained actors upon our stage; or where such actors are to be found, they will be, as at present, stars without any permanent support, and wandering through the theatrical firmament in a meteoric and very unsatisfactory manner.

Mr. John McCullough is a proof of the truth of what we have been saying. He and Mr. Edwin Booth are the last of the thoroughly trained Shakespearean actors of our time. We say the last, because the traditions of the Shakespearean stage are rapidly dying out, and it will not be long before they have completely disappeared, and every new actor will, if he acts Shakespeare at all, be allowed to have his own conception and method of rendering any parts that he may select for representation. But these two actors are both possessed of high training, experience, and skill. Mr. Booth some

years ago undertook to carry on a theatre upon an artistic basis, attempting to create the demand for the artistic product which he knew he was capable of supplying. The failure of the attempt is a matter of common notoriety, and Mr. Booth is now playing, to large houses in London, the very parts which brought his theatre into financial ruin here. Mr. John McCullough is simply a star actor, and has very wisely never had dreams, or, at any rate, never had more than dreams, with regard to the reform of the stage. He has been playing a successful engagement this winter at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, but this too is a star engagement. There is no steady demand for acting of this kind.

Mr. McCullough is an intellectualized Forrest. He has inherited the traditions of that actor, and at the same time in many respects improved upon them. To our mind he has more natural genius and intelligence than Booth, and also more original theatrical force, although in delivery, in elocution, and in strict stage business he is undoubtedly the inferior of Booth. He has two manners, and there is a wide gulf between them. To see him in such a part as Spartacus one would almost believe that Forrest had again come to life. The rant, the muscular rage and fury, the vocal bellow, are reproduced, but it is Forrest without Forrest's genius. It is merely the mimicry of the peculiarities of Forrest's acting. In such a part as Hamlet we again hear the echo of Forrest's voice, but only an echo. We are now no longer impressed with the physical but with the mental energy of the actor. It is indeed an original and powerful conception of the part. Hamlet is the greatest favorite of all Shakespeare's plays, and yet it is remarkable how very little light even the best actors throw upon the character, how very much at the end of the play remains obscure and meaningless. Even so good an actor as Booth is open to the criticism that his Hamlet is in great measure an elaborate piece of recitation. With McCullough the case is different. There is not a line of the play which he utters, whether in the scenes with Hamlet's mother, with Polonius, or with Ophelia, which he does not make instinct with meaning, — not a line which he does not manage to accompany with some action that throws a light upon the situation. The result is that he produces almost a new play.

The Union Square Theatre still continues to maintain the best stock company acting in the United States. The company remains substantially the same from year to year, and an extraordinary skill in the selection of plays still distinguishes the management. In fact, if it were possible for every theatre to be managed as this one is, the difficulty of obtaining a high degree of training by relying purely on the law of demand and supply might disappear; but the exception proves the rule, and the excellence of the acting at the Union Square shows nothing more than the extraordinary skill of the management of this particular theatre. The play of this winter has thus far been Daniel Rochat, Sardou's last hit in Paris. The plot of the play is not one to suggest to any ordinary manager that it would be likely to succeed in this country. Daniel Rochat, described on the bills as "statesman and philosopher," is a young French radical in politics and religion, who has a large following, and a character as statesman, philosopher, and atheist to support. Miss Leah Henderson, a young American heiress, is traveling through France with her sister, Miss Esther Henderson, her aunt, Mrs. Powers, and a couple of frivolous cousins. Leah accidentally meets Daniel, and falls in love with him, as he does with her. In this there is nothing very remarkable, but what is curious is that, although Leah falls in love with Rochat partly out of admiration for his intellect and with a full knowledge that he has a public station and position of

some sort, she does not appear to know, or at any rate to be at all impressed by, the character of that position. It is consequently a great surprise to her when she discovers, after they have gone through the civil ceremony of marriage, that her lover is opposed to any religious consecration of the contract. He is a consistent infidel, and nothing will persuade him to take his bride to church. With regard to the possibility of this situation, we have nothing to say. M. Sardou understands French atheists better than we do, and it may perhaps be very likely that a leading Voltairean would refuse to be married to a woman by a minister of the gospel. However this may be, the end of the third act finds Leah and Daniel in this uncomfortable predicament: that they have been married civilly by a magistrate; that Rochat considers this to be a valid and complete marriage, while Leah does not consider herself married at all. Leah, it should be observed, is represented not simply as an ordinary American heiress (M. Sardou takes the audience into his confidence at several stages of the play with regard to American customs, and lets them understand that he knows perfectly well that in fact a great majority of marriages in the United States are simply solemnized by mayors and justices of the peace), but she is an exceptional character, and the fourth act consists of a powerful scene in her boudoir, in which Rochat endeavors to persuade her that he is entitled to consider himself her husband, while she resists his importunities, and displays the nobility of her character by insisting on making everything yield to her sense of duty. The play having reached this point, it would be difficult for most dramatists to know how to end it. Any termination of a happy character would seem unutterably tame, yet any termination in the nature of a tragic rupture of the half-completed marriage would seem to be impossible. M. Sardou, however, is equal to any emergency. He first makes the husband yield to the entreaties of the beautiful Leah, and consent, after much difficulty and agony, to accompany her to church. Meanwhile, however, Leah has obtained a glimpse of her husband's character which is by no means satisfactory to her. She had idealized him, yet he had turned out to be very much like other men, — selfish, determined to have his own way, and giving to duty a very different place from that allotted to it in her pure mind. He had even tried to persuade her to violate her own sense of duty. She has, in consequence of this, begun to lose her affection for Daniel Rochat or, as it is prettily put in plays and novels, she has found that the real Daniel Rochat is a different person from the Daniel Rochat she has loved. She therefore, while professing willingness to abide by the terms of her bargain, intimates very distinctly that she is no longer satisfied with it, and Rochat, always a man of honor, withdraws from the marriage at the very moment when his happiness seemed to be assured. The existence of a legal marriage is neatly got over by the discovery of a local law to the effect that marriages brought about by misunderstandings are null and void, or can be made so. Leah, not having known the peculiarities of Rochat's position, or his views, brings herself within the provisions of this convenient statute, and is in consequence released. Besides all this there is a comic plot, but, as is the case with so many of Sardou's plays, the comedy is merely interwoven with tragedy for the sake of the contrast, and forms no essential part of the main plot. It is difficult to see why such a play as this should be popular in the United States. The situation is of course a possible one, but it is grossly improbable. The spectator is convinced from the first that in real life the difficulty would have been ended by some concession on the part of one of the contracting parties, and the tragedy

produced by Leah's discovery that the real character of Rochat is inferior to her idealized conception of it is altogether too refined and metaphysical to be in itself interesting. Besides all this, he seems to have been throughout in the right, and she in the wrong. There is absolutely no action in the play, no incident, no event. The interest is entirely emotional, yet this play has had a remarkable run in New York, chiefly, no doubt, owing to the excellence with which it is acted. This excellence does not lie in any one part, for great fault in detail might be found with the leading actors. Miss Jewett acts the part of Leah with delicacy, tact, and refinement, but without any tragic force. Mr. Thorne plays the part of Rochat with plenty of tragic emotion of the physical variety, but without much delicacy, tact, or refinement. Yet taken as a whole, as we have said, the acting is better than than that of any other theatre in New York. All the smallest parts are well taken. Mr. John Parselle, one of the most competent actors, plays the small *rôle* of William Fargis. The part of M. Turler is thoroughly well taken by Mr. Owen Fawcett. Miss Esther Henderson and Mrs. Powers, both subordinate parts, are competently played by Maud Harrison and Mrs. Phillipps.

We have left ourselves no room to speak of The Guv'nor at Wallack's. The theatres are this year devoted to tragedy, and the reaction from the surfeit of farce, hitherto provided, is a healthy one. But there is such a thing as too much tragedy, and to any one fatigued with emotion such a play as The Guv'nor may be strongly recommended. It would be a waste of time to go into the plot. The great hit of the play is the acting of Mr. William Elton in the part of Macclesfield, the deaf boat-builder. In the way of farce acting it is impossible to imagine anything better. His deafness is not a mere difficulty of hearing, but that long-continued, incurable deafness which affects the whole behavior and changes the voice. Even this change of voice Mr. Elton has acquired to perfection, as he has also that fixed manner of attending to what is said that usually characterizes deafness of this sort. The play is too long. Farces ought not to be written in three acts; but if they are to be, there could hardly be a better excuse for it than the opportunity afforded to such an actor as Mr. Elton.

THE GENESIS OF GENIUS.

In The Atlantic Monthly for October, 1880, Dr. William James set forth a brilliant and interesting paper upon the subject of Great Men, Great Thoughts, and the Environment, in which he traversed sundry theories of Mr. Herbert Spencer and other evolutionists. Among them, he devoted several pages to a friendly demolition of my humble self, and more particularly of diverse thoughts of mine on the evolution of national character which I had ventured to propound in the Gentleman's Magazine, some three years since. I am so little accustomed to the dignity of being publicly controverted that I come forward with much diffidence to meet his kindly censure; but as the editor has courteously placed a few pages at my disposal, I shall so far trespass upon his space as briefly to enter into the principal questions in Dr. James's essay which specially affect my own statements. As to the general issues which he raises

against Mr. Spencer and others, they may be safely left in the able hands of Professor Fiske, who, I learn, will already have answered Dr. James in this review before the present article appears. Accordingly, I shall make no apology for confining my attention strictly to those parts of my assailant's argument which are immediately directed against my own positions. And, first of all, I must start by thanking Dr. James for the uniform kindness and courtesy with which he has always treated my writings, — a courtesy which I shall endeavor to imitate in the present paper.

Dr. James begins by asserting as mine an opinion which I was not previously aware of maintaining, — "that individuals have no initiative in determining social change." Such an opinion is of course, on the very face of it, absurd ; and one may reasonably doubt if it was ever held by anybody, even in the worst wards of Colney Hatch Asylum. To say that Wickliffe, Luther, and Calvin had nothing to do with initiating the Protestant Reformation, that Jefferson, Washington, and Franklin had nothing to do with initiating the American Revolution, is clearly nonsense. But to say that "the differences between one nation and another, whether in intellect, commerce, art, morals, or general temperament, *ultimately* depend, not upon any mysterious properties of race, nationality, or any other unknown and unintelligible abstractions, but simply and solely upon the physical circumstances to which they are exposed," is quite another thing. The power which a nation possesses of producing a Phidias, a Pericles, and an Æschylus, of begetting Washingtons, Lincolns, and Grants, who may in turn initiate such changes at the ripe moment, is the real problem for which we have to account. That the whole social history of a race depends in part upon the interaction of its units, and especially of those exceptional units whom we call great men, any child can see, and none but a fool could deny. But the causes which produce these great men are the things which we want to find out. That Hellas was Hellas in virtue of her individual poets and statesmen and philosophers ; that Rome was Rome in virtue of her Scipios, her Cæsars, and her Ciceros ; that England is England in virtue of her Shakespeares, her Newtons, and her Hampdens, and, I grieve to say, in virtue also of her Pitts, her Clives, and her Beaconsfields, — all this is as clear as the sun in the heavens. But *why* Hellas rather than India or China should produce a Socrates and an Aristotle, a Parthenon and a Prometheus ; *why* Rome rather than Cære or Tusculum should produce a race of ruthless conquerors and marvelous administrators ; *why* England rather than Central Africa should produce a Novum Organon and a Paradise Lost, or rather than France and Germany should colonize America and enslave India, — these are the questions which really call for philosophical explanation. To put a simple parallel case, I have ventured to assert that all the heat which drives the steam-engine comes from the coal in the furnace : Dr. James accuses me of neglecting the hot water in the boiler, and declares it to be my opinion that the engine would go equally well if the water were as cold as ice. I answer that the water must certainly be boiling, but that no water boils itself, and that the heat which makes it work the piston and turn the crank all comes ultimately from the coal in the furnace. Or, to translate the metaphor into terms of the present discussion, individual men are the units whose movements make up social changes ; but the individual characters themselves, in their totality, are wholly created by the external circumstances.

First of all, we must remember that we have to deal, not with the great men

only, but with the average men of each race. Shakespeare and Newton, and Clive and Hampden, and even Henry VIII., have done much to make England just what she is for good and for evil; but the ordinary law-loving, stubborn, hard-headed, stolid, energetic Englishman has done a great deal more. What we English now are we owe a little to William the Norman and Henry the Angevin, to Cromwell and to Wellington, to Wickliffe and to Wesley, to Darwin and to Spencer; but we owe it a great deal more to the nameless pirates who peopled Kent and East Anglia, to the hunted Celts who hung on to life and liberty in Wales and Cornwall, to the unknown yeomen and artisans of the Middle Ages, to the forgotten Puritans, the buried merchants, the manufacturers and inventors and toilers of later times. What you Americans now are you owe in part to those noble men who gave you your constitution, and to those great workers and soldiers who preserved the Union; but you owe a thousand times more — you above every nation upon earth — to the average American citizen, and to his predecessors, the average colonists of the older days, and the average European settlers of the present time. After Mr. Galton, there is little need to demonstrate that great men themselves are but slight deviations from a general level of intelligence or taste, just as fools are slight deviations on the other side. Except in a generally mechanical race, you will not find a Watt or an Edison; except in a generally literary race, you will not find a Shakespeare or a Goethe; except in a generally æsthetic race, you will not find a Lionardo or a Beethoven. We never see an inborn Raphael at Memphis discovering all the laws of perspective offhand; we never see an original Channing or Howard springing at once into existence amongst the head-hunting Dyaks; we never see an incongruous Newton hitting suddenly upon the law of gravitation in some Zulu village. The great problem for our solution is this: How did Athens, or Rome, or mediæval Italy, attain its general character? and then we can easily answer the further questions, How did they turn out from time to time a Plato, a Pompeius, or a Michelangelo?

Every race possesses a certain mean of character, intellectual, emotional, moral, and æsthetic. From this mean variations arise in every particular on either side; and how they arise we shall inquire further on. But for the present it is sufficient to point out that the variations always bear a certain general proportion to the mean: they seldom very largely deflect from it in either direction, and never very largely in the direction of higher or increased powers. The average Englishman has a certain fairly fixed moral, intellectual, and æsthetic nature. Even our deviations are not extreme. A bad Englishman is not usually a cannibal, like the Fijians: a stupid Englishman is not, as a rule, unable to count five, like the Bushmen; a Philistine Englishman does not habitually beat a tom-tom, or smear himself with putrid fat, like the Hottentots. On the other hand, our upward variations are likewise in a certain proportion to our mean. Even a Darwin or a Spencer stands at a comparatively measurable distance from the average run of our naturalists and our philosophical thinkers; even Mr. Morris and Sir Frederick Leighton are in the same category with our average water-color painters and decorative artists. We shall, I hope, see reason hereafter to think that these exceptional individuals are traceable to the convergence of certain special lines of descent; and as such convergences must, on an average, occur, in a settled number of births, a settled number of times, it may fairly be said that the exceptions are necessary products of the mean. And as

such exceptions vary only within modest limits — as the exceptional Hottentots and Digger Indians are at bottom Hottentots and Digger Indians still, while the Platos and Cæsars and Schillers are at bottom Hellenes, or Romans, or Germans still — it may be fairly said to follow that whatever accounts for the mean accounts for the variations as well. For this reason it seems to me that the geographical Hellas — to take a concrete example — not only produced the average Athenians and Syracusans, but also equally produced the Aristotles and Euclids and Archimedes whom the prior existence of the average Athenian and Syracusan alone made possible.

Nor must we overrate the value of the particular great men, individually, as initiators of social change, when viewed in opposition to that general tendency to produce great men which results from the convergence of certain special stocks, and which makes each particular type of great man to some extent a drug in the market of countries like Hellas, England, and America. Dr. James asks, for example, whether England would have to-day an "imperial" ideal, "if a certain boy named Bob Clive had shot himself, as he tried to [do], at Madras." It is much to be feared that she would. Experience of the greedy predatory class produced in England by survival of feudal families, by our still aristocratic government, and by our complication with European politics leads one to fear that if that particular Bob Clive had duly shot himself another and equally unscrupulous Bob Clive would have stolen Bengal all the same. Our circumstances have, unhappily, created amongst us a class of Bob Clive begetters; and whenever there is a Zululand or an Afghanistan to annex, some Sir Bartle Frere is forthcoming at once to annex it. So, in America, the moment a need arises, you find Washingtons and Franklins, Grants and Sewards, ready to hand by the dozen. If the fabulous Indian had shot the original Washington at his first aim, if whooping-cough had carried off Abraham Lincoln in a Western shanty, the Union would doubtless now be just as intact as ever, and none the less be filled with cheap lithographs of some Jenkins or Smithson who was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. And can Dr. James be serious in supposing that nineteenth-century America would have been almost destitute of naturalists but for the one "magnetic personality" of Agassiz? Why, naturalists grow "spontaneously" in such an environment as that of New England.

Briefly put, it is the English nation, the American nation, and the Hellenic nation which need explanation, and whose explanation is to be found in two things, — the stock from which they each descend, and the circumstances in which they are respectively placed. Given these things, the Clives and Washingtons and Alcibiades all follow as a matter of course. Differences of detail there may be in the history, which it is impossible for us, in our general ignorance of detail, to follow out. But that the deviations are products of the mean is a fact which we have only to look about us in order to see.

"A national mind," says Dr. James, "differentiates 'itself' whenever a genius is born in its midst, by reason of causes acting in the invisible and molecular cycle." But this invisible and molecular cycle I emphatically deny. Dr. James tries to show that geniuses belong to the same class of phenomena as what Darwin calls "spontaneous variations." The phrase is a most unfortunate and misleading one, and it is much to be regretted that the father of rational biology should ever have permitted himself to use it, even with his careful explanation of its meaning. Many variations are known to be directly produced by the action of external circumstances;

and even where we cannot prove such a direct action we have good reason for believing in its existence. For example, Mr. Wallace has pointed out that certain insular habitats seem to produce certain special colors in birds and butterflies. Let us see whether something of the same sort is the case with the human mind. Are the variations really "spontaneous," even in Mr. Darwin's guarded sense of the word, or have they not always, on the contrary, an obvious external cause? First, we will hear Dr. James's view of the question, and then we will try to examine its validity.

"So of the Greek mind," says Dr. James, discoursing concerning eggs and omelets. "To get such versatile intelligence it may be that such commercial dealings with the world as the geographical Hellas afforded are a necessary condition. But if they are a sufficient condition, why did not the Phœnicians outstrip the Greeks in intelligence? *No geographical environment can produce a given type of mind. It can only foster and further certain types fortuitously produced*, and thwart and frustrate others. Once again, *its function is simply selective*, and determines what shall actually be only by destroying what is positively incompatible."

Before I proceed to examine the passages which I have taken the liberty to italicize, let me pause a moment to point out the strange confusion about the Phœnicians. Surely it is clear enough that the Phœnicians resembled the Hellenes in neither of the two points which I have laid down as determining causes of national character, — original race and geographical conditions. They were Semites, not Aryans; and they lived in Phœnicia, not in Hellas. To recur to Dr. James's own egg illustration: I have asserted that if you put a fresh hen's egg under a hen the result will be a chicken; and Dr. James objects that somebody put an addled duck's egg into hot water, and did n't get even a duckling. It seems to me that *if* the Phœnicians had been Aryans, and *if* they had lived in Hellas, then they would have been Hellenes: *voilà tout*. But as they were Semites, with a very different character already built up by their previous circumstances, and as they lived in Phœnicia, a very different country from Hellas, they were, on the whole, a very different people. Their commerce *did* make them intelligent, — how intelligent we really hardly know, for we have no Phœnician literature to speak of; but if we may judge from their neighbors and kinsmen, the Jews, in ancient and modern times, their intelligence was probably of a very high order; and their geographical position generally, affording a connection as it did with Egypt, Assyria, and Hellas, while leaving them open to attack from Persia, produced just the results upon their character that one would have expected it to produce. Here, it appears to me, Dr. James's objection simply helps to enforce my thesis.[1]

Similarly, on the very next page, Dr. James uses an analogy of animal life, borrowed from Mr. Wallace, which really tells against his own argument. He points out that Borneo closely resembles New Guinea in climate and aspect, while it is totally unlike it in fauna. But if he had read Mr. Wallace a little more carefully he would have noticed that this difference is itself due to geographical causes and original diversity of race; for New Guinea long formed part of the

[1] I do not care to press this Phœnician side issue; but I think, if we consider sundry facts, we shall come to the conclusion that the Phœnicians really *were* very clever people. They invented the alphabet; they made exquisite *repoussé* metal work; and they excelled all surrounding nations in art. Homer speaks of them with the unfeigned admiration of a barbarian for civilized men; and Herodotus mentions that they alone of all Xerxes' subjects equaled the Hellenes in engineering skill. The energy of the Carthaginians, the organizing power of Hamilcar in Spain, the genius of Hannibal, the terror with which the Romans, ages afterward, regarded Punic faith and the *Dirus Afer*, the colonizing tendency, the explorations of Hanno, — all point in the same direction.

Australian continent, while Borneo was continuous with Asia; and hence the original species peopling the two were different, and the difference has been increased by the competition of higher forms in Borneo which are absent in New Guinea.

And now let us come to Dr. James's main point, the mode in which mental varieties are first evolved. Are they, as Dr. James asserts, "fortuitously produced," or are they, as Mr. Herbert Spencer thinks, functionally produced?

It seems to me that the nervous system stands in this respect on quite a different footing from any other portion of the animal organism. We can imagine a series of comparatively fortuitous circumstances which might make an animal, usually black, be born with white hair; and we can easily believe that this idiosyncrasy, due at first to some mere special molecular collocation, might prove so useful to the creature in question as to give it an extra chance in the struggle for existence, and enable it to hand down its peculiarities to its descendants, who would thus form a permanent variety. But can we imagine a part of the nervous system, answering as it does so directly to some part of the external environment, to be thus produced? Supposing, by any fortuitous chance, any mere molecular combination, — due to special peculiarities of the environment of an ovum or to its "gemmules," if you will, — that a single new cell or ganglion or fibre were added to some portion of an animal's brain: why on earth should that new organ answer in any way to any fact of the environment? If it added a factor to consciousness at all, ought not that factor, in all human probability, to be a purely wild or insane one? If any brain, human or animal, had in it any such extraordinary or supernumerary elements, added as mere sports, would we not expect them to be quite meaningless? And if any brain were largely made up of such elements, would we not rightly expect it to produce an incoherent madman rather than a genius?

On the other hand, the only probable genesis yet proposed for the nervous system represents it as essentially functional in origin. Evolutionism has been lucky in the fact that, while it had Mr. Darwin to build up the genesis of external form by means of "fortuitous" variations, it had Mr. Spencer to build up the genesis of nerves by functional adaptation. The Physical Synthesis does this as the Origin of Species did the other. Great as he is, Mr. Darwin is no psychologist. His theory fails him when he touches mind. There direct adaptation has done everything, and indirect adaptation nothing. Each new accretion to the nervous system seems to have been acquired in the course of practical action. And how a nervous system or a brain could ever have grown up in any other way is to me, I confess, inconceivable. Why should a new bulb of nerve matter, growing up just by molecular accidents, have any sort of relation to the color blue, or to the number fifty-four, or to the act of catching a fish, or to the instability of the homogeneous, or to any one of them more than another? If all brain elements had been functionally developed in the course of human or animal activities, their orderly relation to the environment would be natural and comprehensible; but if they have been fortuitously produced, their orderliness and their relation to external facts are simple miracles. Just let us try to figure to ourselves a heavenly genius born into the world with half a dozen totally new brain elements, and then let us try to fancy reasons why these elements should have one particular function rather than another. Are the new organs to make him into a general, or a painter, or the discoverer of an unknown science; or are they to give him a fresh talent for card-sharping, or a hitherto unequaled power of walking

a tight-rope? To my humble intelligence the notion of accidental brains seems simply monstrous and incredible.

But if, on the other hand, we suppose nervous systems to be functionally developed, all the facts which we know are adequately explained. We know that those nations whose circumstances have placed them in the best position for exercising their intellects have the highest intellects, and that those whose circumstances have least called forth their powers have the lowest. We know that in each class and each family and each individual, exercise sharpens the intelligence and disuse blunts it. We know that where families have for ages carried on certain pursuits, they are exceptionally fitted for those pursuits; and we know, on the other hand, that where there has been ancestrally no habit of carrying on any particular activity, the power of carrying it on at all is usually weak or wanting. If fortuitous genius were to spring up independent of function, we might find an occasional philosopher among the naked Australians, or a stray Cimabue among the half-human Veddahs. But as we see nothing of the sort, our faith in the functional origin of brain and nerve tissue generally is greatly strengthened.

How, then, are we to account for the occasional appearance of the individual genius? Is he not, by his very name, the man who does what nobody else ever has done or can do? Is he not an originator of fresh paths, a being endowed with faculties which are peculiar to himself? I think, not quite. Viewed in a sober light, and apart from the ecstatic exaggeration which we usually consider it necessary to throw into our estimate of greatness, the genius is only a step or two above the other men of his race and time. His peculiarity is that he possesses in some one department a few more elements of mind than most other people his contemporaries; that he combines in himself a certain large number of mind factors, all or nearly all of which are to be severally found in other people, but which are not to be found in any other one person in the same combination. He is merely a special complex of the ordinary race qualities. What makes him individually so rather than any other person?

Every individual is what he is in virtue of his heredity, though the same heredity may come out very differently even in twin brothers. Nevertheless, each personage represents an aggregate of peculiarities derived from some one or many among his ancestors, and recombined in him in a new form. That he should at birth possess any totally new brain elements appears to me simply incredible; though he may perhaps to some slight extent functionally increase the total of his brain elements during his own life, — perhaps, as Dr. Bastian suggests, by the development of neuroglia cells into nerve cells, and the formation of new connecting fibres out of the neuroglia threads. Every individual, amongst human beings, is the direct product of two prior organisms; and he combines elements found in both of them, and sometimes also elements latent in them, but existing in still earlier organisms of the same series. In the main, I suppose we are all agreed that what each man is he is already potentially at birth: whatever little can be added by himself is at best but an infinitesimal fraction, compared with what he derived directly from his parents or indirectly from his earlier ancestry.[1]

Now, in very homogeneous societies, like that of the Veddahs or the Australians, or even to some extent the North American Indians, every man's life closely resembles every other man's. The

[1] Shall I be violating the courtesy of controversy if I add that one of the most interesting studies in heredity which I have ever met is that afforded by a gifted Boston family of the name of James, including a father and two sons, whose marked and subtle individuality has attracted the attention of many on both sides the Atlantic?

functions they each have to perform are almost exactly the same. Hence every child is born of a father and mother whose whole previous ancestry has been quite homogeneous; and the child inherits from them a brain and nervous system of the relatively fixed ancestral type. Idiosyncrasies of temper and other minor points there will be, no doubt: but wide divergences there can hardly be. Deficiencies, of course, may occur anywhere; and so there may be idiots and fools among the Veddahs and the Australian black-fellows as well as among ourselves. But large constructive additions to the brain there cannot be. We cannot fancy one of these people being born with a capricious, miraculous, wholly accidental set of organs, adapted for writing the Principia or even Euclid's Elements. The ideas of number and size and shape and ratio must be slowly evolved, and corresponding elements superadded to the brain (as Mr. Spencer has shown in one of the most masterly parts of his Psychology) before such complex ideas can become matters of thought at all. In the homogeneous skulking life of the Bushman, or the homogeneous hunting and fighting life of the Red Indian, there is no occasion for the functional activities which might conceivably beget such a structure in the course of long generations.

With a heterogeneous society, however, such as that of the Hellenes, the English, or the Americans, infinitely differentiated by its geographical circumstances into classes, mercantile, political, military, manufacturing, artistic, agricultural, — with its sailors, its artisans, its handicraftsmen, and its idle aristocracy, — each individual is perpetually giving full play to all sorts of special activities, differing from those of the remainder. Thus there arise numberless varieties of functionally-acquired brain elements, directly transmitted from each to each. And as every individual is the son of two parents, the grandson of four grandparents, the great-grandson of eight earlier ancestors, and so on *ad infinitum*, he may combine in himself the various brain elements derived from a large number of separate progenitors. Whenever an Athenian citizen married an Athenian girl, by whom he had offspring, he caused a conveyance of certain special ancestral lines, each of which itself summed up a vast number of others, every one of them more or less distinct. In such circumstances, there may result almost any combination of the various functionally-acquired powers and faculties. The child born may be below the average, or just up to the average, or a great deal above the average. The play of those unseen but none the less purely physical causes of which Dr. James makes so much will produce different results in different cases. But, in the average of cases, there must follow a certain percentage of more highly endowed individuals, — individuals, that is to say, who combine in themselves an unusually large number of potential faculties; and natural selection, acting upon the whole mass, will as a rule favor these better endowed individuals, who will then hand on their peculiarities, to be again crossed and recrossed with those of other stocks which have equally survived in the sharper competition of such a differentiated community. Those slightly above the average will be called clever people; those a great deal above it will be called able people; and those immensely above it will be called geniuses.

Moreover, the combinations may be of very special kinds. There may be the union in one man of moderately high faculties in many directions, which is versatility. Or there may be the convergence of specially high faculties in a single line, which is talent. Or there may be high powers of combination between groups of faculties, which is philosophical intellect. Here it may be the æsthetic side of a man's nature which is

richly endowed from his ancestry; there it may be the imaginative side; and yonder, again, the practical, political, or money-making side. But whatever be the original endowments, high or low, they must be an inheritance from one or more ancestors, though they may be slightly increased by functional activity during each man's life-time, and handed down again in fuller forms to those who come after.

"Sporadic great men," observes Dr. James, "come everywhere." True, among the Veddahs, there are doubtless sporadically great Veddahs, with exceptional talents for climbing trees and beating tom-toms. But the great point is not to account for these men, who must arise, *as exceptions*, everywhere: it is to account for the general level of Hellas, or Judea, or England, which makes an Aristotle, an Isaiah, or a Locke possible. If you can account for the average, you have accounted for the exceptions, which must, as a mathematical necessity, arise from the constant blending of variously constituted stocks. And when we ask, What accounts for the average? there is only one answer possible: The geographical environment. To suppose, as Dr. James does, that we can owe all the wealth of intellect and æsthetic fancy which characterized Periclean Athens to the mere accidental play of molecules and gemmules is really to suppose it uncaused. I look at the physical conditions of Hellas, and I find a country which naturally called forth the varied activity of its sons, and which could not fail to produce functionally-acquired increments of brain. I see that these new functionally-acquired structures must have been handed down from father to son, in infinite varieties of intercrossing and combination. I can see no way in which this could fail to beget a high average of intelligence, together with occasional deviations of exceptional intelligence. When there is this real and known cause adequate to produce all the results, why should we go out of our way to suppose they must be produced by the occasional miraculous birth of somebody, with some totally new brain-elements in his head, miraculously adapted *à priori* to certain external facts, such as writing The Birds or carving the Athene Promachus? Is not this really the doctrine of special creations intervening in the very midst of the historical series?

Dr. James does not think so. "No geographical environment," he says dogmatically, "can produce a given type of mind. It can only foster and further certain types fortuitously produced." I might oppose his dogmatism by an equally dogmatic contradiction; but I prefer to ask, How does he know this? Will not geographical environment mould[1]

[1] May I beg, as a special favor, that this word may be printed *mould*, not *mold*? Had I been brought up in America I do not question that I should have willingly spelt it in the latter manner; but my geographical environment has so prejudiced me on this matter that it caused me genuine dismay to see it attributed to me under that form in the excerpts quoted from my article by Dr. James. "But," says somebody, "surely the difference is due to the personal influence of Dr. Noah Webster." Believe me, no; a skin-deep criticism. In old England, our historical feeling keeps us true to the ancient spelling; in new America, a man is found to make alterations, and all the world follows him at once. We are more conservative; you are more rational. Outside old Puritan and literary Boston, how many Americans would object, like Dr. Holmes, on historical and philological grounds, to spelling his name "Homes"?

[We are very glad to oblige our amiable transatlantic contributor by putting a superfluous letter into his mold. "You kin spall an' punctooate as you please," says Mr. Hosea Biglow. "I allus do. . . . Ef I squeeze the cents out of 'em it's the main thing, an' wut they wuz made fur; wut's left's jest pummis." While freely admitting, however, that we are more rational, we must question whether we are less conservative than our English cousins in the spelling of our common tongue. Dr. Webster gives much earlier authorities than himself for spelling mold without the *u*; and old books will doubtless show both spellings and three or four others, according to the printer's exigency in spacing out his line. Our cousins are probably clinging to one misspelling, while we are clinging to another. Of course, nobody *really* knows how to spell mold.]

and alter an individual character to a certain slight extent? Does not the American continent produce certain modifications of character in most settlers? May not these modifications be transmitted to descendants, and be gradually accumulated so as to bring about a new type? In short, is there any such thing as functional alteration of character, and is there any reason why such alteration should have any necessary limit? It is just like the Darwinian question about origin of species: How do you know that species are fixed, and that infinitesimal variations will not in time produce immense results?

Moreover, as Dr. James himself acknowledges, your genius is nothing without his environment. There could have been no Shakespeare if the Elizabethan audience of the Globe had not been prepared to appreciate the delicate fancy of Midsummer Night's Dream and the vulgar badinage of the Merry Wives of Windsor. There would have been no Giotto if the Italian monks and bishops had not possessed a sufficient æsthetic sense to admire the Madonna of Assisi, and to give fresh orders for the churches of Florence. Your genius is directed by his *milieu*, and reacts again upon his *milieu*. But both genius and *milieu* are products of the geographical conditions. Athens had a Parthenon, not because there was a Phidias there ready to build one, but because there was a large body of citizens who wanted a Parthenon built. The geographical conditions had set most Athenians on the artistic groove, and thus many among them took to art as their most natural career. The same thing that made the many into art critics made the few into artists. Had Phidias died in his cradle there would have been a Parthenon all the same.

But the figures on the frieze would have been a little different, Dr. James will perhaps object. Ah, yes; *if* Phidias had died of measles. But Phidias did n't, and that is just the whole root of the question. A great many clever children are born in towns like Athens and Boston: some of them die young, and some of them don't. But their dying or surviving is itself a product of the physical conditions, just as much as anything else. If we knew *all* the circumstances, we could explain *everything*, down to the very twist of Theseus' leg, or the exact phrases that Hawthorne puts into the mouth of his elf-child. But we don't know all, so we can only explain approximately. We take refuge in the approximate theory of averages. We may allow that a certain number of the clever children will die; but there will be enough left to carve the Niobe and the Discobolus, to pour forth the Agamemnon and the Ajax, to write the Scarlet Letter and Evangeline and Daisy Miller. What we have really to explain is the force which produces the average man of each race; and the extraordinary men must come in their turn. They may each produce relatively slight effects which will give to the total a twist slightly different from that which it would otherwise have taken. These minor points we cannot adequately explain, for want of grasp of detail. But the petty differences impressed upon individual Greek minds by Plato, or Aristotle, or Zeno are nothing at all compared with the vast differences between every Greek mind and every Egyptian or Chinese mind. We may neglect them in a philosophy of history, just as in calculating the impetus of a locomotive we neglect the extra impulse given it by a single piece of better coal.

Dr. James accuses me of "shrieking about the law of universal causation being undone, the moment we refuse to invest in the kind of causation which is being peddled round by a particular school." Now, barring that word "shrieking," which I do not think can be justly applied to anything in the two papers Dr. James undertakes to criticise, I plead

guilty to the impeachment. Causation is either causation or nothing. Dr. James's "fortuitous" and "spontaneous" variations, however carefully he may veil them, are merely long names for miracles. They are not Mr. Darwin's variations: they are simply uncaused facts. The theory of functionally produced increments of the nervous system is a theory of causation: the theory of spontaneous variations accidentally producing genius is, like Mr. Bagehot's crude notions in Physics and Politics, nothing more than a deification of Caprice, conceived as an entity capable of initiating changes outside the order of physical causation.

And, talking of shrieks, what are we to say of Dr. James's peroration? — "I think that all who have had the patience to follow me thus far will agree that the Spencerian 'philosophy' of social and intellectual progress is an obsolete anachronism, reverting to a pre-Darwinian type of thought, just as the Spencerian philosophy of 'force,' effacing all the previous phenomenal distinctions between *vis viva*, potential energy, momentum, work, force, mass, etc., which physicists have with so much agony achieved, carries us back to a pre-Galilean age." Now, if these be facts, how is it that Mr. Spencer should still receive so much countenance from our greatest physicist, Professor Tyndall, and from our greatest biologists, Professor Huxley and Sir Joseph Hooker? How is it that his Biology and Psychology have been adopted as a ground-work by all our rising physiologists, such as Romanes, Bastian, and Lankester? How is it that they attach special importance to that theory of nerve genesis which Dr. James finds so old-fashioned? How is it that every prominent Darwinian has accepted this pre-Darwinian creed, and that Dr. James stands alone amongst all the younger physiologists, ranged by the side of a purely obstructive and clerical opposition? How is it that almost every scientific man regards the "obsolete anachronism" as Mr. Spencer's justest title to philosophic respect? Dr. James ought to be more measured in his statements. He is a brilliant and a subtle thinker; but in science he should remember that it is a bad thing to find one's self in a minority of one.

Grant Allen.

BEFORE DAWN.

A KEEN, insistent hint of dawn
  Came from the mountain height;
A wan, uncertain gleam betrayed
  The faltering of the night.

The emphasis of silence made
  The fog above the brook
Intensely pale; the trees took on
  A haunted, haggard look.

Such quiet came, expectancy
  Filled all the earth and sky;
Time seemed to pause a little space;
  I heard a dream go by!

Maurice Thompson.

THE WIVES OF POETS.

III.

In resuming our study of the Wives of Poets, I need only say by way of reminder that in my first articles I explained the general nature of the undertaking, and considered the foreign poets and their wives; in the present one I shall have to consider the English-speaking poets and *their* wives; and inquire, in conclusion, whether a general view of the whole subject, so far as I have been able to carry it, does or does not confirm a somewhat prevalent belief that poets are not prosperous as married men, or (to put it axiomatically), the better the poet, the worse the husband. This is all the preliminary that I shall allow myself on the present occasion, for we have a great deal of ground to travel over in considering the British poets individually, and I must address myself at once to that task.

Our first poet will be Edmund Spenser, the author of The Faery Queen, who was born in London of a Lancashire family in 1553. Some think he was born a few years earlier; but I observe in one of his love sonnets, written towards 1592–3, a remark that he had then been a year in love, and was full forty years old, and this confirms the date 1553 with much exactness. After leaving the university, Spenser lived unoccupied in the North of England, and is said to have been there enamored of the lady whom he celebrated under the name of Rosalind in his first conspicuous work, The Shepherd's Calendar; this passion, however, came to nothing. Afterwards, in 1580, Spenser went to Ireland as secretary to the lord deputy; and he obtained a considerable grant of land in the County Cork, including the Castle of Kilcolman. In 1589 his fame was much enlarged by the publication of the opening cantos of The Faery Queen. He was styled Queen Elizabeth's laureate, and received a pension of £50 per annum. In October, 1598, in consequence of an outbreak of the disaffected, Spenser's house was burned; a new-born child perished in the ruins, and the poet and his wife, with two surviving sons, had to fly for their lives to England. Very shortly after this, on January 13, 1599, he died in London, — it has been alleged, "for lack of bread," but we may fairly doubt whether this is literally true, and surmise rather that the shock of his late terrible calamity and its many attendant hardships had shattered his constitution.

Spenser was a man of reserved and gentle character, which we find indicated in his face according to the best authenticated of the portraits; of grateful heart and religious mind, which took a rather strong anti-Catholic bias; endowed with an uncommon extent of learning and with proportionate self-esteem.

Of his wife we know very little. It used to be said that she was a simple Irish peasant-girl but this tradition, which I should have liked to believe in honor of old Ireland and the fair ones native to her soil, is now shelved, and she is understood to have been a gentlewoman of station corresponding to that of Spenser himself. Her Christian name is recorded, Elizabeth, but not her surname. Of her fate after Spenser's death I find no account. The poet has left us a considerable amount of verse about this lady, — eighty-eight sonnets composed prior to marriage, and the elaborate, stately, and joyous Epithalamium. From the latter we learn that the wedding took place on the longest day of the year. The sonnets do not give us much information about the damsel of a definite kind. They indicate

that she was not easily won; and they speak of "the deep wit that true heart's thought can spell," of "that proud port which her so goodly graceth," and of "her ruddy cheeks like unto roses red." The beauty most frequently insisted on is her golden hair, as in these lines: —

"What guile is this that those her golden tresses
She doth attire under a net of gold,
And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses
That *which* is gold or hair may scarce be told?"

And here is a graceful little sonnet on some of her embroidery-work representing, as we shall see, a bee and a spider, on which the poet puts his own interpretation: —

"I joy to see how in your drawen work
Yourself unto the bee ye do compare,
And me unto the spider that doth lurk
In close await to catch her unaware.
Right so yourself were caught in cunning snare
Of a dear foe, and thrallèd to his love,
In whose strait bands ye now captivèd are
So firmly that ye never may remove.
But, as your work is woven all about
With woodbine-flowers and fragrant eglantine,
So sweet your prison you in time shall prove
With many dear delights bedeckèd fine;
And all thenceforth eternal peace shall see
Between the spider and the gentle bee."

The greatest of human intellects, William Shakespeare, is the poet whom we have next to consider. The little that is known about him is so familiar to all that, save so far as concerns his marital relations, I shall say nothing of it, beyond reminding the reader that he was born in April, 1564, probably on the 23d of the month, and died on the same day of 1616, aged fifty-two.

At the singularly early age of eighteen Shakespeare married a damsel eight years older than himself, Anne Hathaway, daughter of a thriving yeoman at Shottery who had died about a year previous. There is every reason to suppose that during the courtship Anne had been less prudent than confiding: consequently the pair were united after a single asking of the banns, and, in order to save the licensing bishop and his officers harmless for such an irregularity, two friends of the Hathaways, Sandalls and Richardson, had to enter beforehand into a bond of indemnity, dated November 28, 1582. The wedding then ensued; and on May 26, 1583, Shakespeare's first child, Susanna, was baptized. She was followed in 1585, by twins, Hamnet and Judith, and apparently there were not any other children of the marriage. In the dramatist's play of Twelfth Night we find a few lines which suggest that the difference of age between himself and his wife was not unnaturally regarded by him as falling on the wrong side: —

"Let still the woman take
An elder than herself: so wears she to him;
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy (however we do praise ourselves),
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are. . . .
Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent."

How did Shakespeare demean himself as a married man? This is a question which some of us would very much like to solve, but the materials are scanty, and we can at best arrive at an approximate solution. Shakespeare quitted Stratford-on-Avon in or before 1586, — in consequence, perhaps, of that affair we have all heard about, the stealing of Sir Thomas Lucy's deer from Charlecote; *perhaps*, by no means certainly: he unquestionably went to London and became an actor. That he at first left his wife and children behind at Stratford is so probable that we may almost assume it as a fact; whether they did or did not afterwards rejoin him in the capital is quite unknown. There is, at any rate, sufficient evidence that he had not been long in London before he began providing for his ultimate resettling in Stratford; and he visited the place frequently, possibly as often as once in each year. The virtue of marital constancy was perhaps not the one of all others which Shakespeare, under the circumstances of his profession and its surroundings, was likely to practice; and, if we accept his sonnets as fairly repre-

senting certain incidents and emotions in his own life, — and I am of those who do so accept them, — we must decidedly say that in one instance, at least, he was faithless to his marriage-vow. Certain of the later sonnets do undoubtedly indicate — unless we choose to construe them in some figurative or extraneous sense — that Shakespeare was captivated by a dark-complexioned married woman, of very irregular character, from whom he could not disentangle himself, although conscious that she was playing fast and loose with him, and encouraging, along with his own, the addresses of an intimate friend of his. The precise date of this affair is not ascertainable; it was not earlier than 1597, nor later than 1609, when the poet was respectively thirty-three and forty-five years of age, and the probability is that the incident occurred nearer the earlier than the later of these two dates. There are also two other stories, — one relating to Mrs. Davenant, who kept a hostelry in Oxford and became the mother of Sir William Davenant, and the second relating to some citizen dame of London; but these I need not further discuss, as the evidence regarding them is mere matter of anecdotical tradition or surmise. Indeed, it has quite recently been alleged (but without any details published) that Mrs. Davenant's character is now finally vindicated.

Not later than 1612, when he was forty-eight years of age, Shakespeare was resettled in Stratford as a man of no little opulence and position, owner of New Place, the principal mansion in the town. His wife and his second daughter, Judith, lived with him. The son had died in 1596, and the elder daughter, Susanna, had in 1607 married a well-reputed local physician, Dr. Hall. Only two months before Shakespeare's death Judith also married, her husband being a vintner, Mr. Thomas Guiney. This daughter could not write, but Susanna could. The poet's will was drawn up just prior to the wedding, and was executed after it, the great bulk of his property being left to Mrs. Hall. To his wife he bequeathed nothing originally, and then, by an interlineation, merely his second-best bed with its furniture. This point, standing unexplained, might certainly seem to show that he regarded her with indifference, or some repugnance; but it *is* explained by one simple and undeniable fact, — that his estates were almost all freehold, and that the existing law gave his widow an adequate provision out of those estates, under the name of dower. She survived her husband seven years, dying in August, 1623, aged sixty-seven.

From the various details which I have here put together my inference is that Shakespeare was not devotedly attached to his wife; but to go beyond this (as has often been done), and say that he slighted or disliked her, appears to savor more of guess-work than of deduction.

From the mightiest of all English poets, and, as Englishmen generally (and I among them) believe, the mightiest on the whole of all poets whensoever or wheresoever, I pass to one who is comparatively obscure, John Donne, commonly called by his ecclesiastical designation, Dr. Donne. This writer, considered simply as a poet, is, however, quite worthy to figure in our list; and the more than commonly interesting and touching incidents of his married life withhold me from passing him over. Donne was one of those authors whom Dryden, and after him Dr. Johnson, called "metaphysical poets;" poets, that is, whose writings are full of labored, fanciful, non-natural thoughts and images, — intellectual "conceits," as we now call them, — borrowed from all regions of speculation or of scholarship, and dragged into the service or disservice of his subject matter (so to speak) by the head and shoulders. This we rightly account a very serious and indeed a very exasperating defect: never-

theless, Donne was a true master in his own style, and a genuine poet, many of whose verses we can read with acute delight, while many others, crabbed and strained though they are, repay, by their depth and brilliancy of thought, the rather fatiguing study which they exact from their reader. But critical estimate of Donne as a poet is not my business now: I will therefore at once proceed to the facts of his life, and especially his married life.

John Donne, the son of a rich London merchant, was born in the capital in 1573. His relatives were Roman Catholics; he looked into the question himself before he was fully of age, and became a Protestant. In 1596–97, having first squandered in excesses a handsome fortune left him by his father, he accompanied the Earl of Essex in his expeditions against Cadiz and the Azores, and afterwards passed some years in Italy and Spain. On his return he became secretary, for about five years, to Lord Elsinore. This nobleman was uncle to a youthful and beautiful lady, daughter of Sir George More, lieutenant of the Tower. The young people fell in love, and were clandestinely married. When the secret came to light Donne was not only dismissed from his employment, but was committed to prison along with the good-natured friend who had given the bride away; they were, however, speedily released. Next an expensive law proceeding had to be commenced by Donne for the recovery of his bride; and this exhausted the scanty remains of his fortune. In their poverty they were housed by his kinsman, Sir Francis Wooley, at Pirford, in Surrey; and at last Sir George More consented to pay a portion for his daughter, and they settled at Mitcham, still with very straitened means, and afterwards in London. In 1612, Donne was urged to travel on the Continent with another patron of his, Sir Robert Drury; his wife, who was then ill, demurred, but the motives which urged him to go were too strong, and he departed. At Paris, he is said to have had a distressing vision of his wife with her hair hanging over her shoulders, holding a dead child; and in fact it turned out that on that very same night she had given birth to a still-born infant. Returning to London, Donne relinquished the study of the civil and canon law, on which he had been engaged, and was finally persuaded to take orders in the church. This he did, but only after much self-questioning and studious preparation.

The poems of Donne consist partly of so-called Divine Poems, — religious effusions which were chiefly composed in the very youthful days of his Catholicism; and partly of Secular Poems, — satires, love verses, etc., many of which are secular indeed, and give promise of anything rather than the priestly office. or personal sanctity. These also belong mostly to his youth, few of them being later than 1600: one most remarkable work, The Progress of the Soul, dates in 1601. But the heat and license of his youth had for some years past been assuaged in a happy and loving, though trouble-crossed marriage; and by the time that he took orders — at the age of forty, more or less — he was qualified to do justice to his sacred profession, and he soon shone forth preëminently, both as a man of evangelical life and as a powerful preacher. Not long afterwards, in 1617, his beloved wife died, leaving seven children, — the survivors of a large family of eleven. Donne's health suffered from this bereavement, and he went for a while to Germany. Towards 1619 he was made Dean of St. Paul's. He died of consumption in March, 1631.

Among Donne's love poems there are three addressed to his wife: probably more than three. The first shows that, soon after their as yet undetected marriage, a project was started that Donne should go abroad, to France and Italy,

and his bride was bent upon accompanying him habited as a page: the poem is an earnest dissuasive against this rashly romantic scheme. It begins, —

"By our first strange and fatal interview,
By all desires which thereof did ensue,
By our long-starving hopes, by that remorse
Which my words' masculine-persuasive force
Begot in thee, and by the memory
Of hurts which spies and rivals threatened me,
I calmly beg."

Further on he speaks of "thy else almighty beauty," and prettily says that, spite of her proposed page's attire,

"All will spy in thy face
A blushing, womanly, discovering grace."

The second poem is named The Anniversary, and was written on the first yearly recurrence of the day when Donne and the lady had originally met: it speaks of himself and his bride as being sovereigns and subjects each of the other, and ends, —

"Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore: this is the second of our reign."

The third poem is a song written on the occasion I have already mentioned, when Donne had to journey to France, and his wife was loath to part from him, —

"Sweetest love, I do not go
For weariness of thee."

It ranks among his most graceful productions, and is comparatively simple: I would gladly quote it, were my space less restricted.

I shall now go on to John Milton, — one of the poets most constantly cited as having had ill-fortune in marriage. As to this, we must at starting remember that Milton married thrice, and we should not confound his fate with his second and third wives with that which befell him with the first. The details, very much condensed, are as follows: —

Milton, born in London on December 9, 1608, and occupied during his early manhood in superintending the education of various youths, — keeping, as we might say, a semi-private school, — was thirty-six years of age when, in 1644, he married Mary Powell, aged perhaps twelve years less, daughter of a royalist gentleman and magistrate living at Forest Hill, Oxfordshire. The Powells were a large and social family, and were king's men. Milton, though still young and in person remarkably comely, was of grave and somewhat austere temperament, a Puritan and a Parliament's man. This contrast between the two houses, combined (it is said) with often hearing the school-boys cry when they were beaten, was of itself enough to indispose Mary to her new position. At the close of the first month she went to pay a visit to her parents; failed to return at the appointed time; and, acting more especially at her mother's instigation, paid no heed to her husband's letters and messages of recall. Milton was not exactly the man to stand this: it flashed upon his mind that a wife whose temper is uncongenial is a wife who ought to be divorced. He therefore published in rapid succession The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce; Tetrachordon, or Expositions upon the four chief Places in Scripture which treat of Marriage; The Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce and Colasterion. These writings were displeasing to the Presbyterian divines at Westminster, who got the author summoned before the House of Lords; they, however, soon dismissed him. Some of the expressions in the books are very symptomatic of what lurked in the indignant husband's mind. For instance, "The bashful muteness of a virgin may oftentimes hide all the unliveliness and natural sloth which is really unfit for conversation;" or, "a mute and spiritless mate;" or, "an image of earth and phlegm." But to write books was mere skirmishing; to gain the battle he must marry again, and Milton, without more ado, set about courting a lady of great sense and beauty, daughter of Dr. Davies. She, it appears, was not

exactly favorable to his suit; at any rate, Mrs. Milton settled the question by a tardy but complete submission. The royal cause had been ruined by the battle of Naseby, in June, 1645; and political concurred with conjugal prudence to counsel her. Milton was one day visiting a relative, Mr. Blackborough, in St. Martin's Lane, when his wife made her appearance, and implored his forgiveness: she fell at his knees, and the two, it is said, mingled their tears. The poet pardoned his offending wife; took her home as soon as a new home was provided for her in Barbican; treated her kindly, and, with an admirable breadth of generosity, received into his house also her father and brothers, who were exposed to sequestration. The brothers, the father having died meanwhile, remained with him as long as was needed, — a year or thereabouts. It has lately been suggested that something more than mere wifely contumacy, something more than mere divergence of political and religious convictions, was at the bottom of the dispute between Milton and his spouse; that she in fact revealed to her family matters of interest to King Charles's cause with which she became acquainted in her husband's house, and that the Powells used these to some effect. On this point all I can say is that no direct evidence in support of the surmise is adduced.

It does not appear that Milton ever retracted or relinquished the bold opinions he had published regarding divorce; but that he was unhappy with his reinstalled wife is a supposition which, however plausible, remains unproved. Lines scattered here and there in his poems countenance, without exactly verifying, it. Four children were born to him, and three of them survived their mother, who died soon after the birth of the last, Deborah, in May, 1652.

Milton was probably almost blind at the date of Mary's death, for the loss of his sight is ascribed immediately to his having written, spite of the warnings of physicians, a work in defense of the great English republic, printed in 1651: at all events, he was, toward the end of 1653, totally blind, through paralysis of the optic nerve. In November, 1656, he remarried, taking to wife Catherine, daughter of Captain Woodcock, of Hackney. The marriage was ratified by an alderman, not by any ecclesiastical person. In fourteen months she also was dead, expiring in childbirth. Even Milton himself has hardly written a nobler sonnet than the one which he consecrated to her beloved memory, and which is enough to satisfy us that in her at least he had found, would but fate have permitted it, the true partner of his life and heart. The sonnet will not be new to any of my readers, but I cannot refrain from quoting it: —

"Methought I saw my late espousèd saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from Death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom washed from spots of childbed taint
Purification in the old law did save,
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white pure as her mind.
Her face was veiled; yet, to my fancied sight,
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear as in no face with more delight.
But oh, as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night."

Having remained a widower for about five years, and meanwhile having witnessed, though not with eyes, the downfall of the Commonwealth, and the Restoration of Charles II., Milton in 1663, on the recommendation of a friend, espoused Elizabeth Minshull, daughter of a gentleman of Wistaston, near Nantwich, in Cheshire: he was opposed to the idea of marrying a widow. Elizabeth was about thirty years younger than himself, with golden hair; probably a good-looking as well as lady-like woman, and seemingly of peaceful and agreeable humor. Yet she is said to have been a

rather harsh step-mother, and one account (which we are not bound to credit implicitly) represents her as a termagant. This was a childless union; and we may reasonably opine that there was nothing in it, on either side, even distantly resembling the authentic passion of love. At the same time it would appear that Milton was well contented with the kindly and unremitting attentions rendered to him by Elizabeth; and that Elizabeth ("Betty," as he called her) liked and respected Milton well enough to do without grudging all that it was incumbent upon her to perform for him. She would often write down from his dictation some twenty or thirty verses before he rose in the morning. She also frequently sang to him, and he remarked that she had a good voice, but no ear. There are two anecdotes — the first possibly true, and the second certainly — which show the terms upon which the spouses lived. The first purports that Charles II., conscious of the European reputation attaching to Milton as the Latin secretary of the preceding government, wished to retain his services in the same or some similar capacity. This the staunch hero of republicanism declined; and, when his wife remonstrated, he said, "You, as other women, would ride in your coach: for me, my aim is to live and die an honest man." The second anecdote shows us Milton and his wife together at dinner, about four month before the poet's death, which took place from gout on November 8, 1674, in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields. Mrs. Milton had prepared for the meal some viand which suited her husband's taste; and he observed, "God have mercy, Betty, I see thou wilt perform according to thy promise in providing me with such dishes as I think fit whilst I live, and when I die thou knowest that I have left thee all." There is a nearly similar and equally well-attested anecdote about another family dinner, this time recorded as taking place in the kitchen only a month before Milton's death. On intentions such as this, declared by word of mouth (in one of the instances he called her "Elizabeth, my loving wife," who "had been very kind and careful of me"), did Mrs. Milton ground her claim, after her husband's decease, to be his general legatee; for he left no written will. The property amounted to some £1500. The claim was contested by the three daughters of his first marriage, to whom the poet was understood to have left nothing, except the portion, £1000, which he ought to have received on espousing Mary Powell, but which had never been paid; and probably, at this remote date, it was not practicably recoverable. Ultimately Mrs. Milton had to compromise with the daughters by resigning £100 to each of them, and indeed she admitted that her husband had intended that the daughters should receive any balance of his property, exceeding a lump sum of £1000 to herself. In her native county, Cheshire, to which she returned soon after Milton's death, she died many years later, 1727, being then in religion a Baptist.

I should have liked to say something more about Milton in relation to his daughters, two of whom (one being excused on account of a defect in speech) must undoubtedly have led a somewhat dreary life in continually reading out to their blind father learned and modern languages, of which they knew the letters and pronunciation, but no jot of the meaning. But my limited space does not allow of my discussing the details, on both sides rather distasteful.

The great poet had light-brown hair, fair complexion, gray eyes, which did not change in appearance through his blindness, and a musical voice; he was rather below than above the middle height. He played on the organ and bass-viol; was cheerful and interesting in friendly converse, of serene temper, and abstemious. His habit was to

smoke a pipe at the close of the evening; he composed his poems chiefly in bed, and in the winter season. In religion he was commonly called an Independent, but was in fact more of an Arian, and he joined in no public worship.

The next poet on our list is John Dryden, the most renowned and robust master of verse who bridged over the chasm — and a very wide chasm it certainly is — between Milton and Pope. He was a grandson of Sir Erasmus Dryden, Bart., of Canons Ashby, and was born at Alwinckle, in Northamptonshire, in August, 1631. His first considerable poem was an elegaic celebration of the deceased Cromwell; his next, an applausive welcome to the restored Charles II.; later on he became famous as a dramatist, and above all as a satirist, his masterpiece in this line being the Absalom and Achitophel, written in 1680: he had been appointed poet laureate twelve years before. He became a Roman Catholic when James II. ascended the throne, and did not return to Protestantism when, at the revolution under William III., it would have been his worldly interest to do so. He died in London of mortification of the leg, in May, 1700. Dryden's face was well moulded and prepossessing, with an aspect of very powerful faculties, at easy command, and in harmonious balance. Yet his manner, unlike his countenance, is said to have been cold, and his temper querulous: his own account is that he is more saturnine than sprightly. With unbounded ferocity as a satirist, he was nevertheless credited with a humane, forgiving disposition.

Dryden seems to have borne a fair character in general and family morals; but he is numbered, apparently with reason, among those poets who have found little heartfelt satisfaction in marriage. His wife, it seems, thought him capricious and neglectful, she not making sufficient allowance for his literary pursuits and poetic variability of mood; and recrimination was frequent between them. He wrote an anticipative epitaph for his wife, who, however, survived him; if it is genuine — and I am not aware that this has ever been questioned — it speaks volumes for his disesteem of her, and very little for his own good-feeling or courtesy. It has, at any rate, the merit of terseness: —

> "Here lies my wife; here let her lie:
> Now she 's at rest — and so am I."

The lady in question, whom he married in December, 1663, when he was thirty-one years of age, was Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, and sister of Sir Robert Howard, who had been Dryden's associate in the composition of one of his dramas. A satire imputed to Lord Somers indicates that the circumstances under which the wedding took place were not very honorable to either party, Lady Elizabeth's reputation being already somewhat compromised. She brought some moderate addition to the poet's means, which, though fair enough from one source or another, were the reverse of large. There were three sons of the marriage, and one of them eventually succeeded to the baronetcy. Dryden, in justifying his conversion to Catholicism, averred that his wife had been a Catholic several years before himself, — an allegation which would seem to imply that he attached some importance to her opinions and feelings, — and that his son John, who had been converted while at Cambridge, converted *him*.

We now come to one of the most singular figures in our literary history, William Blake, — poet, painter, engraver, visionary; a mystic in a very high degree, and indeed many people think a madman. Mrs. Blake also possesses great interest for us: an enthusiastic student of her husband's works, Mr. Swinburne, has gone so far as to term her "about the most perfect wife on

record, faithful to him, and loving beyond all recorded faith and love."

Blake was the son of a respectable hosier, and was born in London, in November, 1757. With little schooling beyond reading and writing, he began inditing verses towards the age of eleven; and exquisite in simple ideality some of his early verses are, as proved many years afterwards upon the publication of his Poetical Sketches. These were succeeded by the Songs of Innocence and of Experience; the former series incomparable for child-like candor, and the latter full of abrupt intuitions of the sublime. He produced also a number of so-called Prophetic Books, The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, Europe, Urizen, Jerusalem, etc., — works, speaking of them in the mass, of a great though chaotic faculty, in which many noble things are embodied or imbedded; vast and vague; only partially intelligible, and quite as partially readable. They show Blake to have been an intense believer in the spiritual verities which underlie our world of sense, and at the same time a most daring speculator in religion and morals. He was a man who saw visions, and to whom ghosts sat for their portraits, — a man exalted, unworldly, vehement, laborious, simple-hearted; mildly or sometimes fiercely immovable; in politics a republican; strange to all men save the fewest; a very phenomenon in the English world of writing and of painting of his day. He lived and died poor and contented, — at one time his income was only half a guinea a week, — unregarded, mostly unknown; radiant with his own inner light, outwardly obscure. He expired in London, August 12, 1827, aged nearly seventy. Frequent colds and dysentery had broken him down.

The courtship and the married life of Blake were on this wise. Towards 1780, when he was twenty-three years of age, he had had a disappointment with a girl who was indifferent, and made him jealous. He spoke of this matter at the house of a market-gardener, Mr. Boucher, with whom he was perhaps then lodging. One of the daughters, Catherine Sophia Boucher, said, "I pity you from my heart." "Do you pity me?" rejoined Blake. "Yes, I do, most sincerely." "Then I love you for that." "And I love *you*," replied Catherine. And Blake and his Catherine soon afterwards, on August 18, 1782, married, she making her mark in the register, for she had next to no education. She was a brunette, slim, graceful, and very pretty, with gleaming black eyes, white hands, and expressive features; her age twenty. Blake taught her to read and write, and to work off his engravings and bind them into volumes, and she would sometimes color them, and even attained a certain skill in designing, in a style very like her husband's. She believed in his visions; never saw the same appearances that he did, but had some visions of her own, and would get up night after night, and for hours at a time, and be a stay to him, she not moving hand or foot, in his accesses of spiritual fantasy or conflict. She attended at the counter when Blake kept shop as an engraver, for this was his settled vocation; and she performed all the domestic work, their means not being sufficient for keeping a servant. Blake himself, however, would rise first from bed, light the fire, and put the kettle on. Sometimes, when the painter-poet was rapt in his own inventions, and his money had sunk from little to nothing, his wife would set before him an empty plate at dinner; he would then turn to at any hack work of engraving that might be hanging on hand. It appears that in the earlier years of wedlock Blake tried the temper and feelings of his wife somewhat severely, for he had some highly patriarchal notions on the subject of marriage; but it may be that he gave no practical, though

certainly ample theoretical, cause for jealousy, and, as time wore on, they understood each other perfectly, and were united heart and soul. There were no children of the marriage. Mrs. Blake's good looks did not last, it seems, beyond the period of youth; she was precise, firm, punctual, free from vulgarity; not exempt, however, from one of those traits which are characteristic of an early want of refined training, — an exaggerated suspiciousness of her husband's friends, of whom he had, in his closing years, some very steady and serviceable ones, including especially our admirable and now almost nonagenarian landscape-painter, Linnell. In her early years, also, when domiciled with Blake's younger brother, Robert, and afterwards near Chichester with his sister, she had found some difficulty in getting on with either.

The last six years of Blake's life were spent in No. 3 Fountain Court, Strand, where he occupied two rooms, one of them serving for all purposes save the reception of visitors. "Himself, his wife, and his rooms," it is on record, "were clean and orderly;" not "squalid," as some people have alleged who confuse poverty with squalor. On his death-bed he drew a sketch portrait of his Catherine, saying to her, "You have ever been an angel to me;" and he sang to her songs, his own words and his own music, of spiritual things and hopes. He died devout in mind, serene even to rapture.

Blake was about five and a half feet high, robust and fearless; with grand eyes, short-sighted, a speaking mouth, and a low, musical voice. His manner was refined, and his assiduity in work such that he never took a holiday. He was as liberal as his very narrow means permitted; indeed, on occasion more so than could have been supposed.

After his death Mrs. Blake continued selling his books and drawings, and managed to get on in moderate comfort. The Princess Sophia liberally sent her £100: she returned it, — really a majestic act in its quiet way. As she believed, with her husband, that death is merely like going out of one apartment into another, she had a firm conviction of his still being present with her; and only complained that this was not the case frequently enough, he being so often away in Paradise. She would always speak of him, with trembling voice and tearful eyes, as "that wonderful man." She died in a lodging, 17 Upper Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, of a neglected gastric inflammation, on October 18, 1831, aged sixty-nine (the same age as her husband); in her last hours "repeating texts of Scripture, and calling continually to her William, as if he were only in the next room, to say that she was coming to him, and would not be long now." To many generations she will have left a beautiful memory, indissolubly and touchingly blended with that of her husband and his marvelous gifts of idiosyncrasy.

William M. Rossetti.

THE END OF THE WAR.

THROUGHOUT the country harsh and violent declamations, or at least deep and surly mutterings of discontent and menace; a great party, whose registered popular vote had exceeded by a quarter of a million that of its antagonist, and which for days after the election had been commonly conceded a majority of the electoral colleges, choking with disappointments embittered by a sense of

outrage; a large part of the successful party accepting its success with profound disgust at the methods by which it had been secured; overwhelming adverse majorities in both houses of Congress; all branches of industry and commerce depressed, and, at best, but semi-animate; the public credit, as indicated by the Federal securities, below that of many European nations, or of many States of the Union; the paper currency of the country still many degrees below par, still wholly irredeemable, its redemption declared by the party which had all but seized the government to be for an indefinite period impossible, and its volume threatened by a multitudinous public sentiment with unlimited augmentation; several States, formerly in rebellion, disordered by new dissensions, in which shameless fraud was in collision with sanguinary violence, and rival claimants of state governments were kept from each other's throats only by the illegal interference of Federal authority, — these were the conditions and environments with which the president now about to retire entered upon his duties four years ago. Only once in the history of the republic had the skies been so overcast with gloom at the opening of a presidential term. Less only than the dangers and difficulties which beset the nation at the crisis of dissolution in 1861 were those which menaced it in the disputed election of 1877; but the requirements of good sense, discretion, non-partisan patriotism, and whatever else there may be which makes up statesmanship were greater, rather than less, at the outset of Hayes's administration than at the outset of Lincoln's. For if Lincoln had to face a threatened rebellion, he faced it with the resolute support of a vast party which had carried him with rare enthusiasm to the position, his presence in which was the avowed pretext for rebellion; while Hayes, less fortunate, was far from being the chosen champion of his party, — was regarded by its most active managers rather as an accidental intruder into its highest honors, and as one whose failure, should he fail, might be a useful lesson to future nominating conventions.

Adverse and discouraging as were the circumstances in which Mr. Hayes assumed the presidency, how far have they altered for the accession of Mr. Garfield? And how much may this leader, who put on his armor four years ago in doubt and danger and dispute, boast himself in putting it off? Rightly to compare the two dates, in their political aspects, will be to determine with approximate accuracy the place to be occupied in history by the administration whose existence reaches from the one date to the other. It is true that the *post hoc propter hoc* argument is too apt to involve a fallacy. But if it is the legitimate function of the chief officer of the nation to execute the laws firmly yet reasonably, so that peace and order may result from the absence of discontent; to collect and disburse the revenues with efficiency and economy; to manipulate the currency (since the blunders of former legislation compel the executive to meddle with the currency) in such manner that it may increase in value and stability; to manage the public debt so that its principal may be steadily diminished, and its interest charge reduced to a minimum, while at the same time a constantly growing friendship and respect mark the sentiments of foreign nations toward this country, it certainly is not unreasonable, when all these facts are found to exist in a higher degree at the close of an administrative term than at its beginning, to adjudge that the administrative functions have been well discharged.

To any man, entering in troublous times upon the task of directing the executive government of a great nation, it might well seem that four years formed a sadly inadequate period in which to

correct ingrown abuses; to purge and purify large departments of the public service fallen into great disrepute, if not into utter corruption; to reëstablish order and the dominion of law in vast regions given over to lawless violence; and to placate a sensitive and warlike population, sore with the chagrin of defeat, yet conscious of the great political power restored to it by the deliberate action of its victors. It would seem that for any such man to handicap himself with a declaration at the outset which barred the way to a possible reëlection was to condemn his presidential career to a fate, at best, of outlined reforms, of efforts and attempts, of beginnings without completion. Judging, however, after the event, one is forced to doubt whether, with all the ability and integrity which the out-going president has shown, his administration does not owe some part of the success and honor which have attended it to that "self-denying ordinance" which deprived it of all ambition except to achieve honor and success. Nor is it too much to say that the argument drawn from the presidential terms of 1869 to 1877, for a constitutional prohibition of reëlection, receives all the corroboration it could require from the history of the administration of 1877–1881, the first which ever performed its work under the influence of such a limitation.

It is easy, as has been said above, to err in attributing to a government too large a measure of the prosperity or distress of its people. Yet, four years ago it was still doubtful whether the whole southern third of the United States — a vast empire of itself, of immense resources, although prostrated by war and social revolution — should continue for a generation to come to be a mere range of subject yet hostile provinces, whose prosperity and development, their internal production and their commerce with the rest of the nation, were to be repressed and throttled by a sullen and chronic anarchy. It is little enough to say that the instant springing up throughout those States of a strong confidence and content, as soon as the character of the new government was made known by its acts, added everywhere to the acres planted for crops; added everywhere something to the land-owner's valuation of his land, and thus in two ways to his real or fancied purchasing ability; that this repose and confidence, this prosperity and hopefulness, acted with the stimulus of an enlarged market upon all departments of northern production, and all together, with their mutual reaction, upon the foreign commerce and importation which is the final expression of national prosperity.

It is therefore a shallow wisdom which denies credit to Mr. Hayes's administration for the reduction of the national debt, the refunding at low interest, and the resumption of specie payments, because it was by the planting and watering of the whole people, which Providence crowned with unusual increase, that the national revenue was enlarged and the national credit enhanced to a point that made these changes possible. For the one thing that was, at the accession of President Hayes, absolutely within the uncontrolled power of the executive to determine was the question whether the disorders which are the natural sequel of a long civil war should continue for four years, through the intervention of the Federal government, to prevail throughout extensive regions. This question it answered, instantly and firmly, in the teeth of doubts and threats on the part of a large proportion of the party which had raised it to power, in the negative. The state of things which but a few months before had made it possible for a Federal official, standing with a file of Federal soldiers at the door of the state-house at Columbia, to pass upon the credentials of members of the South Carolina legislature, and admit or ex-

clude them at his discretion, may or may not have been a desirable state of things; but at least it was not legal or constitutional. It would not have been tried, at that time, at the Boston or the Albany state-house. In short, it was a sequel of war; it was a form of war itself; it was the silencing of law in the presence of arms. And when the executive made known that thenceforward no intervention should be possible in South Carolina or Louisiana which was not lawful in Pennsylvania or Illinois, his act was a proclamation of peace, as distinctly as sixteen years before the president's call for troops had been a declaration of war.

"*Beati pacificatores!*" It is much to have cleansed Augean stables; to have directed the vast and intricate machinery of government with an integrity and decency that leave no opportunity for either suspicion or investigation; to have brought an irredeemable currency to par; to have reduced the public debt by hundreds of millions, and its interest charge by tens of millions; to have guided public opinion, somewhat by practice and more by precept, toward that organization of the administrative service which shall preclude its debasement for party ends; to have seen the governments of many States pass, during his four years of office, from the hands of the opposition to those of his own party, while the house of representatives undergoes the like change, and the senate but narrowly escapes it: and all these things have befallen the administration of the outgoing president. But behind all, and a potent factor not only in all these, but in the general prosperity of the nation, is that great fact which his administration partly recognized and partly made, that the war is ended. "Four years of fierce hostilities," the future historian will say, "were followed by the amazingly brief period of twelve years of social disorder and reorganization; until, under President Hayes, who took office by a disputed title which threatened greatly to impair his moral strength, the exasperations of the conflict were allayed, and the nation entered upon a period of prosperity in which the revolted States appear to have had even a larger share than those which had reduced them to allegiance. So general, in fact, was the Southern acquiescence in Mr. Hayes's methods that when his successor, a man understood to be of like character, was elected by Northern votes alone, the only newspapers in which partisan disappointment was expressed in threats and denunciations were those of Northern democrats, while his lately rebel antagonists betook themselves to the news or the jests of the period with avowed indifference or contentment. No more emphatic illustration could be given of that profound change which, though no doubt it had been for years before in preparation and progress, subsequent generations have come to associate distinctively with the golden age — the *Saturnia regna* — of President Hayes."

Thus the future historian. But will he not also have to record that this peace was delusive, that this prosperity was hollow; that the war waged directly for union and indirectly for the rights of man had ended in an illusory success, in which the real triumph was with rebels restored to citizenship and power, and might better never have been waged at all? Every one has heard passionate declamations of that tenor, and often from men to whom the imagined disappointment had a personal intensity from the fact that their own labor and their own blood had been expended for the cause which they now deem to have been lost. Let me paraphrase the angry ejaculations of a friend who, though now distinguished at the bar and elevated to the bench, had hurried from college to the camp when hardly of the military age, and had served honorably through the war, bearing now in his

body that rare badge of "derring-do," a sabre-scar.

"No, sir!" exclaimed the colonel-judge. "This is n't what I risked my life and shed my blood and gave up four of my best years for. To see these same rebels whom I was fighting all that time, who did their best to destroy this government, in undisputed control of every State that we conquered from them, — both houses of Congress full of their brigadier-generals, — unrepentant, too, sir; to read every day of the outrages by which they frighten the negroes into voting the democratic ticket, of their swindling the poor wretches out of their wages or their share of the crops, until they have left their houses by thousands, in organized emigration, to escape this infernal tyranny! — I tell you, sir, that if any one had said to me that in fifteen years after the war was over this would be the condition of things, I should probably have told him he lied; but if I had believed him, I would have resigned my commission and gone home to make money, as some of the rest did!"

Now it is nearly hopeless to argue against a conclusion based upon such experience and moved so by sentiment. Yet it may be worth while for any one to think about it who is not too much in a passion to think, using the modes of thought which we were wont to use before 1860. And so far as the writer's point of view can guide the reader's it is that of the most "stalwart" prepossession, of earnest antislavery birth and education, and of service through the war from a belief in it.

The question raised by my friend's indignant lamentation, however doubtful or difficult the answer to it may be, is in itself a very simple one. It is merely this: Is the condition of the United States at large, and particularly of the States which went into rebellion, no better, or not much better, in a humanitarian sense, or from the point of view of the student of political or social science, in 1881 than in 1861? If the question must be answered in the negative, then our unspeakable sufferings and sacrifices may indeed have been in vain.

It is a commonplace of historical philosophy that contemporary events, or those nearly contemporary, are most difficult to judge justly. But perhaps the hardest of all are those for the comprehension of which some knowledge is required of a period which has just passed beyond personal recollection, and yet which is not distant enough to have become known to us through the work of the historian, as distinguished from the annalist or the chronicler. Now any man may fairly say that he knows all about the United States of to-day; and, whatever be the color or the lucidity of the medium through which he takes his impressions, it is not easy to convict him of ignorance. But to a vast body of intelligent men, including myriads who served in the war, the *ante-bellum* condition of their country is a matter wholly beyond personal recollection, except from mere childish impressions; and, at the best, such recollection is darkened and beclouded, not merely by the lapse of more than half their lifetime, but by the overwhelming stress of the events which, during that time, have convulsed the country and the world. I propose, therefore, to accept as true the strongest statements of my friend, or of the bitter newspapers which daily voice his griefs, as to the facts of 1881. But I want him to consider them for a moment in the light of 1861.

Perhaps it would be enough to recall the purposes which, when the war began, and as long as it lasted, were continually avowed as its sole motive and justification. Except by a very slender body of humanitarian sectaries, any intention to affect, in the remotest way, the institution of slavery was at first universally disclaimed. It was not long, it is true, before the hopes of this little cluster of reformers had gradually be-

come the desire and set purpose of the majority of Northern men; but it would be a gross historical blunder to find the origin or the impulse of the war in any such design. On the contrary, it seems that after it had been raging for nearly a year so furious an original abolitionist as Mr. Wendell Phillips — an orator who was never thought to drag far in the rear of the most advanced opinions — had only got so far as to be ready to urge upon the government a measure abolishing slavery, "*securing compensation* to loyal slave-holders." (Speeches and Lectures, pages 438, 439.) So that one might fairly think that, in that direction at least, the results of the war were radical enough to content any one not less conservative than Mr. Phillips.

Nor was the war, for years after it had become flagrant, in any one's view an aggressive war on the part of the United States. The defense of the national authority against open violence; the reëstablishment of the constitution and the laws where their supremacy had been subverted; "the repossession of the forts, places, and property which had been seized from the Union" (President's Proclamation of April 15, 1861), — these alone were then and long after motives and purposes sufficient to stir all the North into the highest glow of self-sacrifice. However inadequate they may now seem, in the electric light generated by these twenty years of collision, no one who was then a man, unless all his faculty of memory is gone, will venture to say that he would then have deemed those objects unworthy to be fought for. And however, from year to year, the defense of the nation needed to be more and more conducted with what the military writers call the "offensive return," it would require some hardihood to maintain that, down to the last days of actual hostilities, if the mere restoration of the *status quo ante bellum*, together with the prohibition of slavery, had been offered as conditions of peace, twenty thousand men out of twenty million would have voted to continue the fighting.

So, too, in the chaotic period which immediately followed the war, when its original purpose to "hold, occupy, and possess" the whole territory of the republic had been most triumphantly accomplished, there was no phrase more universally upon men's lips, as expressing the common purpose of the most diverse minds, than this: "To restore the States lately in rebellion to their normal relations to the Union." How this ought to be done, or could best be done, — as to this there was broad divergence of opinion; but there was entire unanimity as to the end to be sooner or later attained. Nor did any one then doubt what those "normal relations" were. They were the relations sustained by the same States in 1860, or by the States which had not gone into rebellion in 1865. What every one meant then, whether he knew it or not, was that in due time the State of South Carolina should, like the State of Massachusetts, under its own constitution, choose its own officers and make its own laws; that Mississippi might, like Pennsylvania, cope with its own mobs or be overrun by them; that if Connecticut should send Eaton to the senate, Georgia might send Hill to meet him; and that Louisiana, equally with Maine and New York, might hold its fraudulent elections and falsify its returns. It would be too much to say that every one had thought this all out, but it was none the less inseparably inclosed in the common thought of all men. Nor could any one have declared himself confident, if he had reflected so far, that the local laws of those States would be moulded by external rather than by local sentiment, just as Western laws for the collection of debts are abhorrent to Eastern views; or that their congressmen could be depended upon, in national legislation, to consult and follow the

opinions of Vermont or of the Western Reserve.

Suppose, then, that at any time before the final catastrophe of the war it had been said to my impulsive friend, "The rebels offer to drop their arms, to submit to the Federal authority as declared in the constitution, to prohibit slavery beyond the possibility of its restoration, to forfeit all political rights, except as a triumphant North shall of mere grace concede them from year to year to successive individuals or classes, on the sole condition that they may go about their peaceful avocations without being harassed by prosecutions for treason." Does any one believe his ardor would have led him to prefer the further effusion of his blood and hazard of his life to such a conclusion of the contest? And if he had been at the same time warned, by one possessed of second-sight, that before many years the lax liberality of Northern republicans would have restored political franchises to every rebel, and that consequently their civil and military leaders would have come to represent them in both houses of Congress, would he not have answered somewhat thus? "Of course, in due time, whether sooner or later, that is inevitable. There can be no republican institutions under which a vast body is permanently disfranchised, or is permitted only to choose such representatives as will misrepresent it. We outvoted them before the war; we will outvote them more overwhelmingly now, and they will never try again to right themselves by arms. Of course their temper and influence will be malignant and pernicious, but their 'normal relations to the Federal government' entitle them to be, as they used to be, both malignant and pernicious." And would he not have scouted the seer and his prophetic pretensions if he had ventured to add, what we have now seen and heard? "But the rebel brigadiers will vote from year to year taxes upon themselves, poor as they are, to pay interest on the debt incurred in crushing the life out of them. They will vote more taxes, and more and more, for bountiful pensions to Federal soldiers whose bullets they carry in their own persons, and will see themselves surrounded, when they return home, by their own crippled comrades and their comrades' widows and orphans, depending only upon the private alms of an impoverished people. You will find many of them more sensitive to the national honor than many a Federal brigadier. No further off than 1876, the country will be saved, by the Roman firmness of a rebel brigadier, Gibson, of Louisiana, withstanding the great mass of the democratic party in his post of vantage as holding the balance of power in the committee on banking and currency, from a measure designed to drive the nation backward from specie payments. Another, Gordon, of Georgia, is to be the most earnest, able, and independent advocate of a reformed and purified civil service in either house of Congress. Another, Key, of Tennessee, is to serve for more than three years, under a republican president, himself still a democrat, as postmaster-general of the United States, and that with universal respect. The vice-president of the Confederate States is to exhibit, during a congressional service of many years, a singularly broad patriotism and freedom from sectional prejudice. The general second in command of all the rebel armies, Joseph Johnston, of Virginia, will serve upon the military committee of the house, and will elicit from his most hostile party adversaries the encomium that 'no man in Congress can be more surely depended upon to stand by the regular army than Joe Johnston.' And of another rebel brigadier, Lamar, of Mississippi, when, after long service in Congress, his life is for a while in danger from sickness, Northern republican papers will say that for his fidelity, integrity, and patriotism his

death would be a national misfortune." To my stalwart friend, in 1864, all this foretold history would have seemed the sanguine dream of an enthusiast. He would have remembered the teachings of all the most radical of reformers that generations, not a few years only, would hardly suffice to purge the Southern communities from the venom of slavery enough to allow such things to be hoped for. There might have been fresh in his mind the speech of Mr. Wendell Phillips in May, 1863, in which he taught such things as these: —

"The South will not only not believe itself beaten, but the materials which make up its army will not retire back to peaceful pursuits. Where are they going to retire? They don't know how to do anything. You might think they would go back to trade. They don't know how to trade; they never bought or sold anything. You might think they would go back to their professions. They never had any. You might think they would go back to the mechanic arts. They don't know how to open a jackknife. . . . Now, that South, angry, embittered, having arms in its hands, what is it going to do? Shoot, burn, poison, vent its rage on every side. Guerrilla barbarities are but the first drops of the shower, the first pattering drops of the flood of barbarism which will sweep over the Southern States, unless our armies hold them. When England conquered the Highlands, she held them, — held them until she could educate them; and it took a generation. That is just what we have to do with the South." (Speeches, etc., pages 543, 544.)

And so my stalwart friend, answering him who prophesied smooth things, would have said, "I have been taught otherwise. What you tell me is better than I hope for, — is too good to be possible. We are about to accomplish all we have fought for. God be praised for it! But for more generations than one these barbarous States, in their normal relations to the Union, must be passing through a slow process of education; and not until those are gone who took part in the conflict can there be any patriotism, any fidelity to constitutional allegiance, — anything but malignant sectional passion, seeking constantly to dishonor the Federal name and to weaken the national power."

If one could but figure to himself a "fire-eating" South Carolinian of 1860, or a Massachusetts abolitionist of the same period, withdrawn from all intermediate cognition of events for forty years, and set down upon earth now, to gather from the ordinary speech of men his knowledge of the present state of things, I think one could have little trouble in concluding whether we have moved much in that interval. Fancy, for example, if you can, that with the knowledge, the experiences, the passions, of 1860 alone — those of the next twenty years wholly wanting — these persons should hear mentioned the movement which we have come to call the negro exodus. Would not one of them burst into a rapture of joy at the increased activity of the "underground railroad" which used to help slaves from bondage to Canada? Would the other think of anything else, after his own spasm of anger had subsided, than the need of more stringent provisions for the recovery of fugitive slaves? And if they should then learn that the movement spoken of, so far from being furtive or clandestine, was wholly in the light of day; that the refugees came by families, by whole communities, crowding the railroad trains and the Mississippi steamboats, would there be in the mental constitution of either of such men the necessary apparatus for comprehending what was told them?

Nor would your explanations, for a time, help them very much to a clear understanding. Every phrase you would use would fall with a dull astonishment upon senses not trained to receive it.

Explain that the motive of this extensive disturbance is found in the charge that the employers of these poor people have been cheating them out of their wages, or their share of the crops. The very mention of "wages," or of a "share of the crops," in connection with the Southern negro; the statement that when he is dissatisfied he gets on board a steamboat with his family and goes somewhere else, if it could have been grasped by the intelligence of 1860, would have carried with it by implication into such a mind the idea of a completed revolution, the very beginning of which was hardly within the most sanguine hopes of the one, or the gloomiest midnight terror of the other.

Here, too, is a newspaper dispatch of a few months ago, which I suppose made no more impression upon my patriot colonel, as he glanced over the telegraphic news, than the announcement of a bank defalcation in Illinois or a burglary in Maine: —

"New Orleans, *March 26th.* — The farm hands of St. John's parish have struck for one dollar. They receive seventy-five cents. It is stated that the negroes make threats, but no violence is reported."

Yet it would help us a little to comprehend the infinite distance which separates 1880 from 1860, if we could imagine the reading of such an item to a group of Louisiana planters smoking their after-dinner cigars upon the veranda of a Saratoga hotel, twenty years ago. Of course, it would have been to them but a joke, and a very poor one; but suppose they could have been persuaded to take it *au sérieux*, and to find a meaning in its terms. It speaks in a language all unknown to them. "Farm hands;" "*struck;*" "they receive seventy-five cents;" "the negroes make threats:" in every phrase, unless treated as a bold and coarse metaphor, there is implied a social cataclysm such as not one of them had suffered himself to contemplate in fancy otherwise than as the final wreck and crash of the cosmos. Yet even this convulsion would have seemed to them a conservative tranquillity, if compared with that suggested by the hint that there had been considerable migrations of the working classes, impelled by an undue pressure upon their preferences in voting at elections. This would have seemed to them to be a revolution gone beyond the most radical abolitionist's subversive fancy.

Suppose yourself, further, to be submitting to such a knot of gentlemen a complaint, quite bitterly made of late, that some Southern legislatures have curtailed unduly their appropriations for colored schools and colleges. Remember that Southern planters had not been much in the habit of taxing themselves to maintain colleges or schools for whites; and that, as for the negro race, the act of teaching one of them his letters was at that date a crime to be punished by the penitentiary, if the offender was fortunate enough to escape more summary and severe punishment from the unanimous fury of the community. Tell these gentlemen that in 1878 the report of the Federal commissioner of education, an officer never dreamed of in 1860, will show that in Virginia alone there are 14,247 schools for colored children, having 675,000 pupils. If they believed your enthusiastic second-sight, would not their natural ejaculation be; "There could be but one terror added to the picture you have drawn. You say the negroes are free; they travel about the country to suit themselves; they vote; they have free schools; they have colleges supported by taxes upon white land-holders: you might as well put arms in their hands, and make a militia of them!" And what resources of language would remain to express their emotions if there could have been brought before their minds, in such form that they could receive the picture as a just forecasting of the near future, a

view of the entire country disturbed, in 1880, by a discussion whether a South Carolina colored cadet at West Point is as civilly treated by his white fellow-students as a colored student is at Yale or Harvard; with a vignette of Governor Hampton reviewing the several negro military companies of the city of Charleston, and pronouncing his high approval of their discipline and soldierly bearing? Would not every one of them have declared, with his whole soul, that whenever a Hampton should be capable of doing that the world would be so changed that they would not care to live in it? And would not they on the one part, and Mr. Wendell Phillips on the other, have frankly agreed in 1860 that whenever every man, white or black, should be free to go and come, to vote and to be educated, to do whatever he likes, all over the United States, subject only to the danger of lawless outrage in communities which never were closely law-abiding; whenever Mrs. Stowe, whose books no man could offer for sale in the South but at the hazard of his life, should spend her winters upon her own orange-plantation in Florida, while the drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin should be performed in Charleston and New Orleans as long as negroes could be found with half-dollars to pay for seeing it, — that whenever this should be true the long contest would in fact as well as in name be concluded, and the passions, in the exasperation of which so many men on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line had found fame and power, could have no further pretext for existence?

And this is, indeed, the sum of the whole matter. Is it not a great matter? Could ever a twenty years' seclusion from the world have covered a more stupendous political and social revolution than this which we, who have moved with it, instead of being left behind by it, fail so often and so profoundly to appreciate? The establishment of Christianity as the religion of the empire by Constantine was little more than the recognition of the change which had been for three centuries supervening upon "creeds outworn." If a French viscount who had received his *lettre de cachet* in 1788 had lain forgotten by all but his keeper in the *oubliette* of a remote *château* in Brittany until 1808, there would have been much, no doubt, in the France upon which his eyes then opened to startle and to grieve him. But there would have been far more that was wholly unchanged during the interval of his retirement. A dynasty of which he had never dreamed was upon the throne, and many a tradesman's son whom he had known was blazing with military rank, and even with titles of nobility named from distant battlefields in Italy and Germany, while many of the old *noblesse* were exiled, or at home in poverty. But he would have needed a year's study of newspapers and law-books to be entirely assured that institutions had been profoundly modified. The tremendous convulsion of the 4th of August, 1789, left in twenty years far less impression upon France — it was, in fact, with all its corollaries and results, a less tremendous social and political revolution — than that which began on the 13th of April, 1861, in the harbor of Charleston.

And this is the revolution to which my friend, whose lamentation I have quoted, contributed his toil and blood. And I say to him now, It was worth all it cost. There are many things in the Southern States which you do not like, nor I. The barbarism which we used to hate and denounce has not yet wholly given place to sweetness and light. But the greatest revolution in history has been accomplished; our own eyes have been permitted to see the salvation for which we used to pray, but which we so little hoped to see; and we may better chant the Nunc Dimittis than the Miserere.

Theodore Bacon.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF ENGLAND.

THE story of my sojourn in England will soon be ended. My readers need hardly be told that my recollections of that pleasant time include much with which I should not think of wearying them. It is no diary, no expanded note-book, that I have set before them. Indeed, I made hardly any notes when I was in England; all my memorandums being contained in two tiny books which would go into my waistcoat pocket, and having been hastily scrawled as I was walking or riding. My purpose has been to put England and English folk and English life before my readers just as I saw them. To do this, it was not necessary to write either an itinerary or an account of all my personal experiences, including the valuable information that I daily rose and breakfasted and walked, or rode and dined and slept, well or ill as the case might be. But of that experience I have here recorded such incidents and facts as seemed to me characteristic. I have described such persons and such conditions of life as seemed, not, be it remarked, strange, striking, or amusing, but fairly representative of the country and the people. Because of a contrary practice, consequent upon a desire to produce a strong impression by the description of novelty, books of travel are too often either caricatures of the people whom they profess to describe, or correct descriptions of persons as novel and incidents almost as unusual to the denizen as to the stranger. This is notably the case with books of travel in the United States, and also, but in a less degree, in those which have described England to Americans. The people of the two countries are, or were until a few years ago, so exactly the same people, developing themselves under different forms of government and physical surroundings, that writing travelers, especially those from the motherland, have felt, it would seem, as if they must be sharply on the lookout for something strikingly characteristic. Tourists have gone about in both countries seizing eagerly upon the peculiar, the strange, the startling; and this they have set forth as portraiture. Thus, also, illustrators with the pencil have done; and not only in each other's country, but each in his own. The result of all which is distortion, confusion, misapprehension, ignorance instead of knowledge, aversion instead of liking.

Not unmindful of this, and yet doing only what seemed to me natural and right, I have been content to concern myself with that which is truly characteristic. Now the characteristic is always the common. True generally, this is particularly true of peoples and countries. In my descriptions of England, therefore, I have told only what almost any man might see there on almost any day, — only what I believe no Englishman would regard as strange. For it is these every-day occurrences, these stable, homely facts, these commonplaces of life, that show what a people, what a country, is, — what all the influences, political, moral, and telluric, that have been at work there for centuries have produced. And if, because I have not sought out the strange, the striking, and the grotesque, my recollections should lack interest, I pray my readers to remember that I have been dull in the interests of truth.

It may be well, also, that I should say that I saw and have written from a Yankee's point of view, applying the term Yankee necessarily to the descendants of those to whom it was originally and peculiarly applied, in whatever part of the country they may now dwell. When I speak of my country-

men I mean only those whose families were here at the time of the Revolution, who only can be the true examples and representatives of the results of the social, political, and physical forces which have been in operation here for two centuries and a half. With others, who are spoken of and who speak of themselves by that very non-describing name "Americans," and who are the product of emigration during the last fifty years, I do not here concern myself, however respectable, wealthy, or politically influential they may have become (and some of them are very respectable, very wealthy, and politically very influential), or however tenacious they may be (and they are apt to be very tenacious) of their American status. But to me, from my present point of view, they are no more than if they had remained at home, and had there become respectable, wealthy, and politically influential. Indeed, they are rather less. How could it be otherwise?

In regard to England, I have spoken freely as to myself, but with reserve as to others of the pleasure of my life there during my first short visit, — my only one. I have been sufficiently cautious, I hope, in my references to my personal experience, not to trespass upon privacy, nor to abuse hospitality. It has of course been necessary for me to refer to individuals; and in writing of a country in which individuals are of different ranks it would have been an inept and confusing affectation to ignore them; but I believe that I have told my story in a way to which, although my friends may recognize themselves in my pages, they will make no objection, and which I am sure will conceal their identity from all strangers.

I thought myself very fortunate in the way in which I saw England and the life there; for it was such an informal, matter-of-course, untourist-like way. Of the kindness that was shown me there I shall say no more than I have said from time to time, as occasion suggested. I can never cease to remember it with pleasure; and of this kindness no small part was that which made me at home in English houses. And indeed I was hardly a stranger in any one into which I had the pleasure of being received; for, with two exceptions, I visited no one who had not visited me at home; and I was not able to enter half the houses where for years I had been told that welcome awaited me. Moreover, I had the advantage of seeing England from two points of view, — that of a visiting stranger, and that of one who is at home. Accustomed to be mistaken in the United States and Canada, not only by my British cousins, but by my own countrymen, for an Englishman of British birth, I found the mistake still more common in Old England itself. There, by all who did not know me, it was quietly assumed as a matter of course that I was born on the soil; and as all who did know me knew to the contrary, I did not travel by rail or afoot with the announcement that I was a Yankee pasted on my hat, nor in my casual intercourse with strangers did I make the needless declaration. Therefore, as I went about a great deal alone from choice, and as, if I went by a highway, I came back by a by-way, I saw Englishmen both as they appear to each other and as they appear to strangers. Under both aspects they commanded my respect and won my liking. Indeed, I must say of my sojourn in England, having both the people and the country in mind, that never that I can remember in my existence since I was a patch of protoplasm did I find it so easy to harmonize with the environment.

Among the minor material traits of England, none seemed more peculiar and characteristic than the by-ways and short cuts of common use through places that seemed closed to the public, and with us would be so. There is one of these in London, near the Albany, I be-

lieve, which goes right through a great block of houses. It is made of planks and has a hand-rail. It brings one out in a little lane where there are shops which, it seemed to me, might as well, so far as buying and selling was concerned, have been in the dome of St. Paul's or the queen's drawing-room. But the people knew their business, and the shops would not have been there if they had had no customers. I used this by-way frequently; and one Thursday morning, when I was out early, in the midst of the Bulgarian horror time, I saw in the window of one of these little shops the Punch of the week. The cartoon was that one of John Tenniel's which shows Disraeli reclining in the wrappings of a bather, while Mr. Gladstone (who had been making some very effective and disturbing speeches) approaches him as a sable attendant with coffee, and asks, "How did you like your Turkish bath, sir?" and the Hebrew prime minister replies, "Pretty well; only you made it so confounded hot for me." I looked at it, and was turning away with a smile, when a young fellow in his shirt-sleeves, who was taking down the shutters of the next shop, caught my eye, and, smiling in turn, said, "Makes it rather hard for Dizzy, sir." We enjoyed the fun together for a passing moment, and then parted with "Good-morning." It was another pleasing manifestation of that freedom of intercourse and mutual good-feeling among strangers of all classes in England upon which I have before remarked. In New York the man would have gone silently about his business, without volunteering the remark which opened my day and his with a bright, warm little ray of common pleasure. Indeed, a man so engaged in New York would hardly have been apt to appreciate and enjoy such a caricature.

It needs hardly be said that in London I visited the South Kensington Museum more than once; but I shall not undertake the superfluous task of describing this wilderness of treasures of art and of science. I remember, however, a few objects there which are of very general interest. There I saw Galileo's telescope, by means of which he discovered, in the year 1601, the moons of Jupiter and the spots on the sun. It is only about a yard long; and the object-glass, now badly cracked, through which he saw these wonders, is but two inches in diameter. Many a dandy uses a larger one nowadays to observe *his* star upon the stage. This instrument had been presented by Viviani to Leopold de Medici. There also was Newton's telescope, the first reflector which he invented, and made with his own hand in 1671. It is only about one foot long, and is worked on a ball-and-socket joint, of wood. Two ungainly machines, looking like a cross between an old-fashioned fire-engine and a modern kitchen range, were George Stephenson's locomotive engines, "Puffing Billy" and "Rocket," which made it "vara bod for the coo," and the latter of which had its name because it could go at the rate of thirty miles an hour![1]

Very interesting, too, were the old standard measures of our forefathers, which are gathered together in a large case. There are the standard Winchester bushel, and the standard gallon of Henry VII.'s time, A. D. 1487; the gallon, quart, and pint of Queen Elizabeth's day, A. D. 1601; and the gallon, quart, and pint of William II.'s time, A. D. 1700. The measures, which are of copper, are remarkable for their size, the capacities of all of them being much greater than those of measures of the same name in these days, — certainly degenerate in this respect. It is re-

[1] Some of my readers may not have heard how Stephenson, a north of England man, was asked by a peer, on a committee of inquiry into the feasibility of his proposed railways, if it would not be very bad if a cow got on the track before the engine. "Vara bod for the coo, my lord," was the prompt reply.

markable that measures, instead of growing larger as they grew older, diminished steadily in size with advancing years Those of William's time were larger than ours, but much smaller than Elizabeth's; while hers were very much smaller than Henry VII.'s. Largest of all was one that was dated fifty years earlier, A. D. 1437. It seemed that if we could only go back far enough we should find a gallon, or certainly a bushel, as big as a bathing-tub. This diminution in size is a witness to the rapacity of traders, who gradually diminished the size of the measures by which they sold. And indeed has not our "bushel basket" dwindled away within the memory of living householders, until it now contains less than three pecks? Established standards seem unable to resist the compressing force of greed.

I have not been unready to speak of the manifold comforts of England, nor half-hearted in doing so; but I passed one morning of characteristic discomfort there which I never shall forget. On my second visit to Birmingham I was at the Queen's Hotel for one night only, and was going to leave town by the midday train. I awoke ailing and in pain, to find that a cold fog had settled upon the place. Looking from my bedroom window at nine o'clock, I might have supposed myself on the banks of Newfoundland, but for the rays of a few street lamps faintly struggling through the watery gloom, in the midst of which, from time to time, appeared a phantom artisan or shop-girl on the way to work. It was only the 24th of October; but the cold went to my heart with a curdling chill that I had never felt before, even in a January northwester, with the mercury near zero. I dressed hastily, shuddering at the touch of water, and went to the coffee-room. It was as cheerless as the Mammoth Cave, — as damp, and almost as dark. There I breakfasted in the depressing vicinity of seven muffin-eating, Times-reading, commercial Britons. Their appetites were disgusting; their stolid calmness an offense. I took a chair by the hearth, where a chilly little fire was smouldering in the biggest, blackest grate I ever saw. The heat from it was imperceptible eighteen inches off. Again I doubted if fire was ever hot in England. I went down-stairs to pay my bill, and to make the brief preparations necessary just before departure. There was no parlor, no waiting-room, not even a chair; and there I sat in a small passage-way, in the midst of disorderly heaps of luggage, on a cold, hard bench, with damp draughts pouring in upon me from all quarters. I think I was never more thoroughly wretched in my life than in this great hotel, the best in Birmingham; and I then thought how differently such things were managed among us Yankees, where, under such circumstances, in our hideous hotels a degree of comfort is yet attainable by every one which in England is rarely to be had except by those who have their own private parlors and their own servants. Comfort came to me in the shape of a Birmingham friend, who gave me that care and attention which I found Englishmen always so ready to bestow; and once in the railway train the world soon brightened; for in fifteen minutes we steamed out of the fog, and left murky misery behind us. I shall ever remember the kindness, not only of that friend, in whose house I should have been but for the upturning consequent upon repairs, and as tenderly cared for as the wife wrapped in morell's skin, but the kindness also of a good apothecary to whom I went to make a small purchase, and who, learning that I was a stranger in Birmingham and ill, had me at once up into his private parlor, and waited upon me, he and his servant, as if I had been left in his charge by the good Samaritan, and refused all recompense except my thanks and the price of the trifle I had come for. This was

the sort of "sulky" Englishman that I found all over England.

I was surprised at the free-thinking and the free-speaking which I met with among English clergymen. Opinions as to the inspiration and the authority of the Bible, which not many years ago would have excited horror among all decent people, were expressed in private conversation by some of these gentlemen in orders with an astonishing absence of reserve. And the freedom of the thinking and of the speech seemed to me just in proportion to the intelligence and the scholarship of the speaker. One of these reverend gentlemen (and in England the title "reverend" is strictly applicable only to clergymen of the Established Church), who was also a college don and a scholar of repute, said to me, as we were discussing the value of the Speaker's Commentary, "I wish that every one of those men [the eminent divines and church dignitaries engaged upon the work] was obliged to prefix to each book a declaration, upon his honor, of the time at which and the person by whom he believed it to have been written;" and he emphasized "his honor," as if the honor of an English gentleman was something far more trustworthy as a guarantee of good faith than the professional declaration even of an English clergyman. The one came from the man as an individual; the other was merely given as the member of a hierarchy, in the way of "business."

The truth seems to be that the thoughtful and scholarly divines of the English church, those whose acquirements and mental independence fit them to be critical, are sorely perplexed by their position. For the Church of England is a political institution so interwoven with the structure of English society that, should it be shaken, the whole social fabric would go to ruin. The feeling is prevalent, as I gathered, although I did not hear it explicitly uttered, and it is reasonable, that doing without bishops would be the first step to dispensing with dukes. And what would England be without dukes? An Englishman might lead a godless life; but could he lead a dukeless one? And the dukes themselves and the minor nobles look forward with the gravest apprehension to the time when, church and state being severed, a respect for rank and privilege will be no part of the English religion. For it is not to be concealed that the English church is the church of "gentlemen." It not only teaches the lower classes deference to superiors, but its influence does much to breed that very admirable character, the English gentleman. Its teachings are wholly at variance with the spirit of social democracy. Its very catechism inculcates a content which is opposed to the restless and pushing tendencies of modern times. The catechumen is made to say, among other things, when asked what is his duty to his neighbor. "My duty to my neighbor is . . . to submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters; to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters; . . . and to learn and labor truly to get mine own living and to do my duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me." But now it seems to be the accepted duty of every man of English blood, no matter on which side of the great ocean he may be, to get himself out of that state of life, with what speed he may, into a better. The virtue of content is gone, and with it the grace of submission. I remember intuitions of this even in my boyhood as I repeated those words, and vainly strove to reconcile them with the struggle for advancement which I saw going on around me, even among the most religious people. And there was the old story in verse which began, —

"Honest John Tomkins, the hedger and ditcher,
Although he was poor, did not want to be richer."

Honest John Tomkins was held up to me

as the model of all the Christian virtues; and yet I saw everybody around me, including my teachers and spiritual pastors and masters, striving by day and by night to be richer. And when we consider that discontent is the mother of improvement, whether for the individual or the commonwealth, and that the betters of the man who is taught to order himself lowly and reverently to them became so because they or their ancestors were not satisfied with that state of life to which it had pleased God to call them, is it not plain that the religion which teaches content is doomed, and with it the whole system of governors and masters, spiritual and temporal? But it will be a long time before this warfare is accomplished. Not easily nor quickly can a form of society be uptorn which is of such slow and sturdy growth as that of England, and whose roots, like those of some vast British oak, decayed and hollow at heart it may be, pierce the mould of centuries. There is much in England that is mere shell and seems mere sham; but the shell was shaped from within by living substance, and it hardened into form through the sunshine and the tempests of hundreds of years; and so it stands, and will yet stand long, although not forever. The very shams and surface shows of things in England are strong and stable.

Yet the process of change is plainly perceptible even to the eye of a passing stranger. I saw evidence of it in the very dress of the farmer folk and peasantry, in a morning's walk that I took with a Sussex squire on Sunday. We met many of these people on their way to and from church. The wives and daughters of the farmers wore silk gowns and bonnets with feathers, and carried parasols. I observed some incongruity between the apparel and the mien of those who wore it, and remarked upon it to my companion, an elderly man, who at once relieved himself by a mild and good-humored, but none the less earnest, denunciation of the absurdity. He remembered, he said, when farmers' wives never thought of appearing on Sundays in any other dress than a red cloak and a close black bonnet, and then they looked respectable; but now they come out dressed like fine ladies, — as they think. "And look at those young fellows," he said, "with their cut-aways and chimney-pots! They 're positively ridiculous. See there!" pointing out an elderly man who wore a long brown linen garment and stout high-low shoes, which were somewhat incongruous with his shiny chimney-pot hat, — "that 's better. A smock frock, breeches, gaiters, and a round hat is the proper Sunday costume of a Sussex peasant." And indeed I thought, although I did not say, that such a dress would be more becoming to him and even more respectable than the caricature of his landlord's — or of his landlord's butler's — costume which he actually did present to the naked eye.

But how, O Sussex squire, is it as to what the Sussex peasant himself thinks, and the Sussex peasantess, in her monstrous manifestation of millinery? If they feel in their inner hearts that they are "genteeler" and more elegant, and therefore in their own eyes more respectable, in that rampant rigging, what matter is all your scoffing? And what can you expect but that they will wear it? And what will you do to check this blossoming absurdity, unless you make instant and open war upon the liberty of the individual, and throw yourself in your gentleman's dress before the wheels of progress? The eternal fitness of things! But what is the eternal fitness of things, or the fitness of eternal things, to the fitness of fine raiment, and to the consciousness of being in the fashion, and of being dressed, at least one day in the week, "like a lady" or a "gentleman"! Verily, your notions as to correct costume and the eternal fitnesses smack of the church cate-

chism and its state of life to which it has pleased God to call us.

One day in London, as I was walking through New Bond Street, I saw upon the door-post of a house a small sign-board, hardly larger than a man's hand, on which was "Edwin James, Jurisconsult." It was a sad sight. It brought up a story which is significantly illustrative of a likeness and a difference in social police between two peoples who are, or who have been until lately, the same in all the distinguishing characteristics of race, — the story of a man of such ability and such legal acquirement that he might reasonably have aspired to the highest honors attainable in his profession; a member of Parliament; a co-worker with Garibaldi; a man whose reputation had crossed the broad Atlantic, and yet who, because of misconduct in regard to a trust reposed in him, was disbarred. Coming to New York, he was received with facile and uninquiring welcome, and on motion of very distinguished members of the New York bar was admitted to practice in the courts of the State. When a cry of surprise went up from those who knew his history, and an effort was made to rectify the hasty error, it was found to be too late. The judges decided that, having been duly admitted to the bar, and having been guilty of no misconduct since his admission, his standing here was good, and he could not be disbarred. But the result was that the courts in New York were as effectually closed to him as those of London. He could not obtain the practice which a lawyer of his standing requires; he returned to England to set up his little sign as a "jurisconsult." Never was a reputation more utterly wrecked and ruined; never were fairer prospects more completely blasted. The moral tone of both bars and both communities was the same; but in England there would not have been the thoughtless precipitancy in his reception and admission which caused such a public scandal in the bar of New York. There would have been more caution, more reserve, more preliminary inquiry.

It is a characteristic distinction that at the Inns of Court men are "called to the bar" after a certain probation, while in the United States they are, upon examination, "admitted to practice" in the courts. The former mode is a voluntary act of grace by which the benchers ask a man to become one of their fraternity; the latter is in the nature of the recognition of a right upon the fulfillment of certain conditions. A barrister's profession in England is nominally of an honorary character, and his fee is an *honorarium*, which cannot be sued for at law as an attorney's costs may. Practically, however, a barrister's services of course are paid for like any other professional services, and the professional incomes of many successful English barristers are very large. Law is the noblest of all professions in England. It takes men into Parliament; it makes them peers and lord chancellors. I did not have the good fortune of seeing any of the great courts in session, for my visit was in the long vacation; but I saw a criminal cause tried in one of the minor courts in Liverpool, and was much interested in the proceedings. First of all, I was struck by the costume of the judge and of the barristers, whose wigs and gowns gave them an air of dignity and authority well suited to their functions and not without its practical value. The wigs, indeed, did seem somewhat ridiculous, because of their absurd likeness and unlikeness to the natural covering of the head. The judge's wig was the least grotesque. It was quite like the large bob wig worn by all gentlemen in the latter part of the last century, — much like that, for example, represented in Dr. Johnson's portraits. But the barrister's wig is certainly the queerest covering that was ever put upon a human head. The gown gives

dignity to the figure and grace to the action; but I found it difficult to look at the wigs without laughing. Behind and at the sides there hang four little formal, isolated curls in double rows, so unlike anything human, and yet so plainly an imitation of curled and powdered human hair, that they would seem like caricature, if they did not, in their bald artificiality, pass all bounds of caricature. I spoke of their absurdity to a friend who was at the bar, and said that, while the gown seemed worthy of reverence and admiration, I wondered why the ridiculous little wigs were not discarded. "Discard wigs!" was his reply. "Why, we could n't get on without them. I could n't try a cause without my wig. I should feel as if I had no right to be in court; as if the judge would be justified in taking no notice of me; and as if the witnesses had me at their mercy, instead of me having them at mine. I should n't dare to cross-question a witness without my wig." "In other words," I said, "your wig gives you an authoritative position which enables you to bamboozle a witness." "Why, yes," he answered, smiling, "that 's pretty much it, if you choose to put it so." But to my trial.

The case was one of obtaining goods, silk and satin, under false pretenses, and among the witnesses were women, who were connected in some way with the fraud. I was impressed by the quiet ease of the proceedings, by the gently exercised authority of the judge, and by the deference of the barristers to the bench and to each other. It was a minor court, as I have said; but propriety and courtesy seemed to reign absolutely within its walls. One of the counsel, taking advantage of his wigged condition, began to press one of the female witnesses rather hard in regard to her personal relations to the principal culprit. After he had asked a question or two with this intent, under which she had winced visibly, the judge leaned forward, and said, in a tone of quiet and friendly remonstrance, "Mr. ——, I think I would n't pursue that course of inquiry any further. It makes no difference as to the nature of the act charged, and the witness has been very frank in her testimony." "Very well, your honor," was the reply, and the subject was dropped, and another line of inquiry was taken up. It seemed that this witness had kept some of the goods for a long time by her, not made up, and when she was told that she might leave the box, the judge called her to him, and as she stood before the bench entered into a conversation with her, in the tone which a father might adopt toward a daughter who had erred; in the course of which he asked her a few questions as to the reasons for her conduct, which seemed to bring out the truth of the whole matter more completely than the questioning and the cross-questioning of counsel. His manner was at once colloquial and authoritative, and while it commanded the woman's respectful deference dismissed her fears, relieved her of her worry, and begat a confidence in his uprightness and impartiality. How the trial ended I do not know, for I could not remain until its close; but I left the court-room feeling sure that essential justice would be done, and much impressed by this slight exhibition of the simplicity and dignity of the proceedings in British courts of law.

Newspapers, advertisements, posters, an organized police force, and the telegraph have made the town-crier a figure of the past, long as unknown in America as an old watchman or a ticket-porter. And yet I have been told by men who, although they have some gray in their beards, do not regard themselves as old that they remember him standing at the corners of the streets in the smaller towns, ringing his great bell, and crying lost children or other articles more valuable, and making other announcements which are now made by

machinery, social or other. I supposed that in England, however, he had disappeared generations ago, and I should as soon have expected to find Dogberry, Verges, and that "most senseless and fit man" George Seacoal going about with their lanterns and halberts as he. But there he was. In Oxford I saw him, — a somewhat forlorn and solemn creature, sad of countenance and ruinous in raiment. He stood upon the curb-stone, and lifting up his voice he proclaimed lugubriously that certain articles would be sold by auction, and that the sale would commence — the very town-crier cannot say "begin" even in England — at six o'clock. He was a witness to the fast hold which old customs have upon society in England. Probably he was the last of his tribe, and had a vested interest in his office, from which he will pass away without a successor. He was allowed to display the vacuity of his mouth at street corners to get wherewith to put into it at home, and to fill his belly with something better than the east wind, in the teeth of which he uttered his proclamation. No one but me paid the slightest attention to him. He might as well have done his crying in the desert of Sahara or on the top of Mount Ararat. His voice sounded to me like a faint echo of the speech of past ages; and I thanked the poor fellow in my heart that he did his superfluous office within my hearing.

Some of these random recollections are in regard to points which should have been remarked upon in what I had to say as to manners and habits of life in England. Of these one is an absence of reserve in speech and action in regard to matters as to which a certain reticence is dictated almost by self-respect. Over the weaker and unlovelier points and the homelier functions of our physical nature, self-love throws a veil, which by silent mutual consent is never lifted, unless at the bidding of a great need. To say that I did not find this in England would be quite untrue; but it is true that I found there enough disregard of it in a sufficient number of individuals to impress me very strongly. I shall refer only to two very mild manifestations of this unreserve. I was driving with two ladies, one of whom was of rank and herself of very ancient lineage, — a woman intelligent, accomplished, kind-hearted, and indeed, it could hardly be denied, well bred; and, moreover, she was not yet middle-aged. And yet, it being a morning drive, this lady did not hesitate to complete, then and there, her toilet as to ears and nose, in the face of the sun and in the eyes of her companions, in a manner which was not only conspicuous, but pickuous; and she did it in such a matter-of-course way, although so thoroughly, that I am inclined to think that half an hour afterwards she would not have remembered this perfecting of her personal graces in public. I never saw such a performance on the part of a New England or New York woman of even tolerable good-breeding or middling social position. My other example (and both are only samples of a sort) was an even more public manifestation of the same unreserve. In a railway carriage, first class, was a lady who evidently regarded herself as a very high and mighty personage. She, her young daughter, and a nurse with a child in arms some six months old occupied one side of the carriage, which was full. At intervals of some fifteen minutes this lady, who was large and loud of voice, would make inquiries of the nurse, in very precise and well-articulated words, as to the natural history of that infant; and the particular attention which she gave to this subject went so far and was so very earnest that I began to look forward with some apprehension to what might be the consequences. Now, with an aversion to squeamishness and no respect for euphemism, I cannot but think

that the feeling which would make such exhibitions as these, on the part of women of like condition, impossible in New England or New York is one which is not the mark of inferior sense, inferior civilization, or inferior manners.

One little trait of manners and customs amazed me. The evidence of it was a bit of printed pasteboard which in plain terms was the business card of a hangman. It came into my hands, but not into my possession, for the gentleman who showed it to me would not part with it. I took and have a copy of it, upon which, unfortunately, I cannot now put my hand; but I can trust my memory sufficiently to say that it was in these words, and form like this: —

WILLIAM MARLEY.
EXECUTIONER.
12 —— STREET. BRISTOL.

N. B. *Executions attended to with promptness and dispatch.*

The variation that there probably is between this and the original is entirely immaterial. I thought this about the most amazing piece of paper that I ever looked upon. That a man should adopt the hanging of other men by the neck as his business, his vocation, is sufficiently astonishing; but it is comprehensible. As it seems to be a settled thing that some men must be hanged, there must of course be others to hang them; and from the days of the saintly Trois Eschelles and the jocular Petit André there has been a succession of professional executioners in France, where the business at last became an inheritance, and the trick of it traditional in one family, like violin-making among the Amatis. But that hanging other men should become such a business as requires a business card, with the promise of promptness and dispatch in the execution of all orders, that a man should thus openly seek such employment, would be incredible, were it not for this evidence. Should Mr. Marley have a trade-mark, think what a sickening thing the sign would be!

English footmen look like curates in livery. If I should say that the coachmen look like bishops on the box, it would be no compliment to the coachmen, who are, with rare exceptions, very fine men; whereas English bishops are not as a bench remarkable for fine presence. As to dignity, what bishop, what archbishop, what cardinal, what Pope, could hope to equal the dignity of a first-rate English coachman in the discharge of his professional functions!

I had no opportunity of seeing the queen, nor did I hear much said of her; and what little I did hear did not convey to me the impression that she was personally liked, even by those who knew her as well as subjects can know a queen. One of these said to me when I mentioned my not having seen her, "Oh, you could n't expect that. She rarely shows in public; only on great occasions. And you would n't see much. She 's a shabby, dowdy woman; very close; and haughty and austere with the younger members of her family."

It was while I was in England that the excitement about the Turkish atrocities was at its height. We not only supped, like Macbeth, full with horrors, but breakfasted full with horrors, — Bulgarian horrors; for the newspapers seemed to contain little else. There were meetings and meetings upon the subject, and speeches and speeches. In the railway carriages, people, as they exchanged newspapers, talked of little else; and few had even a word of excuse for the Turk. Now of this feeling I do not doubt the genuineness. According to my observation, there are no kindlier people than the English. Nor can it be fairly doubted that they are ready to strike a blow for the weak, and to use their power to enforce fair play.

But I could not close my eyes to a strong under-current that was perceptible in all this, and much more apparent in private talk than in public discussion, — a feeling of disgust as much at Turkish impecuniosity and bankruptcy as at Turkish cruelty. It was very plain that the feeling, taken as a whole, was one of resentment at the atrocities of those no-interest-paying pagans. It was abominable to use British wealth and power to support a miserable set of Moslems, who made war in such a ferocious manner when they could n't pay their debts. I could not but think that if the interest on the Turkish bonds had been ready there would have been less of white heat in the glow of British indignation. But how many of us have a pure and single motive in our conduct, individual or collective? Has there been a war or a "movement" that ended in a great gain to human freedom which had not selfish interest among its springs and causes? Magna Charta itself will not bear close investigation on this point, nor even our war for salvation of the Union and the extinction of slavery. Of all great political struggles that which was begun by a few English gentlemen in resistance to the tyranny of Charles I. seems purest in its origin; and even that became debased by selfishness and greed before it was ended. As to this Turkish question, I could not but see, on the other hand, the elevating influence of the wideness and manifoldness of British interests. The scattering of British pounds, shillings, and pence all over the world makes the British people, — those of them who think and who have interests beyond that of their daily bread, — a people of wide sympathies and of varied and enriching anxieties. Their very solicitude for their profit and loss compels them to concern themselves in the affairs of the world at large. Their selfishness has become an element in their greatness. As Julius Cæsar's success was in no small degree due to his enormous indebtedness, so, conversely, Great Britain has risen to imperial power because she has compelled the whole world to become her debtor. In recognizing this fact it is not necessary to admit the purity either of Cæsar's or of Britain's motives.

The enrichment of the intellectual life of England by these causes is manifest in British journalism. The leading newspapers of London, and even of the provinces, place day by day before their readers discussions which involve a knowledge of the world's affairs "from China to Peru." Look through half a dozen numbers of the Saturday Review and of the Spectator, and see how the affairs of India, of Afghanistan, of Egypt, in fact of all the countries of the world, are discussed as if they were but British dependencies, which every man between John O'Groat's and Land's End must needs know something of and think about. The largeness and complexity of these discussions are almost bewildering. They make all other journalism seem thin and tame and narrow. And it is this vastness and variety of interest which in the last hundred years has raised the statesmanship of shop-keeping Britain to such a height that it is the noblest as well as the most exacting of all professions, and makes all other statesmanship seem like shop-keeping.

Richard Grant White.

BOSTON TO FLORENCE.

SENT TO "THE PHILOLOGICAL CIRCLE" OF FLORENCE FOR ITS MEETING IN COMMEMORATION OF DANTE, JANUARY 27, 1881, ANNIVERSARY OF HIS FIRST CONDEMNATION.

PROUD of her clustering spires, her new-built towers,
Our Venice, stolen from the slumbering sea,
A sister's kindliest greeting wafts to thee,
Rose of Val d'Arno, Queen of all its flowers!
Thine exile's shrine thy sorrowing love embowers,
Yet none with truer homage bends the knee,
Or stronger pledge of fealty brings than we,
Whose poets make thy dead Immortal ours.
Lonely the height, but ah, to heaven how near!
Dante, whence flowed that solemn verse of thine
Like the stern river from its Apennine
Whose name the far-off Scythian thrilled with fear:
Now to all lands thy deep-toned voice is dear
And every language knows the Song Divine!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

MISS LYDIA BENNETT was one of the most prominent and influential citizens of the little town of Greenville. There was not a man in the place who was possessed of such decided and energetic character, such positive opinions, or such a firm and unyielding will; and the supremacy she exercised in social affairs was only that accorded to all strong and resolute natures. She had experienced religion in her youth by an indisputably correct process, and had at once joined the church, of which she became, by force of character, the leading spirit. Her orthodoxy was unbounded, her knowledge of theology and dogma precise and unquestionable, and her learning in the Scriptures such as is gained only by life-long and diligent study. In the narrow but intense life of a retired New England village, where the church is the centre of social activity, religious thought has great prominence; and Miss Lydia Bennett's religion was the mainspring of her character, the ruling power of her life.

The most vital and essential part of this religion, that which lay nearest her heart and awoke her strongest feeling, was a bitter and vindictive hatred of one of her neighbors, — a man who was, nominally at least, a brother Christian, and who had never injured her personally by word or deed. The last fact shielded her from all misgiving. She might have doubted the sanctity of a resentment awakened by her private wrongs, but she gloried in a righteous indignation against an enemy of God's church.

The object of all this animosity was the Rev. Joseph Eliot, a retired clergy-

man, who for many years had made his home in Greenville. He had come to the people as their pastor long ago, and Miss Lydia and her sister, Miss Phebe Bennett, had been among his warmest supporters. His life was beneficent and his power increasing, when his bark struck that worst of snags in the current of a clergyman's life, a quarrel in the choir. It originated in a trifle, and therefore soon assumed serious proportions. The members of the church took sides in the matter, naturally dividing according to their social sympathy and family ties, rather than with reference to the merits of the case, and in the inevitable gravitating of opinions it chanced that the Rev. Joseph Eliot found himself viewing the matter in another light from that in which it was regarded by Miss Lydia Bennett, and he even refused to carry into execution some arbitrary measures adopted by the church at Miss Bennett's instigation. She took the liveliest personal interest in the matter; and, infuriated by Mr. Eliot's undaunted opposition, determined to make an example of this minister who dared to thwart her own will and that of an independent church.

It was easy to excite public opinion against him, aided by those who feed eagerly upon the faults of the clergy; and by instituting diligent inquiry in every place where he had hitherto lived she had soon in lively circulation a fine crop of evil reports. Mr. Eliot, pursued with relentless fury and deserted by all save a few faithful friends, was compelled to ask for a dismission; when, instead of flying before his enemies, he decided to remain in the place. His health, always delicate, had been so undermined by the recent excitement that he could not undertake another charge; and perhaps to a spirited man it seemed cowardly to run away from slander, and a better course to stay and live it down.

And now Miss Lydia Bennett began against this man a system of persecution which, if related in detail, would be scouted as incredible. His actions were watched, his words misrepresented, and his motives assailed, until his best deeds were made to tell against him; and in spite of his pure and blameless life he was shunned with suspicion and dislike by a large share of the community. It seemed to her that his continued presence among them was a deliberate insult to herself and to the church he had defied; and that in driving him out she was obeying God, as the Jews obeyed him in exterminating the inhabitants of the land of Canaan. She led her Sunday-school class through rivers of blood and scenes of slaughter, having Joseph Eliot ever before her mind as the modern representative of the enemies of Israel in whose destruction she gloried; and she loved the savage denunciations of the Psalmist against the foes of God, being confirmed in the righteousness of feelings that were so exactly voiced by words of holy writ.

It was undeniable that Mr. Eliot's presence was often a source of serious annoyance to the pious folk of Greenville. When a new minister came to the place, and, finding this reverend brother in his congregation, naturally warmed to him with fraternal affection, and extended the ordinary clerical courtesies, the state of affairs was cautiously explained to him and his own line of conduct plainly indicated. Some men of spirit refused to alter their course of action because of a ridiculous church quarrel that they had no share in, or a few old slanders falling to pieces with decay; others were timid, politic, or prejudiced, and trimmed their sails to accommodate public feeling; but no minister ever stayed long among them. Some of the "world's people" shook their heads, and said "they'd never have a revival or a settled minister till all those that had a hand in dismissin' Mr. Eliot was dead." Others laughed when the subject of personal religion

was urged upon them, and retorted that "they 'd rather stay outside, where there wa' n't so much quarrelin'," or that "a church that was too good for Mr. Eliot was too good for them." The faithful souls who prayed for the prosperity of Zion seemed to pray in vain, and few recruits were gathered in to fill the vacant places.

As the years passed on, however, public opinion gradually underwent a change. A new generation was growing up, outside the church; strangers moved in, who cared nothing for old grudges, and recognized the clear radiance of Mr. Eliot's Christian light. Old enmities died out, and the number of his friends increased. But Miss Lydia Bennett's consistent hatred never faltered, being cherished even more tenderly as others grew careless or lukewarm. The magnanimity that lifted him above her worst attacks and the calm forbearance that never sought revenge she interpreted as a hardened indifference; while his happiness and prosperity in his private life reminded her of the "wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay-tree." It was only when, like Daniel, she went into the sanctuary and considered the slippery places upon which he stood that she was able to endure the spectacle.

But time goes on, and everything is short that it can measure. Joseph Eliot's life had been a long one, as men reckon life; his threescore years and ten had passed; but the end came. A neighbor going by Miss Bennett's door, one morning, paused to tell the news that Mr. Eliot was very sick. Her curiosity was awakened; she inquired the particulars of his illness, and after her neighbor departed wondered with her sister if they had sent for any of the children. The next morning, as she was washing dishes in the kitchen, a stroke of the church bell came upon her with a sudden shock, and her heart beat a little faster as she turned to meet her sister who was coming in from the post-office.

"It is Mr. Eliot," said Miss Phebe. "He died last night."

Miss Lydia wiped her hands upon her apron and sat down by the window, unnerved by the news. The door was suddenly shut in the face of her active and living hatred, and as it turned away, baffled and unsatisfied, she saw its face. There are delicate spiritual premonitions and perceptions that are beyond analysis; and by some intuition her soul discerned upon its far horizon the shadow of a fear — a dim foreboding of something as yet unknown and far away — that was drawing near to alarm her.

A neighbor dropped in; she listened to the talk that always follows death, — speculations as to the funeral and the future plans of the survivors. She took part in the conversation with the surface current of her thought, but there was a deeper consciousness that was silent, uneasy, and almost afraid. She went about her duties softly, and alone at night, when she put out her candle, the darkness was like a presence in the room. She lay awake a long time, her eyes wide open, her mind unnaturally active, and her memory busy with the past, dragging forth from the dark corners of forgetfulness the scenes and incidents of years gone by, until fancy began to mingle with recollection, her consciousness grew misty, and she passed to the more vivid and intense life of dreams.

When she awoke in the morning her presentiment had drawn nearer, and though she turned away and closed her mental vision it was too late; she knew what it was. It was a shadowy misgiving of herself, — concerning what, she would not think.

Her sister spoke of the coming funeral. "I suppose we ought to go, for the speech of people," she said. "There 'll be folks from out of town, and they 'll

think it's queer if we are not there, living so near the church."

Miss Lydia shrank from going, but she would not admit to herself that she was afraid or ashamed to be present. She found her doubt there awaiting her, and as she grew defiant it grew more bold. She was swayed by the influences of the place and hour; the lifeless form of the one she had so relentlessly pursued seemed silently to reproach her, and her doubt spoke plainly: —

"Have I been just in my past judgment of this man? Is it not possible I have been mistaken?"

She glanced uneasily at the weeping relatives, and saw herself in the unwonted light of another's estimation. She had always been a law unto herself, careless of all other opinion; but now she saw how she must appear to this grief-stricken widow, against whom she had never been able to bring a worse accusation than that she "sympathized with her husband." She felt the altered public mood, and that there were some present who looked at her with curiosity or condemnation.

But Miss Lydia's spirit was not one to cower long in self-reproach. She turned aside these feelings with confident self-justification, and stared boldly about the assembled congregation, recalling all the just cause she had had for her enmity, and sneering inwardly at the tribute paid the dead. Her mind turned with relief from the subject when all was over, and she gladly hurried home.

"Well," said her sister placidly, as they were taking off their bonnets, "it does seem strange how different you feel when folks are gone. We are imperfect creatures, and I am afraid in some things we was most too hard on Mr. Eliot."

While Miss Phebe Bennett's shallow experience thus found complete and calm expression, it stirred painful depths in Miss Lydia's soul to hear her own misgiving shaped in words; and her doubt grew so persistent that at last she turned and faced it.

"What if I did!" she retorted, "I'm not perfect; but I have done, right along, what I believed to be my duty. You can't think so hard of folks when they are gone."

This was a dangerous admission to make, but in the line of her convictions she was honest, and she would not take it back. Her inward accuser at once took up the new position she had accorded as a vantage-ground for renewed demands, while she began to feel a gentle but gradually increasing spiritual pressure, a constraint upon her inclination, a vague impulse of duty, a whispered "Ought I?" It was as if there stood beside her some one waiting, who, though often ignored and forgotten, was always there, and now and then touched her, asking to be heard, while whispering voices filled her ears, and her trouble grew upon her, until she gradually became conscious of a distinct suggestion that if she had done a wrong to Joseph Eliot it had been deep and terrible, — a wrong that demanded all the expiation in her power, and an acknowledgment of error as public as had been her accusations, even to making a formal confession of her sin before the church and people of her native town.

She prepared herself by earnest prayer for guidance, and receiving the suggestion freely endeavored to look at the matter calmly by the light of reason and judgment. A careful self-examination only confirmed the decision she had originally made, — that the demand was monstrous and unreasonable, and that the voice within her was not the voice of God. The shock of Mr. Eliot's death had awakened an over-sensitive conscience; and in her morbid brooding over the matter she had mistaken the unhealthy action of a mind unnaturally excited for the promptings of duty. Whatever mistakes she had made in the

past, in the main purpose of her life she had sought the glory of God and the honor of his name; and to make a confession like the one suggested would be essentially insincere, would do herself a worse wrong than she had done to Joseph Eliot, and inflict grave injury upon the cause of Christ, of which she had so long been the leading representative. Her intellectual conviction was without the shadow of misgiving; and, with a longing to be delivered from her mental oppression she laid her arms upon the table by which she sat and bowed her head upon them, as her custom was, in prayer; but her soul was silent. She could not pray. After a while she raised her head and took her Bible.

"Perhaps he chooses to speak to me by his word," she thought, as she turned the leaves of the book looking for some appropriate message. Her attention was first arrested by these verses: —

"*Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter; for thy heart is not right in the sight of God. Repent, therefore, of this thy wickedness, and pray God if perhaps the thought of thine heart may be forgiven thee. For I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity.*"

"Peter's words to Simon Magus," she thought, maintaining her calmness by an effort. "In my excited state of feeling they naturally seem to have undue significance."

She turned back a few leaves, and looked again: —

"*Why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost? . . . Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God.*"

She closed her Bible and resolutely laid it from her.

"My nerves are overwrought," she said. "I must divert my mind by natural and healthy interests."

It was just at twilight; she went out and proposed to her sister that they should spend the evening at a neighbor's house, and during the days that followed she went much into active business and society. But she found it impossible to shake off the oppression that was upon her spirit; the same suggestion of duty haunted her; and reason, judgment, and intellectual conviction availed no more against it than a sponge avails to wipe out a shadow. She grew reluctant to read her Bible; there were verses there that she did not like to see; and she at last gave up her daily reading, saying that for the present it had perhaps ceased to be profitable. But she could not escape the living word written in her memory, which seemed quickened to intense activity. Her prayers were sometimes constrained and formal; and sometimes she cast herself upon the Lord with strong cries for deliverance.

"Why dost thou leave me to such doubt and disquietude?" she pleaded. "I have sought my duty carefully with tears. Leave me not in darkness; let thy light shine."

"*If, therefore, thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light,*" suggested memory.

"Lord, help me!" she cried. "Deliver me from this horrible pit and miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and my lips shall praise thee."

"*Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?*" was her answer.

She went over the ground again and again, calling common sense and reason to her aid. She told herself she was the victim of a strange delusion, and that by patient waiting she would yet recover mental health. But her facility in the Scriptures met her at every turn, and some text arose and tripped up every step she took.

"It is monstrous, impossible," she urged. "I could not do it if I would."

"*If ye have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye shall say to this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it*

shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible to you."

"Oh, for patience!" she cried. "I will withdraw my mind from this subject, and it will yet leave me."

"*Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed to the day of redemption.*"

"It is not the Spirit of God," she answered. "My faith is tried, like that of Job, and Satan is allowed"— She went no further.

"*Whoso blasphemeth against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world nor in the world to come. . . . Because they said, He hath an unclean spirit.*"

Miss Lydia's mental trouble began to wear upon her health. Every one was noticing her worn and haggard face; and a visit of a few weeks among her relatives gave her but temporary relief. Spring came, with its warm, soft air and its depressing languor. She was an old woman, and now she began to feel about her some vague premonition of a change. Grave symptoms of disease hereditary in the family declared themselves. One by one she gave up her active duties, and sat in her cushioned chair. The old family doctor was called in; he gave her illness a Latin name, mixed some medicine in a tea-cup, promised a speedy recovery, and went away and left her with her trouble. Her mind was held relentlessly upon the subject from which her whole being shrank; and though as physical strength failed her she had less power of resistance, still her will was fixed and resolute as ever that she would not yield.

Upon his second visit the old doctor found his patient confined to her bed; friends shook their heads sadly over this downward step, but Miss Lydia felt an intense relief that now, at least, a physical impossibility stood in the way of the suggestion that ever haunted her.

One evening, as she lay alone in the twilight, listening to the soft voices of the summer evening, there gradually closed about her the conviction that for her the end of life was near. Death seemed to approach and forewarn her, and her soul recognized his face. What if, after all, this had been the voice of God within her that she had refused and disobeyed? What if her eternal destiny were indeed imperiled, and now it was too late. The things of this life shriveled to nothingness as she drew near the eternal verities. Outside the window, just across the street, the church-bell began to ring; and Miss Lydia grew faint with fear, as her inward conflict began anew. Was it, then, too late? The church prayer-meeting was assembling, close at hand. A remnant of physical strength was still her own. Might she not even now obey the impulse within her, and be at peace? She felt her spirit wooed by strong persuasion, and the voices about her were melting with entreaty.

She turned her face upon the pillow; the slow and painful tears forced themselves through the unused channels, and she gave up. The feeble notes of a wailing hymn rose and fell upon the air; the exercises had begun. Ten minutes later Deacon Tryon was addressing the meeting. The candles flared in the dim twilight of the echoing room, and the little handful of brethren sat drowsily listening to the same old story. Deacon Tryon felt himself to be a great sinner. He was conscious he had not walked worthily before them, and he asked their prayers—

He paused; his hearers roused themselves, and turned to follow the direction of his startled glance.

Miss Lydia Bennett stood in the doorway, her clothes flung hastily about her, and her face like one struck with death. She came slowly up the aisle, and when she feebly spoke all held their breath to listen.

"I have sinned against Heaven," she began. "I am verily guilty concerning

my brother. I have slandered a good man and done him wrong. I have resisted the Spirit when he moved me to confess my sin. I am not worthy " — '

Her voice faltered, and she wavered and seemed about to fall. A young man sprang from the back seat and caught her in his arms; and the meeting broke up in confusion as they carried her home again.

Miss Lydia Bennett's strange appearance at the Thursday evening meeting was the talk of Greenville for weeks after. The public verdict was unanimous that she " must have been out of her head with the fever;" and if there were some who did not wonder at the form of her delirium they held their peace.

" She never spoke much after it," Miss Phebe used to say. " The doctor said it hastened her end, of course. She just lay quiet, with her eyes shut, seeming kind of happy and smiling to herself; but she would n't take medicine, nor seem to notice anything. Once I asked her if she felt she was prepared, and she whispered something that sounded like ' So happy.' The night she died I was sittin' by the bed, and she opened her eyes, and says she, quite clear, ' Good-by, Phebe. God is here, — right here;' and then she never spoke again, and before morning she was gone."

Katharine Carrington.

RECENT FRENCH AND GERMAN ESSAYS.

Those who carry their researches into French literature any further back than to the novel-writers of this century will be delighted with the volume of Ferdinand Brunetière's [1] essays. This author has been writing for a few years some valuable articles in the Revue des Deux Mondes, and these it is that he has collected, in some measure made over, and published in book-form. The position that he takes is that of the lover of letters, as distinguished from that of the scholar or of the scientific critic with a new-fangled theory. This is clearly seen in the very interesting essay with which the volume opens. In this paper he discusses the literary value of what we may for convenience call Old French, — the French, that is to say, of the Middle Ages, — and his opinion of it differs very much from that of the enthusiasts who are never tired of praising the Chanson de Roland, for instance, and comparing it not unfavorably with real masterpieces. Brunetière considers this as great exaggeration. In fact he is on bad terms with the modern school of critical scholarship, — with the German school, so to speak, — and he feels that the touch of pedantry which it contains is something that sits ill on the Frenchman. He says that a certain number of students transfer their admiration of an interesting period of a language to those early works, and exaggerate their literary merits. As for him, he cares only for solid worth, and does not believe in these early French and German Homers, Shakespeares, and Racines. That he finds many foolish outbursts of inappropriate praise to contradict we can readily believe. Indeed, we all know how unduly the Nibelungenlied is lauded by enthusiasts, and how some people prefer the chilly Northern mythology to that of Greece.

For mediæval French Brunetière has but little praise. The *chansons de geste*

[1] *Etudes Critiques sur l'Histoire de la Littérature Française.* Par Ferdinand Brunetière. Paris: Hachette & Cie. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1880.

he thinks but rude productions, and the *fabliaux* he denounces as they deserve for their grossness. What they are like the curious can find in some of Chaucer's coarse tales, and they have survived in a different form in the undercurrent of French literature, as well as in some work of the best men, down to the end of the last century. The mysteries, too, he finds dull reading. It is really possible to agree with what Brunetière says without denying credit to those scholars who are doing good by informing the world of their discoveries in early French literature. The difference between these men and their critic is not so great as it might at first seem. Brunetière would simply lop off their extravagances, while he would hardly deny the value of the soberer part of their work; yet one cannot help regretting the ground he has taken, for it appears as if he were merely grumbling about people whose tastes are different from his own. There would seem to be no great call for a man to arise and contradict any person who prefers the Chanson de Roland to the Iliad. Time has a very sure way of disposing of such assertions and those who make them, and the cause of literature is hardly well served by superfluously attacking them. Still, this essay is well worth reading. If it should make any one think that Brunetière cared only for entertainment and was indifferent to exactness, this false impression would be very soon removed by the other papers. That on Pascal, which is the next one in order, shows how much importance he attaches to careful editing, and in the article on a life of Montesquieu he detects a vast number of errors. This formal accuracy is the least of his merits. In writing about Pascal he not only discusses the text and the proposed variations with great intelligence, but he also incidentally defends Pascal from misconception in a very sensible way; and, while he condemns most of the so-called versions of Pascal's Pensées, he shows that it is hopeless for any one to try to fill up the gaps and arrange the scattered bits: the work is and must remain a fragment.

The long article on Voltaire is admirable. Brunetière gives us a full and clear sketch of the life of that man, whom facility and versatility of talent made a genius, and he lays bare the vanity that inspired almost everything that he did. This is done without ill-nature, but with most convincing certainty of touch. Brunetière meets the objections of those who might say that we have nothing to do with Voltaire's private life by acknowledging that this would be true of many men; that so long as our sense of what is becoming is not grossly outraged we should be very lenient in judging the faults of a man whose only relation to us is through his writings. "But when one has, like Voltaire, toiled for sixty years to play a part on the scene of history and politics, and, despising the calm pleasures of the artist, has done one's best to become a public man; when one has set everything to work, even the basest means, to confound the whole of a great century with one's own history, it is not merely the writer, it is the man, who belongs to us, — and he belongs to us without reserves. He is not to be divided. We must decide to applaud him, if he has really devoted the rarest faculties a man has ever received from nature to the service of justice and truth; to blame and condemn him, if, in almost every case, he has used them only in his own interest, — in behalf of his personal security, his fortune, and above all of his reputation." This — and it is not the whole of the charge — is a serious accusation, but it is well borne out by the facts that Brunetière adduces, and facts too from Voltaire's own pen. It is by his own words that Voltaire is judged.

This is the longest article in the volume, as well as one of the most impor-

tant, but those on Madame de Sévigné, Racine, Molière, and the literature of the First Empire, while devoted rather to special subjects, show the same abundance of accurate knowledge and of generous intelligence. Brunetière is a real lover of letters and of French letters, and his opinions are always carefully formed and very interesting. Bossuet is the writer whom he loses no opportunity of praising warmly, and from this we may see that he is that rare thing, a lover of the classical French literature. Yet he cannot be quietly shelved as one who merely repeats old-fashioned and exhausted truisms; far from it, he is a well-equipped contestant who knows the whole of French literature well, and he is certainly no pedant who wishes to impose obsolete shackles on the men of the present day. His book is full of keen perception, as when he calls La Fontaine, Racine, and Molière the *naturalist* writers of their day; and he throws light on many obscure points, as when he shows how much of the affected phraseology that in our minds is connected with all French tragedy belongs only to its decadence in the last century.

In a word, this volume of essays is one of the most important books of pure literature that has appeared in France for a long time, and is a welcome proof that literary criticism still lives there in a combination of good taste and full information which expresses itself without alliance with any scientific theory.

Our readers will not have forgotten the delightful letters of Doudan, and they will doubtless welcome with pleasure this volume,[1] which contains some of his writing that had escaped the attention of those who edited the previous volumes. Their first and only regret will be that there is so little that is new. It seems that we have in it only a few scattered notes that he had written here and there, so that we no longer are charmed by the literary completeness which was so striking a quality of his letters. We have the gems, but they are not set.

At times, this incoherence, which we notice whenever detached thoughts are published, exists only to the eye. In the volume of the writings of Vauvenargues, for instance, the sayings have been classified, and the connection between them is sufficiently obvious; here, however, we have a series of really detached observations, which may be classified only under such general heads as Literature, Philosophy, Morality and Religion, etc. Yet those who know Doudan will be able to recognize his unmistakable charm. His way of expressing himself was remarkably exact and beautiful, and endowed with a poetic grace that, so far from being made much of, appeared, as it were, to be continually suppressed. In these latter days we are accustomed to a certain exuberance of language in English writers, especially when they are uttering rhapsodies about art; but this curious combination of alliteration and sing-song fails to be really valuable, because what we notice first, last, and continually is the mode of expression, not the thing expressed. Doudan's style is the very opposite of this lax facility, and there is nothing more effective than its quiet, graceful precision.

Doudan's literary judgment was extremely delicate, and his interest in literary matters was practically inexhaustible. His letters show how wide was his interest and how keen his perception. He never admired lavishly, but his criticisms were not the mere expression of prejudice. This volume contains a few *addenda* to the letters, and hardly anything more. Those who admire the letters will be glad to see this volume.

It is interesting to notice how much intelligence adds to the value of a book. There is certainly no lack of books written in the English language about Ger-

[1] *X. Doudan.* Pensées, Essais, et Maximes. Paris: C. Lévy. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1880.

man literature, yet there is not one along with which this volume of Mr. Hillebrand's [1] may not well be read as a help in understanding the great movements of German thought. In the dearth of political life in Germany, its literature, moderate as it is in bulk, is the most important manifestation of the intellectual interests of that country, and if we look at the German books on our shelves as simply independent literary products, we fail to observe their intimate connection with the changes and growth of the whole German nation. This connection between the literature and the life of the nation is what Mr. Hillebrand has here expounded most clearly and forcibly.

To do this, a full knowledge of the facts is required, and to get the facts is the student's first task. To arrange them and see beneath them the informing spirit is not given to every one, and the teacher who can expound this intelligibly and fairly deserves high praise. He classifies and detects the hidden laws, and shows the world the value of the painfully collected evidence. This is what Mr. Hillebrand has done. The title of the book defines its aim, so that the reader will understand that he need not look within its pages for dates and statistical information so much as for a sort of philosophical discussion of the principles underlying the facts which are presumed to be familiar.

He begins with describing the condition of Germany after the Thirty Years' War, and then he traces the influence of each of the great writers upon their contemporaries and successors. It is Herder whom he especially names as a man who wrought greatly for Germany, not so much by the completeness of his work as by the intelligence of his suggestions and the enthusiasm with which he fired other men. To take a striking example of this, there is the good seed he sowed in Goethe's mind. While few teachers meet with such apt pupils, fewer still have so important lessons as he had to teach. He unfolded to Goethe the beauties of English literature, and he guided him to a fuller comprehension of Homer; and, in a manner, he has moulded the whole course of German thought. In what way he did this is shown, too briefly, to be sure, but clearly, by Mr. Hillebrand.

With the same broad outlines the author represents Goethe's views of life, their influence, the inspiring principles of the Romantic school and their work, as well as the varying currents of philosophic thought. In short, he shows the relations of different men to one another, and the underlying principles that animated them in what they did. Moreover, since no one civilized nation can enjoy a high state of intellectual enthusiasm without affecting more or less other countries, Mr. Hillebrand shows the influence of German thought on other nations. Thus, he says, page 261, "When . . . a reaction set in against the *style empire*, which had but been an exaggeration of Winckelmann's theories; when Chateaubriand in France and Walter Scott in England brought the Middle Ages into fashion, they only followed — unconsciously, of course — the impulse given by the German romanticists." In this statement, however, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Hillebrand is certainly vague, if not indeed inexact. It would seem more precise to say that Germany and England followed parallel lines, rather than that one country inspired the whole movement in the other. Although Scott was influenced by Bürger, yet they both drew inspiration from Percy's Reliques, and in tracing Scott's intellectual lineage we must never forget Gray and Wal-

[1] *Six Lectures on the History of German Thought, from the Seven Years' War to Goethe's Death.* Delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, May and June, 1879. By KARL HILLEBRAND. London: Longmans, Green & Co. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1880.

pole's Castle of Otranto. How much was Burns moved to song by the German romanticists? Or what share did they have in giving Lamb an interest in the old English dramatists? To be sure, Mr. Hillebrand leaves these men unmentioned, yet Scott was only a partaker in the same inspirations.

In other respects we readily acknowledge the justice of all that Mr. Hillebrand claims for Germany. In that country the history of the literature is more exclusively a history of the nation than in any other. This absence of practical life led to great devotion to the ideal, and that ideal has almost always been a high one. The attrition of vulgar circumstances has often been wanting, so that the reader misses the usual lack of harmony between theory and fact; but surely this is an error in an excellent direction. What the various theories have been and the methods of their application can nowhere in English be better studied than in Mr. Hillebrand's volume, against which we can only say that it is too short.

There is no lack of histories of German literature, and some of these will be found most profitable and interesting reading. As entertaining as any, however, is the Deutsche Literaturgeschichte,[1] by Robert Koenig, the eighth revised edition of which now lies before us. This is distinguished from other books of the kind by the appropriate illustrations, which are to be found in great abundance. These consist of fac-similes of old MSS., of autographs, of the title-pages of the original editions of famous books and of some of the cuts that have adorned them. There are, too, many portraits of the most celebrated writers, and frequently more than one of the same person. Thus we have likenesses of Goethe's father, mother, and sister, as well as several of Goethe himself, taken at different times, and of some of the women with whom he was in love. Schiller, too, is generously treated. The advantages of this treatment are obvious, for even the most reluctant student will feel tempted to examine the book, and he will find it hard to avoid reading the letterpress as he turns the pages. The literary part is well worth reading, so that the book would make a very valuable gift for young people who take an interest in German literature.

It would be hard to say why a book of this sort about English literature should not be interesting. The mere vastness of the subject would make equal thoroughness almost impossible, and the British Museum would have to be ransacked for rare first editions; yet a volume of the kind, if carefully prepared, could not fail to be interesting and instructive. To be sure, prophecies of this kind are as uncertain as predictions concerning the adult life of a child in the cradle, but there are many who would look at such a book with interest. It might begin with Chaucer, giving his portrait, fac-similes of some pages of MS. and of the newly-discovered writings that concern him. Abundant portraits could be given of later writers, and though about Shakespeare and Dr. Johnson little that is not already familiar could be given, more than enough material could be found to make a volume that should interest the scholar as well as the skimmer of books. For people who live in distant regions, remote from large libraries, the book would be invaluable. The work has been very thoroughly done for many of the most famous of English books, it is true, but a judicious selection might yet be made.

[1] *Deutsche Literaturgeschichte.* Von Robert Koenig. Achte Durchgesehene Auflage. Leipzig: Oelhagen und Klasing. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1880.

WAR-SHIPS AND NAVIES.[1]

THE task of any one who undertakes to describe this large volume is really very simple; he need but copy the title of the book and underline the words *concise* and *complete*, and the reader knows just what he has before him. The author has really done the work he proposed with great thoroughness, and with a proper regard for the general reader's ignorance of technical terms. The interest of the subject is undeniable; it is not only that we have a natural curiosity to know precisely what is meant by the various scraps of information that we receive about foreign armament, but it is, or may become, a matter of vital concern to us that our own navy bears, in point of effectiveness, this or that relation to the strength of the navy of some other country.

The leading naval power is of course England. We have given us full accounts of the most important ships of her navy, and they make a grim array. Mr. King assures us that "never since the application of steam propulsion to ships of war has the British navy been relatively as strong as at the present day." It contains nearly four hundred vessels of all kinds, and of powerful sea-going fighting-ships there are now, built and building, twenty-eight. Among these is the Devastation, which is a good sea-boat, in which almost everything except the fighting can be done by machinery; the Thunderer, of which Mr. King says that, like all modern fighting-ships, it is operated in almost every important respect by steam. "There are in all twenty-eight steam-engines and nine boilers." Besides the motive engines, there "are small engines, employed for subsidiary purposes, such as revolving the turrets, working the hydraulic gun-machinery, hoisting shot and shell, working the capstans, hoisting anchors and boats, working the steering apparatus, working pumps for circulating cold water through the surface-condensers, starting the motive engines, pumping water from the spaces between the double bottoms, feeding the boilers, hoisting ashes, and driving fans for ventilating the ship. In addition to this great responsibility, the engineer department is charged with all the water-tight doors in the ship, all valves and pipes and torpedoes. In short, the interior of the ship is a vast engineering workshop, requiring skill and energy successfully to manage it."

This extract makes very clear the main difference between the ship of war of the present day and the kind that it has succeeded, and it is curious to notice that, by the comparative security given to the crew through the thickness of the armor and by the use of rams as means of offense, naval warfare has gone back to something very like the conditions that existed in Greek and Roman days; and then, too, ships were protected with iron plates.

With regard to modern armor, recent investigation goes to show that the best sort consists of a steel face welded upon iron plating, with an inner course of iron. This makes a great saving of weight, and allows a large addition to the armament and the machinery. The armament moves along in parallel lines with the armor; no sooner does one

[1] *The War-Ships and Navies of the World.* Containing a Complete and Concise Description of the Construction, Motive Power, and Armaments of the Modern War-Ships of all the Navies of the World; Naval Artillery, Marine Engines, Boilers, Torpedoes, and Torpedo-Boats. By CHIEF-ENGINEER J. W. KING, United States Navy, late Chief of the Bureau of Engineering. With sixty-six Full-Page Illustrations. Boston: A. Williams & Co. London: E. and F. N. Spon, 46 Charing Cross. 1880.

man devise a shot-proof protection for a ship than another invents a gun that shall riddle the vessel as if it were made of *papier-maché*, while some third person constructs a torpedo that shall blow up ships and guns like so many wooden boxes. Yet what brief experience there has been of fights in which armored ships have taken part shows how different is the practical result from that which sounds so alarming on paper. At sea, the motion of both vessels makes the firing very uncertain at the best, and the chances that a heavy shot will strike precisely at right angles are very slight. It would seem possible that a ship in action is more likely to be injured by some accident to its complicated machinery than by the attacks of its foes. However, this has not been the opinion of the most competent judges, who have gone on building costly and powerful ships against the day when it shall be necessary to put them to their legitimate use. The French follow the English as fast as they can, and even distinctly second-rate powers, like Portugal, Holland, Sweden, etc., have their improved and more or less powerful armored ships. The German navy is rapidly growing, as is also the Russian. The Chilian navy is stronger than our own; and even Japan and China are availing themselves of the latest discoveries to secure themselves against foreign attack. Indeed, what Mr. King has to say about the strength of the Chinese is of especial interest at this time. They have a navy yard near Shanghai, where they have built two steam-frigates and five gun-boats, and they have, besides, had powerful vessels built for them in England. The author says: "China, the 'effete' nation of the East, has just entered in the race between modern naval powers, and has already actually put to sea more powerful guns than has any other nation on the globe." Yet, on the other hand, there are objections to these ships, such as their moderate speed and their exposure to the enemy's guns; moreover, there are people who might distrust even a wise Chinaman's management of complicated machinery.

When we read what other nations have done, — and how much it is can be seen only by careful examination of Mr. King's book, — it is with disappointment that we observe how inferior is the navy of the United States to that of other countries. The superiority of England and France we would willingly admit: England, for obvious reasons, is compelled to keep her navy in a state of the highest efficiency, and France has a large coast-line to protect, as well as an interest in many matters that may yet lead to sea contests. In the last war, the fleet of Germany was of as little use as if it had been frozen up in the Arctic Ocean; now, however, she possesses eighteen good ships, eleven of which are sea-going, and others are building; so that, "although she has nothing to match the English mastless sea-going ships, or the Italian Duilio or Dandolo and other such powerful armored craft, her armored fleet will soon have a strength sufficient, perhaps, to meet the French under any conditions proffered." The Russian navy is composed of many ships, but it neither inflicted nor suffered much damage in the war with Turkey. Even the Spanish navy, although it contains no ships of the improved modern type, is by no means to be despised. Chili, as has been said, possesses a fleet stronger than our own.

Our navy has not "a single armored sea-going ship, and has strictly but few modern cruising vessels, and no armaments of modern rifled guns; in these respects, at least, it differs at present from the navies of all considerable European powers." Mr. King, it will be noticed, speaks with great moderation of a condition of affairs which it is impossible that he should not regret. It may be asserted that we are quite able

to take the risk of the sudden outbreak of war, with the chance of seeing our neglected fortifications of no use in stopping a hostile fleet that might levy any payment it chose from one of our sea-board cities, and that we at least save the great expense of insurance. There would be, however, little comfort in this reflection, for the cost of maintaining the navy for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1880, exclusive of the appropriations for ship-building and armaments, was $14,029,968.25; whilst the Spanish navy for the financial year of 1877 cost but $5,015,061; the Austrian navy, including ship-building and new constructions, $4,584,816 annually; the German navy for 1879–80, $11,164,-828.23; and that of Russia, for the year 1879, $19,421,277. Under these circumstances, it would be difficult to find any real cause for congratulations. We pay a large sum of money, and are outstripped by even third-rate powers; we are crippled before striking a blow. There is no respect in which we are not at a disadvantage; our ships are few and inferior, and our armaments insignificant, in comparison with those of other nations. In his last chapter Mr. King states the needs of our navy with great moderation, but doubtless with little hope of bringing about an improvement. The happy-go-lucky system will doubtless flourish until, some day, New York or Boston or Baltimore will have to pay out to some foreign commander a sum that would have sufficed to protect our whole sea-board. Yet what is needed can be seen here, stated clearly and briefly.

In closing, we can only repeat what we said at the beginning, — that Mr. King's volume is a most thorough and interesting compilation, and one that deserves to be widely read.

TENNYSON'S NEW VOLUME, AND OTHER POETRY.

A NEW book of poems from Alfred Tennyson's hand[1] is now so nearly an unheard-of thing that we might almost be led into considering it possible to judge it as the first claim of a new poet; but this, in the last resort, is impossible. Were we to judge it so, the verdict would in some respects be strongly favorable, but on other counts it would have to be decidedly adverse. What, for instance, should be said in that case concerning the initial contribution, The First Quarrel? It could hardly be pronounced other than a tale founded on a supposed incident, in itself unavoidably pathetic by the mere force of human existence, but recited in a manner which is the extreme of commonplace, and without a touch of true poetry of any sort in it. When we come to Rizpah, — that grim study of the madness and the memories of a woman whose son was gibbeted for highway robbery, — the impression changes: we begin to recognize, in spite of certain mannerisms, the hand of a master. The Northern Cobbler, a dialect poem after the manner of The Northern Farmer and Grandmother's Apology, is still better; its homely details breathed through as they are by a strain of pure and simple feeling, and the reminiscences which the mechanic, enslaved by drink and laming his wife with a kick, still cherishes of the happy era of courtship. He and his sweetheart, standing "by Thursby thurn" of a Sunday, listened to the sky-lark: —

[1] *Ballads and Other Poems.* By ALFRED TENNYSON. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1880.

"An' then 'e turn'd to the sun, an' 'e shined like a sparkle o' fire.
'Does n't tha see 'im,' she axes, 'fur I can see 'im?' an' I
Seeäd nobbut the smile o' the sun as danced in 'er pratty blue eye."

Then he kissed her;

"An' when we coom'd into Meeätin', at fust she wur all in a tew,
But, arter, we sing'd the 'ymn togither like birds on a beugh."

The whole story is forcibly and well told, without being robbed of the poetic atmosphere, as that of The First Quarrel is.

The Village Wife, another monologue in the same dialect, is extremely prosaic and dreary reading; but the little story called In the Children's Hospital — with its graphic power and glimpse of child-thought, its singularly effective hint of the power of prayer, and pathetic ending — does something to restore the balance. The Revenge; a Ballad of the Fleet, had already become well known through its magazine publication, before its appearance in this volume; and, although it is in its way powerful, one cannot put out of sight the significant fact that both in subject, treatment, and metrical handling it is to a large extent and plainly an imitation or echo of Browning's Hervé Riel. The other national ballad, The Relief of Lucknow, falls far short of the one just named; being little more than a somewhat formless rhymed journal of events connected with the famous siege it recalls. But here, suddenly, in the Dedicatory Poem to the dead Princess Alice, prefixed to the ballad, we strike at once upon the genuine Tennyson, the Tennyson of an earlier time, in all the strength of deep feeling concentrated on a single object and formulated in sonorous phrase, which made him famous: —

"Dead princess, living power, if that which lived
True life live on, and if the fatal kiss,
Born of true life and love, divorce thee not
From earthly love and life; if what we call
The spirit flash not all at once from out
This shadow into substance, then perhaps
The mellow'd murmur of the people's praise
From thine own state and all our breadth of realm,
Where Love and longing dress thy deeds in light,
Ascends to thee."

In this we find the harmony, the alliteration not turned to vexation, the well-known cadences, which two generations have loved so well. The Sisters, again (a blank-verse idyl in the earlier manner, but rather negligently endowed with the same title borne by an old and well-known poem of the author's), restores a sense that it is still the famous singer of The Gardener's Daughter who addresses us, although the strain, of course, does not sound so freshly now. The De Profundis, too, despite its second portion (The Human Cry), which is pure rubbish, and certainly as far removed as possible from poetry, includes in its major half a kind of majestic incoherence, a lyric ecstasy of expression, which is deeply impressive, whatever may be said of it on a cold analysis. In addition to these, there occur three compositions of very doubtful worth: Sir John Oldcastle, Columbus, and The Voyage of Maeldune. The Columbus sounds like a school-boy's effort, and might fittingly take a place with Timbuctoo; Sir John Oldcastle is simply tedious; and The Voyage of Maeldune strikingly instances the spoiling of a superb and suggestive Celtic folk-tale by hasty and indifferent rendering. It has flashes of inspiration, as in these verses describing the Silent Isle: —

"And the brooks glitter'd on in the light without sound, and the long waterfalls
Pour'd in a thunderless plunge to the base of the mountain walls."

There are four lines in this thin book capable of redeeming the whole: we refer to those written for Sir John Franklin's cenotaph, for the sake of which it should repay any true admirer of good literature to buy the volume. We have, also, a fine sonnet written for the opening number of the Nineteenth Century, and one on Montenegro, which

may perhaps rank unquestioned by the side of Milton's great sonnet on the massacre of the Piedmontese. Even in the space we have taken, we do not exhaust the contents of Mr. Tennyson's latest offering, and many pertinent things must remain unsaid. It would perhaps be useless as well as invidious to dwell on the excessive self-consciousness manifested in the dedication to the poet's grandson; in the lines to Victor Hugo; and in those addressed to Dante "at the request of the Florentines." What is most curious in connection with the book is the vacillation to which one is compelled between judging it as the mature work of a distinguished artist and pronouncing upon it as an embodiment of new ventures, and the conclusion at which we arrive, after weighing these two moods, is that Tennyson has sought in his latest years to grasp at something which is not naturally his, just as was seen in his dramatic efforts; has tried to force his genius into new and rougher channels, perhaps with the idea of acquiring "breadth" and disproving the frequent charge of over-refinement in his art. In so far, he has failed. Where he clings to his original lyrical inspiration, there he is at his best. Still, the Laureate is always an artist, and every new work from his hand has a peculiar value. The book is one which inevitably claims and will receive the attention of the whole literary world.

Under the Olive,[1] the authorship of which we believe it is now generally understood must be credited to Mrs. James T. Fields, is an exceptional volume, to which for years we have had nothing similar; excepting only Mr. Symonds's translations from the Greek and some passages in his recent volume of original poetry. Yet it is likely to miss general appreciation, and to fall, at first sight, only half noticed even on the attention of the cultivated, because its spirit and utterance are so largely in sympathy with the calm, unassertive Greek love of the beautiful; so far removed from the intense, high-colored, and emotional tendency of modern poetry. But within its pages will be found a great deal of exquisite verse, subtly interfused with ideas of much delicacy and clothed with plastic forms; the general effect being that of chaste and well-moulded bas-relief. No modern can avoid infusing into classic themes a strain of later sentiment, and we are sometimes slightly reminded of Keats by Mrs. Fields's tone, though not to her disadvantage, except in the Elegy to Daphnis, where she seems to have surrendered to influences from the Ode on a Grecian Urn. In the beautiful Prelude, where the authoress celebrates the advent of Sorrow as "a new friend" come to solace the age of the world with new warmth of love and tenderness, and in one or two other pieces, as the Not by Will and not by Striving, she utters a note wholly her own and possessing a grace distinct from that of Greece. The Last Contest of Æschylus, the Lantern of Sestos, Herakles, and Antinous deserve to be singled out as charming idyllic compositions modeled to a complete finish with notable skill and purity. Theocritus, also, although one of the briefer poems, is externally almost as delightful as may be. The Return of Persephone and Pandora are delicious in their fullness of veiled meanings and their many touches of perfect allusion to nature. What a picture, what imagination, in this verse given to Helios, departing, —

> "I will away unto the sleepy hills"!

And here is a line from The Lantern of Sestos: —

> "Still down the west the heavens were stained with remembering crimson."

Strictly judged, Mrs. Fields's verse is defective in places, especially where the hexameter is used; but in general the workmanship is wonderfully fine, and she

[1] *Under the Olive.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1881.

employs a great variety of measures with exceptional success. The translations from Goethe are very good, and we are glad to see that among them is the little-known but excellent Musagetes, which gives due credit to the flies for waking the poet early in the morning.

Mr. Edwin Arnold and his publishers have been encouraged by the reception which his Light of Asia met with to bring out in this country a volume of his miscellaneous pieces,[1] the first and longest of which is the Indian Song of Songs, a version of the Sanskrit Gîta Govinda of Jayadeva. This is an elaborate idyl in several divisions (Sargas), representing the struggle of Krishna — whom Mr. Arnold, with Lassen, regards as "the divinely-given soul manifested in humanity" — between sensual temptation and his higher love for Rhada, who symbolizes the spirit of intellectual and moral beauty. The poem, however, has none of the didactic tone or pallor of allegory which this interpretation of its scope might lead readers to except. It is pastoral and musical, a very drama of flowers; wreathed in blossoms, and fragrant and luminous with descriptions of natural beauty. A few lines will show this.

"I know how Krishna passes these hours of blue and gold,
When parted lovers sigh to meet and greet, and closely hold
Hand fast in hand, and every branch upon the Vakul-tree
Droops downward with a hundred blooms, in every bloom a bee:
He is dancing with the dancers to a laughter-moving tone,
In the soft awakening spring-time, when 't is hard to live alone."

The whole composition, which the translator assures us he has given with fairly close literalness, is saturated with the same light and warmth and sensuous splendor that distinguish The Light of Asia and appear in phrases like —

"A bower of paradise,
Where nectarous blossoms wove a shrine of shade,
Haunted by birds and bees of unknown skies;"

so that we get in it not only a very interesting exemplar of Sanskrit literature, but a poem delightful to read. As to its moral purport, we have less faith. The "lesson," indeed, is nowhere, compared with the lavish outward beauty conveyed, and Mr. Arnold has been obliged to suppress portions and omit a whole Sarga (by which we are spared one of the titles which he affixes, such as Sakandkshapundarikaksho), in order, as he says, "to conform to the canons of Western propriety." Of the remaining poems, one founded on Mr. Aldrich's Three Roses, the familiar one called After Death in Arabia, and the Belshazzar, which is a Newdigate prize production, are the most noticeable and the best; to which we should add some noble lines written to Florence Nightingale in 1853. A number of fine translations from the Greek poets complete the volume. Mr. Arnold is not an original poet, but he is a thorough artist: not rich in thought, but gifted with abundant feeling and a profuseness in imagery which make him a singer to be valued highly in certain moods.

"O God, make thou my soul into a church,
One little chapel in the church of Christ."

These lines, which form as strong a contrast as possible with Mr. Arnold's poetic atmosphere, make a beginning for a volume of verse unexpected enough, in these days; and when we find the same strain carried through the book, without once lapsing into weakness or sentimentality, we must recognize at once that Miss Palfrey (or, as she prefers to be known, E. Foxton) has acquitted herself of a very difficult undertaking in issuing an almost unbroken series of devotional poems,[2] all of which

[1] *Poems.* By Edwin Arnold, author of The Light of Asia. With a Preface written for this edition by the author. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

[2] *The Chapel, and Other Poems.* By E. Foxton, author of Sir Pavon, etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880.

are strong, sincere, and removed from the commonplace. The Chapel is a singularly pure, in fact austere, book of verse, every page of which conveys a direct or indirect rebuke to our skeptical and apparently insincere epoch. When the authoress turns to the secular world, she chants the praise of Barron, the loyal bank cashier, or holds up a picture of contemporary degeneracy in a quaint piece like Says She to Me, Says Ann, which relates the grievous disappointment of a Boston woman coming back from the West and finding all the old landmarks gone, the spirit of the place changed. To our thinking, this is the best thing in the book, worthy of ranking with the satire of Holmes, the Pennsylvania pastorals of Bayard Taylor, and the best of Tennyson's realistic ballads.

"Dear soul, there ain't no Boston left!" says I to Ann, says I.
"Don't tell me so! Another fire?" she says to me, says Ann.
"No, wus," I says; "the city's fell into the hands o' man.
They 've filled it up, an' built it up; they 've tore and digged it down.
'T ain't hardly more, forevermore, than any other town."

The desultory effect which so many new volumes have when made up from short and isolated compositions is obviated by the arrangement which Miss Larcom has chosen in the first part of her Wild Roses of Cape Ann.[1] Here some eight songs and brief narratives, having to do with the sea and Cape Ann life, are loosely strung together, with passages of blank verse, which characterize and celebrate the local scene and homely existence, while leading from one to another of the rhymed effusions. Miss Larcom is as thoroughly imbued with the light of New England landscape, and with the evasive touches of pathos or picturesqueness in New England country life, as any of our poets; and in the miscellaneous contents of this latest volume, following the Wild Roses, she makes the fact fully manifest. Poems like Mehetable, A Gambrel Roof, Goody Grunsel's House, Workmates, are full of charming *genre* painting, tender sentiment, and humor. Sometimes we meet with a peculiarly happy epigrammatic turn, like that in which it is said sober Colonel Audrey

"Dwelt with a blithe and willful wife,
The sparkle on his cup of life."

Miss Larcom is quite uneven, and sometimes the interest of her themes is too attenuated; but her work is so sincere, now as always, and often so delicately beautiful, that one does not care to dwell on these points.

The average of woman's work in poetry amongst us to-day is certainly a high one. We have just spoken of Mrs. Fields and Miss Larcom; the names of Mrs. Jackson (H. H.), Celia Thaxter, Julia Ward Howe, Mary Mapes Dodge, and Miss Phelps are at once suggested; and now we have to consider a small book of Verses by Susan Coolidge,[2] which goes to confirm our statement. The title is to be regretted, because Mrs. Jackson has used the same for a book widely known, because it is uninteresting, and because it suggests a modesty pressed to the point of affectation. But the writing covered by it, while eminently modest, is almost wholly unaffected, and singularly earnest, sweet, and pure. Miss Woolsey gives voice to a variety of thoughtful and tender moods, generally colored by a feminine feeling about friendship, suffering, love, and duty, and always in smooth, if sometimes rather constrained and dry language. The best known piece in the collection is that on the Cradle Tomb in Westminster Abbey, which has found much favor in England; but readers of The Atlantic will remember her well-

[1] *Wild Roses of Cape Ann, and Other Poems.* By Lucy Larcom. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1881.

[2] *Verses.* By Susan Coolidge. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

told Legend of Kintu, and the Ginevra degli Amieri is also an excellent and effective tale in blank verse. Perhaps the finest meditative strain of all is that of Benedicam Domino, at the end: —

"Thank God for life: life is not sweet always.
. . . . . .
Still it is life, and that is cause for praise.
. . . . . .
I am alive! — and that is beautiful."

Then the singer goes on to give thanks for love and for death in the same devout mood, and we close the book with a keen satisfaction in the pure sentiment and loveliness with which it is filled.

Precisely what Helen Barron Bostwick intends by the title of her new volume [1] we are unable to determine. It gives no indication, at least, of the forcible and well-wrought verses which are to be found within the covers, mingled with more or less that is sentimental or languid. The King's Picture is a very pretty and suggestive parable, and the familiar sequel to Carleton's Betsey and I are Out deserves its popularity. Here and there, also, Mrs. Bostwick offers pleasant fragments of description or fancy, as in the sonnet entitled My Lake. On the whole, it is a very fair collection, which will doubtless help in its way to carry out that general mission of partial culture, which Miss Woolsey's and Miss Larcom's books likewise serve.

Mrs. Richard Greenough, author of Arabesques, member of the Society of the Arcadia, and wife of the sculptor Greenough, reappears with a beautifully printed poem of seventy pages on Mary Magdalene, suggested by her husband's statue of Mary Magdalene at the Tomb.[2] It is carefully thought out and elaborately finished; tracing the whole story of the sinful woman's penitence and rescue, from the first gleam of her knowledge of Christ to the climax of his choice to appear first to her, after his resurrection. Executed with deliberate art, a poem thus conceived abounds, as might be expected, in beautiful pictures, and the authoress is entitled to a reposeful satisfaction in the accomplishment of such a work; but, if the truth must be said, it remains a work of luxury rather than of use.

It is a pleasure to see a poet's fame so honorably and so well cared for as that of Bayard Taylor is in the new edition of his Dramatic Works,[3] edited by his widow. In this volume, the Cambridge edition, delightfully printed and bound with sober elegance, are included The Prophet, The Masque of the Gods, Prince Deukalion; so that it makes a supplement to the volume of Taylor's miscellaneous poetic writings recently issued by the same publishers. This is not the place for a careful estimate of the dramas, but the occasion should not be lost of reminding our readers how much of Taylor's highest poetic work is to be found in them, and of giving recognition, at the same time, to the thoroughness and interesting nature of Mrs. Taylor's notes, in which is contained a good deal of new matter explaining the author's purposes from a source than which there could be none more exact or sympathetic.

In Lord Stirling's Stand [4] a new writer, Mr. Babcock, comes before us, with a grateful dedication to Mrs. Ann S. Stephens and a confidential, prattling preface to the public; but his intention is entirely good, and in places it ripens into good performance. As one such we may instance Joseph the Nez Percé, which begins, —

[1] *Four-O'Clocks.* Poems. By Helen Barron Bostwick. Philadelphia: E. Claxton & Co. 1880.

[2] *Mary Magdalene.* A Poem. By Mrs. Richard Greenough. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1880.

[3] *The Dramatic Works of Bayard Taylor.* With Notes by Marie Hansen-Taylor. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1880.

[4] *Lord Stirling's Stand, and Other Poems.* By W. H. Babcock. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1880.

"From the northern desolation
Comes a cry of exultation:
It is ended! He has yielded! And the stubborn
fight is won."
Let the nation in its glory
Bow with shame before the story
Of the hero it has ruined and the evil it has
done."

A number of Mr. Babcock's productions are concerned with national feeling and valorous action; but his great fault is that he is too diffuse and ordinary in his expression. He needs to edit himself.

Much more realistic than his verses is Mr. Peacock's singular performance relating to American guerrilla warfare,[1] with its voluble title-page. In it figure Quantrell and other personages of very recent times, and the author, as may be judged from the following, has no misgivings that he cannot make poetry of everything: —

"One who wore the scallop shoon,
Who lingered yet in life's fair noon,
Was pacing as a sentinel,
Before a tent, wide, white, and tall,
Where General Thomas Ewing slept."

The supply of unliterary curiosities professing to be literature is clearly not yet exhausted.

If Mr. Peacock left any doubt of this, it would be dispelled by Mr. William Leighton's Shakespeare's Dream,[2] than which it would be hard to find a more startling piece of tinsel mistaken by its manufacturer for true metal. It is quite impossible and it would be useless to analyze its absurdity in these pages; but we will quote, as being sufficient, two lines from an Ode to Shakespeare in the same book: —

"From the Elizabethan time
Comes down to us your verse sublime."

Such stuff as this it is printed on large paper and gotten out with all outward seeming of being something real, which arouses the suspicion that the august republic of letters is rapidly becoming a democracy, and that of a cheap and frothy type.

CHALLONER'S HISTORY OF MUSIC.

Mr. Challoner's Science and Art of Music[3] is professedly a text-book designed for class use. With the exception of Chapter IX., which is devoted to a succinct account of men whose names have become famous in connection with the art, beginning with Gregory the Great, and ending with Theodore Thomas, the book is written in the form of a musical catechism; questions being propounded, and as regularly answered. It is a gratifying sign of how great importance musical instruction is assuming in the general scheme of education in this country that it should have been deemed advisable to compile a work on the subject so purely didactic in form and purpose as the present one. That anybody will ever read it, except as a "required study" in an academic course, may be reasonably doubted; we do not read the Westminster Catechism except on parental or pedagogic compulsion. Learning in so grimly systematized a form is not palatable, and the constant reminders, in small type, that we are

[1] *The Rhyme of the Border War.* A Historical Poem of the Kansas-Missouri Guerrilla War, before and during the late Rebellion. By Thomas Brower Peacock. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1880.

[2] *Shakespeare's Dream, and Other Poems.* By William Leighton, author of The Sons of Godwin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1881.

[3] *History of the Science and Art of Music: Its Origin, Development, and Progress.* By Robert Challoner. Cincinnati: Geo. D. Newhall & Co. 1880.

reading a school-book take away from the zest with which we otherwise imbibe useful information. Such continually recurring questions as "What is harmony?" "Does the beautiful reveal itself through a single art-form?" and the like, interrupt our train of thought, and we quickly tire of carrying on this sort of dialogue with an imaginary school-master. However, one can hardly quarrel with a text-book for being nothing more than a text-book. What we do object to in the present work is the *ex cathedra* style in which it often deals with points still open to dispute, and gives its author's opinions all the irrefragable authoritativeness of unquestioned truths. But notwithstanding this blemish the book contains a vast amount of information on almost every topic connected with the art of music and its history. This information is also generally very well arranged. The wording is clear; the sentences are concise and to the point. The author is, however, not invariably exact in his assertions, and the book is not free from grave errors. For instance, it says, speaking of the old mensural notation of Franco of Cologne, "The singers counted according to the value of the notes, — a *longa* and a *brevis* representing *three beats*, and a *longa* representing *two*." This would inevitably lead the student to infer that the relation borne by the brevis to the longa was the same as that borne by a half-note to a whole-note in modern notation. But this relation really held good only in the then exceptional *tempus imperfectum*, or binary rhythm. In the far more common *tempus perfectum*, a longa counted three breves, of which fact Mr. Challoner makes no mention, although it made one of the characteristic differences between mensural notation and our modern system.

Again, in answer to the question, "Which of these [Italian] schools remained the most loyal to the traditions of the style of Palestrina and his contemporaries, in regard to the music of the church as distinct from the musical drama?" Mr. Challoner simply says, "The Roman school, with its disciples, among whom were Allegri, Agostini, and Carissimi [*sic!*], remained the most true to the traditions of Palestrina." This lumping together of Carissimi with the Roman church composers who came after Palestrina is singularly misleading. True, Carissimi never wrote for the stage, but nothing can be farther from the fact than that he was true to the Palestrina traditions. In his oratorios, motets, and other compositions he followed Monteverde's lead in the modern tonal system, instead of adhering to the old model system, in which Palestrina wrote; and his music had far more affinity with the operatic music of the day than with that of Palestrina, between whom and himself lay the impassable gulf which separates two wholly distinct musical systems.

The book, although handsomely got up, contains many serious misprints: Hayden for Haydn; Jean Phillipe Rameau for Philippe, etc. By what authority Mozart's name is changed from Wolfgang Amadeus to Wolfgang *Gottlieb* we do not know. Upon the whole, the book, with all its imperfections, fills a place; and so much in it is well done that it is perhaps ungracious to insist upon its faults. A thorough revising, together with cutting out a good deal of useless matter, would, however, do it good.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

SHE was English, but for twenty years had been tied to a little old dried-up Hungarian, a rabid revolutionist, who had been banished from his own country, when a young man, for trying to overthrow the government.

The morning she first called on me her husband accompanied her, and remained in the hall — having been taken by the servant as an attendant only — until I sent a special messenger to ask him into the parlor.

"Quite an old man, I assure you, my dear lady. You will not mind. He speaks seven languages with facility, I assure you; and he is such a good soul, but *so* unsettled! I assure you, strange as it may seem to you, we have moved dozens of times. I can't just say that I married him for love, you know, but then I think we have been quite as happy as most people, after all, thank God! We had a beautiful 'ome in London [she used to forget and drop her *h's*, once in a way]; a house, I assure you, Mrs. Brown, I would not 'ave been ashamed to receive her royal 'ighness the Princess of Wales in. And I had my own carriage, too, and as pretty a span as any in the Ladies' Mile.

"We were really quite rich, and a house full of children, too, thank God. But one day my husband took it into his head to go to Jersey and buy a farm. You see he is so set in his way. All men are, don't you think so? The easiest way to get along with 'em is just to pretend you think as they do. And nothing to do but we must pack off at once, selling things at ruinous prices, too, when I was so 'appy in London.

"We had four beautiful children, and now we are all alone, — we two old people," and the tears glistened in her kind blue eyes. "The eldest would have been eighteen now, and such a comfort; but we have each other left, please God, and I assure you we think a great deal of each other, even if Mr. Aubrey is a little peculiar. We have to put up with those things, you know, my dear. After we had got nicely settled on our estate and everything in quite a thriving condition, and had just begun to feel at home again, our three little girls sickened and died, one after another, poor things; and Mr. Aubrey was so broken down that he insisted he could not stay there any longer, where everything reminded him of the dear children, and so we took our little boy and went to the south of France. We hired a pretty villa in Cannes, surrounded by beautiful grounds, and I had begun to feel a little contented again, when the fever took away our last darling, and we were indeed desolate. You see, my dear lady, I have seen much trouble, but God has been good, and one must go on living, in spite of everything. We spent two years at Cannes, and I had begun to pick up a little patois and to feel quite at home, when Mr. Aubrey's term of banishment expired, and he took a notion to visit his only remaining relative, an old uncle, whom he had not seen for twenty years. So we pulled up stakes again, and started for Pesth. We were received at the station by very kind strangers, who informed us at first that Mr. Aubrey's uncle was from home, afterwards that he was quite ill, and would we rest a while with them, who were close friends of the family; and not until after much pressing did we learn the real facts in the case, — that my husband's uncle had very suddenly expired. It was all very sad, I assure you, my dear lady. But my husband, good soul, stayed and settled up his poor uncle's affairs, and then we came on here ["here" means a cosmopolitan Oriental capital, which shall be

nameless] to see an agent for his uncle's widow, and thought we might as well stay on, you know; and we have been prospered, thank God. Mr. Aubrey really seems quite contented sometimes, though I must say my heart is in dear old England, where everybody speaks the same language. My husband is a very fine chemist, and spends much time in his laboratory, and I have been much prospered in my profession."

Her profession, by the way, was medicine, and she confined herself principally to children's diseases. Her motto was, "One may as well laugh as cry," and so, when the baby had been particularly restless from teething, it was a comfort to see her broad, good-natured face, with its kindly blue eyes, and hear her cheery laugh, which was always contagious. It is impossible to reproduce the cordial, benevolent way in which she said, "Good *morn*ing, my dear Mrs. Brown. How are you this morning, and how is the dear baby? Much better, I hope. I could n't sleep last night for thinking of it. A little ailing, of course; you must expect those things, my dear. And Mr. Brown, too, — how is he, poor thing? Quite well, I hope. Why, my dear lady, your husband is one of a thousand. *Such* a kind, thoughtful soul, and *so* devoted to you" —

"Yes — but, Madame Aubrey, the baby" —

"Oh, certainly! my dear, the baby. It won't do to give babies much medicine, you know. Nature must have her way. Have you given it a camomile bath, with a little drop of vinegar in it? No? Not so very strange, either, my dear. How should you know, to be sure? And a drop of gin, too, you know, is so warming. Not that I believe in spirits at all, my dear, — not in the least. But once in a while, you know, nothing else answers the same purpose," and she fanned herself vigorously, while the feathers on her hat nodded good-naturedly. Her toilets, indeed, were a study in themselves, particularly her bonnets, which she assured me she very frequently trimmed herself, and I was not loath to credit the assertion. Every time she came she had on a new specimen, quite outrivaling the last. They were always very large, overhanging her forehead, from which her gray hair was brushed straight back, innocent of curls or crimps, and tucked into a net at the back of her head. Her eye had evidently not been trained to harmony of colors, for while a bunch of full-blown roses would be perched on top of her bonnet, a bright yellow feather would be tucked in in close proximity, a black one on the other side, an abundance of purple ribbon adorning the crown, while a bouquet of cornflowers filled up the brim, from the edge of which dangled and twinkled a row of jet fringe. About her ample throat, often innocent of collar or ruche, would be a magenta silk handkerchief fastened with a large cameo. An ancient magenta silk polonaise, bountifully trimmed with black fringe, over a well-worn black silk petticoat, completed a favorite costume with her. She used to say, "One cannot dress, you know, running about as I do." Her hands were very beautiful, small, — quite un-English, by the way, — white, and as dimpled as a girl's, while her fingers were always sparkling with rings, sometimes half a dozen on each hand. Bracelets encircled her fair arms, and jewels depended from her ears. Yet one could not call her vain. It was simply want of taste which led her to decorate herself in this way.

She dearly loved her cup of tea, — as what Englishwoman does not, — and chatting over our lunch the lights and shades of her character and life came out quite unconsciously. "Mr. Aubrey and I had quite a little tiff this morning," she said one day. "He got really quite grumpy, don't you think. I almost always laugh, you know, but this morning I did a little crying, which I am heartily

ashamed of, I assure you. One may as well laugh as cry, though I do get tired sometimes trotting around all day, trying to understand the abominable languages, while Mr. Aubrey keeps house, and so get a little nervous sometimes, though I never allow it in my patients.

"He has taken it into his head to go to Roumania, — just after the rent has been paid for another year, too, and he must needs go and try to find a tenant for the house, — and wanted me to pack right up and be off next week, 'Very well,' I said, 'Mr. A., you can go if you wish. *I* shall stay here. I will pack up your shirts this morning, if you like.'

"He took his hat and went down town, and I acted like a silly school-girl: I sat down and cried. I assure you, I don't come to that pass once in a year. But he came home to dinner as sweet as a peach. Did he beg my pardon? No; men never do that, you know. But he said he had been thinking of making me a present for a long time, and would I have a pony phaeton or a handsome set of jewelry! *Of course*, my dear, I chose the phaeton, and now I shall take you to drive to the Gardens in my own carriage. My husband is *such* a kind soul, but he is a little quick, you know, my dear. One must put up with those things in a man! I am going to try to make him forget all about the Roumanian scheme, and propose a trip to Mt. Olympus, where he can have his cigarette in peace.

But I really *must* go, my dear Mrs. Brown. I have to visit one of the royal princesses this afternoon. She is suffering terribly, poor thing, and the court physicians can't do anything for her. I am to go in her own carriage. Give my love to Mr. Brown, poor thing. You have so much to be thankful for, my dear, in having such a good husband! He quite adores you, I am sure;" and she gathered up her reticule and her purse and her gloves, and came back to find her handkerchief and say good-by again, and ask me to be sure and give her very best compliments to Mr. Brown, good creature, and then she bustled away.

I met her on the street, one day, resplendent in amber silk of the stiffest quality, with exquisitely embroidered crêpe drapery, surmounted by her well-worn black mantilla, ten or a dozen years old, and a Dolly Varden of rough white straw, trimmed with pink rosebuds, perched on her head, while her hands were encased in shabby brown kids. "*So* glad to see you, my dear! Really, you must come in and see me. You must, indeed. Shopping is *so* tiresome. You really *must* have a cup of tea before you go home." And so, cowardly wretch that I was, mustering up all my moral courage, and inwardly trembling lest we should meet some of my acquaintances, I accompanied her to her own hired house. It was a pleasant four-story stone building, in a pretty, quiet street. But as soon as the door was opened by the slatternly servant-girl I was taken aback by the absolute untidiness of the interior. Mr. Aubrey sat in the back part of the stone hall, which was raised two or three steps from the entrance, quietly lunching in his shirt-sleeves. He immediately put on his yellow nankeen coat, and came forward to welcome me in the most obsequious manner, bowing over my hand nearly to the floor, and assuring me in Oriental terms and broken English that I had done them the greatest honor in visiting their humble abode.

We proceeded up a very dirty flight of wooden stairs, and turned into a shabby little room, furnished with sofa and chairs upholstered in faded crimson damask, a large mahogany table with a beautifully embroidered Turkish table cover, and the inevitable upright piano. Tea was served in thick white cups like those used on shipboard, from the daintiest of silver tea-pots, while the cream-jug was a marvel in itself of exquisitely

wrought silver. The sugar was in a common white cracked bowl, and the spoons were so brassy that it required much courage to put one deliberately and with malice aforethought to one's lips. But my hostess presided with as much grace as though the service had been of gold, the room in a palace, and herself a queen. Her conversation ranged world-wide, and embraced all topics, from art, literature, and science, and the Russo-Turkish war, to the latest recipe for salad. She was never at a loss for a word, an expression, or an opinion; always racy, cheery, and good-tempered, breaking into musical peals of laughter, interspersing her conversation with judicious flattery; not always careful, to be sure, about dates or localities, but giving you the impression all the while of conversing with a thoroughly cultivated woman, as well as a thoroughly charming one. What if you found yourself in a whirl, sometimes, in attempting to follow her? It was impossible to converse with her half an hour without feeling one's own stupidity, even if vanity asserted that in point of education, cultivation, depth of character, and various other attributes and virtues, too numerous to mention, you might claim superiority. But withhold admiration you could not. Brilliancy carried the day.

As I walked slowly down street I meditated on her really heroic life. Thrown among strangers in a foreign land, with her fortune to carve out, — for one could see that she was the true head of the family, — an appendage in the way of a husband whose early education and tastes differed so much from her own, winning her way by the charm of her manner, showing her true English pluck in a determination to succeed, one could not call her a fraud. One even forgot her little oddities in the way of dress, and her disregard of what some would call the necessities of life. Her occupation led to constant recourse to the crowded Bosphorus steamers conveying the busy population of the large city to and from its numerous suburbs, which line the banks of that beautiful stream. The stern of the boat is appropriated to the Turkish women, who are discreetly curtained from idle gazers of the male persuasion, and then mercilessly tied in to prevent a rush at the time of landing. The great Galatco bridge across the Golden Horn is the starting-point and the destination of these numerous steamers, and as a consequence the chances of collision and disaster are constantly multiplied. One sunny afternoon, Madame Aubrey, returning from one of her errands of mercy, was comfortably ensconced on the deck of a steamer under the white awning, watching the marble palaces set in emerald gardens; the scores of graceful minarets on every hand pointing to the sky; the streets thronged with men of every nation, each habited in his own peculiar garb; and the gilded caïques, with their white-robed boatmen, dancing on the blue waters, — all making a never-to-be-forgotten picture, — when suddenly a whistle sounded, quick and sharp; then a hurried order from the captain to back, — an order, however, which came too late, — and crash! into the side of the boat, cutting her half in two, came an English grain steamer bound for the Black Sea. In an instant the water was filled with people, and the air rang with the frantic screams and even curses of the Turkish women, who were struggling with each other to gain possession of the small boats which swarmed to the wreck like flies. My friend was carried along with the crowd at the time of the accident, and found herself in the water, side by side with a woman holding a tiny baby tight to her breast. They both caught at a dangling rope; a sudden lurch of the steamer, and it was wrenched from the grasp of each. The shock loosened the hold of the mother upon the child, and with a cry of horror she saw it fall into the cruel water. At

the same time the poor mother disappeared under the wheel, and my friend, comprehending the situation in her own peril, with a desperate clutch caught the child in one hand, as it rose to the surface, by the little knotted girdle, and with the other hand made an effort to reach an oar held out to her from a passing caïque. The first essay was fruitless; then the boat swung nearer, and with another and almost superhuman effort, she succeeded in grasping it without letting go her hold upon the child, who was lifted in by kind hands; and then she was drawn up, almost unconscious, and conveyed on shore with her little charge.

The harbor was filled with ships of war and multitudes of other craft, and from these life-boats were sent at once to the relief of the frightened passengers, who were nearly all rescued. What mattered a few poor Turkish women? They had no souls, any way. And so the busy throng went its way.

My poor friend was taken home in a carriage, and in her pitiable plight was met at the door by her husband. Holding up his hands in dismay, he broke forth in a torrent of ejaculations concerning her distressing appearance. She briefly explained the accident. "Merciful heavens! and I not there to risk my life for you!" — inwardly thanking his stars for escaping such a fate. Then he saw she was not alone. "But what piece of baggage is this? You don't mean you have saddled yourself with a baby for us to take care of!" And here the poor man groaned aloud. "Leave it in the carriage! Throw it in the gutter! Carry it to the almshouse! Why, we have n't enough for our poor little dogs!" And he fumed and fretted, and muttered imprecations at the driver for not interfering in his behalf. All in vain. Madame Aubrey gathered up her dripping skirts, took the baby firmly under one arm, and faced her irascible mate. "This child has no mother. It shall have a home with me until some responsible person comes to claim it. If you don't like it, Monsieur Aubrey, you can take your lodgings out, until you feel more humanity in your soul!" And her strong will carried the day. "But I shall have to give up the poor little thing," she said to me afterwards, "and it is enough to break my heart. My husband can't abide the poor little thing because of its Eastern parentage, and no one has come to claim it. It is only a girl, you know, and very glad its friends are to be rid of it, poor thing;" and the tears came into the kind blue eyes as she thought of its probable fate. "I could n't love it more if it were my very own," she said.

But her husband, unknown to her, was working against her. Advertisements were inserted in the daily papers, of the language of which she was entirely ignorant, and one day a relative, pretended or otherwise, of the child called, and, identifying it, claimed it in the name of the family, and once more poor madame's heart was wrung with anguish, while monsieur rubbed his hands in malicious triumph at having outwitted his wife and settled so easily what might have become a very difficult matter, considering his wife's English obstinacy.

Sadly she took up her work again, but her laugh was no longer cheery and ringing, and seldom heard.

A friend's house was infected with a contagious disease, and a dear one lay dangerously ill. Near friends, even, feared to cross the threshold. But although she was not the attending physician, Madame Aubrey's hearty sympathy led her to risk danger and expose herself to a terrible disease, in order to give a word of cheer and show her warm interest in a time of sure distress. But that act of devotion proved her last one. Her system, weakened by exposure and the constantly enervating influence of a foreign climate, was not able to bear up under the test, and after a

short struggle with disease the brave heart was still, and another English grave was made under the cypresses on the shore of the blue Bosphorus.

— Was Shakespeare a "racker of orthography"? Mr. Richard Grant White does not often leave his readers in doubt as to either his purposes or his opinions; but if the following passage in Every-Day English is no exception, it certainly suggests the question I have just asked. In praising what he calls the Irish pronunciation, he says: "As to the silent *l* in *calm* and *calf*, and other clipped and silent letters, there is an illustration in Love's Labor's Lost. Holofernes, the schoolmaster, speaking of Armado, whom he ridicules and scoffs at for his affectation in speech, says that he abhors 'such rackers of orthography as to speak *dout*, fine, when he should say *doubt; det*, when he should pronounce *debt*, — d e b t, not d e t; he clepeth a *calf cauf, half hauf, neighbour* vocatur *nebour; neigh* abbreviated *ne*.' And I have myself heard the *l* pronounced in *talk* and such like words in Cheshire, England. There is no doubt that most of these now silent letters were heard in Elizabethan English."

I have not the most unbounded confidence in rhymes as indicating the proper pronunciation of words, and yet they undoubtedly have a value; for it would be gratuitously absurd to suppose that any poet would make a false rhyme in preference to a true one. It is quite interesting, therefore, to notice some of the rhymes in the very play from which Mr. White quotes.

Boyet, one of the lords attending on the Princess of France, in disclosing to her the plan of the King of Navarre and his companions "to woo these girls of France . . . and win them too,' says, —

> "And ever and anon they made a *doubt*
> Presence majestical would put him *out*."

A little later the princess herself declares, —

> "Therefore I do it; and I make no *doubt*
> The rest will ne'er come in, if he be *out*."

Could Armado himself have been more "abhominably" regardless of the sound of the *b*?

Biron, one of the king's attendants, seems to have spoken "*det*, when he should pronounce *debt*," for he remarks as Boyet goes out, —

> "And consciences, that will not die in *debt*,
> Pay him the due of honey-tongued *Boyet*."

Rosaline, too, must have been among the abhorred, to judge from this exclamation: —

> "'Ware pencils, ho! let me not die your *debtor*,
> My red dominical, my golden *letter*."

On the other hand, I believe there is not in Love's Labor's Lost a single rhyme in which there is reason to suppose that Shakespeare sounded a letter that is now silent; so that if the words which he puts into the mouth of Holofernes are to be regarded as pointing out the best pronunciation of the Elizabethan era, I do not see how to escape the conclusion that the great dramatist himself was a "racker."

— To speak of a man's warming his hands in his own parlor by the heat of a fire a mile distant suggests an exploit of sorcery; yet for several years such a thing has been possible to the citizen of Lockport, N. Y. If he will, he may break up his stoves and sell them for old iron: one furnace is henceforth to do the work of a thousand, and distribute its heat to the houses of an entire city by the agency of the good servant, steam. The process was invented and put into practical operation by Mr. Birdsill Holly.

Near the centre of the city stands a plain brick building, from whose one tall chimney clouds of black smoke are constantly ascending. This is the boiler-house, and here in a row are the four great boilers in which the steam is generated. Three are horizontal, fifteen feet in length by five in diameter. The fourth is of about the same capacity as

its companions, but different in shape; it looks like a gigantic bell dropped down upon the furnace, and is familiarly known to the workmen, not as "the upright," but as "the nigger." An iron pipe, eight inches in diameter, receives the steam from these boilers; yonder, back of the nigger, it passes into the ground. Outside the building, we might trace its course along the street by the black line of bare soil, from which it has melted away the snow.

This pipe is laid at a depth of three feet below the surface, sheathed in non-conducting materials, and inserted in logs of wood bored for the purpose. As the distance from the boiler-house increases, it diminishes in size from eight inches to one or one half, to correspond with the amount of steam passed through it. At intervals of one or two hundred feet are placed wooden "service boxes," in which the expansion and contraction of the pipe under different temperatures is provided for by a nickel joint; from these boxes, also, the branches of the main diverge, and the service pipes are sent out to the buildings heated. The whole distributing system is divided into sections, from any one of which, in case of necessity, the steam can be excluded, without affecting the others.

As it is but a few years since this new method of heating had its origin in Lockport, we cannot expect to find it universally adopted. But here is a pleasant, home-like, private house warmed these two winters by the city furnace, from which it is distant perhaps half a mile. It is a cold, January day, but, as the outer door closes behind us, we find ourselves in a genial, summer-like atmosphere. No cheerfully glowing grate, no ugly black register, is to be seen in the parlor; against the wall stands the radiator, with its polished marble cap and single row of delicately painted tubes. It is a hint of the housekeeper's millennium, when dust and coal-ashes, her omnipresent foes, shall be brought into subjection.

In the kitchen the family washing is in progress without any aid from the stove. Heat is conveyed to the boiler and tubs through rubber tubes attached to the service pipes. The water in the bath-room above is heated by a similar arrangement. There is no nerve-startling hiss as the steam escapes; that ingenious invention called the "anti-thunder box" reduces it to perfect quiet.

In the basement, also, we find the regulator. Perhaps at this moment the pressure in the boiler and mains may be forty or sixty pounds; in the house, as we ascertain by glancing at the gauge, it is only five. This reduction of pressure is due in part to the fact that, upon reaching the regulator valve, the water of condensation contained in the pipes is wire-drawn, and thus to a great extent reconverted into steam before being diffused through the building. Connected with the regulator is a steam-metre, which registers the number of pounds consumed daily, and also the hour at which each radiator in the house is opened or closed.

What becomes of the used steam? It is condensed upon leaving the radiator, and, in the form of hot water, returns to the basement. There, within a brick-walled inclosure, it circulates through several coils of pipe, exposed to a current of cold air. This air, warmed in its progress through the cooler, passes upward by a register into the apartment above, which it serves to ventilate. The water accumulates in a tank, the surplus being discharged into the sewer. Dip up a glassful from the tank. It is purer than a draught from any spring; it is the distilled water of chemistry. Should steam-heating ever become universal in our cities, there will be no danger of drawing up death from the well, no need of building expensive aqueducts and reservoirs; the same pipes that warm our houses will furnish

us with water for every domestic purpose.

Steam has been made as subservient to the comfort of man as gas. What will science do for us next? Will the model city of the future be lighted by electricity, heated by one central furnace, and have its dinners sent in from the common kitchen through pneumatic tubes?

— In certain ways, Quakers represent the most respectable social development we have in this democratic country. What mortal can be more respectable than an Arch Street Philadelphia Quaker? Is he not the very incarnation of moral dignity and honest worth? Above all, does he not count equally worthy ancestors back to the time of William Penn? Prosperity, also, shines very generally on the modern Quaker, and the recollection of ancient adversity only heightens by contrast the intensity of the present glow of his abundant peace and plenty. Nothing tends to make a person more highly respectable than doing the same thing over and over again, year by year, with the grave regularity that comports with profoundest dignity. As a logical result, however, dead formalism has been the outcome of this Quaker respectability, regularity, and regard for old customs. Not all dead though, for sweet, quaint homes belong to these staid Quakers, and out of them have come many pure and earnest natures. But oh, the discipline of the society! Pictures, music, and gayety of the most innocent kind have been literally under a ban. The loveliness of simple healthy Quaker home life has been too often clouded by the habits of the ascetic. From the first, the professed religion of Friends has been distinctly spiritual. They have always, as a body, consciously sought to live more or less directly under the influence and power of the Divine Light, but, strange to say, the effort to attain this very devotion and the continuous spirituality which is necessary to sustain such a life has led grosser natures to lapse into passive asceticism, mysticism, and spiritual pride. The gift of preaching with unction, and indeed all preaching, has passed away in some places, and, as a consequence, many young people, earnest and careless alike, sought more living and articulate influences. The High Church Quaker, sitting in dead formality, adhered strictly to the customs of his ancestors, which were in his eyes almost as worthy of reverence as the Bible. He, the advocate of absolute simplicity and informality of worship, thus came to govern himself according to the strictest terms of a complex law. What is the result of this widespread deadness and formality of a society the acts of which have so often "made for righteousness," as Matthew Arnold would say? Is extinction at hand? Some people conceive this to be the case. But let such as incline to this view first study the history of Friends for the last twenty years, and they will see how the elements of good in the society, its spirituality, practical morality, and unselfish simplicity, are tending to renew its life almost in spite of itself. It is strange, but again true, that, although during their worst torpor there have not been wanting among Quakers men of high Christian endowment and training entirely worthy to control a new movement, the change has come almost imperceptibly and without a distinct leader. Perhaps as far as was specially visible this change was first noticeable in the character and increasing numbers of the general meetings held by Friends throughout the country, where ministers as well as all earnest folks gathered. A new spirit swayed them. They said it was a returning to the ways of Early Friends, and it is true that Early Friends were given to holding these general meetings in much the same manner. Sunday-schools increased in size and numbers. Bible study became popular after having been sadly neglected, and

many features of Quaker formalism rapidly lost importance. Friends who married out of meeting were not disowned, if they expressed unity with the views of Friends and a desire to remain with them. Less prejudice was felt against music and pictures, while simplicity still continued to be the rule in most places. Many conservative Friends lamented these changes as sure signs of increasing decay in the society, of a lapsing into Methodism, and what not. In reality it was a reaction from dead formalism, which was best proved by the new spirit leading directly to the study of the Bible. The inspiration to follow the leadings of the Divine Light was an inheritance that, combined with a noble "intellectual seriousness" and desire to do whatever would "make for righteousness," was sure to lift them out of the slough of deadening formality when they once realized the necessity for change. Friends may have been helped more and more, doubtless, by the growing spirituality of the age. Yet their rich funds of homely virtues and healthful home life have, I believe, next to the increased study of the Bible, done most to renew their religious life. And to appreciate how this religious life has been renewed requires only a visit to one of the general meetings, where the single thought seems to be to secure the illumination of Divine Light. If less is said sometimes about the leading of the Inner Light, the feeling is none the less present in like degree as of old. Conduct of life as taught by the Bible, simple active Christianity with little doctrinal discourse, forms the body of the preaching. Eccentricities crop out now and then, as they will to some extent in every gathering the members of which are in earnest and possessed of strong individuality; but the regular established discipline of Quakers stands them now in good stead. It would be hard indeed to instance a revival of religion anywhere more devoid of cant, hypocrisy, and self-seeking, more sober, devout, and reverential.

At any rate, open to criticism or not, this movement, which, it is asserted, indicates a return to the ways of Early Quakerism, is making a living body of the Society of Friends. There are States in the West where the numbers of the society have increased by thousands in a few years, and the Bible, alike in Sunday-school and at home, is studied with a thoroughness and regularity to be found in scarcely any other denomination. In short, it is very evident that Friends are once more entering on a phase of profound religious activity, equipped with other weapons of warfare against the world, the flesh, and the devil than mere external separatism and rigid ascetic discipline, bound up, though they be, with excellent spiritual doctrine.

— Mr. Stopford Brooke has won a very honorable position as a critic of English literature, and his remarks about Shelley, in his volume of extracts from that poet, cannot fail to be of service to the reader. At first sight there always seems to be something derogatory to a writer in printing extracts from his works. We are accustomed to gird at our ancestors for their undeniable affection for Dodd's Beauties of Shakespeare, and we rather plume ourselves upon our superiority in rejecting that once famous book. Yet, after all, the art of reading consists in great measure in knowing what to skip, and the books are few that we do read through from cover to cover without considerable exercise of choice. Of poets this is especially true. Byron said, it will be remembered, "You say that one half [of Don Juan] is very good; you are wrong; for, if it were, it would be the finest poem in existence. Where is the poetry of which one half is good? . . . No, — no; no poetry is generally good, — only by fits and starts; and you are lucky to get a sparkle here and there. You might as well want a midnight all stars as rhyme

all perfect." And while it is well to read at least once all that a poet has written, where is the poet whose works we read without omissions? Mr. Brooke acknowledges this by editing a volume of extracts, and the selections he has made are not mere scrappy, teasing bits, but they include the whole of Alastor, the Adonais, etc., etc.

A valuable part of the book consists of the editor's comments, yet it is too much to say that they will give unalloyed satisfaction. Shelley is too ethereal a poet to be fully described in prose, and if all that his poetry expresses and implies could be put down in a preface we may be sure that the number of extracts would be very small. It is not too much to say that there is no English poet who so successfully defies analysis as he. He was in so many respects incomprehensible, so like embodied poetry of which other bards get but faint glimpses, that an analysis of his pictures of dawns and sunsets leaves the reader cold. His verse is what he has described to us as the song of the skylark. He really unfolds to us things that seem beyond mortal vision; he does what Goethe failed to do in the second part of Faust, and he stands in a company with Pindar and Æschylus.

These be big words, and they partake of the tumidity which generally overtakes those who try to describe the indescribable; yet they hardly overstate the enthusiasm that Shelley-lovers feel, even if they convey no definite notions to other people. Mr. Brooke, at least, has the advantage of avoiding tumidity, and he says many things of real value. He shows in what respects Shelley was like, and in what unlike, other poets, and by so doing he helps us to classify this remarkable man, and he points out some of the effects that the circumstances of his life had upon the poet's work. Here, for instance, is a good bit of criticism: "The huddling rush of images, the changeful crowd of thoughts, are found on almost every page. It is often only the oneness of the larger underlying emotion or idea which makes the work clear. We strive to grasp a Proteus as we read. In an instant the thought or the feeling Shelley is expressing becomes impalpable, vanishes, reappears in another form, and then in a multitude of other forms, each in turn eluding the grasp of the intellect, until at last we seize the god himself, and know what Shelley meant, or Shelley felt. In all this he resembles, at a great distance, Shakespeare; and has, at that distance, and in this aspect of his art, a strength and a weakness similar to, but not identical with, that which Shakespeare possessed, — the strength of changeful activity of imagination, the weakness of being unable, through eagerness, to omit, to select, to coördinate, his images."

What is new about Shelley's life is the distinct statement of his love for Mrs. Williams, to whom, it is said, he composed his Ariel to Miranda, The Invitation, The Recollection, etc. It is new, too, to find Shelley praised for his good influence in behalf of Christianity.

— It is a fact of very considerable interest that the last work of Mr. Spencer on Ethics — in some regards the weakest and the least satisfying, both to the author and the reader, of all his works — should have received, on the whole, up to this hour, relatively more commendation than his earlier and far stronger writings, that are the foundation of his reputation and will be the support of his fame.

Professor Denslow, in his work on Modern Thinkers, holds that human motives of virtue have their source in the triumphs of the strong over the weak; the terms right and wrong, he might say, are but the echoes of forgotten conflicts for life or property in which the stronger party is victorious.

The very existence of such a criticism, in the way in which it was evolved, is

itself a phenomenon. In the columns of a daily newspaper, by the side of dark-head-lined politics and murders, these compact discussions of unpopular problems first came into being. In no other era than ours, in no other land but this, in almost no other centre of trade, would this have been likely or possible.

Of the nine philosophers whose lives, thoughts, and fancies Professor Denslow reviews, not one was of American birth; only one dwelt with us, and that one but for a fraction of his life. During these centuries hundreds of millions of human beings — the products of the most intellectual of modern races — have entered upon and disappeared from our stage; but, to this hour, no one of all these generations has held our own or the world's attention by the deliverance of any new truth, or image of truth, in social science; and a people to whom all other peoples come for inventive and practical force must itself go to all other peoples for ideas, — the country that in directly usable discoveries is the greatest of originators, in philosophy has been but a timid borrower and importer.

Is there an inherent antagonism between federalism and thought?

Must it ever be that theological and political liberty shall be compensated by intellectual slavery; and shall the least creative thinking be done by those who have the most freedom? Is it a psychological necessity that the mind ceases to originate as soon as its chains are removed and it has liberty to work as it pleases? Is a nation that has liberated four millions of slaves to remain forever incompetent to deliver fifty millions of whites from the bondage of the demonstrably false? Is there any just reason for asserting that, in the parceling out of the products of the two hemispheres, nature assigned thought exclusively to the Eastern, and action exclusively to the Western? Is there anything in the peculiarities of our climate — the dryness of the air, or the extremes of temperature — that, while it fosters intellection in the middle realms, paralyzes it in the very highest realm, that of creative philosophy?

For myself, I hold on these themes views that may be considered the extreme of optimistic; and, in little works like this, I see the signs of the coming of the reign of ideas on this continent, when, as in old Greece and modern Germany, it shall be no disgrace to be a thinker, and the young men who are organized for finding truth, and who are in harmony with their organizations, shall no longer be considered as outlaws, but rather as worthy and honorable forces in society, even while living.

A century hence, some acute critic like Professor Denslow shall write of American thinkers, and shall proclaim theories and reasonings of which these are but intimations and adumbrations.

— I cannot join with a recent writer in the Club in welcoming the possible advent of a time when the thing called style shall pass out of literature, leaving to readers only the satisfaction of feeling themselves in the company of a "just and wholesome mind." However, the coming of such a styleless era, I suppose, need not be seriously deprecated, for a literature can hardly exist without literary styles, good or less good. Literature being a fine art, as I understand it, a literary man can no more help having a style than a painter his; it may be more or less strongly marked, finished or faulty, but it cannot be altogether bad, or even indifferent. There is an ideal of literary expression which looks upon language as best employed when it becomes the perfectly transparent medium of thought, — like plate-glass, as the advocates of this theory phrase it. It is of course always in good taste to be simple, and a plainness approaching to baldness is infinitely better than the "fine" language, so-called, indulged in by pseudo-cultivated writers. But I have never been able

to accept the plate-glass theory, and cannot help fancying that it is the unconscious refuge of writers and readers without any keen apprehension of the charms of literary style. Ease and unaffectedness are indeed prime requisites of a good style, but why should we forego the pleasure to be had from other and more positive qualities than these? The imperishable charm belonging to certain writers lies in their style; it is their unique expression of their thought, more than the thought itself, we care for, as witness many of Lamb's most delightful sketches; and in the most original writers this characteristic quality of expression is so much a part of their genius that it is scarcely possible to separate between substance and form, the ideas and their embodiment. In fact, one is sometimes tempted to call the thought the grosser particle in this combination or interpenetration, so subtle and exquisite may be the charm of mere words, not only in poetry, but in imaginative prose.

— A correspondent in the Contributors' Club for January, while allowing the altered tone of English literature towards Americans, seriously impugns English hospitality. Being able to compare the present with the long past, I should like to be allowed to bear testimony to their improved virtues in this respect, and to the great change which has taken place in their manners during the last forty years.

The traditional John Bull is, we know, gruff, closing his doors to strangers and his lips to conversation with them, but the modern traveler must see that he has cast his aggressive horns, and that he is quite safe to approach. Touchett no doubt was perfectly right in his judgment at the time he wrote, for even as late as from 1845 to 1850 the idea of British roughness and exclusiveness was prevalent and in a measure justifiable. At that time self-respecting Americans were cautious how they made any advances to the roaming English, it being usually the rule to let them speak first, as overtures might be met with coldness and rudeness. They certainly could not then be called a pleasant or hospitable people. Letters of introduction might insure visits and social attentions in their homes, but the traveling multitude were reserved and rough.

Going abroad again from 1872 to 1874, we were struck with the alteration in the Anglo manner. Wherever we met the English we found them friendly and polite, and this was the experience of all Americans to whom we spoke of the remarkable change. It was probably owing to the more frequent intercourse between the countries. Englishmen had found that there was a middle ground between the barren offering of a seat in church, a drive to Mount Auburn in their favorite city of Boston, and the mad homage paid to Dickens. They had seen our best people and examined our institutions, and our countrymen had met with a hearty welcome in the home of their ancestors. It frequently happened, on our last visit to the Continent, that our most agreeable neighbors were English, and the unfavorable opinions of a quarter of a century before were greatly modified.

They seemed a new race with new feelings. The national characteristics of bluntness, directness, and pride remained, but there was no offensive reserve or hauteur, and this change was not only observable in transient amenities, but invitations were frequently given to visit them in England to those they had known a few days. It may be said with truth that for a much-enduring American housekeeper to entertain the English is more of a virtue than for them to reciprocate, delegating all cares, as they do, to a corps of well-trained servants; but without sifting motives or means I merely wish to assert that the modern educated Englishman is not only apt to be hospitable to the modern edu-

cated American, but is surprisingly and imprudently so, and that he goes beyond our compatriots in these rash attentions.

— If there were any doubt that The Wreck of the Grosvenor was written by an able seaman it is dispelled by his second yarn, A Sailor's Sweetheart. The author launches his story as though it were a ship. The amateur seafarer, who generally goes below, and who regards the sea as an unpleasant but inevitable after-dinner confidant, will not care to follow Mr. Russell very closely through the first chapters. For one, I am willing to admit that I hardly escaped a slight touch of *mal de mer*, what with my own temerity and the narrator's zeal for detail. Here is the realistic novel with a vengeance, — Zola with his sea legs on. I have heard of a girl — an American girl, of course, — who, when her whole system was in revolt, expressed herself as "so thankful for the experience." But I am inclined to regard the instance as apochryphal, and I think the readers of The Atlantic will bear me out in the assertion that seasickness is neither enjoyable subjectively as a phenomenon, nor objectively as a word painting.

On another count this latest sea tale is open to indictment in a literary court. The author asserts that the incidents of his story are impregnable facts, based upon two narratives and one personal experience, to which it is sufficient to answer that an incident must have another apology for its narration in a novel beyond the bald fact of its truth. It must be interesting *per se*. It must derive an additional charm from the manner in which it is told. And, above all, it must harmonize with its environment. There are few situations in a work of fiction, however startling, that have not had their counterpart in real life. You shall find material for a circulating Mudie in the columns of one daily newspaper. Curious coincidences, hair-breadth escapes, strange disappearances, all the anonymous tragedies of a great city, are the legitimate quarry of the romancer. But his art is not to string these together as one would make a necklace, or lay them cunningly side by side in a mosaic. He must suffuse his canvas with their various colors, and fill in the crude outlines of fact with the delicate shadings of his imaginations until all parts are in fair proportion and become merged into one artistic conception. Apply these criteria to Mr. Russell's book, and it will be seen that he has sometimes misused truth in the interest of melodrama. The incident of the Jesse Jackson is vigorous and vivid in its transcription, and it may be veritable, but in its setting it is superfluous. The most careless reading will show that it has nothing to do with the wreck of the Waldeshare. A more practiced artisan, like Collins or Reade, would have used elsewhere the eighth chapter of The Wreck of the Grosvenor.

— When Lord Beaconsfield puts into the mouth of one of the characters in Endymion the saying that "style is everything, especially in fiction," he furnishes his critics with a telling weapon against himself; for anything more slipshod than the style employed in Endymion it would be difficult to find.

The misplacement of clauses is at times so marked as to be perfectly grotesque and to remind us of the examples of such carelessness that we studied in our text-books at school. Take, for instance, this: "'And what do you think of this?' asked Lord Montfort of Nigel Penruddock, who, in a cassock that swept the ground, had been stalking about the glittering saloons like a prophet who had been ordained in Mayfair, but who had now seated himself beside his host."

If we are to trust Mr. Disraeli's statement, it becomes evident that it is the metaphorical prophet, and not the actual Mr. Penruddock, who has placed himself in juxtaposition to Lord Montfort.

Observe, too, the awkwardness of this sentence: "'No,' said Mr. Neuchatel, with a laughing eye and who saw through everybody's purpose though his own manner was one of simplicity amounting almost to innocence." And of this: "Baron Sergius never spoke except to Endymion and then chiefly social inquiries about Lord and Lady Roehampton." In addition to all this, there occur on almost every page little blemishes such as the following: —

"There was a dinner twice a week at which Waldershare was rarely absent," and, "The snow was falling about the time when the Swindon coach was expected." And, in conclusion, observe the following examples of two grammatical errors that occur in continual repetition throughout the book: —

"Lady Roehampton had really intended to have gone," and, "The Count of Ferroll says there is a chance of Lady Montfort coming here."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Religion and Philosophy. Scotch Sermons, 1880 (Appletons), is the brief title of a volume collected from the pulpit labors of a dozen Scotch divines, who may perhaps all look to Erskine as their spiritual leader. There is a singular interest attaching to the development in Scotland of a school of preachers who are impatient of systems, and eager for the freedom of mind which apprehends religious truth as a subordinate part of Christianity. — No. 17 of the Humboldt Library (J. Fitzgerald & Co., New York) is entitled Progress, by Herbert Spencer, and contains six disquisitions of that writer. The Humboldt Library is one of the cheap reprints which play the part of privateers in current literary commerce. — Dr. Bevan, in his Sermons to Students and Thoughtful Persons (Scribners), properly disclaims any purpose to speak to such as a class needing a distinct kind of preaching; rather his sermons deal with speculations most familiar to students, and he passes science, medicine, and philosophy before the review of the pulpit with a generous and courageous spirit. The book is one sign of an honorable self-respect in the clergy. — A new volume of Robertson's sermons, under the title of The Human Race and other Sermons (Harpers), has appeared, after a long interval; but Robertson no longer occupies so solitary a position as when the first were issued. His possible audience has widened, but so, too, has the number of acceptable preachers possessed of his spirit. — Perhaps in this division may be named a lecture by Robert Collyer, entitled The New German Crusade (Putnams), in which he enters his protest vigorously against the German hostility to the Jew. — Natural Theology, by John Bascom (Putnams), is a restatement compelled by the shifting of the scientific argument. — A second edition of Leslie Stephen's History of English Thought, in two volumes, has been issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons. There is no mention of its variation from the first edition of four or five years ago.

History and Antiquity. Major J. W. Powell, the director of the Bureau of Ethnology in the Smithsonian Institution, has issued a second edition of an Introduction to the Study of Indian Languages, with words, phrases, and sentences to be collected, the first edition of which appeared in 1877. The book is a practical one, a body of directions for collectors, and offers the latest and fullest help that can be given in the work of a study of tribes through their language. — An Anecdotal History of the British Parliament from the Earliest Periods to the Present Time, with notices of eminent parliamentary men, and examples of their oratory compiled from authentic sources, by George Henry Jennings (Appletons), is a curious illustration of the social as well as political force exercised by the British Parliament. All lines of English life converge toward Westminster Hall in a degree unknown in any other country, and the reader of this entertaining book will find himself continually in the company of the men who make England. — In the New Plutarch series will be found a historical sketch of Haroun Alraschid, that supposed imaginary friend of our childhood, by E. H. Palmer. (Putnams.) The sketch necessarily includes a survey of Saracen civilization. — Dr. S. A. Green's The Early Records of Groton, Mass., 1662–1707 (Williams), should be mentioned as the careful work of a thoroughly equipped antiquarian. — S. S. Rider, of Providence, publishes William Miller's Notes concerning Wampanoag Tribe of Indians, with account of a rock picture on the shore of Mt. Hope Bay. — Ebenezer W. Peirce is the editor of Civil, Military, and Professional Lists of Plymouth and Rhode Island Colonies, comprising colonial, county, and town officers, clergymen, physicians, and lawyers; with extracts from colonial laws defining their duties, 1621–1700 (Williams).

Science. The twenty-ninth volume of the International Scientific Series is The Atomic Theory,

by Ad. Wurtz. (Appletons.) It is at once a history and a confirmation. — The Cause of Color among Races, by Dr. W. Sharpe (Putnams), is a discursive and occasionally, as in the last pages, screaming essay. — Island Life, by Alfred R. Wallace (Harpers), is further described on the title-page as the phenomena and causes of insular faunas and floras, including a revision and attempted solution of the problem of geological climates. It is furnished with maps and illustrations.

Poetry and the Drama. Commander William Gibson, of the U. S. Navy, has collected a volume of Poems of Many Years and Many Places (Lee and Shepard), which will recall to the diligent reader verses which he met long ago in the early literary magazines, and some which have since appeared in The Atlantic and elsewhere. — Father Ryan's Poems (Baltimore: Piet) had already shown themselves in a plainer edition; they now appear in semi-holiday guise, prefaced, however, by the same hastily-inspired portrait. — The eleventh volume of Mr. Hudson's Harvard Shakespeare (Ginn and Heath) contains King Henry IV., both parts; the twelfth, Henry V. and Henry VIII. — Mr. Richard Gerner (Hoboken, N. J.) sends what he calls an Advance Edition of the Infernal Comedy, with request to reviewers to read the entire work, and then give their candid opinion; ours can be had easily, — that the book had best go in the list of errata on the second page of the cover. It is all a mistake. — The poems of the Author of John Halifax, Gentleman, as Mrs. Craik prefers to be called in her books, have been collected, with additions, into a single volume under the title of Thirty Years: Poems New and Old. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) She is always a humane poet, and her poems rarely travel very far from the golden mile-stone. — The Pilgrimage of Light is a poem in three cantos, by Alfred A. Stelle, printed at Meadville, Pa. — The Actor and his Art, by C. Coquelin, of the Comédie Française, is a little treatise upon the pregnant theme that the actor is an artist, and must treat his material as a painter his, or a poet his. It is translated by Miss Alger. (Roberts.) — A second series of Quiet Hours (Roberts) has been prepared by the same competent hand that collected the first series of poems. A wide range of poetry is drawn from to obtain calm and noble verse upon the religious and meditative aspects of life. — The Conqueror's Dream and Other Poems is a volume by W. Sharpe, M. D., whose experiences as a surgeon in the British army in remote countries have furnished him with a good deal of Oriental bricabrac. (Putnams.)

Criticism. Somebody who entirely hides himself behind the name of E. Junius has written and printed a little pamphlet called Critical Dialogues between Aboo and Caboo on a new book, or a Grandissime Ascension, which is fictitiously published in a fictitious city, so that we cannot advise our readers where to obtain a sputter of spite against Mr. Cable's novel. No one would thank us, however, if we were to persuade them to hunt for it. — Sanskrit and its Kindred Literatures, by Laura Elizabeth Poor (Roberts), is an essay toward the development of literature; it makes slight professions of original research, but gives the reader a somewhat uncritical survey of the work done by masters in this field. — An address was delivered last July before the Ladies Memorial Association of Montgomery County, Virginia, by J. B. Wardlaw, Jr., upon Southern Literature, its Status and Outlook (Macon, Ga.: J. W. Burke & Co.), in which the orator states some excellent truths regarding the vital connection of literature and nationality, but constantly assumes the South to be an *imperium in imperio*. — The latest volume of English Men of Letters is Wordsworth, by F. W. H. Myers. (Harpers.) It seems a pity that more should not be made of the interesting subject of Wordsworth's prose. — The series of English Philosophers, suggested apparently by the English Men of Letters, opens with a monograph on Adam Smith, by J. A. Farrer. (Putnams.)

Fiction. Ilka on the Hill-Top gives the title to a volume of stories in which it stands first, by H. H. Boyesen (Scribners), a volume having a flavor distinctly Mr. Boyesen's own, unless we say, indeed, that he has introduced a drop or two of Scandinavian essence into the realism of American life. — Revelations of a Boston Physician (Boston: A. Williams & Co.), who is C. W. Stevens, is the amplified note-book of a doctor whose practice has taken him into some by-ways of life. The stories, he tells us, are true, or substantially true, a saving clause, which, for his own sake, when he revisits his patients, we will hope to be expansive. — Under Slieve-Ban, by R. E. Francillon, is the latest issue of the Leisure-Hour Series. (Holt.) — All Alone, by Theuriet, has been added to Appletons' New Handy Volume Series. — There is a new novel by George Macdonald, Mary Marston. (Appletons.) — The latest issues of the Franklin Square Library (Harpers) are Love and Life, an old story in Eighteenth Century costume, by Charlotte M. Yonge; The Rebel of the Family, by E. Lynn Linton; Dr. Wortle's School, by Anthony Trollope; Little Pansy, by Mrs. Randolph; and The Dean's Wife, by Mrs. C. J. Eiloart.

Medicine and Hygiene. Dr. George M. Beard reprints from the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal his recent paper on The Asylums of Europe, written in sympathy with the National Association for the Protection of the Insane. — The eighth number of Appletons' Health Primers is occupied with The Heart and its Functions. — American Sanitary Engineering, by Edward S. Philbrick (New York: The Sanitary Engineer), is a volume of lectures having practical reference to conditions of American life and climate.

Geography and Travel. It is with a little hesitation that we place under this heading Mr. Archibald Forbes's Glimpses through the Cannon Smoke (Osgood), but it would be more unjust to refer the book to fiction. The sketches are animated souvenirs of adventure in widely remote places, the bright recollections of a war correspondent, who was by no means a lover of the sanguinary. The sketches and stories show that Mr. Forbes will not lose his hold of the public when wars have ceased. — New Guinea; What I Did, and What I Saw, by L. M. d'Albertis (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is

a traveler's diary of careful observation and summary of results reached during several journeys in New Guinea, from 1871 to 1877. The successive explorations give opportunity for both first impressions and maturer convictions. The work is in two octavo volumes well illustrated. The portrait of the author gives him the air of an Assyrian.

Political Economy. The Gold Standard: Its Causes, its Effects, and its Future, from the German of Baron William von Kardorff-Wabnitz, is published by H. C. Baird & Co., Philadelphia. The author is a disciple of Mr. Carey, a high protectionist and strong advocate of a double standard.

Domestic and Social Economy. European Modes of Living (Putnams) is the title of a *brochure* by Sarah Gilman Young, containing random notes upon the neglect of living in apartments. The writer advocates the more general introduction of flats into American life, and is in this in excellent company. Some of her strictures, however, apply to American life of ten years ago, rather than to that of to-day, and how rapidly change goes on here in modes of living! — Miss Parloa's New Cook Book (Estes and Lauriat) belongs to the modern class of works which treat living at once as a fine art and an economy. They go back of catching the hare, for they advise concerning utensils and fuel; science lends its hand, but not ostentatiously, and the housekeeper, armed with this book, may go to market courageously.

Books for Young People. The Adventures of a Donkey (Baltimore: Piet) is one of the graceful moral tales of the Countess Ségur. The French can carry such a conceit through a book without faltering. The translation here is careful and fairly sprightly.

Education. Mr. Hudson's School Shakespeare (Ginn and Heath) includes King Richard III. and the first part of Henry IV.; the editorial work is characterized as before by honesty and bluntness. — The superintendent of public instruction in Indiana, James H. Smart, has reprinted from his State Report a collection of interesting and suggestive papers upon Books and Reading for the Young (Indianapolis: Carlon and Hollenbeck), which attack the subject from different sides, but always with practical purpose. — The Forty-Ninth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind has been issued. (Rand, Avery & Co.) — Ginn and Heath issue March's A B C book, which begins with writing and reading and ends with the alphabet. Professor F. A. March is a competent apostle of the improved method.

Biography. Goethe's Mother (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is the title of a volume composed chiefly of the letters which she wrote to her son, to Lavater, Wieland, and others, with their replies. The letters have been excellently illustrated with running comment, chiefly biographical, by the translator, Alfred S. Gibbs, whose fitness for the task is shown not only by the workmanship of the book, but by an affectionate memorial sketch from his friend, Mr. Clarence Cook. The book is an agreeable addition to Goetheana. — An edition of William Stigand's The Life, Work, and Opinions of Heinrich Heine has been issued here by Mr. Bouton. There is something humorous in an English introduction of Heine, and the timidity of the author in facing his own countrymen, with Heine at his side, is amusingly shown in the preface. — An edition of Fagan's Life and Correspondence of Sir Anthony Panizzi, the librarian of the British Museum, has been imported by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and bears their imprint. Panizzi was a man of extraordinary positiveness and indomitable courage, who conquered for himself a place in the citadel of insular England, and held it not without some of the arts of an Italian. The biographer has perhaps too minute a sympathy with his chief's bibliographic labors to make his book as popular as it might have been, but there is perhaps no reason why there should not be Lives of librarians as well as of chancellors, and Panizzi was a master in his situation. The book is introduced by Mr. Henry Stevens, who promises a third volume of his own personal reminiscences. It is to be hoped that he is not responsible for this specimen of London printing. — Messrs. Peterson send out a fresh edition of the autobiography of Vidocq, with an introduction by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, who sketches his own acquaintance with the detective. — Mr. Edward S. Holden, of the United States Naval Observatory, has deserved well of all students by giving a study of Sir William Herschel, his Life and Works (Scribners), based upon printed material, but well digested and useful to many to whom Herschel is only a name. — Life and Correspondence of the Rt. Rev. Samuel Seabury, by Dr. E. E. Beardsley (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), will have a strong interest for the historical student as well as the ecclesiastical; the figure of the first bishop of the Episcopal Church in America is a striking one, well rescued by Dr. Beardsley from a merely temporary obscurity. The contribution to our history is very welcome. Judge Shea, in his Hamilton, had given an inkling of the wealth of material gathered in it. — A series of Heroes of Christian History has been begun with a life of Henry Martyn, the missionary, by Chas. D. Bell. (Armstrong.)

Music. Mr. L. W. Mason, late superintendent of music in the public schools of Boston, has prepared a collection of unsectarian hymns for use in high and normal schools, entitled The National Hymn and Tune Book. (Ginn and Heath.) It seems carefully to avoid hymns fervid with religious passion.

Business. Mr. Alex. D. Anderson has prepared a compact statement of the enterprise known as The Tehuantepec Inter-Ocean Railroad (Barnes), showing the advantages of the route and the character of the country traversed.

Bibliography. Mr. Bouton sends out a limited edition of a little book which just misses gracefulness entitled Bibliomania in the Present Day in France and England, translated from the French of Philomneste Junior. It is chiefly occupied with the adventures of celebrated books, and contains also a short biography of the eminent binder, Trautz Bauzonnet, whose portrait, the very ideal of a fine workman, faces the title-page.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO'S LITERARY BULLETIN

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Publishers, BOSTON, MASS.

**** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address, on receipt of the price by the Publishers,* MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., *4 Park Street, Boston. Prices are given on the last page.*

A new volume by Mr. Whittier is very nearly ready, entitled "The King's Missive, Poems and Lyrics," and embracing the poetry which Mr. Whittier has written since the publication of "The Vision of Echard," in 1878. The book will contain a fine steel portrait of Mr. Whittier, and in its external appearance will be welcome to all lovers of good books. No one needs to be assured that its contents will be of a character to gratify all lovers of true poetry, especially those who find in the poetry of Mr. Whittier, in a very remarkable degree, certain qualities which lead them not only to prize the poetry itself, but to find in it a suggestion of something finer even than the words express, and also cause them to feel the utmost sympathy and reverence for the poet himself.

"Longfellow Birthday Book." — A "Longfellow Birthday Book," entirely distinct from any of those issued in England, and prepared under Mr. Longfellow's immediate authorization, will be issued on or before the approaching birthday of the poet. It will be a square 18mo, comprising on the left-hand pages choice extracts from the prose and poetical writings of Mr. Longfellow for each day of the year, and on the right-hand pages, under the several dates, important historical and personal memoranda, with blank spaces for autographs. The book will be embellished with a fine, entirely new portrait of Mr. Longfellow, and with twelve other illustrations, and will be, both in the character of the selections and illustrations, and in its mechanical execution, the choicest birthday book ever published.

Björnson's Works. — A special arrangement has been made by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for publishing an American edition of the works of the eminent Norwegian writer Björnstjerne Björnson. Some of his stories are already known to American readers, but probably few are aware of the great power and variety shown in his stories, novels, and dramas taken altogether. Björnson is not only the most famous of Norwegian authors, but beyond question is one of the foremost of living writers. The translation of his works has been intrusted to Prof. R. B. Anderson, of the University of Wisconsin, who is thoroughly competent both as a scholar and as a writer to accomplish this task in a perfectly satisfactory manner, and also enjoys the special confidence and coöperation of Mr. Björnson.

The Servant Girl Question. — This is one of the questions that always interest. It is always an open question; a terribly vital question, as thousands upon thousands can testify from their own painful experience. Any one who can shed light on this question, who can give any hints, or suggestions, or possibilities of a satisfactory solution of it, is a great public benefactor. Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford has written a little but valuable book on this subject, showing not only that she has given serious and thoughtful consideration to it, but that this consideration has resulted in certain conclusions which can hardly fail to be of essential service to all housekeepers who shall read them. Any one who can aid in promoting a good understanding between housekeeper and servant, or in securing for the housekeeper domestics who shall be reliable, and faithful, and courteous, or who can in any way smooth the acerbities which now so generally embitter the relation, deserves the thanks of the public, and that Mrs. Spofford does in this "Little Classic" volume.

Pearls of Thought. — This is the prettily descriptive title chosen by Mr. M. M. Ballou for a book which has just been published, containing choice extracts from a large number of the best writers of all time, arranged alphabetically according to subjects, and forming a volume of unusually wise and pithy sentences. Either for reading in spare minutes, or for reference, in order to give one's mind an impulse by a thought from some great writer on some special topic, the book is one of rare value. Those who are familiar with Mr. Ballou's former collection, "A Treasury of Thought," will readily believe that this new book is one to be had and read.

The Life of Voltaire. — Mr. Parton, who has gained world-wide celebrity by his biographies of Jackson, Franklin, Jefferson, Burr, and others, has devoted years of study and research to the remarkable career of Voltaire, and in two volumes, which are now in press, he has comprised a vast amount of information in regard to a man who has been, according to the point of view, the admiration and the aversion of mankind. Mr. Parton has aimed to be scrupulously just in his statement of facts and opinions, and whether people admire or hate Voltaire, they cannot fail to find

this record of his career exceedingly interesting and instructive. In these volumes the history of Voltaire is given in English for the first time.

Panizzi and the British Museum. — "The Life of Sir Anthony Panizzi" recently published proves to be a work of quite unusual interest not only to all to whom biography is attractive, but also to those who take an interest in the steps by which the British Museum has become the leading literary storehouse on the globe. The *Literary World* in a recent issue contains a very appreciative notice of the work, from which we quote the following paragraph :

It is one of the curiosities of history that the organization of the British Museum should have been the work of a foreigner, an Italian refugee. It is the object of Mr. Fagan's volumes to show how he was transported to England, to account for his connection with the British Museum, and to trace the measures whereby, under his administration, it was transformed from a local plaything to an international institution. The life of Sir Antonio Panizzi and the creation of the British Museum of to-day are one and the same history. He was the means of securing untold enrichments for its shelves; he engineered its mighty catalogue; he picked out assistants and trained them into a competent staff. With his own hand he planned the new reading-room, built in 1856, with its attachments for 1,200,000 volumes, and its conveniences for half a thousand simultaneous readers. He entered the Museum to find it a ponderous, heterogeneous, unavailable pile of treasures; he left it a storehouse, classified, ticketed, and open to all. It was a life work; and it was well and nobly done. Mr. Fagan, who for twenty years knew Panizzi in the intimacies of daily association, has given a full and satisfying picture of him and his achievement.

Mrs. Craik's "Thirty Years." — This book, which comprises all the poems yet written by one who is known to the world as Miss Mulock, receives peculiarly hearty welcome from the religious press, and from critics who do not look in poetry exclusively for that which conforms to the strict rules of art, but who seek more eagerly for the expression of humane and tender and ennobling sentiments in lyrical form. The New York *Evening Post* observes: —

Their literary quality is uniformly excellent and they are eminently human and womanly. They are the unaffected utterances of a large, full, rich, womanly nature, endowed with a strong but not overmastering intellect, a nature in which all that is womanly, motherly, wifely, dominates the merely intellectual. They are utterances of the heart and soul, not simply creations of the mind. Genuine and strong and perfectly healthful emotion inspires and pervades them.

New Guinea. — Signor d'Albertis's work on New Guinea has been made the subject of extended notice by the critics, and all find it thoroughly interesting. The *Cincinnati Commercial* says: —

Two rare and beautiful volumes. Mr. d'Albertis is an Italian gentleman of quick, bright mind and rare scientific attainments. In these two books he gives us the narrative of his travels, from 1872 to 1877, in the practically unexplored region of New Guinea. . . . . Signor d'Albertis' book will charm the children like a peep into a land of enchantment. Pictures of strange, brilliant birds will greet their eyes, unlike anything they ever saw at the Zoölogical Garden.

His book is full of thrilling adventures. Everything in it is so new and so unlike the narratives of travel in countries more frequented, that a strong, strange interest pervades it.

On the Threshold is welcomed with extraordinary heartiness as a wise and helpful and readable book for young people. The *New York Times* says: —

This little book is an attempt to put into clear form some of the main principles that enter into life as it is now opening before young men in this country. Its suggestions are specific and direct, chiefly a series of hints suitable to the times and pointing out paths just now somewhat obscured. They come from a man of culture and original observation, and combine in an unusual degree ripe scholarship and the broad understanding of affairs.

Each lecture is treated with something of the freshness and insight which Mr. Emerson brings to the same class of subjects. Mr. Munger is never anxious to say smart things, but his pages are crammed with passages which show that he has not only laid close to the hearts of younger men, but kept his own ideals of character unsoiled, undimmed. It is easy to be wise to younger persons who have not yet reached up to the experience of their elders, but Mr. Munger is more than that. His little book is himself in type; it touches acts, habits, character, destiny; it deals with the present and vital thought in literature, society, life; it is the handbook to possible careers; it stimulates one with the idea that life is worth living; there are no dead words in it. It is to be ranked with Principal Shairp's "Culture and Religion," and with Dr. Clarke's "Self-culture;" though the outgrowth of the author's own study of life, it is written from the same plane of moral power. The production of a book of this sort is not an everyday occurrence; it is an event; it will work a revolution among young men who need it; it treats life as a reality along the lines of their aspirations; it has the manly ring from cover to cover; it comes from one who had something to say, and who knows the way to the public ear.

Joseph Cook in Edinburgh. — Mr. Cook has been lecturing recently in Edinburgh, and the thousands who have listened to his Boston Monday Lectures, or have read them, will be interested to learn that Scotchmen also find him equally powerful and persuasive. Rev. Dr. W. G. Blaikie in a communication to the *New York Observer* says: —

If you ask what was the impression on the whole, I have no hesitation in saying "Highly favorable." It was apparent that Mr. Cook was master of his subject. His fresh and original *setting* for his thoughts was much appreciated. The clearness of his demonstrations, and the force of his appeals founded thereon, were patent to all. Conscience and the moral nature of man was evidently his stronghold, and the city where Chalmers had enthusiastically maintained the views of Butler on conscience could appreciate the position. The application of science, in support of the positions of natural religion, was new to us, but very interesting. Men of science are very suspicious of theolo-

gians who take up that position. Mr. Cook was obviously aware of this, and fortified all his positions by the opinions of experts in science. One thing was thus made plain, that great scientists are not all with Huxley and Spencer, — indeed, it was apparent that the case was rather the other way. Altogether, I am sure that Mr. Cook made a very favorable impression, the only regret being that his stay was so short, and that fewer came to hear him of the class to whom he is most adapted than could have been wished.

Under the Olive. — Of this beautiful book of noteworthy poetry *The Churchman*, of New York, says: —

Some anonymous author has in this volume given to the world a collection of poems which are, in many respects, remarkable. They show unusual penetration and power. If we had more space at our command we should like to give our reasons for saying that the creator of poetry like this can rightly claim a place among modern singers. We commend the volume to the careful reading of all who wish to find among the new books one which has the marks of genius.

The Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, which are generally recognized as the leading quarterlies of England, and which represent the two great parties in English politics, are now, by special arrangement, republished in this country by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The American editions are printed from the same plates, and therefore in the same large type, as the English editions, a fact which cannot fail to commend them to the favor of American readers.

We doubt not the American public will heartily approve and support an enterprise which offers these sterling Quarterlies in their original elegant typography at the same price at which they have been heretofore offered in cheap reprints, $4.00 each, the two for $7.00.

"My Winter on the Nile" wins the heartiest words of commendation, testifying to the great delight with which it has been read. The New York *Examiner* and *Chronicle* says:

As a traveler Mr. Warner is as fresh and entertaining as he was when passing a summer in his garden. Going over a well-beaten track, following the host of writers who have felt impelled to tell the world about Egypt, Mr. Warner has shown that he knows what not to write, as essential a thing as to know what to write and how to write it. He is, in consequence, at once a capital and an instructive traveling companion, never wearisome, but setting before you simple, clear pictures of the life and customs he saw with keenly observing eye. While there is no attempt at anything like "Innocents Abroad," Mr. Warner could not keep his rich vein of humor from running through the pages, any more than he could fail to see things on their humorous side.

A Book of Great Value. — The *Lutheran Quarterly* gives the following impressive testimony to the remarkable excellence of Mr. Gladden's little book on "The Lord's Prayer:"

This book has given us a most agreeable disappointment. From the author's well known progressive and broad gauge proclivities we expected to meet with some violent collisions with cardinal doctrines. To be honest, we resolved on opening the volume to keep a sharp lookout for dangerous tendencies of thought, and to give bravely the signal of alarm, but we became at once so absorbed in the lucid, most instructive and edifying exposition of the great Prayer, that the idea of heresy unconsciously vanished from our mind, and never returned before we had finished the last page. . . . . Often as we offer this prayer, and much as we have studied over it to give proper expositions of it from the pulpit and in the catechism, we shall henceforth pray it more intelligently than we ever have before; nay, we have learned, we think, to pray better in all our supplications, and to comprehend more in them than has been our wont.

Mr. Fields's New Book is thus pleasantly introduced to the readers of the *New York Tribune:* —

Mr. James T. Fields has gathered into an exceedingly pretty volume a collection of the "Ballads and other Verses" with which he has been accustomed to beguile his leisure. The modest motto of his title-page —

> "Mustered from half-forgotten silent nooks,
> The dusky purlieus of departed books" —

indicates only imperfectly the character of these pleasant productions. Some of them bear a more or less intimate relation to the books Mr. Fields has loved, and the authors with whom he has enjoyed friendly intercourse; but they are not echoes of other men's songs. They are the simple, sincere, unaffected utterances of a gentleman of taste and culture who has seen much, and has kept unspoiled his capacity for enjoyment and for admiration, his trust in God, and his belief in man. His fancy turns to gentle themes, the softer aspects of nature, the glow of human affections, and a cheerful religious philosophy; his lyre does not quiver with the touch of passion; it breathes only mild and soothing melodies. Several of the ballads are metrical versions of droll stories, which Mr. Fields tells with considerable spirit.

George Eliot's Great Poem. — The recent death of George Eliot has naturally recalled public attention to all her remarkable writings; not only to her unsurpassed novels, but to her poetical works, of which "The Spanish Gypsy" is the most important. *Blackwood's Magazine*, one of the leading critical authorities in England, said of it: —

It is emphatically a great poem, — great in conception, great in execution. The story is as grand and massive as it is simple. All the personages are sharply chiseled, and full of life; the landscapes are magnificent, the wise reflections and apt illustrations incessant, lavishly enriching every page.

Mr. Edwin P. Whipple, in the Boston *Transcript* remarked: —

In largeness of view, depth and fertility of thought, range of knowledge, force of characterization, and purity of style, this poem lifts George Eliot above even Mrs. Browning.

Those who have read and admired George Eliot's novels should not fail to read "The Spanish Gypsy."

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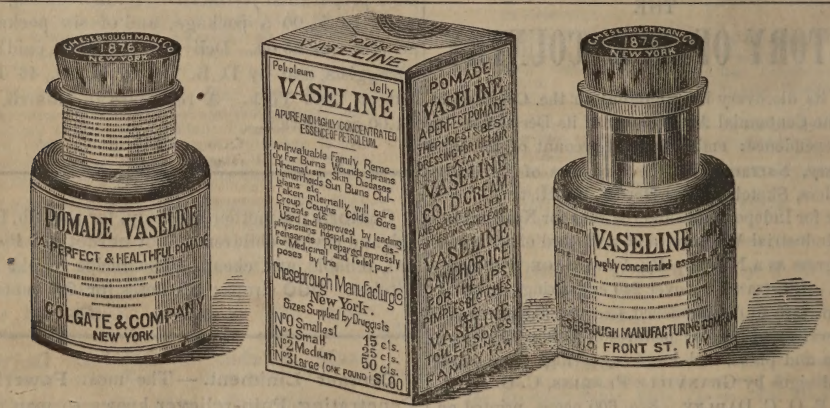

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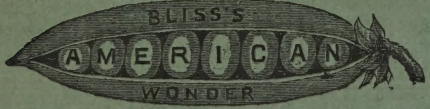

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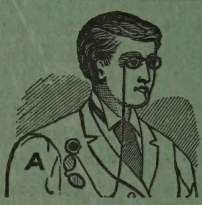

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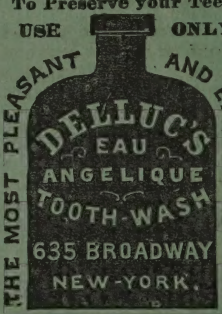

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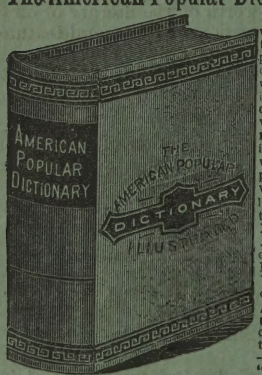

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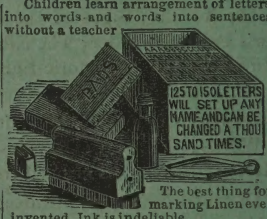

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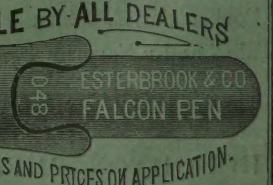

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Vol. XLVII. — APRIL, 1881. — No. CCLXXXII.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

XXI.

On one of the first days of May, some six months after old Mr. Touchett's death, a picturesque little group was gathered in one of the many rooms of an ancient villa which stood on the summit of an olive-muffled hill, outside of the Roman gate of Florence. The villa was a long, rather blank-looking structure, with the far-projecting roof which Tuscany loves, and which, on the hills that encircle Florence, when looked at from a distance, makes so harmonious a rectangle with the straight, dark, definite cypresses that usually rise, in groups of three or four, beside it. The house had a front upon a little grassy, empty, rural piazza which occupied a part of the hill-top; and this front, pierced with a few windows in irregular relations, and furnished with a stone bench which ran along the base of the structure and usually afforded a lounging-place to one or two persons wearing more or less of that air of undervalued merit which in Italy, for some reason or other, always gracefully invests any one who confidently assumes a perfectly passive attitude, — this ancient, solid, weather-worn, yet imposing front had a somewhat incommunicative character. It was the mask of the house; it was not its face. It had heavy lids, but no eyes; the house in reality looked another way, — looked off behind, into splendid openness and the range of the afternoon light. In that quarter the villa overlooked the slope of its hill and the long valley of the Arno, hazy with Italian color. It had a narrow garden, in the manner of a terrace, productive chiefly of tangles of wild roses and old stone benches, mossy and sun-warmed. The parapet of the terrace was just the height to lean upon, and beneath it the ground declined into the vagueness of olive crops and vineyards. It is not, however, with the outside of the place that we are concerned; on this bright morning of ripened spring its tenants had reason to prefer the shady side of the wall. The windows of the ground-floor, as you saw them from the piazza, were, in their noble proportions, extremely architectural; but their function seemed to be less to offer communication with the world than to defy the world to look in. They were massively cross-barred and placed at such a height that curiosity, even on tip-toe, expired before it reached them. In an apartment lighted by a row of three of these obstructive apertures — one of the several distinct apartments into which the villa was divided, and which were mainly occupied by foreigners of conflicting nationality long resident in Florence —

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a gentleman was seated, in company with a young girl and two good sisters from a religious house. The room was, however, much less gloomy than my indications may have represented, for it had a wide, high door, which now stood open into the tangled garden behind; and the tall iron lattices admitted on occasion more than enough of the Italian sunshine. The place, moreover, was almost luxuriously comfortable; it told of habitation being practiced as a fine art. It contained a variety of those faded hangings of damask and tapestry, those chests and cabinets of carved and time-polished oak, those primitive specimens of pictorial art in frames pedantically rusty, those perverse-looking relics of mediæval brass and pottery, of which Italy has long been the not quite exhausted store-house. These things were intermingled with articles of modern furniture, in which liberal concession had been made to cultivated sensibilities. It was to be noticed that all the chairs were deep and well padded, and that much space was occupied by a writing-table, of which the ingenious perfection bore the stamp of London and the nineteenth century. There were books in profusion, and magazines and newspapers, and a few small modern pictures, chiefly in water-color. One of these productions stood on a drawing-room easel, before which, at the moment when we begin to be concerned with her, the young girl I have mentioned had placed herself. She was looking at the picture in silence.

Silence — absolute silence — had not fallen upon her companions; but their conversation had an appearance of embarrassed continuity. The two good sisters had not settled themselves in their respective chairs; their attitude was noticeably provisional, and they evidently wished to emphasize the transitory character of their presence. They were plain, comfortable, mild-faced women, with a kind of business-like modesty, to which the impersonal aspect of their stiffened linen and inexpressive serge gave an advantage. One of them, a person of a certain age, in spectacles, with a fresh complexion and a full cheek, had a more discriminating manner than her companion, and had evidently the responsibility of their errand, which apparently related to the young girl. This young lady wore her hat, a coiffure of extreme simplicity, which was not at variance with a plain muslin gown, too short for the wearer, and denoting that she was at the so-called "growing" age. The gentleman, who might have been supposed to be entertaining the two nuns, was perhaps conscious of the difficulties of his function; to entertain a nun is, in fact, a sufficiently delicate operation. At the same time he was plainly much interested in his youthful companion, and while she turned her back to him his eyes rested gravely upon her slim, small figure. He was a man of forty, with a well-shaped head, upon which the hair, still dense, but prematurely grizzled, had been cropped close. It had a thin, delicate, sharply-cut face, of which the only fault was that it looked too pointed; an appearance to which the shape of his beard contributed not a little. This beard, cut in the manner of the portraits of the sixteenth century, and surmounted by a fair mustache, of which the ends had a picturesque upward flourish, gave its wearer a somewhat foreign, traditionary look, and suggested that he was a gentleman who studied effect. His luminous, intelligent eye, an eye which expressed both softness and keenness, — the nature of the observer as well as of the dreamer, — would have assured you, however, that he studied it only within well-chosen limits, and that in so far as he sought it he found it. You would have been much at a loss to determine his nationality. He had none of the superficial signs that usually render the answer to this question an insipidly easy

one. If he had English blood in his veins, it had probably received some French or Italian commixture; he was one of those persons who, in the matter of race, may, as the phrase is, pass for anything. He had a light, lean, lazy-looking figure, and was apparently neither tall nor short. He was dressed as a man dresses who takes little trouble about it.

"Well, my dear, what do you think of it?" he asked of the young girl. He used the Italian tongue, and used it with perfect ease; but this would not have convinced you that he was an Italian.

The girl turned her head a little to one side and the other.

"It is very pretty, papa. Did you make it yourself?"

"Yes, my child; I made it. Don't you think I am clever?"

"Yes, papa, very clever; I also have learned to make pictures." And she turned round, and showed a small, fair face, of which the natural and usual expression seemed to be a smile of perfect sweetness.

"You should have brought me a specimen of your powers."

"I have brought a great many; they are in my trunk," said the child.

"She draws very — very carefully," the elder of the nuns remarked, speaking in French.

"I am glad to hear it. Is it you who have instructed her?"

"Happily, no," said the good sister, blushing a little. "*Ce n'est pas ma partie.* I teach nothing; I leave that to those who are wiser. We have an excellent drawing-master. Mr. — Mr. — What is his name?" she asked of her companion.

Her companion looked about at the carpet.

"It's a German name," she said in Italian, as if it needed to be translated.

"Yes," the other went on, "he is a German, and we have had him for many years."

The young girl, who was not heeding the conversation, had wandered away to the open door of the large room, and stood looking into the garden.

"And you, my sister, are French," said the gentleman.

"Yes, sir," the woman replied, gently. "I speak to the pupils in my own language. I know no other. But we have sisters of other countries, — English, German, Irish. They all speak their own tongue."

The gentleman gave a smile.

"Has my daughter been under the care of one of the Irish ladies?" And then, as he saw that his visitors suspected a joke, but failed to understand it, "You are very complete," he said, instantly.

"Oh, yes, we are complete. We have everything, and everything is of the best."

"We have gymnastics," the Italian sister ventured to remark. "But not dangerous."

"I hope not. Is that your branch?" — a question which provoked much candid hilarity on the part of the two ladies; on the subsidence of which their entertainer, glancing at his daughter, remarked that she had grown.

"Yes, but I think she has finished. She will remain little," said the French sister.

"I am not sorry. I like little women," the gentleman declared, frankly. "But I know no particular reason why my child should be short."

The nun gave a temperate shrug, as if to intimate that such things might be beyond our knowledge.

"She is in very good health; that is the best thing."

"Yes, she looks well." And the young girl's father watched her a moment. "What do you see in the garden?" he asked, in French.

"I see many flowers," she replied, in a little soft, clear, penetrating voice, and with a French accent as good as his own.

"Yes, but not many good ones. However, such as they are, go out and gather some for *ces dames*."

The child turned to him, with her smile brightened by pleasure. "May I, truly?" she asked.

"Ah, when I tell you," said her father.

The girl glanced at the elder of the nuns.

"May I, truly, *ma mère?*"

"Obey monsieur your father, my child," said the sister, blushing again.

The child, satisfied with this authorization, descended from the threshold, and was presently lost to sight.

"You don't spoil them," said her father, smiling.

"For everything they must ask leave. That is our system. Leave is freely granted, but they must ask it."

"Oh, I don't quarrel with your system; I have no doubt it is a very good one. I sent you my daughter to see what you would make of her. I had faith."

"One must have faith," the sister blandly rejoined, gazing through her spectacles.

"Well, has my faith been rewarded? What have you made of her?"

The sister dropped her eyes a moment.

"A good Christian, monsieur."

Her host dropped his eyes as well; but it was probable that the movement had in each case a different spring.

"Yes," he said in a moment, "and what else?"

He watched the lady from the convent, probably thinking that she would say that a good Christian was everything. But for all her simplicity, she was not so crude as that.

"A charming young lady, a real little woman, a daughter in whom you will have nothing but contentment."

"She seems to me very nice," said the father. "She is very pretty."

"She is perfect. She has no faults."

"She never had any as a child, and I am glad you have given her none."

"We love her too much," said the spectacled sister, with dignity. "And as for faults, how can we give what we have not? *Le convent n'est pas comme le monde, monsieur.* She is our child, as you may say. We have had her since she was so small."

"Of all those we shall lose this year, she is the one we shall miss most," the younger woman murmured, deferentially.

"Ah, yes, we shall talk long of her," said the other. "We shall hold her up to the new ones."

And at this the good sister appeared to find her spectacles dim; while her companion, after fumbling a moment, presently drew forth a pocket handkerchief of durable texture.

"It is not certain that you will lose her; nothing is settled yet," the host rejoined, quickly; not as if to anticipate their tears, but in the tone of a man saying what was most agreeable to himself.

"We should be very happy to believe that. Fifteen is very young to leave us."

"Oh," exclaimed the gentleman, with more vivacity than he had yet used, "it is not I who wish to take her away! I wish you could keep her always!"

"Ah, monsieur," said the elder sister, smiling and getting up, "good as she is, she is made for the world. *Le monde y gagnera.*"

"If all the good people were hidden away in convents, how would the world get on?" her companion softly inquired, rising also.

This was a question of a wider bearing than the good woman apparently supposed; and the lady in spectacles took a harmonizing view by saying comfortably, —

"Fortunately, there are good people everywhere."

"If you are going, there will be two less here," her host remarked, gallantly.

For this extravagant sally his simple visitors had no answer, and they simply looked at each other in decent deprecation; but their confusion was speedily covered by the return of the young girl, with two large bunches of roses, — one of them all white, the other red.

"I give you your choice, mamman Catherine," said the child. "It is only the color that is different, mamman Justine; there are just as many roses in one bunch as another."

The two sisters turned to each other, smiling and hesitating, with, "Which will you take?" and "No, it's for you to choose."

"I will take the red," said mother Catherine, in the spectacles. "I am so red myself. They will comfort us on our way back to Rome."

"Ah, they won't last!" cried the young girl. "I wish I could give you something that would last!"

"You have given us a good memory of yourself, my daughter. That will last."

"I wish nuns could wear pretty things. I would give you my blue beads," the child went on.

"And do you go back to Rome to-night?" her father asked.

"Yes, we take the train again. We have so much to do *là-bas*."

"Are you not tired?"

"We are never tired."

"Ah, my sister, sometimes," murmured the junior votaress.

"Not to-day, at any rate. We have rested too well here. *Que Dieu vous garde, ma fille.*"

Their host, while they exchanged kisses with his daughter, went forward to open the door through which they were to pass; but as he did so he gave a slight exclamation, and stood looking beyond. The door opened into a vaulted antechamber, as high as a chapel, and paved with red tiles; and into this antechamber a lady had just been admitted by a servant, a lad in shabby livery, who was now ushering her toward the apartment in which our friends were grouped. The gentleman at the door, after dropping his exclamation, remained silent; in silence, too, the lady advanced. He gave her no further audible greeting, and offered her no hand, but stood aside to let her pass into the drawing-room. At the threshold she hesitated.

"Is there any one?" she asked.

"Some one you may see."

She went in, and found herself confronted with the two nuns and their pupil, who was coming forward between them, with a hand in the arm of each. At the sight of the new visitor they all paused, and the lady, who had stopped too, stood looking at them. The young girl gave a little soft cry: —

"Ah, Madame Merle!"

The visitor had been slightly startled; but her manner the next instant was none the less gracious.

"Yes, it's Madame Merle, come to welcome you home."

And she held out two hands to the girl, who immediately came up to her, presenting her forehead to be kissed. Madame Merle saluted this portion of her charming little person, and then stood smiling at the two nuns. They acknowledged her smile with a decent obeisance, but permitted themselves no direct scrutiny of this imposing, brilliant woman, who seemed to bring in with her something of the radiance of the outer world.

"These ladies have brought my daughter home, and now they return to the convent," the gentleman explained.

"Ah, you go back to Rome? I have lately come from there. It was very lovely there," said Madame Merle.

The good sisters, standing with their hands folded into their sleeves, accepted this statement uncritically; and the master of the house asked Madame Merle how long it was since she had left Rome.

"She came to see me at the convent,"

said the young girl, before her father's visitors had time to reply.

"I have been more than once, Pansy," Madame Merle answered. "Am I not your great friend in Rome?"

"I remember the last time best," said Pansy, "because you told me I should leave the place."

"Did you tell her that?" the child's father asked.

"I hardly remember. I told her what I thought would please her. I have been in Florence a week. I hoped you would come and see me."

"I should have done so if I had known you were here. One does n't know such things by inspiration, — though I suppose one ought. You had better sit down."

These two speeches were made in a peculiar tone of voice, — a tone half lowered and carefully quiet, but as from habit rather than from any definite heed.

Madame Merle looked about her, choosing her seat.

"You are going to the door with these women? Let me of course not interrupt the ceremony. *Je vous salue, mesdames,*" she added, in French, to the nuns, as if to dismiss them.

"This lady is a great friend of ours; you will have seen her at the convent," said the host. "We have much faith in her judgment, and she will help me to decide whether my daughter shall return to you at the end of the holidays."

"I hope you will decide in our favor, madame," the sister in spectacles ventured to remark.

"That is Mr. Osmond's pleasantry; I decide nothing," said Madame Merle, smiling still. "I believe you have a very good school, but Miss Osmond's friends must remember that she is meant for the world."

"That is what I have told monsieur," Sister Catherine answered. "It is precisely to fit her for the world," she murmured, glancing at Pansy, who stood at a little distance, looking at Madame Merle's elegant apparel.

"Do you hear that, Pansy? You are meant for the world," said Pansy's father.

The child gazed at him an instant with her pure young eyes.

"Am I not meant for you, papa?" she asked.

Papa gave a quick, light laugh.

"That does n't prevent it! I am of the world, Pansy."

"Kindly permit us to retire," said Sister Catherine. "Be good, in any case, my daughter."

"I shall certainly come back and see you," Pansy declared, recommencing her embraces, which were presently interrupted by Madame Merle.

"Stay with me, my child," she said, "while your father takes the good ladies to the door."

Pansy stared, disappointed, but not protesting. She was evidently impregnated with the idea of submission, which was due to any one who took the tone of authority; and she was a passive spectator of the operation of her fate.

"May I not see mamman Catherine get into the carriage?" she asked, very gently.

"It would please me better if you would remain with me," said Madame Merle, while Mr. Osmond and his companions, who had bowed low again to the other visitor, passed into the antechamber.

"Oh, yes, I will stay," Pansy answered; and she stood near Madame Merle, surrendering her little hand, which this lady took. She stared out of the window; her eyes had filled with tears.

"I am glad they have taught you to obey," said Madame Merle. "That is what little girls should do."

"Oh, yes, I obey very well," said Pansy, with soft eagerness, almost with boastfulness, as if she had been speak-

ing of her piano-playing. And then she gave a faint, just audible sigh.

Madame Merle, holding her hand, drew it across her own fine palm, and looked at it. The gaze was critical, but it found nothing to deprecate; the child's small hand was delicate and fair.

"I hope they always see that you wear gloves," she said, in a moment. "Little girls usually dislike them."

"I used to dislike them, but I like them now," the child answered.

"Very good, I will make you a present of a dozen."

"I thank you very much. What colors will they be?" Pansy demanded, with interest.

Madame Merle meditated a moment.

"Useful colors."

"But will they be pretty?"

"Are you fond of pretty things?"

"Yes; but — but not too fond," said Pansy, with a trace of asceticism.

"Well, they shall not be too pretty," Madame Merle answered, with a laugh. She took the child's other hand, and drew her nearer; and then, looking at her a moment, "Shall you miss mother Catherine?"

"Yes, when I think of her."

"Try, then, not to think of her. Perhaps, some day," added Madame Merle, "you will have another mother."

"I don't think that is necessary," Pansy said, repeating her little soft, conciliatory sigh. "I had more than thirty mothers at the convent."

Her father's step sounded again in the antechamber, and Madame Merle got up, releasing the child. Mr. Osmond came in and closed the door; then, without looking at Madame Merle, he pushed one or two chairs back into their places.

His visitor waited a moment for him to speak, watching him as he moved about. Then, at last, she said, "I hoped you would have come to Rome. I thought it possible you would have come to fetch Pansy away."

"That was a natural supposition; but I am afraid it is not the first time I have acted in defiance of your calculations."

"Yes," said Madame Merle, "I think you are very perverse."

Mr. Osmond busied himself for a moment in the room, — there was plenty of space in it to move about, — in the fashion of a man mechanically seeking pretexts for not giving an attention which may be embarrassing. Presently, however, he had exhausted his pretexts; there was nothing left for him — unless he took up a book — but to stand with his hands behind him, looking at Pansy. "Why did n't you come and see the last of mamman Catherine?" he asked of her abruptly, in French.

Pansy hesitated a moment, glancing at Madame Merle. "I asked her to stay with me," said this lady, who had seated herself again in another place.

"Ah, that was better," said Osmond. Then, at last, he dropped into a chair, and sat looking at Madame Merle; leaning forward a little, with his elbows on the edge of the arms and his hands interlocked.

"She is going to give me some gloves," said Pansy.

"You need n't tell that to every one, my dear," Madame Merle observed.

"You are very kind to her," said Osmond. "She is supposed to have everything she needs."

"I should think she had had enough of the nuns."

"If we are going to discuss that matter, she had better go out of the room."

"Let her stay," said Madame Merle. "We will talk of something else."

"If you like, I won't listen," Pansy suggested, with an appearance of candor which imposed conviction.

"You may listen, charming child, because you won't understand," her father replied. The child sat down deferentially, near the open door, within sight of the garden, into which she directed

her innocent, wistful eyes; and Mr. Osmond went on, irrelevantly, addressing himself to his other companion. "You are looking particularly well."

"I think I always look the same," said Madame Merle.

"You always *are* the same; you don't vary. You are a wonderful woman."

"Yes, I think I am."

"You sometimes change your mind, however. You told me, on your return from England, that you would not leave Rome again for the present."

"I am pleased that you remember so well what I say. That was my intention. But I have come to Florence to meet some friends who have lately arrived, and as to whose movements I was at that time uncertain."

"That reason is characteristic. You are always doing something for your friends."

Madame Merle looked straight at her interlocutor, smiling. "It is less characteristic than your comment upon it, — which is perfectly insincere. I don't, however, make a crime of that," she added, "because if you don't believe what you say, there is no reason why you should. I don't ruin myself for my friends; I don't deserve your praise. I care greatly for myself."

"Exactly; but yourself includes so many other selves, — so much of everything. I never knew a person whose life touched so many other lives."

"What do you call one's life?" asked Madame Merle. "One's appearance, one's movements, one's engagements, one's society?"

"I call your life — your ambitions," said Osmond.

Madame Merle looked a moment at Pansy. "I wonder whether she understands that," she murmured.

"You see she can't stay with us!" And Pansy's father gave a rather joyless smile. "Go into the garden, *ma bonne*, and pluck a flower or two for Madame Merle," he went on, in French.

"That 's just what I wanted to do!" Pansy exclaimed, rising with promptness and noiselessly departing. Her father followed her to the open door, stood a moment watching her, and then came back, but remained standing, or rather strolling to and fro, as if to cultivate a sense of freedom which in another attitude might be wanting.

"My ambitions are principally for you," said Madame Merle, looking up at him with a certain nobleness of expression.

"That comes back to what I say. I am part of your life, — I and a thousand others. You are not selfish, — I can't admit that. If you were selfish, what should I be? What epithet would properly describe me?"

"You are indolent. For me that is your worst fault."

"I am afraid it is really my best."

"You don't care," said Madame Merle, gravely.

"No; I don't think I care much. What sort of a fault do you call that? My indolence, at any rate, was one of the reasons I did n't go to Rome. But it was only one of them."

"It is not of importance — to me, at least — that you did n't go; though I should have been glad to see you. I am glad that you are not in Rome now, — which you might be, would probably be, if you had gone there a month ago. There is something I should like you to do at present in Florence."

"Please remember my indolence," said Osmond.

"I will remember it; but I beg you to forget it. In that way you will have both the virtue and the reward. This is not a great labor, and it may prove a great pleasure. How long is it since you made a new acquaintance?"

"I don't think I have made any since I made yours."

"It is time you should make another, then. There is a friend of mine I want you to know."

Mr. Osmond, in his walk, had gone back to the open door again, and was looking at his daughter, as she moved about in the intense sunshine.

"What good will it do me?" he asked, with a sort of genial crudity.

Madame Merle reflected a moment.

"It will amuse you." There was nothing crude in this rejoinder; it had been thoroughly well considered.

"If you say that, I believe it," said Osmond, coming toward her. "There are some points in which my confidence in you is complete. I am perfectly aware, for instance, that you know good society from bad."

"Society is all bad."

"Excuse me. It is a common sort of wisdom. You have gained it in the right way, — experimentally; you have compared an immense number of people with one another."

"Well, I invite you to profit by my knowledge."

"To profit? Are you very sure that I shall?"

"It 's what I hope. It will depend upon yourself. If I could only induce you to make an effort!"

"Ah, there you are! I knew something tiresome was coming. What in the world — that is likely to turn up here — is worth an effort?"

Madame Merle flushed a little, and her eye betrayed vexation. "Don't be foolish, Osmond. There is no one knows better than you that there are many things worth an effort."

"Many things, I admit. But they are none of them probable things."

"It is the effort that makes them probable," said Madame Merle.

"There 's something in that. Who is your friend?"

"The person I came to Florence to see. She is a niece of Mrs. Touchett, whom you will not have forgotten."

"A niece? The word niece suggests youth. I see what you are coming to."

"Yes, she is young, — twenty-three years old. She is a great friend of mine. I met her for the first time in England, several months ago, and we took a great fancy to each other. I like her immensely, and I do what I don't do every day, — I admire her. You will do the same."

"Not if I can help it."

"Precisely. But you won't be able to help it."

"Is she beautiful, clever, rich, splendid, universally intelligent and unprecedentedly virtuous? It is only on those conditions that I care to make her acquaintance. You know I asked you, some time ago, never to speak to me of any one who should not correspond to that description. I know plenty of dingy people; I don't want to know any more."

"Miss Archer is not dingy; she 's as bright as the morning. She corresponds to your description; it is for that I wish you to know her. She fills all your requirements."

"More or less, of course."

"No; quite literally. She is beautiful, accomplished, generous, and, for an American, well born. She is also very clever and very amiable, and she has a handsome fortune."

Mr. Osmond listened to this in silence, appearing to turn it over in his mind, with his eyes on his informant. "What do you want to do with her?" he asked, at last.

"What you see. Put her in your way."

"Is n't she meant for something better than that?"

"I don't pretend to know what people are meant for," said Madame Merle. "I only know what I can do with them."

"I am sorry for Miss Archer!" Osmond declared.

Madame Merle got up. "If that is a beginning of interest in her, I take note of it."

The two stood there, face to face;

she settled her mantilla, looking down at it as she did so.

"You are looking very well," Osmond repeated, still more irrelevantly than before. "You have got some idea. You are never as well as when you have got an idea; they are always becoming to you."

In the manner of these two persons, on first meeting on any occasion, and especially when they met in the presence of others, there was something indirect and circumspect, which showed itself in glance and tone. They approached each other obliquely, as it were, and they addressed each other by implication. The effect of each appeared to be to intensify to an embarrassing degree the self-consciousness of the other. Madame Merle of course carried off all such awkwardness better than her friend; but even Madame Merle had not on this occasion the manner she would have liked to have, — the perfect self-possession she would have wished to exhibit to her friend. The point I wish to make is, however, that at a certain moment the obstruction, whatever it was, always leveled itself, and left them more closely face to face than either of them ever was with any one else. This was what had happened now. They stood there, knowing each other well, and each of them, on the whole, willing to accept the satisfaction of knowing as a compensation for the inconvenience — whatever it might be — of being known.

"I wish very much you were not so heartless," said Madame Merle, quietly. "It has always been against you, and it will be against you now."

"I am not so heartless as you think. Every now and then something touches me; as, for instance, your saying just now that your ambitions are for me. I don't understand it; I don't see how or why they should be. But it touches me, all the same."

"You will probably understand it even less, as time goes on. There are some things you will never understand. There is no particular need that you should."

"You, after all, are the most remarkable woman," said Osmond. "You have more in you than almost any one. I don't see why you think Mrs. Touchett's niece should matter very much to me, when — when" — and he paused a moment.

"When I myself have mattered so little?"

"That of course is not what I meant to say. When I have known and appreciated such a woman as you."

"Isabel Archer is better than I," said Madame Merle.

Her companion gave a laugh. "How little you must think of her, to say that!"

"Do you suppose I am capable of jealousy? Please answer me that."

"With regard to me? No; on the whole, I don't."

"Come and see me, then, two days hence. I am staying at Mrs. Touchett's, — the Palazzo Crescentini, — and the girl will be there."

"Why didn't you ask me that at first, simply, without speaking of the girl?" said Osmond. "You could have had her there, at any rate."

Madame Merle looked at him in the manner of a woman whom no question that he could ask would find unprepared. "Do you wish to know why? Because I have spoken of you to her."

Osmond frowned and turned away. "I would rather not know that." Then, in a moment, he pointed out the easel supporting the little water-color drawing. "Have you seen that, — my last?"

Madame Merle drew near and looked at it a moment.

"Is it the Venetian Alps, — one of your last year's sketches?"

"Yes; but how you guess everything!"

Madame Merle looked for a moment

longer; then she turned away. "You know I don't care for your drawings."

"I know it, yet I am always surprised at it. They are really so much better than most people's."

"That may very well be. But as the only thing you do, it 's so little. I should have liked you to do so many other things: those were my ambitions."

"Yes; you have told me many times, — things that were impossible."

"Things that were impossible!" said Madame Merle. And then, in quite a different tone, "In itself your little picture is very good." She looked about the room, — at the old cabinets, the pictures, the tapestries, the surface of faded silk. "Your rooms, at least, are perfect," she went on. "I am struck with that afresh, whenever I come back; I know none better anywhere. You understand this sort of thing as no one else does."

"I am very sick of it," said Osmond.

"You must let Miss Archer come and see all this. I have told her about it."

"I don't object to showing my things, when people are not idiots."

"You do it delightfully. As a cicerone in your own museum you appear to particular advantage."

Mr. Osmond, in return for this compliment, simply turned upon his companion an eye expressive of perfect clairvoyance.

"Did you say she was rich?" he asked, in a moment.

"She has seventy thousand pounds."

"*En écus bien comptés?*"

"There is no doubt whatever about her fortune. I have seen it, as I may say."

"Satisfactory woman! — I mean you. And if I go to see her shall I see the mother?"

"The mother? She has none, — nor father, either."

"The aunt, then, — whom did you say? — Mrs. Touchett."

"I can easily keep her out of the way."

"I don't object to her," said Osmond; "I rather like Mrs. Touchett. She has a sort of old-fashioned character that is passing away, — a vivid identity. But that long jackanapes, the son, — is he about the place?"

"He is there, but he won't trouble you."

"He 's an awful ass."

"I think you are mistaken. He is a very clever man. But he is not fond of being about when I am there, because he does n't like me."

"What could be more asinine than that? Did you say that she was pretty?" Osmond went on.

"Yes; but I won't say it again, lest you should be disappointed. Come and make a beginning; that is all I ask of you."

"A beginning of what?"

Madame Merle was silent a moment. "I want you, of course, to marry her."

"The beginning of the end! Well, I will see for myself. Have you told her that?"

"For what do you take me? She is a very delicate piece of machinery."

"Really," said Osmond, after some meditation, "I don't understand your ambitions."

"I think you will understand this one after you have seen Miss Archer. Suspend your judgment till then." Madame Merle, as she spoke, had drawn near the open door of the garden, and stood a moment, looking out. "Pansy has grown pretty," she presently added.

"So it seemed to me."

"But she has had enough of the convent."

"I don't know," said Osmond. "I like what they have made of her. It 's very charming."

"That 's not the convent. It 's the child's nature."

"It 's the combination, I think. She 's as pure as a pearl."

"Why does n't she come back with my flowers, then?" Madame Merle asked. "She is not in a hurry."

"We will go and get them," said her companion.

"She does n't like me," murmured Madame Merle, as she raised her parasol, and they passed into the garden.

XXII.

Madame Merle, who had come to Florence, on Mrs. Touchett's arrival, at the invitation of this lady, — Mrs. Touchett offering her for a month the hospitality of the Palazzo Crescentini, — the judicious Madame Merle spoke to Isabel afresh about Gilbert Osmond, and expressed the wish that she should know him; but made no such point of the matter as we have seen her do in recommending the girl herself to Mr. Osmond's attention. The reason of this was, perhaps, that Isabel offered no resistance whatever to Madame Merle's proposal. In Italy, as in England, the lady had a multitude of friends, both among the natives of the country and its heterogeneous visitors. She had mentioned to Isabel most of the people the girl would find it well to know, — of course, she said, Isabel could know whomever she would, — and she had placed Mr. Osmond near the top of the list. He was an old friend of her own; she had known him these ten years; he was one of the cleverest and most agreeable men it was possible to meet. He was altogether above the respectable average; quite another affair! He was not perfect, — far from it; the effect he produced depended a good deal on the state of his nerves and his spirits. If he were not in the right mood, he could be very unsatisfactory, — like most people, after all; but when he chose to exert himself no man could do it to better purpose. He had his peculiarities, — which, indeed, Isabel would find to be the case with all the men really worth knowing, — and he did not cause his light to shine equally for all persons. Madame Merle, however, thought she could undertake that for Isabel he would be brilliant. He was easily bored, — too easily, — and dull people always put him out; but a quick and cultivated girl like Isabel would give him a stimulus which was too absent from his life. At any rate, he was a person to know. One should not attempt to live in Italy without making a friend of Gilbert Osmond, who knew more about the country than any one, except two or three German professors. And if they had more knowledge than he, he had infinitely more taste; he had a taste which was quite by itself. Isabel remembered that her friend had spoken of him during their multifarious colloquies at Gardencourt, and wondered a little what was the nature of the tie that united them. She was inclined to imagine that Madame Merle's ties were peculiar, and such a possibility was a part of the interest created by this suggestive woman. As regards her relations with Mr. Osmond, however, Madame Merle hinted at nothing but a long-established and tranquil friendship. Isabel said that she should be happy to know a person who had enjoyed her friend's confidence for so many years. "You ought to see a great many men," Madame Merle remarked; "you ought to see as many as possible, so as to get used to them."

"Used to them?" Isabel repeated, with that exceedingly serious gaze which sometimes seemed to proclaim that she was deficient in a sense of humor, — an intimation which at other moments she effectively refuted. "I am not afraid of them!"

"Used to them, I mean, so as to despise them. That 's what one comes to, with most of them. You will pick out, for your society, the few whom you don't despise."

This remark had a bitterness which

Madame Merle did not often allow herself to betray; but Isabel was not alarmed by it, for she had never supposed that, as one saw more of the world, the sentiment of respect became the most active of one's emotions. This sentiment was excited, however, by the beautiful city of Florence, which pleased her not less than Madame Merle had promised; and if her unassisted perception had not been able to gauge its charms she had clever companions to call attention to latent merits. She was in no want, indeed, of æsthetic illumination, for Ralph found it a pleasure, which renewed his own earlier sensations, to act as cicerone to his eager young kinswoman. Madame Merle remained at home; she had seen the treasures of Florence so often, and she had always something to do. But she talked of all things with remarkable vividness of memory: she remembered the right-hand angel in the large Perugino, and the position of the hands of the St. Elizabeth in the Titian; and had her own opinions as to the character of many famous works of art, differing often with Ralph with great sharpness, and defending her interpretations with as much ingenuity as good-humor. Isabel listened to the discussions which took place between the two with a sense that she might derive much benefit from them, and that they were among the advantages which, for instance, she could not have enjoyed in Albany. In the clear May mornings, before the formal breakfast, — this repast at Mrs. Touchett's was served at twelve o'clock, — Isabel wandered about with her cousin through the narrow and sombre Florentine streets, resting a while in the thicker dusk of some historic church, or the vaulted chambers of some dispeopled convent. She went to the galleries and palaces; she looked at the pictures and statues which had hitherto been great names to her, and exchanged for a knowledge which was sometimes a limitation a presentiment which proved usually to have been a blank. She performed all those acts of mental prostration in which, on a first visit to Italy, youth and enthusiasm so freely indulge; she felt her heart beat in the presence of immortal genius, and knew the sweetness of rising tears in eyes to which faded fresco and darkened marble grew dim. But the return, every day, was even pleasanter than the going forth, — the return into the wide, monumental court of the great house in which Mrs. Touchett, many years before, had established herself, and into the high, cool rooms, where carven rafters and pompous frescos of the sixteenth century looked down upon the prosaic minuteness of modern comfort. Mrs. Touchett inhabited an historic building in a narrow street whose very name recalled the strife of mediæval factions; and found compensation for the darkness of her frontage in the modicity of her rent and the brightness of a garden in which nature itself looked as archaic as the rugged architecture of the palace, and which illumined the rooms that were in regular use. Isabel found that to live in such a place might be a source of happiness, — almost of excitement. At first it had struck her as a sort of prison; but very soon its prison-like quality became a merit, for she discovered that it contained other prisoners than the members of her aunt's household. The spirit of the past was shut up there, like a refugee from the outer world; it lurked in lonely corners, and, at night, haunted even the rooms in which Mrs. Touchett diffused her matter-of-fact influence. Isabel used to hear vague echoes and strange reverberations; she had a sense of the hovering of unseen figures, of the flitting of ghosts. Often she paused, listening, half startled, half disappointed, on the great cold stone staircase.

Gilbert Osmond came to see Madame Merle, who presented him to the young lady seated almost out of sight at the

other end of the room. Isabel, on this occasion, took little share in the conversation; she scarcely even smiled when the others turned to her appealingly, but sat there as an impartial auditor of the brilliant discourse of her companions. Mrs. Touchett was not present, and these two had it, as the phrase is, their own way. They talked extremely well; it struck Isabel almost as a dramatic entertainment, rehearsed in advance. Madame Merle referred everything to her, but the girl answered nothing, though she knew that this attitude would make Mr. Osmond think she was one of those dull people who bored him. It was the worse, too, that Madame Merle should have told him that she was almost as much above the merely respectable average as he himself, and that she was putting her friend dreadfully in the wrong. But this was no matter for once; even if more had depended on it, Isabel could not have made an attempt to shine. There was something in Mr. Osmond that arrested her and held her in suspense, — made it seem more important that she should get an impression of him than that she should produce one herself. Besides, Isabel had little skill in producing an impression which she knew to be expected; nothing could be more charming, in general, than to seem dazzling; but she had a perverse unwillingness to perform on a fixed occasion. Mr. Osmond, to do him justice, had a well-bred air of expecting nothing; he was a quiet gentleman, with a colorless manner, who said elaborate things with a great deal of simplicity. Isabel, however, privately perceived that if he did not expect he observed; she was very sure he was sensitive. His face, his head, were sensitive; he was not handsome, but he was fine, — as fine as one of the drawings in the long gallery above the bridge at the Uffizzi. Mr. Osmond was very delicate; the tone of his voice alone would have proved it. It was the visitor's delicacy that made her abstain from interference. His talk was like the tinkling of glass, and if she had put out her finger she might have changed the pitch and spoiled the concert. Before he went he made an appeal to her.

"Madame Merle says she will come up to my hill-top, some day next week, and drink tea in my garden. It would give me much pleasure if you would come with her. It 's thought rather pretty; there 's what they call a general view. My daughter, too, would be so glad; or rather, for she is too young to have strong emotions, I should be so glad, — so very glad!" And Mr. Osmond paused a moment, with a slight air of embarrassment, leaving his sentence unfinished. "I should be so happy if you could know my daughter," he went on, a moment afterwards.

Isabel answered that she should be delighted to see Miss Osmond, and that if Madame Merle would show her the way to the hill-top she should be very grateful.

Upon this assurance the visitor took his leave; after which Isabel fully expected that her friend would scold her for having been so stupid. But, to her surprise, Madame Merle, who indeed never fell into the matter-of-course, said to her in a few moments, —

"You were charming, my dear; you were just as one would have wished you. You are never disappointing."

A rebuke might possibly have been irritating, though it is much more probable that Isabel would have taken it in good part; but, strange to say, the words that Madame Merle actually used caused her the first feeling of displeasure she had known this lady to excite. "That is more than I intended," she answered, coldly. "I am under no obligation, that I know of, to charm Mr. Osmond."

Madame Merle colored a moment; but we know it was not her habit to retract. "My dear child, I did n't speak

for him, poor man; I spoke for yourself. It is not, of course, a question as to his liking you; it matters little whether he likes you or not! But I thought you liked him."

"I did," said Isabel, honestly. "But I don't see what that matters, either."

"Everything that concerns you matters to me," Madame Merle returned, with a sort of noble gentleness, "especially when at the same time another old friend is concerned."

Whatever Isabel's obligations may have been to Mr. Osmond, it must be admitted that she found them sufficient to lead her to ask Ralph a few questions about him. She thought Ralph's judgments cynical, but she flattered herself that she had learned to make allowance for that.

"Do I know him?" said her cousin. "Oh, yes, I know him; not well, but on the whole enough. I have never cultivated his society, and he apparently has never found mine indispensable to his happiness. Who is he, — what is he? He is a mysterious American, who has been living these twenty years, or more, in Italy. Why do I call him mysterious? Only as a cover for my ignorance. I don't know his antecedents, his family, his origin. For all I know, he may be a prince in disguise; he rather looks like one, by the way, — like a prince who has abdicated in a fit of magnanimity, and has been in a state of disgust ever since. He used to live in Rome, but of late years he has taken up his abode in Florence; I remember hearing him say once that Rome has grown vulgar. He has a great dread of vulgarity; that's his special line; he has n't any other that I know of. He lives on his income, which I suspect of not being vulgarly large. He's a poor gentleman, — that's what he calls himself. He married young, and lost his wife, and I believe he has a daughter. He also has a sister who is married to some little count or other of these parts; I remember meeting her of old. She is nicer than he, I should think, but rather wicked. I remember there used to be some stories about her. I don't think I recommend you to know her. But why don't you ask Madame Merle about these people? She knows them all much better than I."

"I ask you because I want your opinion as well as hers," said Isabel.

"A fig for my opinion! If you fall in love with Mr. Osmond, what will you care for that?"

"Not much, probably. But meanwhile it has a certain importance. The more information one has about a person the better."

"I don't agree to that. We know too much about people in these days; we hear too much. Our ears, our minds, our mouths, are stuffed with personalities. Don't mind anything that any one tells you about any one else. Judge every one and everything for yourself."

"That's what I try to do," said Isabel; "but when you do that people call you conceited."

"You are not to mind them, — that's precisely my argument; not to mind what they say about yourself any more than what they say about your friend or your enemy."

Isabel was silent a moment. "I think you are right; but there are some things I can't help minding; for instance, when my friend is attacked, or when I myself am praised."

"Of course you are always at liberty to judge the critic. Judge people as critics, however," Ralph added, "and you will condemn them all!"

"I shall see Mr. Osmond for myself," said Isabel. "I have promised to pay him a visit."

"To pay him a visit?"

"To go and see his view, his pictures, his daughter, — I don't know exactly what. Madame Merle is to take me;

she tells me a great many ladies call upon him."

"Ah, with Madame Merle you may go anywhere, *de confiance*," said Ralph. "She knows none but the best people."

Isabel said no more about Mr. Osmond, but she presently remarked to her cousin that she was not satisfied with his tone about Madame Merle. "It seems to me that you insinuate things about her. I don't know what you mean, but if you have any grounds for disliking her, I think you should either mention them frankly, or else say nothing at all."

Ralph, however, resented this charge with more apparent earnestness than he commonly used. "I speak of Madame Merle exactly as I speak to her, with an even exaggerated respect."

"Exaggerated, precisely. That is what I complain of."

"I do so because Madame Merle's merits are exaggerated."

"By whom, pray? By me? If so, I do her a poor service."

"No, no; by herself."

"Ah, I protest!" Isabel cried, with fervor. "If ever there was a woman who made small claims" —

"You put your finger on it," Ralph interrupted. "Her modesty is exaggerated. She has no business with small claims; she has a perfect right to make large ones."

"Her merits are large, then. You contradict yourself."

"Her merits are immense," said Ralph. "She is perfect; she is the only woman I know who has but that one little fault."

Isabel turned away with impatience. "I don't understand you; you are too paradoxical for my plain mind."

"Let me explain. When I say she exaggerates, I don't mean it in the vulgar sense, — that she boasts, overstates, gives too fine an account of herself. I mean literally that she pushes the search for perfection too far, — that her merits are in themselves overstrained. She is too good, too kind, too clever, too learned, too accomplished, too everything. She is too complete, in a word. I confess to you that she acts a little on my nerves, and that I feel about her a good deal as that intensely human Athenian felt about Aristides the Just."

Isabel looked hard at her cousin; but the mocking spirit, if it lurked in his words, failed on this occasion to peep from his eye. "Do you wish Madame Merle to be banished?" she inquired.

"By no means. She is much too good company. I delight in Madame Merle," said Ralph Touchett, simply.

"You are very odious, sir!" Isabel exclaimed. And then she asked him if he knew anything that was not to the honor of her brilliant friend.

"Nothing whatever. Don't you see that is just what I mean? Upon the character of every one else you may find some little black speck; if I were to take half an hour to it, some day, I have no doubt I should be able to find one on yours. For my own, of course, it is spotted like a leopard. But on Madame Merle's — nothing, nothing, nothing!"

"That is just what I think!" said Isabel, with a toss of her head. "That is why I like her so much."

"She is a capital person for you to know. Since you wish to see the world, you could n't have a better guide."

"I suppose you mean by that that she is worldly?"

"Worldly? No," said Ralph; "she is the world itself!"

It had certainly not, as Isabel for the moment took it into her head to believe, been a refinement of malice in him to say that he delighted in Madame Merle. Ralph Touchett took his entertainment wherever he could find it, and he would not have forgiven himself if he had not been able to find a great deal in the society of a woman in whom the social

virtues existed in polished perfection. There are deep-lying sympathies and antipathies, and it may have been that, in spite of the intellectual justice he rendered her, her absence from his mother's house would not have made life seem barren; but Ralph Touchett had learned to appreciate, and there could be no better field for such a talent than the table-talk of Madame Merle. He talked with her largely, treated her with conspicuous civility, occupied himself with her, and let her alone, with an opportuneness which she herself could not have surpassed. There were moments when he felt almost sorry for her; and these, oddly enough, were the moments when his kindness was least demonstrative. He was sure that she had been richly ambitious, and that what she had visibly accomplished was far below her ambition. She had got herself into perfect training, but she had won none of the prizes. She was always plain Madame Merle, the widow of a Swiss *négociant*, with a small income and a large acquaintance, who stayed with people a great deal, and was universally liked. The contrast between this position and any one of some half dozen others which he vividly imagined her to have had her eyes upon at various moments had an element of the tragical. His mother thought he got on beautifully with their pliable guest; to Mrs. Touchett's sense two people who dealt so largely in factitious theories of conduct would have much in common. He had given a great deal of consideration to Isabel's intimacy with Madame Merle, having long since made up his mind that he could not, without opposition, keep his cousin to himself; and he regarded it, on the whole, with philosophic tolerance. He believed it would take care of itself; it would not last forever. Neither of these two superior persons knew the other as well as she supposed, and when each of them had made certain discoveries there would be, if not a rupture, at least a relaxation. Meanwhile, he was quite willing to admit that the conversation of the elder lady was an advantage to the younger, who had a great deal to learn, and would doubtless learn it better from Madame Merle than from some other instructors of the young. It was not probable that Isabel would be injured.

XXIII.

It would certainly have been hard to see what injury could arise to her from the visit she presently paid to Mr. Osmond's hill-top. Nothing could have been more charming than this occasion, — a soft afternoon in May, in the full maturity of the Italian spring. The two ladies drove out of the Roman Gate, beneath the enormous blank superstructure which crowns the fine clear arch of that portal and makes it nakedly impressive, and wound between high-walled lanes, into which the wealth of blossoming orchards overdrooped and flung a perfume, until they reached the small super-urban piazza, of crooked shape, of which the long brown wall of the villa, occupied in part by Mr. Osmond, formed the principal, or at least the most imposing side. Isabel went with her friend through a wide, high court, where a clear shadow rested below, and a pair of light-arched galleries, facing each other above, caught the upper sunshine upon their slim columns and the flowering plants in which they were dressed. There was something rather severe about the place; it looked, somehow, as if, once you were in, it would not be easy to get out. For Isabel, however, there was of course as yet no thought of getting out, but only of advancing. Mr. Osmond met her in the cold antechamber, — it was cold even in the month of May, — and ushered her, with her companion, into the apartment to which we have already been in-

troduced. Madame Merle was in front, and while Isabel lingered a little, talking with Mr. Osmond, she went forward, familiarly, and greeted two persons who were seated in the drawing-room. One of these was little Pansy, on whom she bestowed a kiss; the other was a lady whom Mr. Osmond presented to Isabel as his sister, the Countess Gemini. "And that is my little girl," he said, "who has just come out of a convent."

Pansy had on a scanty white dress, and her fair hair was neatly arranged in a net; she wore a pair of slippers, tied, sandal-fashion, about her ankles. She made Isabel a little conventual courtesy, and then came to be kissed. The Countess Gemini simply nodded, without getting up. Isabel could see that she was a woman of fashion. She was thin and dark, and not at all pretty, having features that suggested some tropical bird, — a long, beak-like nose, a small, quickly-moving eye, and a mouth and chin that receded extremely. Her face, however, thanks to a very human and feminine expression, was by no means disagreeable; and as regards her appearance, it was evident that she understood herself and made the most of her points. The soft brilliancy of her toilet had the look of shimmering plumage, and her attitudes were light and sudden, like those of a creature that perched upon twigs. She had a great deal of manner; Isabel, who had never known any one with so much manner, immediately classified the Countess Gemini as the most affected of women. She remembered that Ralph had not recommended her as an acquaintance; but she was ready to acknowledge that on a casual view the countess presented no appearance of wickedness. Nothing could have been kinder or more innocent than her greeting to Isabel.

"You will believe that I am glad to see you when I tell you that it is only because I knew you were to be here that I came myself. I don't come and see my brother; I make him come and see me. This hill of his is impossible. I don't see what possesses him. Really, Osmond, you will be the ruin of my horses some day; and if they receive an injury you will have to give me another pair. I heard them panting to-day; I assure you I did. It is very disagreeable to hear one's horses panting when one is sitting in the carriage; it sounds, too, as if they were not what they should be. But I have always had good horses; whatever else I may have lacked, I have always managed that. My husband does n't know much, but I think he does know a horse. In general the Italians don't, but my husband has been a good deal in England. My horses are English, so it is all the greater pity they should be ruined. I must tell you," she went on, directly addressing Isabel, "that Osmond does n't often invite me; I don't think he likes to have me. It was quite my own idea, coming to-day. I like to see new people, and I am sure you are very new. But don't sit there; that chair is not what it looks. There are some very good seats here, but there are also some horrors."

These remarks were delivered with a variety of little jerks and glances, in a tone which, although it expressed a high degree of good-nature, was rather shrill than sweet.

"I don't like to have you, my dear?" said her brother. "I am sure you are invaluable."

"I don't see any horrors anywhere," Isabel declared, looking about her. "Everything here seems to me very beautiful."

"I have got a few good things," Mr. Osmond murmured; "indeed, I have nothing very bad. But I have not what I should have liked."

He stood there a little awkwardly, smiling and glancing about; his manner was an odd mixture of the indifferent and the expressive. He seemed to in-

timate that nothing was of much consequence. Isabel made a rapid induction: perfect simplicity was not the badge of his family. Even the little girl from the convent, who, in her prim white dress, with her small submissive face and her hands locked before her, stood there as if she were about to partake of her first communion, — even Mr. Osmond's diminutive daughter had a kind of finish which was not entirely artless.

"You would have liked a few things from the Uffizzi and the Pitti, — that 's what you would have liked," said Madame Merle.

"Poor Osmond, with his old curtains and crucifixes!" the Countess Gemini exclaimed. She appeared to call her brother only by his family name. Her ejaculation had no particular object; she smiled at Isabel as she made it, and looked at her from head to foot.

Her brother had not heard her; he seemed to be thinking what he could say to Isabel. "Won't you have some tea? You must be very tired," he at last bethought himself of remarking.

"No, indeed, I am not tired; what have I done to tire me?" Isabel felt a certain need of being very direct, of pretending to nothing; there was something in the air, in her general impression of things, — she could hardly have said what it was, — that deprived her of all disposition to put herself forward. The place, the occasion, the combination of people, signified more than lay on the surface; she would try to understand; she would not simply utter graceful platitudes. Poor Isabel was perhaps not aware that many women would have uttered graceful platitudes to cover the working of their observation. It must be confessed that her pride was a trifle concerned. A man whom she had heard spoken of in terms that excited interest, and who was evidently capable of distinguishing himself, had invited her, a young lady not lavish of her favors, to come to his house. Now that she had done so, the burden of the entertainment rested naturally upon himself. Isabel was not rendered less observant, and for the moment, I am afraid, she was not rendered more indulgent, by perceiving that Mr. Osmond carried his burden less easily than might have been expected. "What a fool I was to have invited these women here!" she could fancy his exclaiming to himself.

"You will be tired when you go home, if he shows you all his *bibelots*, and gives you a lecture on each," said the Countess Gemini.

"I am not afraid of that; but if I am tired, I shall at least have learned something."

"Very little, I am afraid. But my sister is dreadfully afraid of learning anything," said Mr. Osmond.

"Oh, I confess to that. I don't want to know anything more; I know too much already. The more you know, the more unhappy you are."

"You should not undervalue knowledge before Pansy, who has not finished her education," Madame Merle interposed, with a smile.

"Pansy will never know any harm," said the child's father; "Pansy is a little convent-flower."

"Oh, the convents, the convents!" cried the countess, with a sharp laugh. "Speak to me of the convents. You may learn anything there; I am a convent-flower myself. I don't pretend to be good, but the nuns do. Don't you see what I mean?" she went on, appealing to Isabel.

Isabel was not sure that she saw, and she answered that she was very bad at following arguments. The countess then declared that she herself detested arguments, but that this was her brother's taste; he would always discuss. "For me," she said, "one should like a thing, or one should n't; one can't like everything, of course. But one should n't attempt to reason it out; you never know where it may lead you. There

are some very good feelings that may have bad reasons; don't you know? And then there are very bad feelings, sometimes, that have good reasons. Don't you see what I mean? I don't care anything about reasons, but I know what I like."

"Ah, that's the great thing," said Isabel, smiling, but suspecting that her acquaintance with this lightly-flitting personage would not lead to intellectual repose. If the countess objected to argument, Isabel at this moment had as little taste for it, and she put out her hand to Pansy, with a pleasant sense that such a gesture committed her to nothing that would admit of a divergence of views.

Gilbert Osmond apparently took a rather hopeless view of his sister's tone, and he turned the conversation to another topic. He presently sat down on the other side of his daughter, who had taken Isabel's hand for a moment; but he ended by drawing her out of her chair, and making her stand between his knees, leaning against him while he passed his arm around her little waist. The child fixed her eyes on Isabel with a still, disinterested gaze, which seemed void of an intention, but conscious of an attraction. Mr. Osmond talked of many things; Madame Merle had said he could be agreeable when he chose, and to-day, after a little, he appeared not only to have chosen, but to have determined. Madame Merle and the Countess Gemini sat a little apart, conversing in the effortless manner of persons who knew each other well enough to take their ease; every now and then Isabel heard the countess say something extravagant. Mr. Osmond talked of Florence, of Italy, of the pleasure of living in that country, and of the abatements to such pleasure. There were both satisfactions and drawbacks; the drawbacks were pretty numerous; strangers were too apt to see Italy in rose-color. On the whole, it was better than other countries, if one was content to lead a quiet life and take things as they came. It was very dull sometimes, but there were advantages in living in the country which contained the most beauty. There were certain impressions that one could get only in Italy. There were others that one never got there, and one got some that were very bad. But from time to time one got a delightful one, which made up for everything. He was inclined to think that Italy had spoiled a great many people. He was even fatuous enough to believe at times that he himself might have been a better man if he had spent less of his life there. It made people idle and dilettantish and second-rate; there was nothing tonic in an Italian life. One was out of the current; one was not *dans le mouvement*, as the French said; one was too far from Paris and London. "We are gloriously provincial, I assure you," said Mr. Osmond, "and I am perfectly aware that I myself am as rusty as a key that has no lock to fit it. It polishes me up a little to talk with you; not that I venture to pretend I can turn that very complicated lock I suspect your intellect of being! But you will be going away before I have seen you three times, and I shall perhaps never see you after that. That's what it is to live in a country that people come to. When they are disagreeable it is bad enough; when they are agreeable it is still worse. As soon as you find you like them they are off again! I have been deceived too often; I have ceased to form attachments, to permit myself to feel attractions. You mean to stay, to settle? That would be really comfortable. Ah, yes, your aunt is a sort of guarantee; I believe she may be depended upon. Oh, she 's an old Florentine — I mean, literally, an old one; not a modern outsider. She is a contemporary of the Medici; she must have been present at the burning of Savonarola, and I am not sure she did n't throw a handful of chips

into the flame. Her face is very much like some faces in the early pictures; little, dry, definite faces, that must have had a good deal of expression, but almost always the same one. Indeed, I can show you her portrait in a fresco of Ghirlandaio's. I hope you don't object to my speaking that way of your aunt, eh? I have an idea you don't. Perhaps you think that's even worse. I assure you there is no want of respect in it, to either of you. You know I 'm a particular admirer of Mrs. Touchett."

While Isabel's host exerted himself to entertain her in this somewhat confidential fashion, she looked occasionally at Madame Merle, who met her eyes with an inattentive smile in which, on this occasion, there was no infelicitous intimation that our heroine appeared to advantage. Madame Merle eventually proposed to the Countess Gemini that they should go into the garden, and the countess, rising and shaking out her soft plumage, began to rustle toward the door.

"Poor Miss Archer!" she exclaimed, surveying the other group with expressive compassion. "She has been brought quite into the family."

"Miss Archer can certainly have nothing but sympathy for a family to which you belong," Mr. Osmond answered, with a laugh which, though it had something of a mocking ring, was not ill-natured.

"I don't know what you mean by that! I am sure she will see no harm in me but what you tell her. I am better than he says, Miss Archer," the countess went on. "I am only rather light. Is that all he has said? Ah, then, you keep him in good humor. Has he opened on one of his favorite subjects? I give you notice that there are two or three that he treats *à fond*. In that case you had better take off your bonnet."

"I don't think I know what Mr. Osmond's favorite subjects are," said Isabel, who had risen to her feet.

The countess assumed, for an instant, an attitude of intense meditation; pressing one of her hands, with the finger-tips gathered together, to her forehead.

"I 'll tell you in a moment," she answered. "One is Machiavelli, the other is Vittoria Colonna, the next is Metastasio."

"Ah, with me," said Madame Merle, passing her arm into the Countess Gemini's, as if to guide her course to the garden, "Mr. Osmond is never so historical."

"Oh, you," the countess answered, as they moved away, "you yourself are Machiavelli, — you yourself are Vittoria Colonna!"

"We shall hear next that poor Madame Merle is Metastasio!" Gilbert Osmond murmured, with a little melancholy smile.

Isabel had got up, on the assumption that they too were to go into the garden; but Mr. Osmond stood there, with no apparent inclination to leave the room, with his hands in the pockets of his jacket, and his daughter, who had now locked her arm into one of his own, clinging to him and looking up, while her eyes moved from his own face to Isabel's. Isabel waited, with a certain unuttered contentedness, to have her movements directed; she liked Mr. Osmond's talk, his company; she felt that she was being entertained. Through the open doors of the great room she saw Madame Merle and the countess stroll across the deep grass of the garden; then she turned, and her eyes wandered over the things that were scattered about her. The understanding had been that her host should show her his treasures; his pictures and cabinets all looked like treasures. Isabel, after a moment, went toward one of the pictures to see it better; but, just as she had done so, Mr. Osmond said to her, abruptly, —

"Miss Archer, what do you think of my sister?"

Isabel turned, with a good deal of surprise: —

"Ah, don't ask me that; I have seen your sister too little."

"Yes, you have seen her very little; but you must have observed that there is not a great deal of her to see. What do you think of our family tone?" Osmond went on, smiling. "I should like to know how it strikes a fresh, unprejudiced mind. I know what you are going to say, — you have had too little observation of it. Of course this is only a glimpse. But just take notice, in future, if you have a chance. I sometimes think we have got into a rather bad way, living off here among things and people not our own, without responsibilities or attachments, with nothing to hold us together or keep us up; marrying foreigners, forming artificial tastes, playing tricks with our natural mission! Let me add, though, that I say that much more for myself than for my sister. She 's a very good woman, — better than she seems. She is rather unhappy, and as she is not of a very serious disposition, she does n't tend to show it tragically; she shows it comically instead. She has got a nasty husband, though I am not sure she makes the best of him. Of course, however, a nasty husband is an awkward thing. Madame Merle gives her excellent advice, but it 's a good deal like giving a child a dictionary to learn a language with. He can look out the words, but he can't put them together. My sister needs a grammar, but unfortunately she is not grammatical. Excuse my troubling you with these details; my sister was very right in saying that you have been taken into the family. Let me take down that picture; you want more light."

He took down the picture, carried it toward the window, related some curious facts about it. She looked at the other works of art, and he gave her such further information as might appear to be most acceptable to a young lady making a call on a summer's afternoon. His pictures, his carvings, and tapestries were interesting; but after a while Isabel became conscious that the owner was more interesting still. He resembled no one she had ever seen; most of the people she knew might be divided into groups of half-a-dozen specimens. There were one or two exceptions to this; she could think, for instance, of no group that would contain her aunt Lydia. There were other people who were, relatively speaking, original, — original, as one might say, by courtesy, — such as Mr. Goodwood, as her cousin Ralph, as Henrietta Stackpole, as Lord Warburton, as Madame Merle. But in essentials, when one came to look at them, these individuals belonged to types which were already present to her mind. Her mind contained no class which offered a natural place to Mr. Osmond; he was a specimen apart. Isabel did not say all these things to herself at the time; but she felt them, and afterwards they became distinct. For the moment she only said to herself that Mr. Osmond had the interest of rareness. It was not so much what he said and did, but rather what he withheld, that distinguished him; he indulged in no striking deflections from common usage; he was an original without being an eccentric. Isabel had never met a person of so fine a grain. The peculiarity was physical, to begin with, and it extended to his immaterial part. His dense, delicate hair, his overdrawn, retouched features, his clear complexion, ripe without being coarse, the very evenness of the growth of his beard, and that light, smooth slenderness of structure which made the movement of a single one of his fingers produce the effect of an expressive gesture, — these personal points struck our observant young lady as the signs of an unusual sensibility. He was certainly fastidious and critical; he was probably

irritable. His sensibility had governed him, — possibly governed him too much; it had made him impatient of vulgar troubles and had led him to live by himself, in a serene, impersonal way thinking about art and beauty and history. He had consulted his taste in everything, — his taste alone, perhaps; that was what made him so different from every one else. Ralph had something of this same quality, this appearance of thinking that life was a matter of connoisseurship; but in Ralph it was an anomaly, a kind of humorous excrescence, whereas in Mr. Osmond it was the key-note, and everything was in harmony with it. Isabel was certainly far from understanding him completely; his meaning was not at all times obvious. It was hard to see what he meant, for instance, by saying that he was gloriously provincial, — which was so exactly the opposite of what she had supposed. Was it a harmless paradox, intended to puzzle her? or was it the last refinement of high culture? Isabel trusted that she should learn in time: it would be very interesting to learn. If Mr. Osmond were provincial, pray what were the characteristics of the capital? Isabel could ask herself this question, in spite of having perceived that her host was a shy personage; for such shyness as his — the shyness of ticklish nerves and fine perceptions — was perfectly consistent with the best breeding. Indeed, it was almost a proof of superior qualities. Mr. Osmond was not a man of easy assurance, who chatted and gossiped with the fluency of a superficial nature; he was critical of himself as well as of others, and exacting a good deal of others (to think them agreeable), he probably took a rather ironical view of what he himself offered: a proof, into the bargain, that he was not grossly conceited. If he had not been shy, he would not have made that gradual, subtle, successful effort to overcome his shyness to which Isabel felt that she owed both what pleased and what puzzled her in his conversation to-day. His suddenly asking her what she thought of the Countess of Gemini, — that was doubtless a proof that he was interested in her feelings; it could scarcely be as a help to knowledge of his own sister. That he should be so interested showed an inquiring mind; but it was a little singular that he should sacrifice his fraternal feeling to his curiosity. This was the most eccentric thing he had done.

There were two other rooms, beyond the one in which she had been received, equally full of picturesque objects, and in these apartments Isabel spent a quarter of an hour. Everything was very curious and valuable, and Mr. Osmond continued to be the kindest of ciceroni, as he led her from one fine piece to another, still holding his little girl by the hand. His kindness almost surprised our young lady, who wondered why he should take so much trouble for her; and she was oppressed at last with the accumulation of beauty and knowledge to which she found herself introduced. There was enough for the present; she had ceased to attend to what he said; she listened to him with attentive eyes, but she was not thinking of what he told her. He probably thought she was cleverer than she was; Madame Merle would have told him so; which was a pity, because in the end he would be sure to find out, and then perhaps even her real cleverness would not reconcile him to his mistake. A part of Isabel's fatigue came from the effort to appear as intelligent as she believed Madame Merle had described her, and from the fear (very unusual with her) of exposing — not her ignorance; for that she cared comparatively little — but her possible grossness of perception. It would have annoyed her to express a liking for something which her host, in his superior enlightenment, would think she ought not to like; or to pass

by something at which the truly initiated mind would arrest itself. She was very careful, therefore, as to what she said, as to what she noticed or failed to notice, — more careful than she had ever been before.

They came back into the first of the rooms, where the tea had been served; but as the two other ladies were still on the terrace, and as Isabel had not yet been made acquainted with the view, which constituted the paramount distinction of the place, Mr. Osmond directed her steps into the garden, without more delay. Madame Merle and the countess had had chairs brought out, and as the afternoon was lovely the countess proposed they should take their tea in the open air. Pansy therefore was sent to bid the servant bring out the tray. The sun had got low, the golden light took a deeper tone, and on the mountains and the plain that stretched beneath them the masses of purple shadow seemed to glow as richly as the places that were still exposed. The scene had an extraordinary charm. The air was almost solemnly still, and the large expanse of the landscape, with its garden-like culture and nobleness of outline, its teeming valley and delicately-fretted hills, its peculiarly human-looking touches of habitation, lay there in splendid harmony and classic grace.

"You seem so well pleased that I think you can be trusted to come back," Mr. Osmond said, as he led his companion to one of the angles of the terrace.

"I shall certainly come back," Isabel answered, "in spite of what you say about its being bad to live in Italy. What was that you said about one's natural mission? I wonder if I should forsake my natural mission if I were to settle in Florence."

"A woman's natural mission is to be where she is most appreciated."

"The point is to find out where that is."

"Very true; a woman often wastes a great deal of time in the inquiry. People ought to make it very plain to her."

"Such a matter would have to be made very plain to me," said Isabel, smiling.

"I am glad, at any rate, to hear you talk of settling. Madame Merle had given me an idea that you were of a rather roving disposition. I thought she spoke of your having some plan of going round the world."

"I am rather ashamed of my plans; I make a new one every day."

"I don't see why you should be ashamed. It's the greatest of pleasures."

"It seems frivolous, I think," said Isabel. "One ought to choose something, very deliberately, and be faithful to that."

"By that rule, then, I have not been frivolous."

"Have you never made plans?"

"Yes, I made one years ago, and I am acting on it to-day."

"It must have been a very pleasant one," said Isabel.

"It was very simple. It was to be as quiet as possible."

"As quiet?" the girl repeated.

"Not to worry, — not to strive nor struggle. To resign myself. To be content with a little." He uttered these sentences slowly, with little pauses between, and his intelligent eyes were fixed upon Isabel's, with the conscious look of a man who has brought himself to confess something.

"Do you call that simple?" Isabel asked, with a gentle laugh.

"Yes, because it's negative."

"Has your life been negative?"

"Call it affirmative if you like. Only it has affirmed my indifference. Mind you, not my natural indifference, — I had none. But my studied, my willful renunciation."

Isabel scarcely understood him; it seemed a question whether he were joking or not. Why should a man who

struck her as having a great fund of reserve suddenly bring himself to be so confidential? This was his affair, however, and his confidences were interesting. "I don't see why you should have renounced," she said in a moment.

"Because I could do nothing. I had no prospects, I was poor, and I was not a man of genius. I had no talents even; I took my measure early in life. I was simply the most fastidious young gentleman living. There were two or three people in the world I envied, — the Emperor of Russia, for instance, and the Sultan of Turkey! There were even moments when I envied the Pope of Rome, — for the consideration he enjoys. I should have been delighted to be considered to that extent; but since I could n't be, I did n't care for anything less, and I made up my mind not to go in for honors. A gentleman can always consider himself, and, fortunately, I was a gentleman. I could do nothing in Italy, — I could n't even be an Italian patriot. To do that I should have had to go out of the country; and I was too fond of it to leave it. So I have passed a great many years here, on that quiet plan I spoke of. I have not been at all unhappy. I don't mean to say I have cared for nothing; but the things I have cared for have been definite, — limited. The events of my life have been absolutely unperceived by any one save myself; getting an old silver crucifix at a bargain (I have never bought anything dear, of course), or discovering, as I once did, a sketch by Correggio on a panel daubed over by some inspired idiot!"

This would have been rather a dry account of Mr. Osmond's career if Isabel had fully believed it; but her imagination supplied the human element which she was sure had not been wanting. His life had been mingled with other lives more than he admitted; of course she could not expect him to enter into this. For the present she abstained from provoking further revelations; to intimate that he had not told her everything would be more familiar and less considerate than she now desired to be. He had certainly told her quite enough. It was her present inclination, however, to express considerable sympathy for the success with which he had preserved his independence. "That 's a very pleasant life," she said, "to renounce everything but Correggio!"

"Oh, I have been very happy; don't imagine me to suggest for a moment that I have not. It 's one's own fault if one is not happy."

"Have you lived here always?"

"No, not always. I lived a long time at Naples, and many years in Rome. But I have been here a good while. Perhaps I shall have to change, however; to do something else. I have no longer myself to think of. My daughter is growing up, and it is very possible she may not care so much for the Correggios and crucifixes as I. I shall have to do what is best for her."

"Yes, do that," said Isabel. "She is such a dear little girl."

"Ah," cried Gilbert Osmond, with feeling, "she is a little saint of heaven! She is my great happiness!"

XXIV.

While this sufficiently intimate colloquy (prolonged for some time after we cease to follow it) was going on, Madame Merle and her companion, breaking a silence of some duration, had begun to exchange remarks. They were sitting in an attitude of unexpressed expectancy; an attitude especially marked on the part of the Countess Gemini, who, being of a more nervous temperament than Madame Merle, practiced with less success the art of disguising impatience. What these ladies were waiting for would not have been appar-

ent, and was perhaps not very definite to their own minds. Madame Merle waited for Osmond to release their young friend from her *tête-à-tête*, and the countess waited because Madame Merle did. The countess, moreover, by waiting, found the time ripe for saying something discordant; a necessity of which she had been conscious for the last twenty minutes. Her brother wandered with Isabel to the end of the garden, and she followed the pair for a while with her eyes.

"My dear," she then observed to Madame Merle, "you will excuse me if I don't congratulate you!"

"Very willingly; for I don't in the least know why you should."

"Have n't you a little plan that you think rather well of?" And the countess nodded towards the retreating couple.

Madame Merle's eyes took the same direction; then she looked serenely at her neighbor. "You know I never understand you very well," she answered, smiling.

"No one can understand better than you when you wish. I see that, just now, you don't wish to."

"You say things to me that no one else does," said Madame Merle, gravely, but without bitterness.

"You mean things you don't like? Does n't Osmond sometimes say such things?"

"What your brother says has a point."

"Yes, a very sharp one sometimes. If you mean that I am not so clever as he, you must not think I shall suffer from your saying it. But it will be much better that you should understand me."

"Why so?" asked Madame Merle; "what difference will it make?"

"If I don't approve of your plan, you ought to know it in order to appreciate the danger of my interfering with it."

Madame Merle looked as if she were ready to admit that there might be something in this; but in a moment she said quietly, "You think me more calculating than I am."

"It 's not your calculating that I think ill of; it 's your calculating wrong. You have done so in this case."

"You must have made extensive calculations yourself to discover it."

"No, I have not had time for that. I have seen the girl but this once," said the countess, "and the conviction has suddenly come to me. I like her very much."

"So do I," Madame Merle declared.

"You have a strange way of showing it."

"Surely — I have given her the advantage of making your acquaintance."

"That, indeed," cried the countess, with a laugh, "is perhaps the best thing that could happen to her!"

Madame Merle said nothing for some time. The countess's manner was impertinent, but she did not suffer this to discompose her; and with her eyes upon the violet slope of Monte Morello, she gave herself up to reflection.

"My dear lady," she said at last, "I advise you not to agitate yourself. The matter you allude to concerns three persons much stronger of purpose than yourself."

"Three persons? You and Osmond, of course. But is Miss Archer also very strong of purpose?"

"Quite as much so as we."

"Ah, then," said the countess radiantly, "if I convince her it 's her interest to resist you, she will do so successfully!"

"Resist us? Why do you express yourself so coarsely? She is not to be subjected to force."

"I am not sure of that. You are capable of anything, you and Osmond. I don't mean Osmond by himself, and I don't mean you by yourself. But together you are dangerous, — like some chemical combination."

"You had better leave us alone, then," said Madame Merle, smiling.

"I don't mean to touch you; but I shall talk to that girl."

"My poor Amy," Madame Merle murmured, "I don't see what has got into your head."

"I take an interest in her, — that is what has got into my head. I like her."

Madame Merle hesitated a moment. "I don't think she likes you."

The countess's bright little eyes expanded, and her face was set in a grimace. "Ah, you *are* dangerous," she cried, "even by yourself!"

"If you want her to like you, don't abuse your brother to her," said Madame Merle.

"I don't suppose you pretend she has fallen in love with him, — in two interviews."

Madame Merle looked a moment at Isabel and at the master of the house. He was leaning against the parapet, facing her, with his arms folded; and she, at present, though she had her face turned to the opposite prospect, was evidently not scrutinizing it. As Madame Merle watched her, she lowered her eyes; she was listening, possibly with a certain embarrassment, while she pressed the point of her parasol into the path. Madame Merle rose from her chair. "Yes, I think so!" she said.

The shabby footboy, summoned by Pansy, had come out with a small table, which he placed upon the grass, and then had gone back and fetched the tea-tray; after which he again disappeared, to return with a couple of chairs. Pansy had watched these proceedings with the deepest interest, standing with her small hands folded together upon the front of her scanty frock; but she had not presumed to offer assistance to the servant. When the tea-table had been arranged, she gently approached her aunt. "Do you think papa would object to my making the tea?"

The countess looked at her with a deliberately critical gaze, and without answering her question. "My poor niece," she said, "is that your best frock?"

"Ah, no," Pansy answered, "it's just a little toilet for common occasions."

"Do you call it a common occasion when I come to see you? — to say nothing of Madame Merle and the pretty lady yonder."

Pansy reflected a moment, looking gravely from one of the persons mentioned to the other. Then her face broke into its perfect smile. "I have a pretty dress, but even that one is very simple. Why should I expose it beside your beautiful things?"

"Because it's the prettiest you have; for me you must always wear the prettiest. Please put it on the next time. It seems to me they don't dress you so well as they might."

The child stroked down her antiquated skirt, sparingly. "It's a good little dress to make tea, — don't you think? Do you not believe papa would allow me?"

"Impossible for me to say, my child," said the countess. "For me, your father's ideas are unfathomable. Madame Merle understands them better; ask her."

Madame Merle smiled with her usual geniality. "It's a weighty question, — let me think. It seems to me it would please your father to see a careful little daughter making his tea. It's the proper duty of the daughter of the house, — when she grows up."

"So it seems to me, Madame Merle!" Pansy cried. "You shall see how well I will make it. A spoonful for each." And she began to busy herself at the table.

"Two spoonfuls for me," said the countess, who, with Madame Merle, remained for some moments watching her. "Listen to me, Pansy," the countess re-

sumed at last. "I should like to know what you think of your visitor."

"Ah, she is not mine, — she is papa's," said Pansy.

"Miss Archer came to see you as well," Madame Merle remarked.

"I am very happy to hear that. She has been very polite to me."

"Do you like her, then?" the countess asked.

"She is charming, — charming," said Pansy, in her little neat, conversational tone. "She pleases me exceedingly."

"And you think she pleases your father?"

"Ah, really, countess," murmured Madame Merle, dissuasively. "Go and call them to tea," she went on, to the child.

"You will see if they don't like it!" Pansy declared; and went off to summon the others, who were still lingering at the end of the terrace.

"If Miss Archer is to become her mother it is surely interesting to know whether the child likes her," said the countess.

"If your brother marries again, it won't be for Pansy's sake," Madame Merle replied. "She will soon be sixteen, and after that she will begin to need a husband rather than a step-mother."

"And will you provide the husband as well?"

"I shall certainly take an interest in her marrying well. I imagine you will do the same."

"Indeed I shan't!" cried the countess. "Why should I, of all women, set such a price on a husband?"

"You did n't marry well; that 's what I am speaking of. When I say a husband, I mean a good one."

"There are no good ones. Osmond won't be a good one."

Madame Merle closed her eyes a moment. "You are irritated just now, — I don't know why," she said, presently. "I don't think you will really object either to your brother or to your niece's marrying, when the time comes for them to do so; and as regards Pansy, I am confident that we shall some day have the pleasure of looking for a husband for her together. Your large acquaintance will be a great help."

"Yes, I am irritated," the countess answered. "You often irritate me. Your own coolness is extraordinary; you are a strange woman."

"It is much better that we should always act together," Madame Merle went on.

"Do you mean that as a threat?" asked the countess, rising.

Madame Merle shook her head, with a smile of sadness. "No indeed, you have not my coolness!"

Isabel and Mr. Osmond were now coming toward them, and Isabel had taken Pansy by the hand.

"Do you pretend to believe he would make her happy?" the countess demanded.

"If he should marry Miss Archer I suppose he would behave like a gentleman."

The countess jerked herself into a succession of attitudes. "Do you mean as most gentlemen behave? That would be much to be thankful for! Of course Osmond 's a gentleman; his own sister need n't be reminded of that. But does he think he can marry any girl he happens to pick out? Osmond 's a gentleman, of course; but I must say I have never, no never, seen any one of Osmond's pretentions! What they are all based upon is more than I can say. I am his own sister; I might be supposed to know. Who is he, if you please? What has he ever done? If there had been anything particularly grand in his origin — if he were made of some superior clay — I suppose I should have got some inkling of it. If there had been any great honors or splendors in the family, I should certainly have made the most of them; they would have been of good use to me. But there is nothing, nothing.

nothing. His parents were charming people of course; but so were yours, I have no doubt. Every one is a charming person nowadays. Even I am a charming person; don't laugh, it has literally been said. As for Osmond, he has always appeared to believe that he is descended from the gods."

"You may say what you please," said Madame Merle, who had listened to this quick outbreak none the less attentively, we may believe, because her eye wandered away from the speaker, and her hands busied themselves with adjusting the knots of ribbon on her dress. "You Osmonds are a fine race, — your blood must flow from some very pure source. Your brother, like an intelligent man, has had the conviction of it, if he has not had the proofs. You are modest about it, but you yourself are extremely distinguished. What do you say about your niece? The child's a little duchess. Nevertheless," Madame Merle added, "it will not be an easy matter for Osmond to marry Miss Archer. But he can try."

"I hope she will refuse him. It will take him down a little."

"We must not forget that he is one of the cleverest of men."

"I have heard you say that before; but I have n't yet discovered what he has done!"

"What he has done? He has never done anything that has had to be undone. And he has known how to wait."

"To wait for Miss Archer's money? How much of it is there?"

"That 's not what I mean," said Madame Merle. "Miss Archer has seventy thousand pounds."

"Well, it is a pity she is so nice," the countess declared. "To be sacrificed, any girl would do. She need n't be superior."

"If she were not superior, your brother would never look at her. He must have the best."

"Yes," rejoined the countess, as they went forward a little to meet the others, "he is very hard to please. That makes me fear for her happiness!"

Henry James, Jr.

CONCERNING DEAD LOVE.

When Love is dead, who writes his epitaph?
Who kisses his shut eyes, and says, "Sleep well"?
We do not ring for him a passing bell;
We cover him with flowers of jest and laugh,
The bitter funeral wine in silence quaff,
And with dull heart-beats toll his secret knell.
His grave is ours, and yet with life we strive,
Endure the years, and grind our daily task;
There is no heaven for Love that could not live,
Earth has but mocked us with this beauteous mask.
And when, in agony, our dry lips ask,
"If God deprive us, wherefore did he give?"
There comes some dreadful question from above,
And whispers by the grave, "Was this poor dead thing Love?"

Rose Terry Cooke.

WHAT WE LEARN FROM OLD ARYAN WORDS.

The discovery of the Aryan family of languages, as elucidated in the paper printed in The Atlantic for February, was the first and most conspicuous consequence of the zeal for Sanskrit studies which ensued upon the English conquest of India. Surely, this in itself was no small thing. It was in every way stimulating and suggestive to have detected a specific bond of relationship, in speech and in culture, between such different peoples as the English and the Hindus, who had not previously been suspected of possessing anything in common save their common humanity. It had indeed been long ago maintained that languages the most diverse in superficial aspect were descended from a common source, but such views were based merely on a languid assent to an ill-understood tradition, and no one had the least conception of the proper method of tracing linguistic affinity. Down to the beginning of the present century the labors of etymologists had all the crudeness of astrological speculations, or of barbarian theories of the universe. And no wonder, since attention had been chiefly directed toward Hebrew, a language entirely unrelated to those of Europe, so that any attempt to explain the latter by a reference to the former could end only in mental confusion. It was a very striking discovery that was made when it was proved that though no likeness whatever exists between the European tongues and Hebrew, yet the closest similarity is manifest between these tongues and a much more remote Asiatic language. The completion of this discovery was no less striking when it was shown that while linguistic relationship can be clearly traced, according to fixed rules of inference, among all the various members of the Indo-European group, yet the moment we step outside of this group we can neither detect relationships nor establish rules of inference, but have before us a new set of facts, quite incongruous with the old ones. Such a contrast was just what was needed in order to indicate what the true signs of linguistic relationship are, and thus our whole mental horizon was shifted, as far as concerns the study of language. In the act of establishing the existence of our own great family of speech, scientific methods of comparison were gradually worked out, and the results of this have been far-reaching enough.

In the present and following papers I propose briefly to notice three departments of study which have been actually created by the comparative investigation of Aryan languages. Under the first head I shall call attention to some characteristics of scientific etymology; under the second, we shall get a glimpse of the prehistoric culture of the Aryans; under the third, we shall make a beginning in the study of myths.

First, as regards etymology, we need consider only a few facts which show how systematic and orderly inference has been substituted for what once was mere random guess-work. In comparing different languages, similarity and dissimilarity are still, as formerly, the principal tests of relationship; but in applying these tests we are strictly limited by rules which formerly were ignored. Once a vague resemblance between the vocabularies of two languages was considered sufficient ground for assigning them to the same class; now even a close and sustained likeness in vocabulary is not enough, unless it be accompanied by likeness in grammatical forms. Thus, the possession of innumerable Latin words, such as *opinion*, *reflect*, *admire*, *umbrella*, *honor*, *color*,

contemplate, *criminal*, etc., does not make English a language of the Italic class, nor does it even show any original kinship between English and Latin. Such words have simply been adopted from Latin, just as *ennui* and *naïveté* have been adopted from modern French, and such borrowing and lending as this can go on between any two languages. It is just as easy for us to use Arabic words like *alcohol* and *cipher* as if Arabic were a kindred language. Nearly half the vocabulary of modern Persian has in this way come to be made up of Arabic words, yet there is no kinship whatever between Persian and Arabic. But while mere vocabulary does not determine the place of a language, the peculiar style of making sentences does determine it. Though more than half the words we use are Latin, English is not an Italic language, because we cannot make a single sentence out of Latin materials alone. English, on the other hand, is a Teutonic language, because we cannot make a single sentence without introducing some Teutonic shibboleth. Suppose we say, "Atheism desecrates deity:" here we seem to have simply one Greek word followed by two Latin words; but the Teutonic shibboleth comes out in the terminal *s* of "desecrates," which is the peculiar shape in which English has retained the old Teutonic verb-ending *th*, as it would appear in "desecrateth." Again, if I say, "I can go to Boston," my phraseology is purely Teutonic; but if, like Dr. Johnson, I have a weakness for big words, and say, "It is possible for this individual to traverse the vast area intervening between this locality and Boston," I have not yet escaped the boundary of Teutonic speech; for although I have introduced seven Latin words of secondary importance, yet the little words which enable me to knit the sentence together are still Teutonic, as before. So when we say, "I have, thou havest or hast, he haveth, hath, or has," the Teutonic shibboleth comes out in this style of inflection. In short, it is easy enough for us to acquire new words, but we cannot abandon our habits of sentence-making without giving up our language altogether. Now the demonstrated community of the Aryan languages rests not merely on their possession of a common vocabulary, but on their retention, in various degrees, of grammatical forms originally common to all. We can hardly find a better instance than in the conjugation of the verb just alluded to:[1] —

"TO HAVE."

Gothic,	haba,	habai-s,	habai-th;	haba-m,	habai-th,	haba-nd.
Pers.	-m,		-d;	-m,	-d,	-nd.
Kelt.	-m,		-d;	-m,	-d,	-t.
Lith.	-mi,	-si,	-ti;	-me,	-te,	-ti.
Slav.	-mi,	-si,	-ti;	-mu,	-te,	-nti.
Lat.	habeo	habe-s	habe-t;	habe-mus,	habe-tis,	habe-nt
Gr.	-mi,	-si,	-ti;	-mes,	-te,	-nti.
Skr.	-mi,	-si,	-ti;	-masi,	-tha,	-nti.

Community of vocabulary is, however, a very important matter, when rightly considered. It is true that any language may borrow a large proportion of its words from an entirely alien source, as Persian has borrowed from Arabic. But in comparing the various forms of Aryan speech we have found a criterion which enables us to distinguish between words that are alike in two languages because one has borrowed them from the other, and words that are alike because they are simply modified forms of the same aboriginal word. This supremely important point can be here treated but roughly; yet I hope that, with a few illustrations, it may be rendered intelligible.

[1] Whitney. Study of Language, page 199.

One of the chief reasons for the di-

vergence of a language, originally uniform, into two or more distinct dialects is to be found in those differences of pronunciation which arise, one hardly knows how, in different localities. The most curious feature of these differences is that they are often so extremely systematic. Every one has heard of the Englishman who inquired, "If a *haitch* and a *ho* and a *har* and a *hess* and a *he* don't spell *'orse*, what the deuce does it spell, you know?" The infallible accuracy with which the cockney omitted his *h* where it belonged, and supplied it where it did not belong, used to excite my wondering admiration when I was in London. Had there been any caprice in the usage, it would have seemed less marvelous. But so unerring is the instinct that when a friend of mine once purposely spelled his name out as U-t-t-o-n he was correctly announced by the waiter as Mr. HUTTON! Is not this what our High German friends, with equal felicity, and in illustration of the same point, would call a very *eggsdraortinary zirgumsdance?* Yet after all, so far from being extraordinary, such phenomena occur so regularly in a comparison of the Aryan languages that they have been reduced to a systematic form of expression in what is known as "Grimm's law." Take, for example, the word "father." This is the same in all the Aryan languages, save for the differences in pronunciation which make the German say *vater*, while in Latin, Greek and Sanskrit, we have *pater*. On the other hand, *brother*, in German *bruder*, appears in Latin and Sanskrit as *frater* or *bhratar*, in Greek as φρατης, the member of a brotherhood or fraternity. That is, where we pronounce an *f* the Greeks, Romans, and Hindus pronounced a *p*, but where we pronounce a *b* they pronounced an *f*, or something like it. Similarly, where we say *gard-en* the Greek said χόρτος and the Latin *hort-us;* and our *goose*, which appears more fully in the German *gans*, is found in Greek as χῆν, in Sanskrit as *hansa*, in Bohemian as *hus*, the name of the celebrated martyr. But conversely, where we say *heart* the Greek said καρδ and the old Roman *cord*, and where the German says *haupt* the Roman said *caput*. That is, a Teutonic *g* answers to a Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, or Slavonic *h*, but a Teutonic *h* answers to a *k* in the latter languages. Now this group of facts is not precisely analogous to the cockney's transposition of his aspirates, but it is certainly very similar, and it is equally mysterious. Why this curious alteration of sounds should have occurred so systematically, and on so great a scale, no one has ever succeeded in explaining. It is none the less to the purpose, however, that it has occurred. Although an empirical rule, Grimm's law is nevertheless a well-established rule, and in the study of Aryan etymology it has to be taken into account at every step. It is easy to see what a revolution the establishment of this law has worked in our methods of comparing words. Formerly the etymologist looked, though in a vague, intermediate way, for mere resemblances; and this was natural enough. But now a too strict resemblance sometimes becomes a suspicious circumstance. The Greek word for "whole" is ὅλος, and what could be more plausible than to suppose it identical with the English word? But here Grimm's law makes us suspicious. We ought not to expect a Greek to pronounce "whole" like an Englishman, any more than we ought to expect to hear a cockney say "horse." What the cockney says is "orse," and what the Greek would naturally say is not ὅλος, but κόλος; and in point of fact it has been otherwise proved that our suspicion is here well grounded, — the resemblance between the English and Greek words is purely accidental. Mere resemblance is thus a very treacherous guide in etymology. In French we have *louer*, "to hire," and *louer*, "to praise."

Some philological dreamer tried to show that these words might be connected, because you praise your lodgings or horses when you wish to induce some one to hire them! In fact, the one word has been clipped down from Latin *locare*, "to hire," and the other from Latin *laudare*, "to praise." In striking contrast to this, let us observe how two English words, *pen* and *feather*, are closely connected in origin, in spite of their entire dissimilarity. There was an Old Aryan verb *pat*, "to fly," which still appears in the Greek πέτομαι. There were also such suffixes as *tra* and *na*, denoting the instrument with which an act is accomplished. *Pat-tra* thus meant "a wing," and a Hindu might perhaps thus understand it; but in Gothic we find *fath-thra*, and in English *feather*, just as Grimm's law has taught us to expect. *Pat-na* had the same meaning, and passed into old Latin as *pes-na*, which later Latin clipped down to *penna*, a wing or feather, and finally the quill-feather with which you write. In these days we have applied the word to little implements of gold or steel which have nothing to do with flying, unless the soaring of Pegasus be supposed to keep up the association of ideas.

This example of *pen* and *feather* is a trite one, but I have cited it because it further illustrates a very important point, toward which my argument has been for some time tending. Looking at these two words, with reference to the whole extant Aryan vocabulary, we find that their very forms disclose their past history. We see that the word *feather*, which has undergone the change of pronunciation indicated in Grimm's law, in common with Teutonic words in general, is a genuine Teutonic word, and appears in the English language to-day because it has always belonged to English speech. But the word *pen*, which has not undergone this change, shows thus on its very face that it has not grown up in company with Teutonic words, but has been adopted at a recent date from another branch of the Aryan family. The changes formulated in Grimm's law took place in early times, long before people had begun to think critically about their pronunciation or their diction. When we adopt Latin words in modern times, we do not refashion them in accordance with the twisted pronunciation of our barbaric ancestors, but we take them as they are. From *pater* we take *paternal*, without trying to make it sound like its equivalent, *fatherly*. Thus we arrive at a safe criterion for distinguishing between words which have been passed about from one Aryan language to another, in the course of recent intercommunication of culture, and words which have descended, with divers modifications, from a common original. Words of the latter sort, where they exist in different classes of Aryan speech, have obviously been handed down from primeval times; they must have formed part of the vocabulary employed in Aryana Vaëjo, and the most convincing proof of their genuineness is to be found in the peculiar nature of the wear and tear they have undergone. To recur to an example previously cited, the existence of such English words as *color*, *opinion*, *admire*, etc., not only fails to prove kinship between English and Latin, but it does not even prove that English is an Aryan language, since these words are manifest importations, and the case of Persian and Arabic shows that nothing is easier than for one language to adopt half its current words from another that has no relationship with it. But on the other hand, when we compare such words as *corn* with Lat. *granum*; *horn* with Lat. *cornu*; *who* and *what* with Lat. *quis* and *quid*, Skr. *kas* and *kad*; *queen* with Gr. γονή; *beech* with Lat. *fagus*; *doom* with Gr. δέμις; *tear* with Skr. *dar*; *bear* with Skr. *bhar*, Gr. and Lat. *fero*; *tooth* (Goth. *tunthus*) with Zend and Skr. *dant*, Lat. *dens*, — when

we find a thousand such cases of systematic divergence, we get clear proof of the original identity of the English vocabulary with the others brought into the comparison. For the divergences in themselves are incompatible with any theory of modern borrowing and lending, while the extreme regularity of their recurrence is explicable only as the result of common processes operating on common materials.

The symmetry of consonant-changes throughout the Aryan languages is at first sight a wonderful phenomenon, and the tracing of correlated words in accordance with such laws as Grimm's never ceases to be a fascinating study. The laws of vowel-change — whereby, for example, the Skr. *matar* corresponds to Lat. *mater*, Gr. μήτηρ, Gaelic *mathair*, Germ. *mutter*, and Eng. *mother* — are hardly less interesting. But to do justice to such a subject as etymology would require much more time than we have at our disposal. In the present paper I have not attempted to make anything like a full statement even of Grimm's law, but have given only such scanty illustrations as may serve to render the outline of my argument intelligible. That other sound generalizations have been made concerning phonetic change I must ask the reader to admit, while I go on to point out one of the largest of the results that have come from this minute study of consonants and vowels. From this minute study the laws of the permutation of words have been wrought into such a complete and harmonious system that it has become possible to reconstruct large portions of the common Aryan mother-tongue by comparing together the curiously modified forms of its modern descendants. The problem is quite similar to what it would be if classical Latin were extinct, and we were required to reproduce as much as possible of it from an elaborate comparison of the vocabularies and grammatical forms of French, Spanish, Italian, and their allied modern dialects. Such a task would no doubt be delicate and difficult; but there is also no doubt that a great deal of good Latin could be reconstructed in this way. The restoration of the Aryan mother-tongue seems at first sight a still more formidable task; but it is a task for which we have also more abundant materials in the wider variation among Aryan words as compared with Romanic words. Thus by a comparison of French *mois* with Span. *mes* and Ital. *mese*, knowing besides the general habits of the Romanic languages, we might probably infer the Lat. *mensis* as the common original of the three; but on looking over the whole Aryan field, and comparing Lat. *mensis* with English *month*, Gr. μήν, Lith. *menesis*, O. H. G. *manot*, and Skr. *masa*, we arrive with even stronger probability at the Old Aryan *mansa* as the only form which could have given rise to all these. This work of reconstructing the Old Aryan has gone on so vigorously of late years that we have now a dictionary of it in three stout octavos;[1] and one great philologist, August Schleicher, has gone so far as to write a short story in this prehistoric language. Very likely a primitive Aryan, if we could resuscitate him, would have some severe criticisms to make upon this attempt. In so bold an undertaking, frequent and extensive revision will no doubt be called for. But the mere possibility of making such an attempt shows forcibly how thoroughly scientific the study of etymology has become.

In no respect do these philological inquiries appear more interesting than in the light which they throw upon the prehistoric civilization of our Aryan-speaking forefathers. No historic record, not even a vague tradition, is preserved of the time when the ancestors of Kelt, Greek, Roman, and Teuton

[1] Fick, Vergl. Woerherb. d. Indog. Sprachen. Third edition, Goettingen. 1874-1876.

dwelt in a single community with the ancestors of Persian and Hindu. We have no clue even to the date of this epoch of common Aryanism, though we may very fairly allow for it at least three or four thousand years before the Christian era. Even the oldest Aryan legends, as those of the Vendidad, preserve only a dim reference to a time when the Indo-Persian branch of the family had not yet become divided. Yet concerning the degree of culture reached in those remote times, so far antedating all conscious historic tradition, the unconscious record of language has given us some trustworthy information. From the seemingly dry study of consonants and vowels an easy process of inference opens up to us, as with a magician's wand, a fascinating picture of the life and pursuits and habits of thought of the people from whose long-perished form of speech our vowels and consonants are derived.

Wonderful as this may seem, what is simpler, when we have once ascertained that a certain word belonged to the Old Aryan language, than the inference that the word was used to describe some object or express some thought? And where the meaning of the word has remained uniform throughout all the vicissitudes of pronunciation and inflection to which it has been subjected, what better guarantee do we need that the word was used with the same meaning in the mother-tongue? It requires no extraordinary insight, when one has mastered the rules of comparative grammar, to see that the primitive Aryan called his nearest relatives by the names *patar*, *matar*, *bhratar*, *svasar*, *sunu*, and *dhugatar*; or that when he learned to count up to ten he said something like *aina*, *dva*, *tri*, *katvar*, *paukan*, *ksvaks*, *saptan*, *aktan*, *navan*, *dakan*.

Proceeding in this way, we find abundant evidence that the early Aryans had outgrown the nomad stage of civilization and acquired settled habitations, not merely in villages, but even in fortified towns. The Lat. *domus* reappears, with hardly any change, in Gr. δόμος, Skr. *dama*, Armen. *dohm*, Irish *daimh*, and Russ. *domu*, always with the meaning of "house." In the Teutonic class we do not find this word in precisely the same sense; but we have the Germ. *zimmer*, "a room," connected with Goth. *timrjan*, "to build," and Eng. *timber*, or "building material;" and these words, compared with Gr. δέμειν, carry us back to Old Aryan *dam*, "to build," so that the *domus* of our forefathers was not a mere hole in the rocks, but a dwelling-place put together by the arts of the carpenter.[1] In Greek the more common word for house is οἶκος, originally Fοῖκος, "a place that one goes into." This word runs through all the Aryan languages, but the original sense of "entering" is forgotten, and it only means "a place where one lives," — sometimes a house, but more generally a village. Thus we have Skr. *veça*, Zend *viç*, Russ. *vesi* and Polish *wies*, Lat. *vicus* (whence the diminutive *vicula*, *villa*, *village*), Irish *fich*, Kymric *gwic*, Goth. *weihs*, Eng. *wick*. The Old Norse language shows a curious deviation[2] from this general agreement in meaning; for whereas the word generally describes an abode on the land, to the sea-roving Norseman a *wick* was a creek or sheltered bay serving as a station for ships, and hence their famous name of *Vikings* or "men of the fjord." So, while the ending *wick* or *wich* is very common in Old English names of inland towns, it occurs frequently also on the British coasts in the Norse sense, as in *Sandwich* and *Berwick*, favorite stations for pirates. But with this characteristic divergence, the generally uniform significance of the word, in languages so widely scattered, points clearly to the existence of village communities among the prehistoric Aryans. The various forms

[1] See, however, Pictet and Fick.

[2] Taylor, Words and Places, page 61.

of the English word *town* are equally instructive, though not quite so numerous. The Old English form *tun* has its counterpart in Old German *zun*, "an inclosed or fortified place," with which the modern German *zaun*, "a hedge," is connected. Now, in accordance with Grimm's law, we find Armenian *dun*, "a house," Kymric *din*, "a fortress," Irish *dun*, a "fortress" or "camp" or "walled town." This Keltic form appears in many geographical names, such as *Thun*, in Switzerland; *Lug-dun-um* on the Rhone, now *Lyons*; *Lug-dun-um* in Holland, *Leyden; Dun-Keld*, the "fort of the Kelts;" *Dum-barton*, the "fort of the Britons;" *Dundee*, *London*, *Clarendon*, etc. In the remote Himalayas the same word reoccurs in the names of hill fortresses, such as *Kjarda Dhun*, *Dehra Dhun*, etc.; and again it is a fair inference that where a word turns up in so many parts of the Aryan domain with the very same determinations of meaning, it must have belonged to the primitive vocabulary of the race. So that our forefathers would appear to have been acquainted not only with houses and villages, but also with some kind of walled towns.

The name of the rampart with which such fortified inclosures were surrounded was also contained in the Old Aryan vocabulary. From the old root *val* or *var*, to "protect" or "surround," we have Skr. *varana*, Old Germ. *wari*, Pol. *warownia*, Lat. *vallum*, Lith. *wolas*, Irish *fal*, Kymric *gwal*, Eng. *wall*. The partition wall of a house, on the other hand, is more properly described by a root which in Sanskrit seems to be applied to wicker-work, but which in the European tongues appears, with hardly any variation either in sound or sense, as Lat. *murus*, Lith. *muras*, Old Germ. *mura*, Modern Germ. *mauer*, Irish, Kymric, Anglo-Sax., and Pol. *mur*. The name for "roof" is similarly ubiquitous: in Skr. we have *sthag*, "to cover," in Lith. *stogas*, "a roof," in Gr. στέγος, a "roof" or "house," and στέγω, "to cover;" but the word appears about as often in Greek as τέγος, with the initial letter dropped; and so in Irish we find *teg*, "a house," in Lat. *tego* and *tectum*, in Old Eng. *thecan*, in Eng. *deck* and *thatch*. In *door* there has been even less variation than this: Skr. has *dvar*, and also *dur* in the Vedas; Zend *dvara*, Pers. *dar*, Gr. δύρα, O. H. G. *tura*, Goth. *daur*, Old Eng. *duru*, Irish and Welsh *dor;* the Lithuanian has lost the singular, but retains the plural *durrys* for folding-doors. The word meant originally "that which obstructs or keeps out." Another old name for the door, which appears in Skr. as *arara*, has been preserved in Europe only in the Irish *orair*, a "porch" or "vestibule," and Welsh *oriel*. This latter is one of the very few Keltic words to be found in English, where it has become the name of a kind of bay-window.

Among the Aryan words for "window" there is no such identity, though there is a most curious similarity in the metaphors by which they have been constructed. In Sanskrit the window is *grhaksha*, or "the eye of the house," and a big round window is called *gavaksha*, a compound of *gau*, "cow," and *aksha*, "eye," which is about equivalent to our expression "bull's-eye." The Slavonic languages have *okno*, from *oko*, "an eye," while Gothic has *augadauro* and O. H. G. *augatora*, or "eye-door." The meaning of our English word is not so immediately apparent, but in one of our nearest relatives, the Danish, it occurs as *vindue*, and in Old Norse this was *vindauga*, that is, "an eye or hole for the wind to blow through." These coincidences are interesting as showing how easily and naturally the same association of ideas may occur to different people, for these words have been independently formed. Whether we are entitled to infer from this that the Aryan mother-tongue had no word for window, and that therefore the people who

spoke it lighted and aired their houses only through the door-way, it is not easy to decide. Such an inference might seem probable; but here, as elsewhere, it is very unsafe to rest a conclusion upon negative evidence. The Old Aryans certainly might have had a name for window which among various tribes came to be supplanted by various other expressions, and this possibility must prevent our holding a positive opinion. We can only say that, while we are perfectly sure that they had doors, it is quite uncertain, so far as philology goes, whether they had windows or not. And in general, while the occurrence of the same indigenous name for any object, throughout the different classes of Indo-European speech, is sufficient proof that the primitive Aryans knew and named the object, on the other hand, the non-existence of such a common name raises only a negative presumption, which we have seldom any further means for testing.

The ancient Aryan gained a livelihood chiefly from rearing cattle and tilling the ground. The names of our principal domestic animals are found in all parts of the Indo-European territory. The various Teutonic forms *cow*, *ku*, *chuo*, reappear with the proper change of guttural in Lettish *gôws*, Pers. *gâw*, Armen. *gov*, Zend *gao* and *gava*, Skr. *gaus*, *gava*, and *gu*. A peculiar twist, by which a labial was pronounced instead of an original guttural, may be observed quite frequently in the Græco-Roman and Keltic languages, and here we have Gr. *βοῦς*, Lat. *bos*, Irish *bo*, and Welsh *bu*. The meaning of the word has been variously explained, but, as we have beside it the Skr. *gu*, Gr. *γοάω* and *βοάω*, Lat. *boao*, to "bellow," it is most likely an imitative sound, like our *moo* and *mooley*. In the dialect of the Vedas a bull is called *vâksha*, in later Skr. and Zend *uksha;* in Gothic this appears as *auhsa*, and in Anglo-Sax. as *oxa*, whence our *ox*. *Sthira*, again, is a Skr. name for bull, meaning the "powerful" animal. In Zend *çtaora* means a strong beast of burden; in English we have kept the full word *steer*, but the initial *s* has generally been dropped, so that we have Dan. *tyr*, Gr. and Lat. *taurus*, Russ. *turu*, Irish *tor*. The word *bull* itself is descriptive of the strength of the animal, and appears in Skr. *balin*, Irish *bulan*, Lith. *bullus*, and in many other languages. There are a great many other Aryan names for these animals, but without spending time on them we may note that several of the words just cited have been borrowed by non-Aryan languages, such as those of the Finno-Tataric class, and even the Japanese and Chinese; from which it would seem probable either that the primitive Aryans were the first to domesticate cattle, or at least that they were very preëminent as a pastoral race, and furnished to their neighbors great numbers of these most useful animals. The prominence of the cow in early Aryan thought is shown both by the multitude of synonyms for the creature, and by the frequency of similes, metaphors, and myths in the Vedic hymns in which the cow plays a part. In those days, moreover, which were before the days of "soft" or "hard" money, wealth was reckoned in cows, and cows were the circulating medium, with sheep and pigs for small change. Every one knows that Lat. *pecunia* is derived from *pecus*, "a herd;" the same is true of *peculium*, "a man's private property," from which we have obtained *peculiarity*, or "that which especially pertains to an individual." *Pecus*, Lith. *pekus*, Skr. and Zend *paçu*, "the animal that is tied or penned up," reappears with the regular change in Goth. *faihu*, Old Eng. *feoh*, modern Germ. *Vieh;* in modern English the word has become *fee*, a "pecuniary reward." In Irish we have *bosluaiged*, "riches," from *bosluag*, "a herd of cows." When you go to a tavern to dine you pay your *shot* or *scot* before

leaving; or you sometimes, perhaps, get into a very ticklish situation, and still escape *scot-free*. In Old Eng. *sceat* was "money," and the Old Norse *skattr* and Goth. *skatts* had the same meaning; but the Irish *scath* means "a herd," and Old Bulgarian *skotu* was one of the many Aryan words for cow. Another of these words, in Skr., is *rupa*, whence are derived *rûpya*, "money," and the modern *rupee* of Bengal.

More than a hundred different names for the horse have been counted in Sanskrit, but most of these are comparatively modern in origin. The only one we need notice is *açva*, from an Old Aryan *akva*, meaning "the swift." In Lith. the same word *aszwa* is the name of the mare only, but the Lat. *equus* preserves the old meaning. The classic Greek ἵππος does not sound so much like *equus* as one might expect, but we find the requisite transitions in the Aiolic ἴκκος and Old Aiolic ἴκϝος. In Irish nothing is left but the first syllable, *ech*. In Gothic the word reappears quite regularly as *aihva*, and in Old Eng. this is clipped down into *eoh*. Modern English, however, and the other modern Teutonic languages have lost this word and replaced it by another, which goes back to the times of Teutonic unity, but does not seem to have been known to the primitive Aryans. The Old High Germans and the Norsemen pronounced this word *hross*, but the Anglo-Saxons called it *horse*, and the modern Dutch, like the cockneys, call it *ors*. It appears to be a mimetic word, meaning the "animal which neighs." Modern High German, in turn, though it has not lost the word *ross*, has adopted a new name, *pferd*, which is in more frequent use, and the history of which is extremely curious.

One of the few Keltic words which the Roman conquerors adopted from their Gaulish subjects was the word *rheda*, used to describe a light four-wheeled carriage. Such carriages were used for posting, and the light, swift animal which drew them received a special name, made by compounding the root of *veho*, to "draw" or "carry," with the name of this kind of carriage. Thus arose the word *verēdus*, the "drawer of the *rheda*," the post-horse, or courier's horse; and so *veredarius* was a post-classic Latin word for "courier;" but the name *veredus* was not long in becoming generalized, for in Martial we find it used for a light, fleet hunting horse. At the same time there came into general use the curiously hybrid word *paraveredus*, made by prefixing the Greek preposition παρὰ, meaning "beyond," to *veredus*, to denote an extra post-horse for extraordinary occasions. This mongrel word *paraveredus*, thus oddly made up out of Greek, Latin, and Keltic elements, seems to have been a favorite name for the horse in the Middle Ages. In Ducange's great dictionary of mediæval Latin we find *parvaredus*, *parafredus*, and *palafredus*, along with many other forms. From *palafredus* came the French *palefroi* and the English *palfrey;* while the simple contraction and abbreviation of the older *paraveredus* resulted in the form *pferd* adopted by the modern German.

As the Teutonic languages have thus adopted new words to designate the horse, so the modern Romanic languages have generally forgotten *equus* and substituted for it the name which appears in French as *cheval* and in Italian as *caballo*, and from which we have obtained such words as *cavalry*, *chevalier*, and *chivalry*. Ancient Greek and Latin both had this word *caballus*, which, as *kobyla*, is the common name for a horse in the Slavonic languages, and appears also in Irish as *capall* and in Welsh as *ceffyl*. We do not find any such name in Sanskrit, but in the Kawi of the island of Java, which is a non-Aryan Malay language, as full of Sanskrit words as English is of Latin words, we find the horse called *capala*, and side by side with

this we have in Sanskrit the adjective *çapala*, "swift." The Sanskrit quite generally corrupted Old Aryan *k*-sounds in this way, as we corrupt Latin sounds in English when we say *serebrum* and *Sisero* instead of *kerebrum* and *Kikero;* and I have no doubt that in this word for "swift" we have the explanation of *caballus*. Curiously enough, the modern Greek has also dropped the classical name for the fleet-footed beast, and substituted ἄλογον, which means "unreasoning," and in former times was applied to brutes in general. It is quite remarkable that there should have been such vicissitudes in the career of the words which describe so familiar an animal, and we need no better illustration to convince us of the danger, above pointed out, of relying too confidently upon negative evidence in such inquiries as we are here making. Looking at the contemporary names only, we find the principal Low German language saying *horse*, "the neigher," while High German, French, and Greek say *pferd*, "the extra drawer of a post-carriage," *cheval*, "the swift creature," and ἄλογον, "the brute," — names quite distinct both in sound and in meaning. If all the other forms had been lost and replaced by new words, — as might easily be the case where there are so many synonyms for the same object, — we might perhaps have inferred that there was no common Aryan name for the horse, and that hence the animal was not known until after the separation of Aryan tribes had begun; but this would have been very plainly a mistake.

Besides the horse and cow, the primitive Aryans had domesticated sheep, goats, and pigs, as well as dogs. With regard to the cat, the case is less clear. That wild species of the cat family were known seems probable, and the word *puss* has some claim to an Old Aryan pedigree, for we find *pushak* in modern Persian, *puizé* in Lithuanian, *pusag* and *puss* in Irish, whence we have adopted the word; but whether the primitive form of these names was applied to a wild or to a domesticated cat is uncertain. With this exception, the Indo-European names are all different. In Latin we have *felis*, in Greek αἴλουζος; but we know otherwise that the Greeks and Romans had no domestic cats, but kept a kind of weasel to destroy their rats and mice. In our own and most other modern European languages the principal name of the animal is borrowed from Latin; but the Latin *cattus* is itself an imported word from a non-Aryan source. It is the Syriac *Kato*, Arabic *Kitt*, indicating that the cat was introduced into Europe from the Levant, at a comparatively recent period.

But whether the Old Aryans had domestic cats or not, they certainly needed them, for the word *mouse* occurs, with hardly any variation, in nearly all the Indo-European languages. In Latin, Greek, Old Norse, Old German, and Old English it is *mus;* in Russian we have *myshi*, in Bohemian *mysh*, in Persian *mush*, in Sanskrit *musha*, the "pilfering creature," the "little thief."

Flies are also to be numbered among the household pests of Aryana Vaëjo; the old name was *makshi*, the "buzzing creature," and is preserved in Zend and the modern Indian languages. In Europe we have Lith. *musse*, Bohem. *mussa*, Lat. *musca*, O. H. G. *muccha*, Swed. and Old Eng. *mygge*, Eng. *midge*, of which the diminutive *midget*, or "little fly," has been applied as a caressing epithet to children. The meaning of the more common Teutonic name "fly" is too obvious to require mention.

The ordinary Aryan name for "bee" — Skr. *bha*, O. H. G. *pia*, Old Eng. *beo*, Eng. *bee* — refers to the bright color of the insect, but the Lat. *apis* is the "thrifty creature" and the Greek μελισσα is the "maker of honey." The Old Aryans not only kept bees for their honey, but out of the honey they made an intoxicating drink called *madhu*, from

which we have the Zend *madhu* and Greek μέδυ, "wine," Russ. *mëdü*, Irish *meadh*, Old Eng. *medu*, Eng. *mead*. *Wine* and *must* are Old Aryan words, and the same is probably true of *ale*; but in this latter instance we cannot safely infer that what we call ale was brewed, for the meaning of the word has varied considerably. Lith. *alus*, Old Norse *öl*, Old Eng. *eala*, mean "beer," but the Skr. *ali* means a spirituous liquor, and the Irish *ol* is applied to any kind of drink. As for the word *beer* itself, it is doubtful if it can be traced outside of the Teutonic languages; for although it occurs in Irish, Welsh, and modern Persian, it does not conform to Grimm's law, and has thus most likely been borrowed from English or some other Teutonic source.

Whether our Aryan forefathers brewed ale or not, they certainly cultivated barley and probably wheat, and ground them into meal in mills. They were familiar with the plow, the yoke, and the spade. Their harvests were reaped with the sickle, and the grain was duly threshed and winnowed, and carried to mill in wagons fitted with wheels and axle-trees. The blacksmith's work with hammer and anvil, forge and bellows, was also carried on. Sewing and spinning were feminine occupations, and garments were woven out of sheep's wool. The art of tanning was also practiced, and leather shoes were worn. The entire career of the Aryans has been that of a warlike people. In the primitive times of which we are treating their principal weapons were the lance, the bow and arrow, the sword and dagger and mace, with helmet and buckler for defense.

That the early Aryans were acquainted with the sea seems unquestionable, for the name occurs, with very little change in sound and hardly any in meaning, in nearly all the Indo-European languages. The Lat. *mare*, whence our adjective *marine*, appears in Skr. *mira*, Russ. *moru*, Lith. *mares*, Irish *muir*, Welsh *mor*, Goth. *marei*, O. H. G. *mari*, Old Norse *mar*, Old Eng. *mere*. In English *meer* is an archaic word, still used in poetry in the sense of "lake," and it appears in many well-known names of English lakes, as *Grasmere* and *Windermere*. The original sense of the word has something poetic in it, for it means the barren, desolate waste, just as we find it commonly described in Homer. The Teutonic languages, however, have generally adopted another name. In Skr. *sava* means simply "water," but the more specific sense appears in Goth. *saivs*, O. H. G. *seo*, Old Eng. *sewe*, Eng. *sea*. It is noticeable that while modern English applies this name to great bodies of water, and keeps *meer* only in the sense of lake, in modern German the case is just the reverse, — in German *meer* is the sea, but *see* is a lake. The only other conspicuous deviation from the general Aryan usage is a very characteristic one. The Greeks, who were the most maritime of all peoples that have existed, save the English, had three names for the sea, of which the later θάλασσα and πέλαγος referred to the boisterous, white-crested waves, but the earlier πόντος meant a "pathway for travel." What large bodies of water the primitive Aryans could have known is perhaps not fully ascertained, but they were most likely the Caspian and the Sea of Aral. On these inland seas, or along the great rivers which flowed through their country, the Aryans would seem to have plied in boats rowed with oars; but whether they had advanced farther than this is uncertain. At all events, there is a singular lack of agreement among all the common words indicative of a higher acquaintance with the art of navigation.

With these illustrations we must bring our exposition too abruptly to a close. By the course of inquiry we have followed, something might be brought out concerning the political organization of

the primitive Aryans, which appears to have been extremely simple. "The people was doubtless a congeries of petty tribes, under chiefs and leaders rather than kings, and with institutions of a patriarchal cast, among which the reduction to servitude of prisoners taken in war appears not to have been wanting."[1] This inquiry, however, would take us far beyond our limits, and might be more advantageously conducted in another connection, where we might avail ourselves of the harmonious results which Sir Henry Maine, Mr. Freeman, and others have elicited from a comparative survey of Indo-European politics and jurisprudence. But this most interesting and profitable study must be postponed to another occasion. In the present paper, confining myself chiefly to the material circumstances of the primitive Aryans, I have endeavored only to give some idea of the method by which sound conclusions are reached, through the study of words, concerning the civilization of an age of which the historic tradition has been utterly lost. More than this could not well be attempted in so brief an exposition. My examples have necessarily been scanty, and from the nature of the subject I fear they may have seemed rather dry. It is not in a moment that one can become fully possessed with the rare fascination which surrounds the study of the historic lessons conveyed in words. Yet possibly to some reader it may have come as a novel and striking thought that out of mere grammars and dictionaries a trustworthy picture of the long-forgotten past may be reconstructed. Inadequate as our illustrations have been, none can fail to perceive the historic interest and value of the information which has been gained in this way. Inquiries of this sort need, no doubt, much caution and sagacity to be conducted successfully; but when properly sifted there is no more unimpeachable testimony to the past than that which the aspect of words gives us. For the changes of vowel and consonant proceed according to general laws which observation may detect, but with which no individual will is able to tamper. And thus it is that in the winged word which seems to perish in its flight through the air we have nevertheless the most abiding record, though unwittingly preserved, of the knowledge and achievements of mankind.

John Fiske.

THE LONGING OF CIRCE.

The rapid years drag by, and bring not here
The man for whom I wait;
All things pall on me; in my heart grows fear
Lest I may miss my fate.

I weary of the heavy wealth and ease
Which all my isle enfold,
The fountain's sleepy plash, the changeless breeze
That bears nor heat nor cold.

With dull, unvaried mien my maids and I
Glide through our household tasks;

[1] Whitney, Study of Language, page 207.

Gather strange herbs, weave purple tapestry,
Distil, in magic flasks.

Most weary am I of these men who yield
So swiftly to my spell, —
The beastly rout now wandering afield
With grunt and snarl and yell.

Ah, when, in place of tigers and of swine,
Shall he confront me whom
My song cannot enslave, nor that bright wine
Where rank enchantments fume?

Then with what utter gladness will I cast
My sorceries away,
And kneel to him, my lord revealed at last,
And serve him night and day!

Cameron Mann.

FRIENDS: A DUET.

IX.

"The friend asks no return but that his friend will religiously accept and wear, and not disgrace, his apotheosis of him."

"Friendship is no respecter of sex."

THOREAU.

THEY met next time with instinctive gladness. Neither could explain what both experienced. He overtook her by chance on his own street in Salem. It was in the afternoon; and she was not alone.

She had with her that old school friend of whom mention has been made. She had invited Myrtle Snowe to spend a week with her. The two ladies were about to return some calls. Mrs. Strong had made calls latterly, and had accepted one or two dinner invitations for Myrtle's sake. She no longer wore that cruel crape veil. She looked young and cheerful. She took Myrtle's arm like a girl.

She was stepping from the carriage when he first saw her, with her long skirts clinging back. She put her foot to the ground with a spring. He was too late to offer her a hand.

Miss Snowe was a bland blonde (a very charming one), and Reliance beside her looked deeper and richer in color than usual. As he came up, standing with raised hat, she lifted her brown eyes. They had a timid light. But his brimmed with a radiance which seemed to overflow and encircle her, like an aureola. It was not the radiance of love, but finer, firmer, gentler. He was not dazzled, but he saw all that he could bear. The boyishness of his look, and the always slight reserve of his manner when among people, deepened this expression of freshly discovered and controlled happiness, as if he had a monopoly of all there was in Salem, that day.

It was nothing to stand and be presented to her friend. It was nothing to mention the pleasures of a drive and the personal peculiarities of the weather. It was little to express his gratification that she was able to make calls. It was

not much to see her go sweeping up the Rollinstall steps, tall, slender, gracious and distant, nodding down to him like a lily on a cliff.

And yet it seemed to him that he had been very near her. He passed his hand over his happy eyes as he walked down the street alone, to keep an appointment with a man who was wise in bamboo and India ginger.

He felt as if he must look too happy; as if everybody would see it, and ask why. He met people whom he knew, and greeted them with rare good fellowship; they all were people he liked, or had not lately seen. He noticed bright colors on children, and the costumes of ladies. He observed that the sun had splendid character, and that the sky was of the solemnly happy September tint, — blue fire to its heart's core; not a dream of cloud to be found, high and far and deep as man could look.

It gave him the headache to look. He turned his eyes earthward; he was content with the earth. He had a friend in it. Oh, she *was* his friend! — *his friend*. The God of earth and heaven bless her!

The decorous pavements of Salem bounded beneath his feet that day; he trod on the blazing September air. He hurried to his appointment, and hurried away from it, stricken by the restlessness of his lightly-grounded content (poor fellow), as if itself had been made of air, and must stir and start at the unheard command of unseen powers, and so away with him.

The Bamboo and Ginger man looked after him with iron-gray, experienced eyebrows, keenly gathered; and to the junior Bamboo and Ginger (who had no eyebrows to speak of, and less experience, whether you spoke of it or not) said, —

"There 's a fellow has made a haul in stocks to-day. I 've heard he plays with Grand Smash and Electricity, — just called at 161⅛. He has the look."

The junior Ginger only answered, "Ah?" Although inexperienced, he had long since learned to agree with people who had eyebrows. He held, however, reserved rights to those private opinions which, it is plain, Providence never intended should be held subject to any superficial personal qualifications; one of these privileges was a stolid conviction that either rheumatism or a woman accounted for everything. He had never heard of Nordhall as a lady's man. It was undoubtedly his "off day" on rheumatism. To-morrow he would be in red flannel by the fire. At least he could have a bamboo chair and ginger tea. Life was not without its marked compensations.

Myrtle Snowe, on the Rollinstall steps, gazed critically down the street after the gentleman's retreating figure. She said, —

"Walks too fast. A fine-looking fellow, though. Who is he, Reliance?"

"You surely remember Charley Nordhall, my husband's friend. I thought you knew. He has been very kind since" —

"No," replied Miss Snowe. "*I did not know.*" She looked Reliance straight in the eyes as she spoke.

"And she never flinched," thought Miss Myrtle, while they were sending up their cards.

There were flowers which it was imperative should go to Madam Strong's the next day, for the quiet dinner she gave to Miss Snowe and her most intimate Rollinstall. They went; but they went in the form of a brutal florist's blunder, — all red carnations; and carnations, it is well known, even if of paler complexions, are thought to bespeak economical tendencies. What right-minded man would send the lilies of Paradise to a lady, if they could be had for five cents apiece? Besides, the more he thought of them, the redder they seemed to grow; they must have looked

unpardonably red. The least he could do was to go over and take the tea roses on which they had stolen the march.

He found the ladies just about to go out. The carriage stood at the door. Miss Snowe was promised to be at those musical Rollinstalls, where Rubinstein's songs were sung. Mrs. Strong accompanied her as far as possible, on the way to the mission meeting at Cranby's Cut. Madam Strong remained at home with Kaiser and her bronchitis and the tea roses. Nordhall accepted the ladies' invitation to escort them without any definite perception of the situation on either side, perhaps; idly, as such things go.

It was a long ride to the Rollinstalls', and Miss Snowe was to be left first. The three chatted lightly.

Reliance had said: —

"Why don't you go with her? We don't sing Rubinstein at Cranby's Cut."

But Nordhall had pleaded his "store clothes" and a refused invitation. They were late, and wafts of music came out as he and Myrtle Snowe stood in the open door. Myrtle had on a long pearl-colored cloak that fell to her feet, with its silk cape drawn over her hair. Reliance, from the carriage, leaning out, watched her lovingly. Her imagination was quickened by this slight renewal of old ties, in the early, selfish absorptions of widowhood so long held loosely. She looked from Myrtle to Nordhall with a heightened perception of facts which she had almost forgotten. Youth, music, light hours, and natural hopes were in the world. She thought how little he sought them. She wondered if he needed them, — this homeless man. She remembered that his youth was passing.

Gusts of passionate songs poured out from the house. They were singing Der Azra just then, —

"*Welche sterben wenn sie lieben.*"

Nordhall came back and got into the carriage. He was insanely happy to be sitting there beside her. He could not have said why he took pains that she should not feel this. He was very quiet at first. Then he abruptly asked her how old she was.

"Twenty-eight," said Reliance, smiling. "I was twenty-four when I last took 'my evenings out' in that way."

"And you think this is a better way, — this one we are taking?"

"You shall judge for yourself. There *is* a difference in the quality of music, I admit. That translation of Der Azra is atrocious. If I were poetic I would improve it. Can't you?"

"Considering the absorbing nature of my literary occupations, so overrun as one is in State Street with the imaginative element, so studious a life as I am already forced to live! — Mrs. Strong! how thoughtless of you!"

They laughed merrily at their own simple wit. He hummed the melody, leaning back in the dark carriage.

"*Welche sterben wenn sie lieben.*"

"*I* will translate it!" cried Reliance, heroically. "Now listen. You can hear it following us away down this silent road."

"*Paler grew he, paler, paler.*"

She leaned to the carriage window with parted lips.

"Who die with love, and loving die."

Both listened to the dying sound; it died.

"*Who if they dare to love must die!*"

sang Reliance, then, almost inaudibly. "It makes better poetry than song, I know, but never mind! That is my terrible song. How people can sing it, in light gloves, with fans, and eat oysters afterwards!" —

Nordhall could not bear that there should be even a terrible song in the world that night. He began to talk of other things, — little, light things: roses and the sunset; the breakers and the horses; the story he heard on the cars to-day; the last Salem engagement; then of her, and he was glad she made calls and went to dinner now and then. Could her drunkards spare her? The

less favored classes of society were to be congratulated on receiving whatever modicum of her philanthropic attention. Doubtless, if she went back to the Rollinstalls' now, some of them might take the pledge — not to take the name of Rubinstein in vain. And so on, and so on.

"Why, you are a tease!" said Reliance, suddenly looking up. She too felt happier than for a long time. Charley Nordhall was greatly changed. He no longer tormented himself and her. Good-by to moods and miseries and misunderstandings! It was fortunate that they had those disagreeable scenes, now they were well over. It *was* all over. How quiet and natural and pleasant it was! She yielded herself to that drive. She ran her long-gloved hand in the swaying satin rest, and lightly leaned her cheek against it, listening to him. He told a good many stories; he made her laugh; she had a thoroughly good time; she did not know when she had been so merry. He piqued her with that boyish audacity which never forgets itself, nor the reverences and distances withholding it, yet ventures to their edge, delicately enough. He teased her like a brother about all sorts of little things.

They were both laughing heartily when they came to the mission room in Cranby's Cut.

The coachman had "an evening," and Jacobs was driving that night. He turned the impassive face of a well-trained servant upon them as they got out of the carriage. She could not have told why, but Mrs. Strong stopped, hesitated, and gravely spoke to him. She asked if he had seen Janet on the way.

"She's playin' on the pianner in there, already," said Jacobs, pointing with his whip towards the uncurtained window of the mission room. Jacobs usually knew where Janet was. He looked in eagerly. Janet wore a blue tissue veil crossed over a black straw hat behind, and brought round, and tied under her chin. It was a very becoming veil. The solemn, if consumptive, music sounded under her devout, hard-working fingers. Janet was a good girl.

"Put up the horses somehow, if there *is* a place, and come into the meeting," said Mrs. Strong kindly.

"There's a sort of tavern opposite Cranby's," said Jacobs without unbecoming alacrity. "I might drive round and see if they can be kept out of draughts there. It *would* be easier for the hosses."

The lady and Nordhall passed on, and into the Mission. She dropped his arm leisurely in the brightly-lighted little entry. Mr. Griggs came out to welcome them, and one or two of the other men waited for her.

She and Nordhall were late, and "the meeting" had begun. They went in and sat down among the rest.

Nordhall had never been in such a place before. He observed everything with keen interest. He was in a low, small room, a place that had served as counting-room for some mills; it had been bought by what are called "the temperance people," among whom, alien as she was to them by social surroundings, by ecclesiastical connections, by instinctive and acquired tastes, by everything but a highly-cultivated conscience and an independent type of religion, Reliance Strong had found herself at home, and made herself of value. An open fire blazed in the place. Softly shaded lamps stood on a desk over which a red cloth was thrown. The walls of the room were hung with pictures and Scripture mottoes; both selected by a severe taste. He could not complain of them; he thought, if he were a drunkard, and had wandered in, — say, from Cranby's, — he should like the looks of the place. There was a smoking-room attached to the prayer-room, a reading-room, and a bowling-alley; but at this hour no disturbance came from these

directions. The prayer-room was two thirds full of men; the rest of the audience were women, — their sisters, wives, and daughters; a few ladies of another sort, — from devout (if not exclusive) circles in Salem, — and Reliance.

Little Janet sat at the "organ." Jacobs came in and found a seat by the door. Mr. Griggs presided on the occasion at the red-covered table, or, in the phrase of the place, "took charge that night." He read a chapter from the Gospel of John, in a clear and modest voice. Then he "gave out" a hymn, which the audience "united in singing." It was evidently a popular thing with them. The men joined in with great heartiness, and Janet's really sweet voice rang above theirs. Mrs. Strong sang, too. Nordhall had never heard the hymn or song before. It had a refrain which pleased him: —

"Rescue the perishing, care for the dying."

Then there was more of it about —

"Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save."
"Rescue the perishing — Rescue the perishing!"

The face of Reliance, while this hymn was being sung, took on a strangely sweet and solemn light. He could see that she had forgotten him. That merry ride seemed a great way off. She had gone beyond reach of her grief, her loss, her loneliness, — even John, perhaps. He remembered something he had once read of Whitefield, that "he forgot everything about the men before him, except their immortality and their misery." So, he thought reverently, it was with her. He bowed his head with a sense of great distance from her when Mr. Griggs "led in prayer." It was some time before he remembered that the man was not praying to her.

He listened but dreamily to the "testimonies" of the "redeemed men," which followed Mr. Griggs's prayer. Nothing jarred upon his sense of reverence; he floated in it, as on a newly-discovered golden tide, in which she seemed, a practiced swimmer, to lead him on. Under it all he felt somewhere that these men were honest, and that this place was holy, and that he was not worthy to be in it.

After the short and earnest service was over, he waited for her, standing awkwardly, a stranger among those plain people. He noticed how pale many of these men were with the rigors of late and arduous self-control. He recognized one or two whom he had seen reeling about the streets of Salem for years, and passed them by like some one else's nightmares. These men wore a singularly intent and abstracted, though quiet, look. He could think of nothing to liken it to but the look of transfiguration. He wondered if they caught it from her, by a sort of reflection. After some thought, he remembered WHO it was, in the old story, that was "transfigured before them;" he remembered that there is no disciple without a master, no reflection without light.

He was still thinking of these things, solemnly enough, when she turned slightly towards him, — she was across the room, — and her look led him like a hand. She only said that it was time to go, and would he speak to Mr. Griggs before they left? And when he had done this, and when the men and women had stood in a little group to let them step by, and when Janet had locked the melodeon, and the hymn-books were put away, and the kerosene lamps screwed down, and reality settled on the unreal place, they passed on together through the deferent scrutiny of the people, and Jacobs drove them away.

They sat together in the carriage. Some of the men on the steps of the mission room were singing the choruses of the hymns in low voices.

"Rescue the perishing, care for the dying!"

Perhaps the disciples of Rubinstein would have stopped their finely-organ-

ized ears before that music. But in the disciple of a Greater than Rubinstein, a higher sensitiveness replaced this lower.

Reliance leaned, listening, and Nordhall leaned and looked.

"They are such dear people!" She spoke first, in a grateful, girlish tone. She was still excited. She was not the least of a saint. She was a very human woman. She did a Christian deed like a woman, not like an angel.

"I suppose," he murmured, finishing aloud his unspoken thought, — "I suppose that is partly why Jesus Christ succeeded. I never thought of it before. If *he* had been an angel, what would a man like Griggs have cared?"

"One of the men — a violent fellow, who draws knives when he is drunk — told me once," she said, "that Jesus Christ was *too high-toned* for him. He was perfectly reverent about it, too."

"Yes," said Nordhall, without smiling, "I can understand that. Well. So this is a specimen of what is meant in the newspapers by the temperance work? I 've never thought about it. I supposed it meant speeches and women with spectacles."

"Oh, no, this is no fair specimen!" cried Reliance. "I 'm not *in* it."

"I don't understand."

"I 'm not part of it. Don't take me for a specimen. I 'm only one woman trying to help a few people in her own way. I am timid, inexperienced, uncertain of my own views, and I 'm Mrs. Winthrop L. Strong's daughter-in-law. *I* could n't be *it*. Why, there are women all over the land, all over England and Scotland, the hem of whose overdresses I 'm not worthy to touch!" She tried to laugh. "There are women banded together, twenty thousand strong in this State alone, and so all over the country, pledged to make the salvation of drunkards and the extermination of the drink-traffic the solemn object of their whole lives, — women who sacrifice, and hope, and bear, and do, and pray, and who don't dare to be alive unless they can 'rescue the perishing.' *They* are the *consecrated*. But I, — I did it, as you said, at the first because I was lonely. I am not worthy to be named beside these people who have given themselves to an ideal which has" — she hesitated; she did not often speak of herself in this way; did not perhaps think about herself in such long sentences — "which has given *itself* to me," she finished softly, "and has made me so glad, so content! Any woman can do it who will. Most, I think, who cared to do at all, would do more good than I."

"If this sort of work is what you think it, what these women you speak of think it," said Nordhall musingly, "what a future it has! What a book could be written about it, — a great appeal, a prophecy!"

"I have thought of that," she answered quickly. "But the time is not ripe. Some one will do for these poor slaves what Harriet Stowe did for the black ones, I think, — I am sure. And literature will be the richer by another superb moral idea. But not yet, not yet. We are not ready. I doubt if any order of genius could take the twang of the temperance lecture out of such an effort, now. We have not reached the literary stage. But it will come. If *I* were literary, I could explain to you what I mean and why I think so. But I don't know how. I seem to make it cloudier and cloudier. . . . Never mind! It 's only *you!*"

She laughed a trustful, happy laugh. She felt the value of this friend to the full just then.

"If ever I 've been disrespectful to your work in that place," said Nordhall, "I beg its pardon and yours, too. I don't doubt I have, for I 've never been that kind of a man, you know. Things come in one's way, — subscriptions and causes and what not, of course, — and one tries to do one's share, but *people* I don't deal with. Now I respected what

I saw in that counting-room, to-night, with all my soul. If there 's any way, ever, that I can help you in this sort of thing, I wish to do it. I wish you to count upon my sympathy."

She thanked him, and said she should be glad to; this was all. Yet it seemed as if she said a great deal. And they did not talk much more till they got back to the Rollinstalls. The air was frosty, and they could hear the men singing the hymns for a long distance. Reliance looked at the stars, while she listened. Nordhall looked at her.

Some words of Moore's had got hold of him, and mingled oddly with the singing of the hymns back there upon the Mission steps.

> "Ah! did we take for Heaven above
> But half such pains as we
> Take day and night for woman's love,
> What angels we should be!"

Rubinstein was mute when they reached the house. Myrtle, in the doorway, at the top of the high steps, looked like a lovely, dim Bacchante in a fresco. She floated down and into the silent carriage. It seemed almost as if she had wandered into a church and were out of place. They all began to talk lightly, as if to break an unacknowledged spell. Myrtle (who had a pleasant soprano), hummed reckless and rapturous snatches of song.

> "*Love's own madness, Love's own madness, in your voice!*"

Nordhall would not come in, that night; it was late when they got home. As Reliance put her hand in his, to say good-night, he seemed to uphold her whole soul. She thought that this was friendship, — to laugh the lighter, to work the harder, to be gladder, to be graver. All her life intensified, as if old chords had been struck with a heavy pedal.

Myrtle Snowe came into her friend's room that night and talked a while; of Rubinstein, of the Rollinstalls, of this and that. Reliance looked at her dreamily. She knew she was not half taking in the meaning of Myrtle's words, yet she seemed unable to help it. She was conscious of being intensely preoccupied with thoughts which needed classification, though she was aware that Myrtle had got into a long, pale blue Watteau wrapper, and looked like a lovely tile. Suddenly sense struck her, and the blue tile throbbed with vivid life.

"Of course, Reliance dear, it 's none of their business — but you must know" —

"WHAT?" sharply.

"You must *expect* to be talked about. You must know, of course, that you are reported to be about to marry again — Why, Reliance! Why, Reliance Strong! Don't look like that! Why, what on earth" —

"*How dare they?*" . . .

She had got rid of Myrtle, at last. She had got rid of everybody, and lay sobbing, face down, choking in the pillows of her own bed. It had seemed to her at first too cruel to believe, and she had burst into a cry of lofty and beautiful anger, worthy of Penelope or Arria. Then her good sense (and Myrtle's perfectly irresponsive face turned up to her, as out of place as a Marcus Ward Christmas card at a surgical operation) had quickly recalled her to herself. This was not a matter to be discussed with people who had Myrtle's eyes. Nay, it was not a matter to be discussed with any. The young widow recovered her sweet reserve, and, simply expressing her surprise and sorrow at what her friend told her, and adding that there would be always talk in the world as long as people were born with ears and tongues, had kissed her good-night and locked her out of the room.

Now, suddenly, as she lay there on the bed, the faces of those people at the prayer-meeting came back to her. They stood in rows, and she and Nordhall passed through them. She recalled the

deferent scrutiny, the vague sadness, the untranslatable something, in their dumb eyes.

They too, — *they too?* . . .

X.

"Neither is life long enough for friendship. That is a serious and majestic affair."— EMERSON.

Mrs. Strong's first thought, the next morning, was that she would write a note to Charley Nordhall. She would ask him to come and see her immediately. She would tell him — what? What could she tell him? At least, there would be time enough to think that out before he got there. The note could be written, and Jacobs should take it, and so much be secured.

Her mother was less well than usual, and Myrtle was to go home at noon. She found herself occupied with these things, but preoccupied about the note. She stole a few minutes while Myrtle was returning a last call at Amy Rollinstall's, and locked herself into her own room, and wrote rapidly, without hesitation or premeditation. She had that noble and fatal spontaneity by which high-minded (no less than weak-minded) women trust themselves on paper. But all the world might have read these simple lines: —

DEAR MR. NORDHALL, — I want to see you this evening a little while about a matter of importance. Very sincerely yours, RELIANCE STRONG.

After she had given the note to Jacobs, with instructions to put it into the hands of Mr. Nordhall's housekeeper before the business train was in, she experienced a slight relief from a tension of feeling which had been tighter than she knew how to bear. He would come. It would not be many hours to wait now. Something would be done, something said, invented, to lessen her trouble.

Her prevailing emotion was one of great withdrawal, almost of repulsion, from the man whose existence in the world could cause her what she was now enduring. Yet underneath this, as the calm of the sea lies below its roar, as the hush of the wind hides behind its cry, she was not without a singular sense of trust and rest in him, as if he would or could restore to her the ease of her lost unconsciousness and content. It was as if with one hand she dismissed, and with the other clung to him.

She suffered reactions, in which his image took on different hues to her; like the object on which the eyelid has just closed, and which strikes the retina first with its immediate, then with its spectral illusion. She saw the real and the complementary colors.

She dwelt upon the conversation which would take place between them; she thought that if he came in just then, she should be able to tell him all that was in her heart. She was impatient for his arrival. She counted the hours till she should hear his familiar ring. No one touched the bell just as he did; she always knew.

Myrtle went away at noon. She kissed Reliance twice more than usual; but she felt more keenly than usual the distance between their natures and their experiences. She did not understand Reliance, did not know what to say to her; did not know what the poor girl was thinking, with that look in her face, yet grieved a little more over their parting for this reason. Her blue eyes filled as she wrung Reliance's cold hand. Myrtle supposed it was because she had never been a widow that Reliance was not confidential.

When she had gone, Reliance went up-stairs and sat with her mother, who grew no better. Madam Strong seemed feverish, her breath shortened, and she asked for Dr. Bishop. An order was sent through Janet to Jacobs, who, as soon as he returned from town, was to

go for the doctor. It being long past office hours, it would be late evening — nine or ten, perhaps — before Dr. Bishop could reach a patient the relativity of whose sufferings he could gauge by long experience, and with whose chronic inability to change her medical adviser he was sufficiently acquainted. We all have our pet convictions, of which life never defrauds us, but which rather every test contrives to enrich; Madam Strong's was the assurance that the ministrations of any substitute for Dr. Bishop would have, in her own case, a result of which the least that one could say were that it would be fatal.

This afternoon she was really so ill that Reliance timidly suggested, "We might call in the homœopathist, mother. I saw his carriage turning up the Rayburnes' Avenue. He is a good-natured man; he would come for a temporary prescription, and the doctor would never mind."

"I can die," gasped Madam Strong, pressing her withered hand to her heart not so much to express fidelity as pleurisy, — "I can die, but I cannot call an irregular practitioner!"

That afternoon Reliance long remembered. It began to rain, and the fog came up from the sea. The wind rose. She read Guy Mannering aloud, and devoted herself to the sufferer. She was not without anxiety, and by no means deficient in tenderness. Yet she was ashamed to find that her mind refused to be a prisoner in the sick-room of her husband's mother. She tried to chain it to the stately bed, to the cannel fire, to the brass-bound bureau, the faded gold-colored damask of the window curtains, the figures on the old English Brussels carpet, the engraved Sistine Madonna over the mantel, the real little Tintoretto above the pier-glass, the blue gymnastic knitting-work in the bag with the black ivory poles, that lay in the partly consoled work-basket, which had "gone into" purple ribbons.

Rebels, rebels, as wild as the rain, as blind as the fog, as fierce as the winds, her thoughts defied her. It was three o'clock. It was half past. It was after four. By seven she might look for him. By eight they should have had their talk. For he would come. He would not mind a storm. What should she say? She was frightened to perceive that she had not yet decided what to say; she should be taken unawares, and so at a disadvantage. She was ashamed to find herself wondering what effect her mother's illness would have upon this interview with Nordhall. Could she be spared long enough to say what must be said? How unfortunate if she must go down and dismiss him in all this storm, and defer a conversation which seemed to her more and more imperative and difficult! She grew feverish and restless. The storm increased. The fog thickened, and going to the window she heard, or fancied that she heard, the whistle of steamers in distress off Baker's Island Light. It darkened rapidly. Her mother tossed upon the dignified bed. It struck six o'clock.

Reliance left the window, and went and sat beside the bed, and held her mother's hands. She could not think of anything else in the world that she was perfectly sure it was right to do. There was no mistake about this. She stooped, in the dark, and kissed the old lady's forehead. Her sudden tears fell on it, and Madam Strong said: —

"Why, my dear daughter! Do not be so anxious about me! I do not regard my indisposition as serious." And then poor Reliance felt like a hypocrite of the first degree, and caught her in her arms, and kissed her again and again, — her good mother, John's mother, all she had in the world! Her sense of kinship to John's kin seized her like a strong hand. His were hers, and hers were his; she herself was his; and these were facts, and nothing could alter or disturb them. She grew calmer. She

felt the eternal life of the marriage tie like a tangible presence in the dark room. She was elevated above her own mood; her worst weakness and her deadliest doubt looked far from her, like mists seen in valleys to a climber. She caressed her mother with unprecedented tenderness.

Yet when the door-bell pealed and throbbed through the house (a more nervous ring than usual) she trembled so that she had to slip off the bed and walk the floor to get her breath. It was seven o'clock. He had come, and she had not prepared one word of that important interview. She must say something, and what it were possible or wise — womanly — best —

"Ma'am, it's the doctor. Shall he come up without I light the candles?"

Thus Janet, standing peaceful and fair in the door-way, with an old brass candlestick and low candle in her hand. "And Jacobs says, ma'am, he forgot to tell you that Mr. Nordhall" —

"Did he not deliver the note to Mr. Nordhall, as I bade him?"

"But you know you sent him directly for the doctor, ma'am, before ever he was out of his wet things, or the hosses up; and he's *had* no chance to tell you up to this present opportunity," added Janet, with a touch of feeling, "that the housekeeper bid him say Mr. Nordhall was called away on sudden business, and would not get back for several days. She would keep the note till he returned. Did you say I was to light the doctor up?"

Assuredly. Yes. She was to call Dr. Bishop at once, and light those candles which could not shine in Madam Strong's eyes.

Dr. Bishop was a busy man. Madam Strong was not a dangerously sick patient. Even had she been, I think he would have found time to observe the daughter-in-law who ministered affectionately at the bedside, that night. He belonged to that class of physicians among whom George Eliot ranked her Lydgate, "a man who thought less of a case as a case than as John or Elizabeth, especially Elizabeth." Dr. Bishop summoned Mrs. John Strong below-stairs, when he left, and informed her abruptly that he wished her to take her mother to the mountains.

"This is sudden!" said Reliance, changing color.

"She must get away from the sea. I wish you to take her to Bethlehem, New Hampshire."

"When?"

"Next week Monday."

"Will she be able to travel?"

"Perfectly."

"It is October."

"I wish you to spend the month of October there with her. Go to the Sinclair House, and then select a place to suit you. You will inquire into the location of the well, wherever you go. You can have open wood fires, and be made quite comfortable. You will please to make your plans at once. The sooner the better for you."

"You talk as if I were the patient!" cried Reliance, almost angrily.

They were standing in the little library, by the high ebony desk. Reliance leaned upon the desk. Opposite them, across the drawing-room, the long mirror hung. It seemed to regard them. Their figures were reflected in it, — the physician's in part, the lady's in full. When Reliance said, "You talk as if I were the patient!" Dr. Bishop turned and looked over the empty room at the glass. Reliance, in her unornamented, close-fitting black dress, stood there like a sweet and sombre panel. Her cheeks were burning with a high light. She returned the physician's gaze with feverish eyes; she rebelled against it with all her being; yet some traitor in her seemed to spring and call to it for help or health, as if she *had* been ill.

"A patient, — yes, you are; but none of mine."

The image of the physician to the image of the lady said, or seemed to say, this in the mirror's mist.

"Go to Bethlehem with your mother. It is the best thing you can do."

But when Reliance would have spoken, the glass was empty of him. She only saw herself standing in the gold-framed panel, quite alone.

A blight upon these highly-trained, observant faculties, which were the next thing to the clairvoyant, and far more dangerous to the peace of society, inasmuch as they were the more respectable! The business of these people was to cure bodies, not to meddle with souls. The doctor had dared to look at her as if she were a perplexed or hysterical girl. She could have hated him.

Little Janet stood at the head of the stairs when she went up, regarding her with her dog-like eyes.

"You seem so tired, Mrs. Strong, dear; let *me* sit with her a while."

Reliance wrung the housemaid's hand in silence; the sympathy came nearer to her than that of what we call "an equal," just then; she could have put her head on Janet's shoulder and cried.

"Kaiser is in your room, asleep on the rug," said Janet, with her quick feminine perception. She knew that nobody comforted her mistress like Kaiser. "I 'd go and see how nice he looks, if I was you. You 'll kind of rest a mite. I 'll give the medicines and look to the flannels till you come."

Mrs. Strong obeyed the girl in silence. She was not ashamed to have *Kaiser* see her cry. The only objection to Kaiser in the capacity of comforter was that he insisted on kissing away the tears. But all forms of created sympathy have their drawbacks. This is a fact intended, as the theologians may have suggested, to produce a dissatisfaction with the lower and craving for the higher types of consolation.

Dr. Bishop had that quality of command which elicits obedience, and the ladies went to the mountains on Monday. Madam Strong was distinctly convalescent, and feared the nature of the mattresses; but, unquestionably, the doctor understood her constitution. If he prescribed a husk bed on a mountain peak in October for pleurisy, husks and mountains alone could in all human probability save her life, It no more occurred to Madam Strong that Dr. Bishop could be mistaken in an opinion than it occurred to her to question whether the world was made between Monday morning and Saturday night, and finished off in season for the Lord to read the collects at the Sunday morning service. True, there were people, even in Salem, who disagreed with the book of Genesis and employed the homœopathist. Madam Strong was not ignorant. She treated these facts as an educated person should, with well-bred gratitude that Dr. Bishop's patients were better informed. She went to Bethlehem without a murmur.

Reliance, too, went not ungladly. She was tired with everything and everybody. Nordhall would be detained some days longer; he had written about it; it might be even a week or two. There was an oil-well in Pennsylvania on fire, and he had trusteed as well as private interests there. He had written a pleasant little note, which began, "My dear friend."

One would have time to think in Bethlehem. And nobody knew about one; nobody talked. She was not sure that she ever wanted to see Charley Nordhall again. She vibrated with gusts of feeling. She was no longer in a hurry to experience that necessary interview. At times she wished she had never seen him. She did not write to him.

Nordhall returned from Pennsylvania in the course of the week. His oil-well was out. He could have wished his feverish impatience to be at home were as calmly laid. He hurried to his house, intending to take a bath, a nap,

a dinner, a smoke, perhaps, and after that a long, quick walk. He would be in that physical harmony which insures health of soul before he went to see her. He dreaded himself a little, after these separations; he might speak impulsively; he would rather guard himself and her with vigorous repose. He thought it all well over.

There was that admixture of impulse and prudence in Nordhall's nature which has been well called "the true reasonableness of manhood."

A colder or a calmer man would have been, in fact, more liable, in such a position, to be ambushed by his own feeling. Nordhall knew that he had auburn hair and the eyes that match it, and that he might any day make an outrageous blunder. He was learning to analyze a temperament which is either a man's first friend or deadliest foe. He pleased himself at times with his psychological successes.

He did not glance at his mail till he was dressed; in fact, not till dinner was past, and he went into the library, hesitating over a cigar. Then he looked the letters over idly: two from the Bamboo and Ginger man; one from the Boston cousin; a grocer's bill, the gas, the water; an invitation from Amy Rollinstall; tickets to church charity theatricals; three more invitations; two more October bills. At the bottom of the pile he found her note. It was dated ten days ago. He did not smoke that evening. He read the note three times, put on his hat, and went immediately out. He walked rapidly, and so gained ten minutes, perhaps, on the information which Jacobs and Kaiser had in reserve for him: The ladies were in Bethlehem for the mistress's health, and Janet was with 'em.

"*Which* mistress's health? Who was sick?"

"The old 'un, sir. But Janet thinks Mrs. John is peaked herself, sir. Janet is that fond of Mrs. John."

There was time; ten minutes saved would carry him into Boston by the last evening train, and he could there take the morning express to Littleton. He thought better of this, however, in season to save himself; went home to bed and to sleep on it, like a sensible fellow. In the morning, he decided to go about his business. If it still struck him as wise, he would run up to Bethlehem on Friday. *Why* it is a less noteworthy attention to go out of one's way for a woman the last than the first of the week, a wiser than the compiler of these records must explain. Certain it is that one may safely expend on Saturday or Sunday an amount of social emotion which on Monday dangerously defies a social *convenance*, impalpable as air and imperious as iron.

To go to her "on a week-day" was plainly undesirable, under the circumstances. Any man may spend his Sundays in the mountains.

On Friday Nordhall went to Conway; thence to Littleton, where for no very definite reason he spent the night. On Saturday morning he ran over to Bethlehem and the Sinclair House.

He found their names upon the book; they had left for a private boarding-house, which it was so easy to reach that his impatience reacted a little, and he sought delay and thought before he met her. He strolled out into the old parish burying-ground, a pleasant place. The October countenance of the hills looked down at him through veils of passionately colored mist and foliage. The late birds twittered and hopped upon the grave-stones familiarly. Delicate frost was on the blackberry vines and sumach, the wild briar and elder, that burned beneath his feet, or leaned in cloaks of purple, carmine, and olive upon the gray shoulders of the old stone-wall.

He drank in the keen air. The purity of the place and its peace reached him, in some sense. He was glad he

came. It seemed to bring him a little nearer to that invisible world so near to which she walked; wherein dwelt the life of those who have departed from the seen to the unseen form, from the measurable to the immeasurable influence upon character. He remembered that it was a world near which he, too, must stand, if he would stand to comrade or to comfort her. He remembered that John Strong was in it.

He took off his hat, and wandered, bareheaded to the October morning, among the old-fashioned and long-quiet dead. He was glad of these few moments to prepare him for the sight of this woman whose friendship had become the light of his life. He felt like one who stays to offer silent prayer before a religious service. His thought of her was a cathedral to him.

Something clung to his foot as he strolled among the graves, timidly, almost like a finger touch.

He stooped, and saw a little flash of color, silver gray. It was a woman's veil.

At first he thought he would not touch it. He knew as well as if she had told him that it was hers. He had seen her wear such a one sometimes of late, to protect the eyes which had suffered from so much crape. It seemed to him that he could no more mistake it than he could mistake the texture of her hand. His color came slowly, in great waves. After that momentary hesitation he snatched the veil and hid it in his breast. . . . And now she was his festival. He was like one who had asked grace before a banquet. He left the dead behind him. (Oh, they sleep well beneath the bright hoar-frost! Little cries of birds upon the head-stones neither stir nor start them. Colors of the October morning, what care have they for ye? Countenances of the mountains, they return ye no regard!) He left, and leaped the grave-yard wall, and hurried to her.

The boarding-house door was open to the sharp air, and he wandered in. There was a hall or entry-way, with a hair-cloth sofa in it. He sat down here a moment. Long corridors running to closed rooms branched from this entry toward the two wings of the house. As he sat there, a door opened at the extreme end of one of the passages, and she came out. She had a little breakfast tray which she carried, with her slight wrist bent under it, in one hand. There was a window at the end of the corridor, uncurtained; her outline was distinct and fine against this light; her face he could not see.

Her attention was occupied with the tray. She gave that slow turn of her head.

He rose at once, and began to plead with her.

"I 've only come to spend Sunday — at the hotel. Don't be angry with me! I just got home, this week."

She did not say much. He took the little tray from her, for he saw the fringe of the orange-colored doyley tremble across the edge of the tea-cup, where it had been folded. She stood hesitating, and then sat down upon the hair-cloth sofa. Her color returned. He feared that he had startled her, and passionately blamed himself. He looked at her. His own lip trembled. Her loveliness had taken him by surprise.

"What do you carry that heavy thing for?" he began, dashing down the first idle current of thought that presented itself as an outlet to what he was feeling; he must find fault with something.

"The landlady is sick," said Reliance demurely, without looking up. "The table-girl has just left to teach a — university I think they call it; it is somewhere in the direction of Littleton. She was a highly accomplished young woman. *She* would never have upset that cup of cocoa. It is trickling on your hat. She studied Greek after the boarders were abed. I respect the New Hampshire waitress, as a race, exceedingly. Now, Janet" —

"Why did n't Janet carry the breakfast away?" asked Nordhall, laughing; he too had recovered himself a little. Their eyes met with a fearless gladness.

"Oh, I *knew* Janet wanted to finish a letter to Jacobs. *She* has never studied Greek," added Mrs. Strong pensively. "I feel so much more on a level with her, you can't think! I really was n't sorry when that university began its term. I think they called it a semester. When I asked her for the rolls I felt as if she were mentally commenting, 'Ladies' Greek, without the accents.' My inferiority to Janet is less marked. How long did you say you were going to stay?"

"Till Monday."

"That is a good while."

"Are you sorry?"

"Not just this minute. You saved the tray from tumbling down. That punch bowl — chicken broth — belonged to the landlady's great-great-grandfather. She adores it."

"How is your mother?"

"Oh, so much better! We drive every day; we have a lovely time. The forks are plated, but we brought the mattresses from home. She criticises the doughnuts, but one can put Albert biscuit in the trunks. If it were n't for the stone china, she would be reconciled to the Franconia range, I think. And Dr. Bishop writes twice a week. We really have a lovely time."

"Can I see Madam Strong?"

"She would n't see the angel Michael till after dinner. Then she will be most happy. I must go and take this tray somewhere. I don't know but Mrs. Brandy will expect me to help wash the dishes."

"Who, pray, is Mrs. Brandy?"

"Why, the landlady! Is n't it a nice name?"

"What do you do mornings, before Madam Strong drives?"

"Oh, sometimes I sit on the piazza; or I walk a good deal. There 's a charming old grave-yard here I walk in. Sometimes I go towards the Notch. Janet stays with her mornings, and she sleeps. Sometimes I read, or perhaps I write letters. Everybody writes letters in Bethlehem. You can't think how many I 've written! I wrote six pages to Mr. Griggs last night. I have n't spoken to a soul, since I 've been here, outside the house, unless you count the postmaster, or the old man that drives pigs by at four in the morning and wakes mother up; and once I met a little girl in the grave-yard. And we are the only boarders! You can't think how lovely it is! I have n't had an invitation (oh, yes, there was what they call a 'gathering' at the church vestry, and they wanted me to come, but fortunately I had a toothache), and I have n't made a call, and there is n't a drunkard in Bethlehem!"

"Put on your hat, then, and come to walk with me," said Nordhall.

"I will go and see," answered Reliance, as if she had been a little girl.

She returned in a few minutes, with a white straw hat tied over her hair by a black veil. She held her thick white shawl over her arm. He took the shawl as if he had been used to doing so every day; and as if they had been used to walking together every day, they went out into the morning.

"How I should like to walk to the Profile!" cried Reliance gayly, as they passed down the street.

"How far is it?"

"Oh, only nine miles."

"We might begin," suggested he, smiling indulgently, as if she *had* been a child.

"You can't think how odd it seems to have anybody to walk with."

"Pleasant, I hope?"

"Why, yes, very pleasant."

They chatted in this commonplace way till they had left the village, and struck into the solitary mountain road. (The necessity of being original has

taken the comfort out of more friendships than the culture of dullness has ruined.)

Then, when they were quite alone, she stopped talking. They had walked fast; he saw that she was tired, and he asked her to sit and rest by the roadside. She did so at once. The sun was warm and direct, and she said she never took cold.

"I did not get your note till Monday," said Nordhall immediately.

"No. Of course not."

"I wanted to come up on Tuesday."

"I am glad you thought better of it. *This* is bad enough."

"What can you possibly mean?" cried he, his astonishment clearly overmastering all other feeling.

"I don t know how to tell you," said Reliance indistinctly. Then he saw how she caught her breath, and that she suffered genuine embarrassment.

"What was that note about, any way?" he demanded. His quivering emotion at seeing her distress lent a thrill like anger to his tone. "What had happened?"

"Something dreadful, — *dreadful!*"

"You did not seem to find it very dreadful when you saw me this morning."

"No. I almost forgot. I meant to forget when I came up here. And I *don't* care as much about it as I did when I wrote that note."

"If you could only give me the slightest clue to what you mean," — began the man, helplessly.

"You might know what I mean!" cried the woman, rationally.

"I 'm not an imaginative fellow," said Nordhall, hitting some rose berries sulkily with his cane. "All I know is that you distress me beyond measure. If anything dreadful has happened to you I ought to know it, whether it is any of my concern or not," he added doggedly.

"It does concern you," said Reliance, with sudden courage. "It concerns us both. It is something people said."

"Oh! Is *that* all?"

"*All?* Why, they said — they said" —

"They said we were engaged to be married. Certainly. Why, I have heard that scores of times."

"You never told me! You never" —

"Why should I trouble you? Why, my dear friend, tell me, why should we either of us be troubled over a petty thing like that? See this thistle beyond the rose-bush. I touch it with my cane, — no, I breathe on it from this distance. It is gone. Look! The four winds of heaven hold all that gossamer. Shall I go and gather it for you, and pack it up again in a purple calyx? Does it fall on you and me, sitting here? We are on our way to the Profile. Nobody notices, thinks, cares, says. We can walk arm-in-arm, if you like, all the way, and not meet any living soul. Oh, turn your head and look through those rose berries at the sky! Can you see the shadows on the Franconia? That same cloud casts a darkness on your hair. See, we are alone. Why should you fret, or mind?"

He turned his head upon his hand, and looked at her dreamily. But now he saw that she was deeply annoyed.

"But I do mind, — I did mind very much indeed. I do not like to hear such things. They are an insult. They hurt me. I am John Strong's wife. I do not intend to marry" —

"I have never" — He checked himself.

"No, you have never asked me," she said, without a blush. "Even if you wished it — and I know you do not wish it — you would not be so cruel."

He did not answer this; and after a moment he suggested: —

"Let us walk on."

"Let us walk back," she said wearily. "I can't get to the Profile. I am not as strong as I thought."

"Sometimes I'm afraid I hope you are not," he murmured impetuously.

"I did not understand you?"

"I am sorry you are tired. Take my arm, — do. Why should you not? Now let us talk of this. What are we to do about this 'dreadful thing'?"

Looking up, — for she took his arm, — she saw the mischief in his eyes.

"You can laugh at me!" she cried.

"At *you*? Oh, no, no! At *it*. Yes, I can. Reliance Strong, I think this terrible calamity you speak of is only fit to be laughed at. I think it was unworthy of you to pay that rumor the deference of one pang or tear."

"How did you know I cried over it?"

"I don't know much, it is true, but I know *you*." She was silent now; her agitation subsiding in gentle waves.

"Then, what do you think we ought to do about it?" she asked, more quietly.

"Do? I should scorn to 'do' anything. You and I understand each other" —

"And John," she interrupted.

"And John — Yes. We all understand each other. You need me. I need you. If a rational man and woman in a rational state of society cannot pursue a rational friendship without contemplating or perpetrating a marriage engagement, either by accident or design, then civilization is a failure."

"It seems to me I have somewhere read that civilization *is* a failure."

"Now what do you mean by that?" He stopped short, looked at her, but perceived the innocent malice of her interruption, and hastened eagerly on: "And if ever a man and woman could be — could do this thing, I believe you and I are that woman and man."

"I have hoped so," she admitted tremulously; she too was in earnest now.

"I don't hope so!" cried Nordhall, boyishly. "I know so. See, Reliance, my comfort, my strength, — my strong Reliance! Look at me! Would you give me up for *that*?"

She lifted her face. She saw the October sky above his tall height, and the mountains, like witnesses at a solemn pledge, seemed to gather themselves together about them. She met his eyes. They overflowed with protecting tenderness; grave, guarded, — grand, she thought.

"Do you think," he asked gently, "that *I* would not be the first to see anything that could trouble you, — anything we must notice or regard that you could fitly pay attention to? Do you think *I* would not care for all these little things? Leave them," he pleaded, "to me. Just take the comfort of my friendship — if it is a little comfort — without fret or worry. I cannot bear to worry you. Will you not trust me?"

"I will trust you," she murmured gravely, "and I will not give you up for this."

They had a pleasant Sabbath. Nordhall even went to church with her in the morning, and heard the theology of Bethlehem without demur; he was too happy to care what he was asked to believe. Madam Strong, too, received him graciously; she was glad to see somebody from home. He sat with the ladies in the great boarding-house parlor, and Reliance played church anthems for her mother on the hoarse piano. He dined with them, too, and praised the doughnuts.

Then they sat on the piazza a little while, and became historical, and thirsted for information, and discussed positions not dissimilar in human experience to their own. They mentioned the acquaintances of celebrated women and men. Mrs. Strong remembered that Vittoria Colonna and Michael Angelo were friends. Nordhall spoke of Madame Récamier and Châteaubriand, of Madame Swetchine and the Count de Maistre, of Fénelon and Madame Guyon; and then Reliance recalled Robertson and

Lady Byron; and Cowper and Mrs. — Who was it? She forgot the name! These people had friendship. They *would* have it. They knew how to have it. They had taught the world to respect it. They had done the race that divine service.

Mrs. Strong and Mr. Nordhall looked into each other's eyes on the boarding-house piazza in the Sunday noon of the Bethlehem October, and discussed their indebtedness to these great persons.

In the afternoon Reliance proposed visiting that old cemetery, but he objected; his heart did not turn any more to graves. Instead, he asked her to drive to the Profile, and, after some hesitation, her mother urging it (Reliance had been so prisoned in the sick-room of late), she consented to go. Nordhall found a good horse; they started early, and were home an hour before tea. It was a quiet ride. They did not talk of matters which trouble or excite. They said nothing of friendship and civilization, or of service to the race. They shared thoughts, and what in New England we love to call "views." They did not discuss feelings. Reliance returned calmed and strengthened.

She felt that she could not be thankful enough for the friendliness of this firm and unselfish man. Nothing had occurred to mar the repose of their ride. When they had sat together below the Great Stone Face, neither had spoken. The sky spoke, and the hills, the eternal solitude, and the granite lips.

Her own little lot seemed small to her as she looked up. What was solitude? What, a short life of trouble? Who but a coward could refuse to endure whatever had an end? She pierced her fate with these brave challenges. We are all of us apt, perhaps, to employ ourselves with this kind of sharp-shooting at those crises of our history when we are least solitary and most content.

As for Nordhall, he was mainly occupied with wondering what he ought to do about that veil. He could not quite look that old fellow on the mountain in the eye with a piece of stolen gauze in his left breast-pocket.

When he came to bid her good-by that evening, for he was to take a start too early to disturb Mrs. Brandy's household, he battled with himself about this little thing. They were alone in the huge bare parlor, which the lady and the open fire redeemed from intolerable unhomeliness. She stood by the hearth. The barren room seemed hung with cloth of gold. He had not expected to find it so hard to leave her.

He had twice bidden her good-night before he came back, and without preface or apology said, —

"I found your veil in the churchyard. I have kept it."

"*You* found it? Yes; I lost it Friday."

She put out her hands, as if to reclaim it. But he shook his head.

"I don't know about that," said Reliance gravely.

"Then take it!" He drew it from his breast and held it out to her.

"What good can it do you? I do not like — I am not used — I never do such things." She hesitated and stammered.

"Why don't you take it?"

But she did not take it. She looked perplexed and pained.

"I don't want to be foolish," she said humbly.

"Then let me keep the thing," he answered, in a comfortable tone. "I never had anything that belonged to you. I took a fancy to this. It seems to me you might trust me with it."

She look at him searchingly; he returned her gaze with clear and quiet eyes; she did not take the veil; they shook hands, and he went away.

He went away and out into the silent, awfully silent, village. He did not go back to his hotel till nearly midnight.

He walked and walked and walked, over the deserted and now chilly roads. There was no wind. It was supernaturally still. In the glows and glooms between the houses where the lights were going out, he could see the dull outlines of head-stones in that churchyard. He hurried past it.

"I 'm walking as if ghosts were at my heels!" he said aloud, at last, and stopped short. He made a sharp turn and went back to the hotel. He ordered something, he could not have told what, — something hot; he did not touch it. He continued to walk and to walk, up and down his forlorn little room. He walked till it was one o'clock.

There was but one book in the room, supposed to be the one of all others which hotel guests chiefly and habitually spend their traveling time in reading. He noticed this Bible lying on the empty table by the solitary, tall kerosene light. He went and sat down by it, and held it, unopened, in his hand a minute. He looked haggard and old. Once he turned over his shoulder a look not without fear.

Presently the whole tension of the man softened and yielded. He put the Bible down. He took out of his breast the silver veil, and laid it upon the Holy Book, stretched his hands upon them both, with a gesture infinitely protecting, tender, and pathetic, and pressed his cheek upon his hand, solemnly like one at prayer.

But this action brought his lips in contact with the warm bit of gauze. Suddenly he snatched it to them, and kissed it again and again and again. . . . All was over now.

A man of honor could be the victim, but not the culprit, of these terrible illusions.

Friendliness? Pity? *Friendship?* Then pity was a passion and friendship an omnipotent love.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

VOLTAIRE'S SCHOOL DAYS

The boy remained at home three years after his mother's death, with his father, sister, and elder brother, instructed in a desultory way by the Abbé Châteauneuf. The family lived liberally and with some elegance, enjoying, as documents attest, a large garden, a summer residence in a suburban village, with a farm adjacent, horses, vehicles, books, an ample income, consideration, and a circle of agreeable friends, whom these alone never command. "I wrote verses from my cradle," Voltaire remarks more than once, and Duvernet adds that Armand Arouet also wrote them, even while both were boys at home. The family, he says, used to amuse themselves by pitting the brothers against one another in verse-making, and the verses of the younger were so good as at first to please and afterwards to alarm his father, who was a man of judgment, and dreaded the development of so unprofitable a talent.

Maître Arouet, like a true French father, had a scheme of life for each of his sons. The elder, as a matter of course, would follow his father's business of notary, and succeed by inheritance to his father's offices. For his younger son he cherished more ambitious views: he designed to make a solicitor or an advocate of him. A notary, in such practice as he enjoyed, would be almost a sufficient patron to a young advocate, and it would be both convenient and advantageous to have a lawyer in the family. We still hear of solicitors in Lon-

don, in large practice, bringing up a son or a nephew as a barrister, because it is solicitors who choose barristers for their clients. There were also places open to the legal profession in France, procurable by purchase, by interest, or by a blending of the two, which led to the higher magistracy, if not to the court and cabinet of the king.

This father, it is evident, had set his heart upon seeing his younger son enter a career in which he could push him on to fortune with advantage to himself; and to this end he took precisely the course which an opulent father of his rank would adopt at the present time: he sent him to the great school of the day, — the Eton of France, — the Jesuit Collège Louis-le-Grand, attended then by two thousand boys of the most distinguished families in the kingdom. This school, which still exists upon its ancient site in the Rue St. Jacques, in the heart of old Paris, presented almost every attraction which could weigh with a fond or an ambitious parent. The Jesuits were in the highest credit with king, court, and hierarchy, and this school was among their most cherished and important institutions. Years before, when Louis XIV. visited it in state to witness a play performed by the pupils, he let fall an expression which gave it the name it bore, and brought it into the highest fashion. A spectator said, "Everything is admirable here." The king, hearing the remark, responded, "Certainly, it is my college." The next morning, before the dawn of day, the old name of "College of Clermont" had disappeared from the gate-way, and in its stead was placed a new name, "Collège Louis-le-Grand."

The urbane and scholarly Jesuits held this king in firm possession. That plain-spoken lady, Madame, mother of the Regent, tells us in her Memoirs that the priests had made the king believe all men damned except those whom Jesuits had instructed. If any one about the court, she adds, wished to ruin a man, he had only to call him a Huguenot or a Jansenist, and his business was done. Her son, the Duke of Orleans, desired to take a gentleman into his service who had been accused of Jansenism. "Why, nephew," said the king, "do you think of such a thing as receiving a Jansenist into your service?" The prince replied, "I can positively assure your majesty that he is no Jansenist. It is rather to be feared that he does not even believe in God." "Oh," said the king, "if that's all, and you give me your word he's no Jansenist, take him." It is doubtful if Maître Arouet thought better of the Jansenists than the king, since his son Armand had come from their teaching a narrow and cheerless devotee.

It was in the autumn of 1704, a few weeks after the battle of Blenheim, that François-Marie Arouet, aged ten years, was placed in this famous school. His home was within an easy walk of the miscellaneous aggregation of buildings belonging to the college in the Rue St. Jacques, on the southern side of the Seine; but his father, left a widower three years before, had given away his only daughter in marriage, and therefore entered his son among the boarders, five hundred in number.

The child was not turned loose among this great crowd of boys, to make his way as best he could. There were privileges which wealth could buy, and Maître Arouet provided for his son one of the most valuable of these. The price of board and tuition was four hundred francs a year; which entitled the pupil to no special care or comfort. A prince, or indeed any man who chose to pay the extra cost, could establish his son in a private room, and provide him with a servant and tutor; and there were usually thirty or forty boys in the college thus favored. The private rooms were in such request that it was necessary to speak for one of them years be-

fore it was wanted. There were thirty or forty larger rooms for groups of five, six, or seven pupils, each group under the care of a *préfet*, a priest who served them as father and tutor, aiding them in their lessons, and keeping them from harm. It was in one of these groups that Maître Arouet placed his child, under the tutelage of Father Thoulier, a young priest (twenty-two in 1704) of noted family and attainments. What better could a generous father do for a promising, motherless boy of ten in the Paris of 1704? Clad in a scholar's modest frock and cap, brown-haired, bright-eyed, not robust, already practiced in gay mockery of things revered, François Arouet took his place in that swarm of French boys of the Collège Louis-le-Grand. There he remained for seven years, and it was his only school.

We must think of it simply as a boy's school, not a college; a humming, bustling hive of boys, given to mischief, and liable to the most primitive punishments when detected in the same. It was while Voltaire was a pupil that the Duke de Boufflers and the Marquis d'Argenson conspired with other boys to blow a pop-gun volley of peas at the nose of the unpopular professor, Father Lejay, and were condemned to be flogged for the outrage. The marquis, a boy of seventeen, the son of a king's minister, managed to escape; but the younger duke, though he was named "Governor of Flanders," and colonel of a regiment, was obliged to submit to the punishment. The discipline, however, was far from being severe, and there was evidently a friendly sympathy between pupils and teachers, which in the case of Voltaire survived school-days.

In no important particular did this school differ from a Jesuit school of the present moment, such as we may visit in Rome, Vienna, Montreal, New York. Sixty years after leaving it, Voltaire recalled to mind the picture, twelve feet square, which adorned one of its halls, of St. Ignatius and St. Xavier going to heaven in a resplendent chariot drawn by four white horses, the Father Eternal visible on high, wearing a beautiful white beard flowing to his waist, the Virgin and her Son by his side, the Holy Spirit beneath in the form of a dove, and a choir of angels waiting with joined hands and bowed heads to receive the illustrious fathers of the order. He remembered, too, that if any one in France had presumed to ridicule this childish legend, the reverend Père la Chaise, confessor of the king, would have had the scoffer in the Bastille with promptitude. Just such pictures still hang in many a school, and the general view of the universe intended to be inculcated by them is not materially changed. But the Bastille is gone, and the power of Père la Chaise is diminished.

The boy took his place in the lowest class, the sixth, and began his *Rosa, la Rose*, in the crabbed old Rudimenta of Despautères, written in Latin, and stuffed with needless difficulties of the good old-fashioned kind. At many schools a better book was used, written in French, and every way more suitable; but no Jesuit of that generation would adopt it because it was written by the Fathers of Port Royal, odious Jansenists! In Greek he was given a little book of easy sentences, by Jean Stobée, a compiler who lived in the fourth century; and this was followed, in his second year, by a selection of Æsop's Fables. Early in the course he was set to reading the Latin poems of Father Commire, who put into such hexameters as he could command the stories of Jonah, Daniel, and the Immaculate Conception, for the edification of youth; also, some pompous eulogies of the Virgin Mary. And so he worked his way up through all the classes, meeting every day similar incongruities, at the recollection of which he laughed all his life: Epictetus one hour, and

St. Basil's Homilies the next; now Lucian, now St. Chrysostom; Virgil in the morning, Commire in the afternoon; Cicero alternating with Father Lejay's Latin Life of Joseph; Sallust followed by a Psalm of David, in what he calls "kitchen Latin;" the college course being that wondrous mixture of the two Romes — Cicero's Rome and the Pope's Rome, both imperial — which for ages constituted polite education. The teachers were amiable and worthy gentlemen, who did the best they knew for their pupils. It merely happened that they now had a pupil in whom the ingredients would not mix.

The most gifted boy, in the most favorable circumstances, can only make a fair beginning of education from ten to seventeen. Voltaire, at the end of his course, could not have entered such universities as Oxford, Cambridge, Berlin, and Harvard are now. He may have had Latin enough, but not half enough Greek; no modern language but his own; scarcely any tincture of mathematics; no modern history; no science; not even a tolerable outline of geography. The school-books still held to the ancient theory that rivers were formed by the ocean running into deep caverns under the mountains; and if any of the fathers had yet heard of the new astronomy of Professor Isaac Newton (adopted at Oxford in 1704, Voltaire's first year at school), they had heard of it only to reject it as heresy. He did not learn the most remarkable events even of French history, unless he learned them out of class. "I did not," he intimates, "know that Francis I. was taken prisoner at Pavia, nor where Pavia was; the very land of my birth was unknown to me. I knew neither the constitution nor the interests of my country; not a word of mathematics, not a word of sound philosophy. I learned Latin and nonsense."

We have a work upon education by Jouvency, a Jesuit father of that generation, in which no mention is made of geography, history, mathematics, or science. Much Latin, a little Greek, and plenty of what Voltaire called nonsense (*sottises*) made up the mental diet of the pupils of the Collège Louis-le-Grand.

The main strength of the worthy fathers was expended in teaching their pupils to use words with effect and grace. The nonsense (*les sottises*) was a necessity of their time and vocation. Grave and learned men could still gravely and learnedly discourse upon the grades of angels, the precise difference between a "throne" and a "dominion," the language employed by Adam and Eve, the parents of Melchisedech, and the spot whence Enoch had been translated to heaven. Boys could not escape such *sottises;* but in a fashionable school of the learned and courtly Jesuits they were taught with more of formality and routine than among Jansenist orders, who were rude enough to take such things seriously.

Literary skill was what this boy acquired at school, and scarcely any other good thing. He studied and loved Virgil, his "idol and master." He studied and loved Horace, the model of much of his maturest verse. He loved to recall, in later years, the happy hour when, as a school-boy, he came upon that passage of Cicero's oration on behalf of the poet Archias, which has been a favorite sentence with school-boys for many a century: "Studies nourish youth, cheer old age, adorn prosperity, console adversity, delight at home, are no impediment abroad, remain with us through the night, accompany us when we travel, and go with us into the country." In a letter to Madame du Châtelet, written in the first warmth of their affection, he speaks of having often repeated to her those words, which, he says, he early adopted as his own. He speaks more than once, in his letters, of his boyish sensibility to the charms of poetry, — his first passion and his last.

Hebrew he mentions having tried in vain to learn. In a letter of 1767, in repudiating the doctrine of the natural equality of minds, he adduces his own incapacities: "As early as my twelfth year I was aware of the prodigious number of things for which I had no talent. I knew that my organism was not formed to go very far in mathematics. I have proved that I have no capacity for music. God has said to each man, Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther. I had some natural power to acquire modern languages; none for the Oriental. We cannot all do all things."

His teachers seemed chosen to nourish his reigning tastes. Father Thoulier, his tutor, known afterwards as Abbé d'Olivet, was one of the most enthusiastic and accomplished Latinists in Europe, his translations of Cicero remaining classic to this day in France. He spent a long life in the study of Roman literature, his love for which had originally drawn him into the order, against the wishes of his family. "Read Cicero! Read Cicero!" he exclaimed in a public address; and these words, as one of his biographers remarks, were the moral of his life. He could almost have added, "Read nothing but Cicero!" He was a familiar, genial teacher, whom Voltaire, half a century later, used to address as "my dear Cicero;" and the abbé would return the compliment by telling his pupil that he was tired of men, and passed his days "with a Virgil, a Terence, a Molière, a Voltaire." In his latest years he became a kind of literary bigot, vaunting his favorite authors and reviling the favorites of others. He was in the ardor and buoyancy of youth when he breathed into this susceptible boy the love of Cicero, and gave him familiar slaps by way of amusement.

But the préfet only saw him safely to the door of the class-rooms. His chief professor of Latin was Father Porée, whose labor of love was to write Latin plays for the boys to perform, some of which are still occasionally presented in French schools.[1] M. Pierron declares that he shall not to his dying day forget the "prodigious *ennui*" that he endured in reading these productions, characterized, as he remarks, by inanity of conception, absence of interest, puerility of style, and jests in bad taste. They were, however, sufficient for their purpose, and gave the author a great reputation. He was a handsome, imposing, fluent, and agreeable man, who knew how to hold his classes attentive, and to adorn the platform on state occasions. Voltaire speaks of Father Porée with respect and fondness thirty years after leaving school, when his old master was at the head of the college.

It was Father Porée who said of the boy that "he loved to weigh in his little scales the great interests of Europe;" which calls to mind a remark of his own, written half a century later: "In my infancy I knew a canon of Péronne, aged ninety-two, who was reared by one of the most infuriate commoners of The League. He always said [in speaking of the assassin of Henry IV.], '*the late Monsieur de Ravaillac.*'" Being at a Jesuit college, he could not fail to hear something, from time to time, of the wondrous attempts of the Jesuits in Canada, made familiar to modern readers through the works of Dr. Francis Parkman. He even knew a M. Brébeuf, grand-nephew of that Father Brébeuf, martyr, bravest of the brave, whom Dr. Parkman has so nobly delineated in his Jesuits in North America. Voltaire heard from M. Brébeuf an anecdote that may have come from the missionary's lips: "He told me that his grand-uncle, the Jesuit, having converted a pretty little Canadian boy, the tribe, much offended, roasted the child, ate him, and gave a choice portion [*une*

[1] One of the Latin plays of Father Porée was performed at Boston, Mass., at the Commencement of Boston College, June 27, 1877.

fesse] to the reverend Father Brébeuf, who, to get out of the scrape, said it was a fast with him that day."

From such slight indications as these we can infer that, little as the fathers may have formally taught him of modern history, he was not inattentive to the events of his time, and gained some knowledge of the heroic ages of France.

A comrade of Porée was Father Tournemine, an inmate of the Collège Louis-le-Grand, although not officially connected with it. He conducted a monthly magazine for the Jesuits, a kind of repository of historical memoirs and pious miscellany. He was a doting lover of such literature as he liked, a man of the world, a genial, easy companion to young and old, and held in high esteem in the college as literary ornament and arbiter. Between this editor and young Arouet there grew an attachment which lasted many years beyond the college course of the boy, and influenced both their lives. "While his comrades," says Duvernet, "strengthened their constitutions, though thinking only of amusing themselves, in games, races, and other bodily exercises, Voltaire withdrew from the playground to go and strengthen his mind in conversation with Fathers Tournemine and Porée, with whom he passed most of his leisure; and he was accustomed to say to those who rallied him upon his indifference to the pleasures natural to his age, 'Every one jumps and every one amuses himself in his own way.'"

It so chanced that Tournemine was as strenuous a partisan of Corneille as Abbé Châteauneuf was of Racine, whom the Jesuits held to be a Jansenist, and therefore neither poet nor Christian. "In my infancy," says Voltaire, in his edition of Corneille, "Father Tournemine, a Jesuit, an extreme partisan of Corneille, and an enemy of Racine, whom he deemed a Jansenist, made me remark this passage [Agesilaus to Lysander], which he preferred to all the pieces of Racine." The passage amply justifies the remark which the commentator adds: "Thus prejudice corrupts the taste, as it perverts the judgment, in all the concerns of life." Nevertheless, that very prejudice of the amiable Jesuit may have served the pupil as a provocative; and we can easily fancy this boy defending his favorite dramatist against the attacks of the fathers, aiming at them the arguments he had heard at home from his mentor, Abbé Châteauneuf.

In a large school there must be, of course, the unpopular teacher, who is not always the least worthy one. Father Lejay, professor of rhetoric of many years' standing, filled this "rôle" in the Collège Louis-le-Grand. He was a strict, zealous, disagreeable formalist; "a good Jesuit," devoted to his order, who composed and compiled many large volumes, still to be seen in French libraries; a dull, plodding, ambitious man, with an ingredient in his composition of that quality which has given to the word *Jesuit* its peculiar meaning in modern languages. He wrote a book of pious sentences for Every Day of the Week, and a discourse upon the Triumph of Religion under Louis IV. He translated and annotated the Roman Antiquities of Denys of Halicarnassus, compiled a vast work upon rhetoric, wrote upon the Duties of a Christian with Regard to Faith and Conduct, wrote tragedies and comedies in Latin and French, which were played at the college by the boys, with the "success" that invariably attends such performances. These dramas of the professor of rhetoric, which were described by a French explorer as among the curiosities of inanity, reveal the interesting fact that Father Lejay had a particular antipathy to "philosophers," and knew very well how to flatter Louis XIV. by abusing them. He was indeed much given to politic flattery, each of his works being dedicated to some great man of the hour whom

his order or himself was interested to conciliate.

Plays were often performed at this school. One of the first comedies presented after the entrance of François Arouet was Lejay's Damocles, in which the friend of Dionysius is held up to scorn as a "philosopher," and the tyrant is presented to the admiration of the auditors as an ancient Louis XIV. Damocles is remarkable for the flowing amplitude of his beard, in which his foolish soul delights, and his favorite saying is, "Nations will never be happy until kings become philosophers, or philosophers kings." The king says, at length, "Very well, be it so; reign in my place." Damocles reigns. He commits every imbecile folly which the crude mind of Father Lejay could imagine or boys laugh at. The people rise against the "philosopher," and recall Dionysius, who tears the royal mantle from Damocles, and dooms him to lose his noble beard, more precious to him than life. The crowning scene is the last, in which a barber, with abundant ceremony and endless comic incident, cuts off the beard, amid applause that shook the solid walls of the college. It was only with Father Lejay that the young Arouet was not in pleasant accord during the seven years of his school life. The anecdote of their collision, vaguely related by Duvernet, came doubtless from Voltaire himself, even to some of the words which Duvernet employs in telling it: —

"Among the professors, who were very much attached to him, Father Lejay, a man of mediocre ability, vain, jealous, and held in little esteem by his colleagues, was the only one whose goodwill Voltaire could not win. He was professor of eloquence, and, like most of those who plume themselves upon that gift, he was very little eloquent. He was regarded as the Cotin[1] of orators. Voltaire had with him some literary discussions; the master felt himself humiliated by his pupil, and this was the source of that antipathy which Father Lejay had for Voltaire, — a feeling which he could not conquer, nor even disguise. One day, the pupil, exasperated by the professor, gave him a retort of a certain kind, which ought not to have been provoked, and which it had been discreet in the instructor not to notice. Father Lejay, in his rage, descends from his platform, runs to him, seizes him by the collar, and, rudely shaking him, cries out several times, 'Wretch! You will one day be the standard-bearer of deism in France!'"

Such a scene would not, in that age, have injured the audacious boy in the opinion of his comrades. It might even have made him the hero of a day; for it was of that period that Madame of Orleans wrote when she entered in her diary, "Religious belief is so completely extinct in this country that one seldom meets a young man who does not wish to pass himself off as an atheist. But the oddest part of it is that the very person who professes atheism in Paris plays the saint at court."

All things pressed this boy toward the path he was to follow. Every influence to which he was subjected, whether within or without the college, stimulated the development of his peculiar aptitudes.

In the France of Louis XIV. there were five illustrious names that did not belong to men of rank in church or state, and they were all the names of poets: Corneille, Racine, Molière, Boileau, and J. B. Rousseau. These alone of the commoners of France could be supposed worthy to be guests at great houses, and sit with princes in the king's presence. These five; Corneille, a lawyer's son; Racine and Boileau, sons of small placemen; Molière, the son of a Paris upholsterer; J. B. Rousseau, the child of the Arouet family's shoemaker.

[1] A pompous, arrogant court preacher of Louis XIII.'s time, satirized by Boileau and Molière.

The boy Rousseau may have carried home shoes to the notary's house; but the proudest head in France was proud to bow to Rousseau the poet. The diaries of that generation attest the estimation in which the verse-making art was held, and the great number of persons who tried their hands at it. Verse was the one road to glory open to nameless youth, the career of arms being an exclusive preserve of feudal rank.

We have seen that the professors with whom this lad had most to do wrote plays in prose and in verse. The performance of those works on the great days of the school year absorbed such an amount of time and toil that we might suppose the college a training-school of actors. There was the little drama and the grand drama: the first consisting of farces and burlesques, in Latin or in French, or in both; the second of tragedies, in Latin. The little drama was presented in one of the college halls a few days before the end of the school year, and was witnessed only by the inmates; the plays being short, the comic effects simple, and the mounting inexpensive. The grand drama, reserved for the final day, when the prizes were given, — the solemn day of judgment of a French school, — was given in the great court of the college, converted for the occasion into a vast tent. The play was usually in five acts, and "entire months" were employed in drilling the young performers, rehearsing the play, and preparing the scenes. The stage was set up at the further end of the court, opposite the great gate-way, and the interior was all gay with banners, flags, streamers, tapestry, emblems, devices, and mottoes. The families of the pupils were invited, and places of honor were reserved for the chiefs of the Jesuit order, for bishops and archbishops, and for members of the royal family; the king himself being sometimes present. The five-act Latin play, on some subject of classic antiquity, was the prelude to the great event of the occasion, the distribution of the prizes; and, as the performers were generally the boys who were to receive prizes, it was a day of intoxicating glory to them, the applause bestowed upon the actor being renewed and emphasized when he stood up to receive the public recognition of a year's good conduct. On some occasions there was a mock trial, and the reading of poems composed by the pupils. The acting of charades was also a part of the school festivities, and they were performed very much as we do them now at holiday times, although with more formality.

If these provocations to literature were not sufficient, there were literary societies in the institution, not unlike those of American colleges at the present time. These were styled, in the Jesuit schools of that period, "academies;" and, as the Jesuits invented them, no reader needs to be told that the sessions were presided over by one of the father professors. In other respects, there was no material difference between the Academy for which François Arouet composed and declaimed and any Gamma-Delta society of an American college of the present time. The members debated, read poems of their own composition, declaimed those of others, and did all those acts and things which readers remember as part of their own joyous school experience. The tradition of the college is that the violent scene with Father Lejay, just related, occurred, not in class, as Duvernet has it, but during a debate in the Academy, Lejay presiding.

Thus stimulated to productivity, young Arouet soon became, and to the end of his course remained, the prodigy of the Collège Louis-le-Grand. Some of his early spurts of verse have been preserved.

It is not possible to fix the date of these poems, but we are sure of one thing: before he was eleven years of age, and before he had been at school a

year, he was recognized and shown as a wonder of precocious talent. We are sure of this, because it was in the character of a wondrous boy-poet that Abbé Châteauneuf presented him to a personage still more wondrous, Mademoiselle Ninon de Lenclos, then in her ninetieth year, but still the centre of a brilliant circle.

She was "as dry as a mummy" when the little poet was taken to see her, — "a wrinkled, decrepit creature, who had nothing upon her bones but a yellow skin that was turning black." He says:

"I had written some verses, which were of no value, but seemed very good for my age. Mademoiselle de Lenclos had formerly known my mother, who was much attached to the Abbé de Châteauneuf; and thus it was found a pleasant thing to take me to see her. She was then eighty-five [eighty-nine]. It pleased her to put me in her will; she left me two thousand francs to buy books with. Her death occurred soon after my visit."

This legacy, which, as Voltaire more than once records, was punctually paid, confirms the version of the Abbé Duvernet, who says that the aged Ninon was delighted with the boy. Her house, in the Rue des Tournelles, was, he assures us, "a school of good breeding, and the rendezvous of philosophers and wits, whom she knew how to please and interest even in her decrepitude." All pleased her in the lad, — his confidence, his repartees, and, above all, his information. She questioned him upon the topic of the day, — the deadly feud between the sincere, austere Jansenists and the politic, scholarly Jesuits, then approaching its climax in the destruction of Port Royal. Doubtless he had his little say upon that subject, and spoke in the "decided tone" which the abbé mentions. Ninon, he remarks, "saw in him the germ of a great man; and it was to warm that germ into life that she left him the legacy to buy books, — a gift at once the most flattering and the most useful to a young man whose sole passion was to instruct himself."

The legacy was indeed most flattering. What a stimulus to a susceptible boy of eleven, already conscious of his powers, and living in the midst of a society who assumed that the composition of good French verse was among the most glorious of all possible feats of the mind! The next year, being in the fifth class, he began a tragedy upon the story, told in Livy, of Amulius, king of Alba, the wicked uncle of those babes in the woods, Romulus and Remus. He called his play Amulius and Numitor. He kept it many years among his papers, but threw it at length into the fire.

While still in the fifth class his fame reached the court. An invalid soldier, who had served under the immediate command of the king's only son and heir, came to the college one day, and asked the regent to write for him a petition in verse to the prince for aid in his sickness and poverty. The regent referred him to Arouet, who wrote twenty lines for him in half an hour. He made the old soldier address the prince as "the worthy son of the greatest of kings," his love, the people's hope, "who, without reigning over France, reigned over the hearts of the French." "Will you permit me," ran the petition, "to present a new year's gift to you, who only receive them from the hand of the gods? At your birth, they say, Mars gave you valor, Minerva wisdom, Apollo beauty; but a god more powerful, whom in my anguish I implore, designed to bestow new year gifts upon me in giving you liberality." The petition brought a few golden louis to the soldier, and made some little noise at Versailles and Paris. It is said also to have renewed the alarm of his father, lest so much flattery bestowed upon a casual exertion of his son's talents should lure him from the path which leads to rich clients and liberal fees. This versi-

fied petition was the best of his school poems that has been preserved, and was really turned with much elegance and ingenuity. For a boy of twelve to devise a compliment for Louis XIV. or his race, after half a century of incense, that should attract a moment's attention from king or court must certainly be accounted a kind of triumph.

He did not neglect the ordinary studies of the school. At the close of his sixth year, in August, 1710, on the day of the distribution of prizes, he enjoyed extraordinary honors. Prize after prize, crown after crown (if we may believe tradition), was awarded him, until he was covered with crowns and staggered under the weight of his prize books. Among the guests in the grand pavilion was the poet J. B. Rousseau, then in the prime of manhood, the lustre of his fame undimmed. The name of François Marie Arouet caught his ear, and he asked one of the fathers if the lad were the son of Maître Arouet, of the Chamber of Accounts, whom he knew. The professor said he was, and that he had shown for some years a marvelous talent for poetry. Then the professor took the boy by the hand, all covered with crowns and laden with glory, and presented him to the poet. Rousseau kissed him on both cheeks, as the French do at such times, congratulated him warmly upon the honors he had received, and foretold for him a brilliant future. The scholar, with equal enthusiasm, threw his arms around the poet's neck, amid the emotion and applause of the assembly.

And so he went on, triumphantly and happily, to the end of his seven years' course, — a good scholar, a favorite of his teachers, admired by all his companions, and by some of them beloved. His friends at school remained his friends as long as they lived, and some of them lived to witness and to solace his last days. The warmest, tenderest, and longest friendships of his life were formed at the Collège Louis-le-Grand, and his instructors followed his career with interest and pride, despite the human foibles and the French faults that marred it. There is no question that his life at school was happy and honorable, and both in a high degree. He made the most of his chances there, such as they were.

These seven years, so brilliant and so fortunate for him in the safe seclusion of a school, were the darkest France had known since the time of Jeanne Darc; for it was then that the French people had to pay large installments of the penalty of enduring for half a century an ignorant and incompetent king. The defeat of Blenheim, in Arouet's first year at school, was followed by that of Ramilies in 1706, while he was writing his tragedy upon the bad uncle of Romulus and Remus. Defeat followed defeat, until in 1709 occurred the crowning disaster of Malplaquet. There were times, as this boy remembered, when Paris itself dreaded the victor's approach; and he never forgot the famine of 1709, when, besides the catastrophe of Malplaquet, the olives failed, the fruit trees were nipped by frost, the harvest was ruined, the British fleet captured the grain ships coming from the East, and the cold of the winter was extreme. His father had to pay a hundred francs extra for him at the college that year, and yet he had to eat brown bread. Probably he meant oaten bread, which Madame de Maintenon set the example of eating at Versailles. The king sent to the mint that year four hundred thousand francs' worth of gold plate, and there was a general melting of silver plate from great houses.

The old king had his share of sorrow and humiliation. It was in April, 1711, young Arouet's last year at school, that the series of deaths began in the royal family, the mere recollection of which, many years after, brought tears to susceptible French eyes. The king's only

son, the Dauphin, died of small-pox in that month. The next February *his* son, the new Dauphin, died; and three weeks after, *his* son, leaving to France only a boy of two years, "within two fingers of death," who became Louis XV. Paris saw father, mother, and son all borne to the tomb in the same hearse. The hardest hearts, the wisest heads, forgave the stricken king for the woes unnumbered he had brought upon his country through his subservience to priests. Our young student, when he came, half a century later, to treat of these events, in his Age of Louis XIV., wrote, "This time of desolation left in the hearts of men an impression so profound that, during the minority of Louis XV., I knew several persons who could not speak of these losses without tears."

He remembered, also, that at the period when Marlborough seemed about to come thundering at the gates of Paris the minds of men were distracted by what seem to us trifling religious disputes. But at that time nothing was trifling that savored of religion, for behind it all there was the dungeon, the torture-chamber, the bayonet, the axe, the wheel, the fagot. He remembered that, about the time when he was crowned and applauded in the presence of Rousseau, a Jewess and her daughter were burned at Lisbon for some trivial act of eating lamb at the season when priests said meat must not be eaten. The story circulated in the school that the girl was ravishingly beautiful, but he declares that it was not her beauty that drew the tears from his eyes when he heard the tale.

And at that very time, perhaps at the moment when the young poet heard his name called in the splendid pavilion, the light of victory may have gleamed in the eyes of every Jesuit in Paris on account of the destruction of the convent of Port Royal, near Versailles. The fundamental article of religion with Louis XIV. was the royal authority, and hence he regarded heresy as rebellion. Long he hesitated before proceeding to extremities with the Jansenist ladies of Port Royal in the Fields, so renowned were they for piety and good works, so revered by the solid men of Paris. But his confessor, Tellier, gave him no peace, and the bewildered old king sent a confidential servant of his household to the convent to see what manner of persons its inmates were. "By my faith, sire," said the man on his return, "I saw there nothing but saints, male and female." The king sighed, and said nothing. The confessor, divining his thought, assured him that there is nothing in the world so dangerous as the virtues with which the poison of heresy was frequently covered. The fatal order was given. The ladies were distributed among the convents of the kingdom, and their abode was utterly destroyed, so that not one stone remained upon another.

Young Arouet could not escape a knowledge of these events, so dear to every Jesuit. In the very street in which his college was situated there was the Abbey of Port Royal of Paris, a kindred establishment to the one near Versailles. He lived close to these events, and was old enough to feel the infinite frivolity of the dispute which a priest could use as a pretext for such atrocities. During his last year at school, 1711, he may have seen men digging up the bones of the eminent persons buried near the destroyed convent, and conveying them to a village church-yard near by; and, during his whole school life, the soldiers of the king were hunting Protestants in the mountains of Cévennes for magistrates to break upon the wheel, to hang upon gibbets, to put to the torture, and burn at the stake.

James Parton.

THE WIVES OF POETS.

IV.

The great peasant-poet of Scotland, the man at whose name every true Scottish heart thrills, Robert Burns, was born on January 25, 1759, at Alloway, near Ayr, his father being a gardener and nursery-man, and died of fever at Dumfries, on July 21, 1796, aged thirty-seven. The general incidents of his life, from his driving his father's plow to his publishing a volume of immortal song, which was forthwith recognized as immortal throughout his native country, and so on to his serving as an excise officer, are exceedingly well known; too well known, also, are his infirmities in the ways of raking and drinking. I shall pass over all the details, and limit myself to what concerns Burns's marriage, which indeed counts for a good deal in his career.

About the same time that his sturdy, upright father died, in 1784, Burns first encountered Jean Armour, daughter of a respectable master-mason at Mauchline. Her charms made her the reigning toast among the young men of her acquaintance; and Burns, in a song which preserves the name of several fair damsels of his condition and locality, avowed, —

"But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'."

Jean Armour was not cold to Burns's suit, — she was not even *sufficiently* cold. In 1786 the two agreed to make a legal profession of antecedent marriage, in order to legitimize their expected offspring, — twins, as it turned out; but Jean's parents were so indignant at the whole affair that they refused to assent, and she was prevailed upon to relinquish the written declaration, and her lover along with it. Great was the poet's fury, and loud his denunciation of this breach of plighted troth; though he confessed, in a private letter, "I do still love her to distraction, after all." He was called upon to give security for the support of the infants, and went in danger of imprisonment; and had made up his mind to go out to Jamaica as assistant overseer to a planter. He lost no time, also, in making love to another woman, Mary Campbell, his "Highland Mary;" but this had no result, as she died very soon afterwards. The Jamaica project collapsed, in consequence of his having just now published his first volume of poems, and been invited on the strength of it to Edinburgh, where he won all sorts of literary and social success. In July, 1787, he revisited Mauchline, and was reconciled to the Armour family; but the father soon found renewed cause for being dissatisfied with his daughter's conduct, and he took the extreme step of turning her out-of-doors. Burns was at this time carrying on his enamored correspondence with his Clarinda, Mrs. McLehose. He had, however, sufficient regard for the honor of his too-complying Jean, and for his own, to espouse her, which he did by public declaration of marriage in the summer of 1788, and they settled down for a while on the farm of Ellisland, in Dumfriesshire. His letters of this time speak of her as "a once much-loved and still much-loved female, literally and truly cast out to the mercy of the naked elements;" with "the most placid good-nature and sweetness of disposition, a warm heart gratefully devoted to love me, vigorous health and sprightly cheerfulness, set off to the best advantage by a more than commonly handsome figure. In housewife matters, of aptness to learn and activity to execute, she is eminently mistress. . . . I have got the handsomest figure, the sweetest temper, the soundest constitution, and the kind-

est heart in the country. Mrs. Burns believes as firmly as her creed that I am *le plus bel esprit et le plus honnête homme* in the universe; although she scarcely ever in her life, except the Scriptures and the Psalms of David in metre, spent five minutes together on either prose or verse." He proceeds to qualify this somewhat, speaking of her admiration of his own verses and the national ballads, and of her fine singing voice.

Mrs. Burns did justice to her bridegroom's eulogium. She made his home comfortable as far as this depended on herself; and when he gave her serious cause to feel indignant — which he certainly did more than once — she behaved with marked tenderness and prudence. He condemned himself for his transgressions and for his occasional captiousness, which increased towards the end, and was on the whole a decidedly affectionate, though not a constantly faithful husband. "Conjugal love," he once wrote, "is a passion which I deeply feel and highly venerate; but somehow it does not make such a figure in poesy as that other species of the passion,

"Where love is liberty, and nature law!"

He was also very attentive to the education of his children, especially the eldest son.

While Burns was expiring, his wife was confined to bed; and on the very day of his funeral she gave birth to a boy, who soon died. Four other sons survived. Two of them became colonels in the Indian army, and died not many years ago. A considerable subscription was started for the widow and orphans shortly after the poet's death; and with the means arising from this and other sources Mrs. Burns continued living in decent independence in the same house where her husband had dwelt, not a little beset (as we may well believe) by literary and other enthusiasts and inquirers. Her life was prolonged for many years, up to 1828 or later; and she retained a great veneration for her illustrious husband's memory, never naming him, it is avouched, "but in terms of the profoundest respect and the deepest regret."

Burns was above the middle size, but hardly looked so tall as he was, with black hair, dark complexion, and brilliantly dark potent eyes. Touchiness was one of his chief characteristics, so that his even-tempered wife had every opportunity of proving her merits in that respect.

It must suffice me to name, without quoting, some of the poems which Burns wrote in reference to his Jean, before and after marriage. Such are the lyric, "O thou pale orb that silent shines," which is fictitiously headed as relating to A Friend's Amour, but really refers to the time when Jean renounced the poet and his declaration of marriage; the song, "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw I dearly like the west," composed immediately after his wedding; "I hae a wife o' my ain, I 'll partake wi' naebody," written nearly at the same time; "Oh, were I on Parnassus' hill," "Though cruel fate should bid us part," and "It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face."

As we come down to a date nearer our own, the work accumulates on our hands. I have now spoken of seven British poets, — Spenser to Burns; the first born in 1553, and the last in 1759, a period of two hundred and six years. Next appears the great group of poets born towards the end of the eighteenth century, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Landor, Byron, and Shelley; all coming into the world within a brief interval of twenty-two years, ranging from Wordsworth in 1770 to Shelley in 1792. I should have added Walter Scott; but have found some uncertainty in the records or traditions of his married life, and would therefore rather say nothing than something which might be misleading as to the facts, or less than fair to the memory of Lady Scott. All the other five are quite appropriate to our

object: it is impossible, however, that I should speak of any with even that very moderate amount of detail which I have given to their precursors. Let us see, in brief, how their marital lots were cast.

Wordsworth in 1802, aged thirty-two, married Miss Mary Hutchinson, of the some age as himself, and described as "peculiarly English." They had known each other from childhood, having been fellow-pupils in a dame-school. They were exceedingly well matched. The poet habitually asked her judgment upon his productions; and her simple truthfulness and strong good sense made her opinion valuable within its own range. She had feeling for nature, society, and emotional truth, and a liking for direct verbal expression. Wordsworth's lines beginning, "She was a phantom of delight," form a noble tribute to her, written in the third year of their union. When they had both reached the age of seventy-four, he observed that his own spirituality did not increase as he approached the grave, but hers did. Milton's famous line,

"He for God only, she for God in him,"

was severely denounced by our poet as "a low, a very low and a very false estimate of woman's condition." He also observed that, unless there is a strong foundation of love and respect, the unavoidable breaks and cataracts of domestic life must soon end in mutual aversion; for married life ought not to be submission on one side, but mutual cooperation, and the wife ought not to conceal her opinions, or she ceases to be an equal. All these remarks are, I think, extremely honorable to Wordsworth, and in a reflex way to Mrs. Wordsworth also. She outlived him nearly nine years, dying in January, 1859.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, born in 1772, married in the autumn of 1795 Sarah Fricker, of Bristol. She was a milliner, and one of her sisters married the future poet laureate, Southey. There seems to have been nothing particular to distinguish the early married life of Coleridge and his wife from that of other people. A few of his poems relate to her, one of them, written in 1806 in a highly affectionate tone, being named The Happy Husband. They had a family of four children, or possibly more. The singular point is that in 1810, after fifteen years of wedded life, and when he was thirty-eight years of age, Coleridge left his home in the Lake country, and his wife and family, and he was never again domesticated with them. I do not find that he gave any further cause of scandal. He was by this time a confirmed opium-eater and laudanum-drinker, and we may not unreasonably surmise that the perturbations of mind hence ensuing magnified in his eyes any moderate cause of domestic discomfort which may have actually existed. A letter of his states that, for some years prior to beginning with opium, the condition of his digestion was such that any family disputes reacted harmfully on his health. One of his poems, named The Pang more Sharp than All, treats of "kindness counterfeiting absent love," and relates seemingly to the experiences of his own home and heart. On parting from his wife, he left her in the enjoyment of all his small income, and lived thenceforth entirely by his pen, chiefly in or near London. Southey, for many years, housed Coleridge's wife and children. The lady has, I believe, been generally accounted a person of very ordinary mental faculties; she could, however, write verse with fluency and not amiss, as is proved by a published effusion of hers on receiving from a friend four thimbles to replace one that she had lost. In the course of this little piece she speaks of her husband (this was at an early period of the marriage) as "the much-loved object of my choice."

Walter Savage Landor, the author of the Hellenics and many other nobly composed poems, and of the famous Im-

aginary Conversations, was born in 1775, heir to a good landed estate, and in 1811 he married a very pretty girl aged seventeen, Miss Julia Thuillier. She was a moneyless damsel, of noble Swiss family, and was remarkable for the rich abundance of her curls; her tone of mind, romantic and self-indulgent; her charms of person, coupled with much youthful amiability. Landor married her for her good looks, and perhaps little true sympathy existed between them. There were quarrels and reconciliations, and the poet, in the earlier years of his marriage, showed as much forbearance as was consistent with one of the least forbearing and most intolerant, imperious, liberty-loving characters on record. At last, after they had had four children, Landor left his wife behind in Fiesole, near Florence, returned to England, and would never see her again: the motive was probably nothing more unbearable than what he would now at length no longer bear, incompatibility of temper. He relinquished to her his Italian villa and almost the whole of his fortune. In advanced age, towards 1855, he returned to Florence; but he lived in lodgings, and there he died in 1864, aged eighty-nine. His wife outlived him till the spring of 1879, dying at the age of eighty-five.

Of Lord Byron and his marriage and separation I shall say very little. The matter is still in a high degree mysterious. One solution was offered eleven years ago, which, if accepted, would have fully accounted for the separation; but there are grave difficulties in admitting its correctness, and it has been generally denounced and rejected. Setting aside that solution, we find that none other is offered which seems fully adequate to explain the known incidental features of the case. Many people think that nothing is needed beyond acknowledging that Byron was ill adapted, in intellect, morals, and temperament, to the ordinary routine of married life; and that Lady Byron, by the very force of her recognized good qualities, — a widely cultivated mind, strictly virtuous principles, tenacious self-respect, and punctilious or even strait-laced rectitude of conduct and demeanor, — was the last person apt to condone his errors and willfulness, or fitted to cope with and subdue them. From repeated consideration of the minutiæ of the question, the inclination of my own mind is to believe that the causes of separation, as estimated by Lady Byron at the very time, no less than at a much later date, must have been of a grave and precisely definable kind, something much more than common irregularities of conduct or of temper; but how far Byron was really and greatly culpable, or how far his wife may have exaggerated the facts to herself, and put an arbitrary construction upon incidents and appearances, I cannot settle to my own satisfaction, and still less can, in my present limits, venture to expound for others to consider. A few matter-of-fact details and dates must finish up what I have to say of the author of Childe Harold.

George Gordon, Lord Byron, was born in London in 1788; being the second child of his father, Captain Byron, who had had, by his previous marriage, a daughter, born in 1780, who became the Hon. Mrs. Leigh. Byron married in January, 1815, Anne Isabella Milbanke, daughter of a baronet and of Lady Noel. A daughter, Augusta Ada, was born to them in December of the same year; and on the 2d of February ensuing Lady Byron announced to her husband by letter that she would never live with him again. He died in Greece in April, 1824, aged thirty-six; and she, surviving him unmarried for thirty-six years, died in May, 1860, aged sixty-eight.

Percy Bysshe Shelley appears next before us. This sublime poet, daring thinker, and enthusiastic lover of his kind died by drowning in July, 1822, aged less than thirty, and in that brief

span of life he was twice married. It has generally been held that in his first marriage he was more than commonly unfortunate, and in his second more than commonly fortunate: as the evidence matures and is sifted, both these opinions undergo some degree of modification. Shelley's first wife, Harriet Westbrook, was a girl of sixteen, daughter of a retired and moderately opulent hotel-keeper; he, when he married her, was nineteen years old. She was a delightfully pretty, well-instructed, and nice-mannered girl, easy-tempered, sprightly, and pleasant, and there was not at the time the slightest reason apparent for pitying the man who got her to wife. But Shelley, at the end of less than three years, fell desperately in love with another girl of sixteen, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, the daughter of two justly renowned writers and reformers; and this, combining with some domestic dissensions, and acting upon a mind afire with the extremest social theories, induced him to leave Harriet and to join lots with Mary. About two years afterwards, in December, 1816, she became legally his wife, — poor Harriet having meanwhile committed suicide, in consequence, it appears, of an unhappy love-affair of her own with another man. In point of mere intellect and of mental culture, Mary, who wrote at the age of eighteen the celebrated novel of Frankenstein, and others afterwards, was certainly well suited — far better suited than Harriet — to match with Shelley, and to be his life-long companion; and that she sincerely loved him, and he her, cannot reasonably be questioned. Still there were serious divergences between them, both of character and of inclination; and it seems now sufficiently proved that Mary disquieted him by jealousies (not strictly justified, nor wholly unjustifiable) and by infirmities of temper, and was not always heedful of his personal comfort, — which, indeed, for his requirements were of the very fewest, would have consisted chiefly in being left undisturbed to his own habits and devices. It is therefore surmisable that, after the first few years, Shelley found in his union with Mary not much more genuine unalloyed satisfaction of soul and heart than Harriet would have been willing and capable to afford him. Be this said without any intention of undervaluing Mary Shelley, or of derogating from her many substantial claims to regard. She outlived the poet twenty-nine years, dying in 1851.

There are two other poets of whom I should wish to say a few words: Thomas Hood, the great humorist and author of The Song of the Shirt, and Edgar Allan Poe, author of The Raven.

Hood, who was born in 1799, and died in 1846, after a life of almost constant ill-health, married at the age of twenty-five Miss Jane Reynolds, daughter of the head writing-master at Christ Hospital, and sister of an author of some deserved reputation in his time. No more constantly or profusely affectionate couple than Hood and his wife could be found in any class of society; indeed, his domestic ties and interests were ever uppermost in Hood's thoughts, his family on the one hand, and his incessant occupations as an author on the other, making up the whole of his life. Mrs. Hood died eighteen months later than her husband, of an illness contracted in consequence of her close and unremitting attendance on his sick bed.

No poet of our time has been more persistently or mercilessly vilified than Edgar A. Poe; but of late years, partly through the laudable exertions of Mr. Ingram, a fairer view of his character begins to prevail. His real defects appear to have been a certain want of sturdy, downright solidity of character, an inclination to plunge into literary broils, and in his later years, when beset with sorrows and embarrassments, the culpable weakness of resorting to stimulants and narcotics, both alcohol

and laudanum. Against these faults we must set honorable and ceaseless industry, frugality (for after his adolescence he was always poor), refinement, a high-minded superiority to gross material interests in life, and, what is chiefly to our present purpose, the most tender and devoted marital affection. In fact, Poe would have been, in whatever condition of life, something not far short of a model husband. In 1836, when he was twenty-seven years of age, he married his paternal cousin, Virginia Clemm, a most sweet and loving young creature, not quite fifteen years old, marked out by consumption for an early death. One account speaks of her personal attractions in rapturous terms, her "matchless beauty and loveliness; her eyes could match those of any houri, and her face defy the genius of a Canova to imitate." Her eyes were large and dark, her complexion very white, her hair intensely black. Poe also was markedly handsome, in early youth quite exceptionally so. Virginia died in January, 1847; and we have the testimony of a lady who acted like a guardian angel in her last days that "actual want and hunger and cold were borne by the heroic husband, in order to supply food, medicine, and comforts to his dying wife." His exceeding attachment to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Clemm, who lived with the young couple, and survived both, was hardly less amiable than his love for Virginia, whose death threw him into a melancholy stupor lasting some weeks, and even dangerous to life.

After this loss Poe formed two projects of remarriage; the first was with the poetess, Mrs. Whitman, — the "Helen" of certain verses of his. In September, 1848, they were engaged; but this match was broken off in the ensuing December, from causes which have been cruelly misrepresented to the poet's disadvantage, but of which no detailed account has yet been published. In the summer of 1849, he called on a widow lady of fortune in Richmond, Mrs. Elmira Shelton, who had, in fact, at the very early age of fifteen, been engaged to him; but that engagement fell through, and she married Mr. Shelton, who was now dead. The lady favored his renewed suit, and an early day for the wedding was to be looked forward to, when a sudden death put a stop to this and every other project on Poe's part. Traveling by rail from Richmond on October 4, 1849, he got out at Baltimore, and was soon afterwards found in the street insensible. He was taken to a hospital, and died there on the third following day. Congestion or inflammation of the brain appears to have been the cause, arising from excitement, — his detractors said, from drink; it appears also that he suffered from heart disease. Thus dolefully perished, in his fortieth year, one of the most marked poetical geniuses of our century.

Of course I do not intend in this article to speak of living poets. Yet I cannot refrain from pointing to one union, an unexampled one, of a greatly-gifted poet with a greatly-gifted poetess, — Robert Browning with Elizabeth Barrett; a union which is generally known to have been as happy as the conditions of it were peculiar and interesting.

I have now reached the end of my details regarding the individual poets and their wives; and it remains for us to inquire, Have the poets as a class been unfortunate in the character of married men? I am bound to say that I think not. The first and most obvious test is a numerical one; that is, a comparison of the number of the fortunate with the unfortunate poet-husbands. This may seem a somewhat business-like and crude process in an affair of the heart, but it is at least safe so far as it goes. How does the account stand?

I have named (omitting Mr. Browning), twenty-nine poets; the number of

wives was thirty-six, as five of the men remarried, and thus we must, for the purposes of a numerical comparison, reckon some of the latter more than once. I find eight instances in which the poet may fairly be pronounced to have been unhappy in marriage, — Lafontaine, Molière, Bürger (with his first and third wives), Dryden, Landor, Byron, and Shelley (with his first wife); five instances in which unhappiness, more or less marked, is reasonably presumed, rather than distinctly evidenced, — Lucretius, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton (with his first wife), and Coleridge; fifteen instances of happiness, — Alfieri, Lope de Vega (with both his wives), Corneille, Lessing, Schiller, Heine, Donne, Milton (with his two wives), Blake, Wordsworth, Hood, and Edgar A. Poe; three instances of presumed happiness, — Cervantes, Bürger (with his second wife), and Spenser. There remain five cases in which it is somewhat difficult to express an opinion: those of Euripides (of whose matrimonial lot in two instances it would appear, on investigation, that we really know nothing definite); Goethe (whose wife was entirely below his level, but still, it seems, beloved, and in various respects deserving of love); Burns (who had nothing to complain of in his partner, but who gave *her* grave cause of complaint); and Shelley with his second wife (a lady who was, nevertheless, on several grounds, more than commonly worthy of him). These cases, therefore, I would rather leave to the suffrages of my readers, withdrawing from any further expression of my own views regarding them. The three of which we know somewhat (I exclude Euripides) are instances of what some people might reasonably call happy rather than unhappy marriages, and others unhappy rather than happy. Leaving all these four poets out of the count, we have a general total of thirteen marriages certainly or probably unhappy, and eighteen marriages certainly or probably happy — being an excess of five on the better side of the account. And thus we may, I think, leave the subject, at the close of our scrutiny, with less gloomy views of the poetico-marital relation than those which at starting were presented to our consideration by Trelawny and Elze, and which, as I have already intimated, appear to be somewhat generally, though vaguely, entertained. In short, poets seem in marriage to have been not particularly different from other people, — several of them happy, or contented, or well suited, and several others unhappy, or discontented, or ill suited; in various of these instances the fault lay chiefly with the wife, and in various others with the husband, and in most of them, or probably all, there were (the old story) "faults on both sides."

At this fag-end of my last paper, and after so much said, as material out of which the reader's own opinion may be evolved, I hardly know that there is any other general reflection which I need suggest, unless it be this: poets, considered as a class, must necessarily possess two qualities in a very far higher degree than the average of men possess them, — elevation and vividness of mind and emotional susceptibility. In proportion to their elevation and vividness of mind, which raise them so high, not only above stupid or foolish people, but also above those who are intellectual or clever in an ordinary mode, they may naturally tend to some degree of indifference as to mental endowments in their wives; for even good capacity is greatly below their own, and poor capacity is, relatively speaking, not so very much lower than the good. And hence it may turn out, paradoxical though the statement might at first appear, that the poets lay less stress upon mental endowments in their wives than men of fair talent and culture, but not of the poetic order, would do. Then as to the second poetic quality, — emo-

tional susceptibility. This would naturally find its response in the like quality on the wife's part; and hence we might conclude that a warm-hearted, tender feminine character, simple in essence, but of delicate sensitiveness, is the most likely of all to win and to secure the poet's heart, — a conquest perhaps not a little precarious, but rare and precious indeed.

William M. Rossetti.

HER GHOST.

I.

Her gentle ghost is with me everywhere!
'T was here she came, one summer day, to die;
Spoke but my name, and then, all silently,
Laid her dear head upon that pillow, there,
And spoke no more. That summer day was fair,
And very glad with joyous minstrelsy
Of chirping birds, and heedless gayety
Of small, bright things who of the sun were 'ware.
But in the midmost glow of life, on death
She sleeping chanced, and closed her dear, dark eyes:
The air grew sadder with her parting breath,
And nature seemed to shiver with surprise;
And then the things that Morning had begun
Fared on, — she too, like them, had sought the sun.

II.

Now, with the summer, *she* has come again.
Outside the birds sing, as they sang that day,
And summer things upon the air are gay;
But *she* sits silent, and her eyes are fain
To hide from me the secret of their pain.
From heaven to earth, oh, dim and far the way!
What brings thee back? Be merciful, and say!
Tell me the wrong of which thine eyes complain!
Say, hast thou brought sad secrets from the skies,
Or is it that the old days haunt thee still?
Is that immortal sorrow in thine eyes
Token of longings heaven could not fulfill?
Sad ghost, I pray thee answer, and forego
The silence of thy irrevocable woe!

III.

Thou wilt not speak! Day after silent day
Thou sittest with me in this lonesome place.
The morning sunlight falls upon thy face;
Night comes, and thou and Night together stay, —

No sunshine warms thee, and no storms dismay.
I stretch my empty arms for thine embrace,
Thou glidest from them with elusive grace.
Thine unresponsive lips will never say
The secret of thy woe: and yet I think
From me to thee, the living to the dead,
Waiting together on the hither brink
Of death's great middle sea, some influence shed
Shall make thee know how now I hold thee dear,
Who loved thee not enough that other year.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

THE NEW SUNDAY.

Sunday in America has been chiefly the Sunday of England in the seventeenth century transferred by the early colonists to the New World. It has always had the sombre tone of the period coeval with Cromwell and the Puritans. Though colonists came from Europe quite as freely as from England, and brought in the rough their religious institutions with them, the Puritan type of thought was stronger than the Anglican or Roman type, and gradually imparted its color and tone to the life of the whole country. The intellectual force lay in the minds of the Puritan gentry who founded Harvard and Yale, and the severe type of religious thought characterizing these noble ancestors of a great people had in it that element of leadership which gave it precedence everywhere. The strong hands that nearly choked the English church were not less powerful in a country where they could shape institutions at their will; and in communities where the rough natural industries which precede civilization had the first place in men's thoughts, the dominant ideas of English Puritanism took deeper root and had a more positive influence than they could possibly have had in English life. The nation, in its political development, is greatly indebted to the positive force of these ideas; in the state they met with a counteracting element which modified and broadened them to the needs of the whole country. In the spiritual realm it was not so. There was nothing to counteract Puritanism in religion. The grim colonists were never willing to hear the other side. The Quakers and Baptists, dissenters like themselves, were not allowed to have their say; nor the Anglican Christians from whom they sprang. The narrowness of Puritanism on its religious side is like the narrowness of Scotch Presbyterianism to-day, — the narrowness of the fanatic, the unwillingness to entertain the thought of another; and this narrowness has been transmitted in the Puritan Sunday. What it was in England may be learned from the Rev. John Murray's description of the way the day was kept in his own home when he was a boy, — the Calvinistic home of a Church of England family, at the middle of the eighteenth century: "Sunday was a day much to be dreaded in our family. We were all awakened at early dawn, private devotions attended, breakfast hastily dismissed, shutters closed, no light but from the back part of the house; no noise could bring any part of the family to the window; not a syllable was uttered upon secular affairs. Every one who could

read, children and domestics, had their allotted chapters. Family prayer succeeded, after which Baxter's Saint's Everlasting Rest was assigned to me, my mother all the time in terror lest the children should be an interruption. At last the bell summoned us to church, whither in solemn order we proceeded; I close to my father, who admonished me to look straight forward, and not let my eyes wander after vanity. At church I was fixed at his elbow, compelled to kneel when he kneeled, stand when he stood, to find the Psalm, Epistle, Gospel, and Collects for the day, and any instance of inattention was vigilantly marked, and unrelentingly punished. When I returned from church, I was ordered to my closet; and when I came forth, the chapter from which the preacher had taken his text was read, and I was then questioned respecting the sermon, a part of which I could generally repeat. Dinner, as breakfast, was taken in silent haste, after which we were not suffered to walk, even in the garden, but every one must either read, or hear reading, until the bell gave the signal for afternoon service; from which we returned to private devotion, to reading, to catechizing, to examination, and long family prayer, which closed the most laborious day of the week." [1] An instance of the way in which the "lord brethren" ruled when they had the authority of the "lord bishops," as William Blackstone called them, is given in the following draught of a law intended by John Cotton, the minister who emigrated from Boston, in Lincolnshire, for the colony of Massachusetts: "Whoever shall profane the Lord's day by doing unnecessary work, by unnecessary traveling, or by sports and recreations, he or they who so transgress shall forfeit forty shillings or be publicly whipped; but if it shall appear to have been done presumptuously, such person or persons shall be put to death, or otherwise severely punished, at the discretion of the court." These extracts indicate sufficiently the severity of the Puritan Sunday when the Puritans had things their own way. What was an act of voluntary religion in England was here enforced, not at the point of the bayonet, but at the instance of a court, in which the power of life or death was at the mercy of a narrow and sensitive conscience.

It is necessary to go back to this excessive sabbatarianism in order to explain the present reaction in the observance of Sunday, and to indicate the importance and true position of the day in our present life. The protest against the Puritan Sunday is now universal; even the recent Sabbath Essays — a volume as candid and honest as has ever come from the descendants of the Puritans, intended to bring back the Lord's day to its rightful place in the religious institutions of a great people — has had hardly a feather's weight upon current opinion. We are borne to-day upon a tide of popular sentiment which is restless at the least interference with the principle of "do as you please" on Sunday. Public opinion is in a state of surge and unrest for which there is no precedent in our history. The old Puritan power has gone; the old Sunday laws are a dead letter; the ancient people no longer carry weight in church or state; the uncurbed sentiment of a wild democracy in religion dictates the Sunday observance for the coming generation; and we are, as it were, at the meeting of diverse currents, where no "church of the essentials" has yet acquired sufficient influence to take the leadership of public opinion, as in England, and where the state silently consents to the ignoring of existing law. The extreme of reaction from the unreasonable and uncompromising asceticism of the Puritan Sunday has not, probably, yet been reached,

[1] Records of the Life of the Rev. John Murray, late Minister of the Reconciliation, and Senior Pastor of the Universalists Congregated in Boston. Written by Himself. 1827.

but the temper of the people is to throw off all allegiance to it.

A great variety of agencies have come to lay claim to Sunday. The change in modern society since the middle of the seventeenth century is not greater in the range of morals than in the domain of practical science. The laws neither of morals nor of science are different from what they have always been, but their expression and application have created a new world in life and thought. The Sunday laws are obsolete, because modern society has gone outside of their range. They were intended at the time of their adoption to forward the interests of Christianity, but their rigorous enforcement to-day would put new burdens upon the laboring classes and thwart the best interests of society. They are the relic of that union of church and state which, since the days of Constantine, has caused Christianity to depend upon secular aid for its support, and has been the source of its chief corruptions. The prevailing theory of religion has been that it could not maintain itself without state support. This was the view of the Puritans, with whom, as with the people from whom they sprang, church and state were almost convertible terms; or, rather, the state was simply the secular arm of spiritual power. This idea has colored American legislation with reference to Sunday to the extent that in South Carolina and Vermont, to go no further, attendance upon religious worship on that day is still compulsory;[1] and even where there is no compulsion, the opinion of the most influential religionists has so largely controlled the social usage that church-going has been strictly regarded as a mark of respectability. It was assumed that everybody must engage in certain definite acts of worship on Sunday, and the authority of the assumption was unquestioned. It was the secular authority behind social usage. This gave great leverage to outward Christianity, when it was not considered decent to stay away from religious services; and this old tradition of duty, the Puritan church directing the New England state, if it no longer has the secular power of compulsion, is still expressed in the clerical attitude toward the community at large. It is implied that the attendance upon religious services and the listening to sermons are the principal duties of man on Sunday. Preaching has been the chief act of Puritan worship, and the Sunday services are still controlled by the idea that everybody must "go to meeting." It is as if every voter in the commonwealth were a church member, and the church had a personal claim on him. This fiction is now passing away, but, quite naturally, the clergy are slow to see that they have no monopoly of Sunday outside of the people they can call their own. The last act has at length been reached in the tragedy of superstition which for fifteen centuries, under the dream of a Christian state, has induced the leaders of Christianity to depend upon the support of secular authority, when their true strength was in the changed minds and hearts of consecrated people. A strong writer has said,[2] "The greatest triumphs and best days of the gospel were when the states were all heathen. Christian 'virtue gives herself light through darkness for to wade,' and can hold her own candle better than the state can hold it for her." This is the point to which Christian civilization has now come in this country; this is the upshot of the movement for the taxation of church property. It is the return of the Christian church, after all the centuries of its abasement at the feet of secular power, to the old principle of spiritual direction by which the gospel

[1] Sunday Laws. A paper read before the American Bar Association. By Henry E. Young, of the Charleston Bar. 1880.

[2] Rev. Henry N. Hudson, the Shakespearean scholar.

of Christ first conquered the world. The sooner the conviction is reached through the length and breadth of the American States that Christianity demands protection only to the extent that its adherents shall not be disturbed in the enjoyment of their rights as the children of God, the stronger will the Christian religion be in the hearts of its disciples and in the respect of an agnostic world.

It has been assumed, to go into particulars, that the New England Sabbath, kept with the rigor which led John Murray to become the chief apostle of Universalism, was a correct interpretation of the Christian use of the Lord's day; but any reader of Dr. Hessey's Bampton Lectures on Sunday, or of the articles on this subject in the best critical dictionaries, is aware that the Puritan Sabbath was a compound of two views which had authority in the early church. One was the transmission of the Jewish Sabbath as a preparation for the Christian festival called the Lord's day; the other was the gradual growth in the Christian family of the observance of the day of our Lord's resurrection as a distinctly Christian festival.

In process of time the mediæval church gave to Friday the character of a fast day, and the Sabbath of the Jewish Christians passed away; then, as by an irresistible attraction, the Lord's day drew to itself the periodical rest "enjoined in the fourth commandment on grounds applicable to man as man," and "provided for under the Mosaic law by the special observance of the Sabbath." The two days were always distinct in the early church, but in the event the Lord's day won the first place, and its observance was controlled by the principle that the Sunday rest was simply a means to a higher end. "The tendency to sabbatize the Lord's day," says Canon Barry, "is due chiefly to the necessities of legal enforcement: first, as exemplified in the series of imperial laws; then, in the decrees of councils, generally backed by secular power, — dealing inevitably in prohibition more than injunction, and so tending to emphasize negative instead of positive observance. For such enactments the law of the Old Testament, *mutatis mutandis*, became naturally a model, and the step was an easy one from regarding it as a model to taking it as an authority. The direct connection, however, of such observance with the obligation of the fourth commandment can claim no scriptural and no high ecclesiastical authority."[1] The Lord's day is coeval with the existence of Christianity, and grew naturally from the Apostles' time to be the weekly festival of those who rejoiced in the resurrection of their Master; but when the sabbatarian views of Dr. Bownd were adopted by the ascetic school of religionists belonging to the Reformation period, the precursors of the Puritans regarded the day from only one point of view, and employed all the power at their command to enforce its sharp observance after the sabbatarian fashion. This is the explanation of the Puritan Sunday. It is the fruit of opinions which have never had sway in historical Christianity, and were not formulated before the sixteenth century. The reaction from these ascetic opinions, even if it carries people temporarily away from the religious uses of the Lord's day, is not to be summarily condemned. The swing of the pendulum is not more exact in social than in physical science, and while the Christian uses of Sunday — the uses which accord with common sense, the uses which enlist all good citizens in its maintenance — are still vague and undefined, awaiting social, sanitary, and religious definition, it is no time to dogmatize.

The constructive view of Sunday is

[1] Article on the Lord's Day in Dr. Smith's Dictionary of Christian Antiquities.

that which now most demands careful consideration. It is *par excellence* a day of rest. The Sunday laws of the whole country agree to this, and their retention upon the statute book, even if they are seldom enforced, so far from tending to immorality, is one of those justifiable exceptions which is best described as the reserve power of legislation. They can be drawn out, like the heavy artillery, whenever soulless corporations attempt to snatch the day of rest from the great army of the working classes; they are a wholesome check upon the tendency, everywhere manifest among the non-producing population, to lead people astray by encouraging their vicious appetites; they are the ethical atmosphere of the state, no longer enforcing the dictates of one sort of religion, but still insuring the liberty of all citizens, and protecting each man in his rights from the impositions of his neighbor; they are silent for their old purposes of compelling people to put on the outward garb of religion, but not silent when the immorality of some or the avarice of others attempts to work injustice to any; they hold the key to the day of rest, and render possible the Sunday which is required by modern society.

The day has been regarded, heretofore, so exclusively from its religious side that important social and sanitary conditions have been quite overlooked. It still remains the fact that "the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." The foremost point is that it shall continue to be a day of rest. This alone furnishes the opportunity for its higher uses. But it can never again be a day of rest in the old Puritan sense, nor can it be regarded by all sorts of people as God's time in a special sense. Modern society in our great centres is so constituted that Sunday is the only day when rest, recreation, and education can be generally attended to; and the wider and deeper interests of human life, as they are now understood, demand that the day shall be used for a great variety of purposes, which more or less entail labor upon the few. The claims of daily toil upon nine tenths of our population are imperative and exhausting. If one is to earn his bread he must work for it from Monday morning till Saturday night. It is not only constant work, but work under conditions which are unfavorable to health, such as bad air, physical strain, mental wear and tear, all of which exhaust one's vitality and furnish no opportunity for physical renewal or general culture. Sunday is the only day in the week when the overtasked laborer can sleep over, when he has the sense of being master of his own household, when he can think leisurely of his relations to God and man. It is the only day for whatever lifts his intellectual and moral being to a higher plane. If he misses its beneficent rest and recreation, he soon breaks down, like the French artisans, and "lights his own funeral pyre;" if he ignores the reading or social intercourse which turns his thoughts into new channels, the unused portions of his life run to waste; if he attends no religious services and gives no emphasis to spiritual things, he loses the moral atmosphere in which one is spiritually renewed from day to day. The provision of rest, sound, true, invigorating rest, no matter what form it may take, so that it be wholesome, is at the basis of sound morality. Too little attention has been paid to the fact that immorality and crime usually proceed from a low vitality. It is the sound body that furnishes the sane mind and the strong heart. The use of Sunday for sanitary purposes, its use simply for physical renewal, has been largely lost sight of by a class of moralists who have imagined that religious exercises were the chief thing needful for a weary race; but more important than anything else in this crowded life of the nineteenth century is the use of Sunday in its

broadest and best sense as the day for recruiting the energies which converge to bread-winning and give a larger meaning to one's life. Beyond and above everything which sanctions Sunday as the Lord's day, the periodic rest is marked out as the great natural law by which the forces of life are to be conserved to the best results. Men have never as now demanded this rest. The men who carry the burdens of the world's great industries, the men who go from counting-rooms to homes with their heads aching, the men who have to work intensely as the only condition of working at all, are quite as much to be considered as those who do not carry to their pillows a thousand anxieties. God has always provided rest for men in the natural order, and whenever they work seven days in the week they pay the penalty. The tender point is the unwillingness of some to concede that each one shall have the rest which he thinks that he needs. The restraint of social usage points to church-going, but the weary seamstress, the exhausted clerk, the devitalized mechanic, the artisans of every class, not less than the tired brain-workers, need perhaps something just the reverse. Some need sleep; some, sunshine; some, domestic cheer; some, an awakening book; some, the patch of fresh grass or the forest ramble; some, the inspiration of friends; some, the quiet of prayer; some, the words of the spiritual teacher; some, the great sacrament of spiritual refreshment. This large liberty is granted by the state, and is practically taken by its citizens; but the friends of Christianity, appreciating what sweetness and light Christ puts into life, have hardly yet recognized what a sad, weary world we live in; how much the religious life depends upon the vitality of the people, or how closely sanity of mind and soul is connected with a healthy and restful body. The liberty to rest as each one thinks best on Sunday, and thereby not to cease to be respectable, is slowly gaining ground with good people, and all true advance into the higher uses of Sunday is based upon this concession on the part of those controlling the institutions which are the bulwarks of the Christian faith.

Questions now rise which public opinion gradually settles for itself. These cover the way in which the hours of Sunday are to be used. Mr. James Parton would add to the ten commandments the new law of modern life, "Thou shalt not waste." There has been no greater waste in the world than the waste of Sunday time. Who among grown-up people does not recall the Sundays of his youth as blank and wasted days? And yet, if the higher uses of Sunday had been understood, as we are trying to understand them now, what might not fifty-two days of inspiration have brought into present experience and culture! It was compulsory then for children to attend religious services in which it was difficult for them to be interested, and to read pious books which were not intended for them; and the thousand things which God in Christ and God in earth and sky had placed before their very eyes were unseen, because superstition ruled the Sunday observance. Slowly have reasonable people broken away from these unreasonable exactions and begun to use Sunday in a way to bring to themselves and others the richest blessings. The chief point to be kept in view for Sunday is to use the day for what will most increase one's sense of the meaning and joy and glory of living. It is a personal matter with each one, and beyond personal persuasion, each one is at liberty to use the hours of Sunday according to the dictates of his own good sense. It will be said that this principle opens the flood-gate of evil, that —

> "Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do;"

but there is no reason why people who are partially deprived of their free ac-

tion by the necessities of labor should not have the full enjoyment of freedom when off duty, if their liberty does not interfere with the liberties of others. It is on this basis that whatever tends to build people up, whether physically, intellectually, or morally, should, within practicable limits, be permitted on what has been for nearly nineteen centuries the great and almost the only fixed day of leisure in the Christian world. This principle cannot be narrowed without infringing upon personal liberty, and, rightly interpreted, it does not lead to the immoral use of Sunday. Such, in fact, is the tone and temper of the public mind, in respect to good morals, that no wanton abuse of Sunday will long be tolerated in any Christian community. The running of horse-cars on Sunday has come to be a public necessity in the great cities; the Sunday excursions into the suburbs are almost a necessity to the working-classes; people cannot stand up to their daily burdens without these recreations. Then the opening of the public libraries, the museums, the art galleries, the state and national institutions for popular education, must be regarded by fair-minded persons as one of the best uses to which Sunday can be put. This meets an intellectual necessity, as the increased facilities for Sunday recreation in the open air meet a physical necessity. It may not be what the church-going people need, but, so long as more than half of the population does not attend Sunday services, the use of Sunday for popular education is simply a question of what is next best. The civilized world has never been Christian to the extent that might be wished for, and Christian common sense dictates the use of Sunday for the best ends of popular improvement and culture, if it is not to be employed in the ways which seem best to Christian people. It is the only day, as things stand, for the higher education of the human race, Christian and other, — the only day when the broadest and deepest interests of human life can be impartially considered. There is no reason why Sunday should not be used for the benefit of people of whom more can be made. The Sunday-school has been used to teach nearly everything except the exact sciences; and for thousands who are soon to be free citizens of the commonwealth, religious instruction must be preceded by a large amount of what is best termed general secular teaching, as the only human condition of permanent religious improvement. The increase of every facility for instruction and culture which does not involve the full week-day strain for teachers or taught, — the reading of good books, the gathering of classes of young men and women for instruction in points where their directive education has been neglected, the Sunday lecture, the sacred concert, — is closely connected with the larger and better use of Sunday upon which we seem to be entering. It is possible that even the theatre, in process of time, may become a legitimate species of Sunday-evening recreation. One dare not say that this great variety of instruction shall not be or that it is a desecration of the Lord's day. It is simply the recognition of the fact that this is a large world, and that there are all sorts of people in it.

The reason why the uses of Sunday which are here named, and from which we are not likely to escape, seem so abhorrent to many excellent people is that the Puritans separated religion from social life. The rigid observance of Sunday has been aptly called the "Puritan sacrament." A violent hand was laid upon such uses of the day as belong of necessity to well-ordered living. The immorality which more and more seems to be creeping up into influence in all our New England towns is the result of the undue strictness of social life, or rather its sharp separation from the cheer and sunshine of Christ's blessing, which grew out of the Puritan Sunday.

Dr. Arnold fought for nothing else at Rugby as he fought for the union of religion with secular interests, and this is the reason why men like Maurice and Kingsley and Hughes have carried the healthiest influence into English society. The separation of Christianity from the great interests of daily life has been one of the marked deficiencies in our evangelical religion for more than two centuries, and even the Unitarian protest has not saved the present generation from its terrible results. It has been believed that if a person had reached certain convictions of Christian belief he had attained the most important end of life, but the line of demarkation between Christian duty and the demands of social life has been as wide as the gulf between the rich man and Lazarus, in the parable. This view of religious duty has created a type of family life on Sunday which has left its indelible mark upon modern society, and perhaps contributed more than anything else to the drift of the hour. Nothing in religious poetry is more touching than Robert Burns's Cotter's Saturday Night, where the holy instincts of consecrated ties swell out into the broad and genial family life; nothing has kept young people bred amid our New England hills truer to the "kindred points of heaven and home" than the remembrance of such scenes in their own childhood. It was religion inspiring and guiding social life. But in the revolt from too much dogma and too little ethics, people are in danger of losing what makes our homes not simply castles of defense, but centres of inspiration and of power. The neglect of family social life, the absence of parents from the reunions of young people, the seeking of the bride away from the family fireside, the too religious use of Sunday by some, and its too secular use by others, has wrought untold mischief in the lives of the present generation. Here is the root of the demoralization of the young, and here is indicated a use for Sunday which in every home ought not to be second to any other. If a wholesome Christian influence is ever to pervade modern society, it must proceed from the Christian family. The church is nothing but the aggregate of these homes made one in Christ. The restive life of these times needs repose; the very children need the soothing atmosphere of home; this is the only place in the wide world where men can lay down their weary heads and take rest; and it is out of these homes that the regeneration of society is to come, — out of the uses to which Sunday is put, when father and mother and children meet together and are at leisure under the same roof. The Sunday service may point the moral, but the problem is to be worked out by sensitive minds and hearts within the four walls of home.

The uses of Sunday already named, sanitary, recreative, educational, social, important as they must be conceded to be, have their complement in the religious use of the day. While Sunday has been found to be invaluable for all the deeper and wider interests of society, the great day of renewal for this restless modern world, no wise person can wish to diminish its religious significance. Indeed, all the uses mentioned are preparatory or complementary to the religious use. Life is humdrum, unless its vitality springs from a spiritual source; our existence loses its best inspiration and direction if the personal God is not felt to be in close relation with each personal life. Men need renewal at a source outside of themselves. Sunday is the means by which this higher existence is vitalized and renewed. It gives time for religious devotion and instruction, and people who love God and believe in righteousness find their joy and refreshment in such worship as recognizes God's influence and power in the direction of their lives. This is the substance of the religious observance of Sunday.

The day has been too much used for these religious purposes, and it is in danger of being too little used. Religious people are as apt as any other class to see only one side of the uses of the day. The clergy, trained in dogmatic theology, not subjected to the great strain which the best people of all classes, the people who make up their congregations, undergo in actual life, naturally intent on outward results, and often forgetful of the fact that "the kingdom of God cometh not with observation," are in danger of taking too much of the people's day of rest for the public worship. The growing and wise tendency is to shorten Sunday services and to make the hours spent in church less wearisome than they formerly were. The great need is to brighten Sunday both at church and at home. The morning service, or at least one service a day, is now all that can be successfully maintained. The church of the future will have thoroughly to revise its methods if it is to retain its hold upon our active population. The places are all too few where the ethical spirit of Christianity is made commensurate with the increasing breadth of life, where the range of teaching comes down to the real issues of the life that men are leading. Our religious services are still too much based upon what seemed best for people two or three centuries ago. They are hardly better suited to the needs of modern life than the old Sunday laws of New England. They lack a fine sympathetic instinct of our present spiritual needs. They are too informal, too earthly, on the one hand, so that they lack in reverence, character, power; they are too formal, too restricted, too stiffly liturgical, too much set in one mould, and that not always the best, so that they fail to touch the popular sympathies, on the other. The decline in church-going is due to many causes, but it is largely due to the fact that people are not interested. To say nothing of prayers which are immensely below the occasion, the preaching of many clergymen debauches — if it does not madden — one's religious instincts. The preachers amuse and entertain where it is their privilege to instruct the mind and guide the soul. The conduct of Sunday services, both in the worship and in the preaching, does not seem to be set about with that constructive purpose, that aim at legitimate and definite results, which is sure to bring success in secular channels, and Christianity is too often incarnated in the words of a creed narrower than the life which it seeks to fashion and control. The clergy would gain greatly in making religious services restful, helpful, attractive, inspiring, if they could better interpret the reasons for the ethical detachment of those who do not attend them. Short devotional services and bright, helpful, soul-stirring music are essentials in the church of the future, quite as much as short, sympathetic sermons, in which the ethical convictions that grow out of one's experience of life are returned to the people in the shape of positive Christian beliefs. Then, as a pendant to the religious services of the day, comes the observance of Sunday at home, and in the family. The zeal of religionists for God's house has caused many parents to make Sunday an undesirable day for their children, and the choicest hours for the joyous intercourse of both, whether the purpose be religious or simply personal and social, have been squandered upon a theory of Sunday observance. The Sunday-school can never take the place of the Christian family; one word of guidance, one smile of approval, from a parent, is worth a dozen from the best of these outside teachers who gather our children into classes. The Sunday at home is the natural adjunct of the Sunday at church, and the healthiest religious influence that can go forth into young lives is that which comes from the hearty and genial intercourse between parents

and children on Sunday afternoon or evening at home. The habit of evening services not less than that of social visiting interferes with what is both a privilege and a duty in a Christian household; and, while neither may be disallowed, it becomes those who would put higher inspiration into life to take the utmost care in the guiding of young hearts, that religion shall cease to be a duty and become a pleasure.

It is difficult to say the word that exactly fits the condition of those who have grown out of their early homes, and yet have no homes of their own. The giving up of church-going for this class is a social, if not a religious, mistake. It is apt to lower the ethical standards at a vital point. One loses more than he thinks, and it is not until the loss is irreparable that its import to one's life is fairly understood. The ethical value of Sunday worship and instruction is perhaps greater to those who are living apart from home ties and feel the force of all the divergent influences around them than to any one else, and the value often seems least at the moment of its greatest service. It touches one's life where the spiritual vitality is weakest and where the struggle for existence or position is sharpest. It awakens latent sympathies, and helps to place lonely and isolated persons where they belong. Sooner or later these people without homes find themselves in the sphere of social and religious activity, and while strengthening others are unconsciously strengthened themselves.

It is plain, however, that worship and instruction through religious services, if the highest and most personal, are not the only influences which are to renew and uplift life on Sundays. The religious press has for many generations been looked upon as the adjunct of the pulpit. The religious newspapers have been specially intended for Sunday reading, and have rendered important service in broadening the uses of the day, but at the same time they have not been free from a hurtful tendency. They have emphasized the divergences of opinion between different denominations, and have been a chief agent in keeping Christians apart and in setting religious leaders in battle array, the one against the other. The narrowness of the distinctly religious press, on the one hand, and the demand of people not attracted to Sunday services or detained from them for the freer handling of ethical and religious subjects, on the other, has brought into prominence the Sunday daily paper. It is a noticeable fact that the movements of the religious world have for some time, and never more intelligently than now, been brought within the sphere of editorial comment in the press. It is one of the marks of religious advance. It is but a step from the daily to the Sunday treatment of social and religious matters, and the change has come about almost in response to the unconscious demand of the public. In one sense these Sunday papers are detrimental to church-going. They are likely to keep at home those who would go to church as they would saunter into a field. They furnish a variety of entertainment and instruction with which no religious society can or ought to compete. They occupy a different sphere and serve a different purpose, and the cry of conservative religionists against them is both unreasonable and unjust. It is true that some of these papers are not helpful to one in any religious sense, and that even the best of them cannot do for one's spiritual life what may be done through the preacher, whose "words, fitly spoken, are like apples of gold in pictures of silver." But as the spheres are different, so the uses are different, and there is no reason why the Sunday press may not be an important adjunct of the pulpit; in fact, a sort of lay pulpit, — a platform for the utterance of truths and the discussion of social and ethical questions after a fashion which

is demanded by the broadening lines of actual life and does not trench upon the conventional idea of what belongs to the pulpit. The single pulpit reaches five hundred, or at best a thousand people; the Sunday paper speaks to half a million. There is no channel like it for the utterance of words which touch the interests of whole communities, which produce immediate effect, or which sow the seeds of new ethical harvests. The Sunday paper of to-day is just beginning to touch the field of immense possibilities; the Sunday paper of the future is to be one of the great directive agencies in developing the best tendencies of American Christianity. It has the ears of the multitude; it is read when people are enough at leisure to think over what it says; it must always treat questions of ethics and religion on their broadest and best side; it can never simply emphasize the personal convictions of its responsible editor; and, in the hands of the men whose strong common sense and wise insight into coming directions of life enables them to sit in leading editorial chairs, it is to be one of the chief teaching elements in the church of the future. While meeting all the demands legitimate to a newspaper, it can more and more be the channel through which religious prejudices may be softened, and through which the great moral interests of the community may be effectually served.

It is undeniable that the Sunday press, the increasing use of libraries, and the growing demand for restful Sunday amusements are limiting the old-time scope of the pulpit, but they can never limit the wonderful element of personality by which the ethical direction of the people seems to depend upon those who speak with force and power, as the messengers of God to their fellow-men. Nor can any amount of even the best reading supersede distinctly religious worship. The culture of the heart is as important as the culture of the mind. One of the great present needs of the community is a method of worship in which the spiritual instincts of people shall be awakened and guided. Now and then such services are found in all denominations, — services in which positive excellences outweigh existing defects, services both popular and inspiring; but the need of better services, more hearty, more reverent, more effective, has compelled the leaders of American Christianity to consider anew the liturgical principles fundamental to religious worship, and has already largely broken up the stiffness which was universal in every denomination a generation ago. This generous adaptation of worship to the present needs of the people, the allowance of a proper development in ritual, — a movement happily proceeding already by wise steps in the quarter where it ought to be seen first, — is one of the things to which religionists of all sorts will have to pay increased attention if they are to continue to lift people from out the anxieties and wearisomeness of this lower world up to the gates of "that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God," "the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb the temple of it," where "the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever."

The Christian church, placed as it stood in the days of the Cæsars, is in the position where its laurels depend upon the consecration and vitality of its members. Secularism, never stronger nor more persistent than now, has encroached largely upon its chief day of worship and instruction, and the interests which once seemed exclusively its own are scattered over the length and the breadth of modern society. Some may be startled at this and say that Christianity is losing its power to control and guide human life; but others, reading more correctly the signs of the times, and penetrating deeper into the

currents of human activity, will discover that never in any previous period of Christian history have equal opportunities for serving and guiding men been placed within the reach of the teachers of spiritual truth. The church was never before so identified with the world, so broadened out where the lines of religion and secularity seem to blend into one. The point of danger is always the point of opportunity. The danger is that those in whose hands the Christian church is placed, for our generation, shall still hammer the dead idols of obsolete dogma into new shapes of hideousness, while the souls of millions cry for light and hope along the paths of their present lives. There is no call for the diminution of the Apostles' or Nicene creeds; the danger is that Christianity shall be too restricted in its applications to the varied interests of life to meet the requirements of American citizens. Great strides must be taken in the direction, not so much of liberality, as of intelligent unity upon the basis of what is essential, before our existing Christianity will be fully adequate to the needs of the people. The trend of the new Sunday is in the direction of a healthier and more persuasive Christianity, not wholly nor immediately what all could wish, but enough to give one hope of better things in store. The escape from the narrow requirements of an earlier day may for the moment even be the taking of some steps backward. To see social religious changes correctly one must not look at them from a local point of view alone. The larger view is more correct, and the larger view of the rapid changes now going on in the observance and use of Sunday ranks them as steps in the wide and general education of a free nation in its many-sided responsibilities to God and man. The way is in preparation for a larger and more important work than Christianity has yet undertaken among us. The present influence of Sunday is to broaden the Christian conception of the possibilities of ethical life, and to uplift mankind on the physical, social, and intellectual, as truly as upon the moral and spiritual side. It is the part of what may be called Christian sagacity and statesmanship to recognize the facts in the present uses of the Lord's day for what they mean, and so change the methods in religious worship and instruction that men shall not be without the range of the spiritual renewal of life, and that Christianity shall stand in these days to those who long for light and peace for what it stood in the first days to Peter, James, and John.

Julius H. Ward.

SONNET.

O MOON, white spirit of a star long dead!
Not less the sea still swells beneath thy will,
Though cold the heats thy fostering sun hath fed,
Nor less thine orbit that thy pulse is still.
Shall senseless forces reign by perfect law?
Shall matter live, and thought alone be lost?
Nay! from this truth a sequence rather draw
That love outlives the pang which death must cost.
Then yield the white hands to the secret clasp
Which holds them closer than our love can hold,

Nor hopeless shrink from that impassioned clasp
Which crumbles dearest charms to shapeless mould.
Lo! freed from clay, beyond its sad control,
Ensphered by death circles the shining soul.

Frances M. Brown.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

XI.

THE FILLMORE ADMINISTRATION, 1850-1853.

General Taylor's sudden death was immediately announced by the tolling of the bell of the department of state, and in a few moments the solemn peal was echoed from every church steeple in the metropolis. The next day Mr. Fillmore appeared in the representatives' hall at the Capitol, where both houses of Congress had met in joint session, took the oath of office, and immediately left. The senators then returned to their chamber, and eloquent eulogies on the deceased president were delivered in each house. The remains of General Taylor lay in state in the East Room of the White House, and were escorted from there to their temporary resting-place in the congressional burial-ground with great pomp. A considerable force of regulars and volunteers was commanded by General Scott, who was mounted on a spirited horse, and who wore a richly embroidered uniform, with a high chapeau crowned with yellow plumes. The ponderous funeral car was surmounted by a high canopy of black silk, above which was a large gilt eagle shrouded in crape. It was drawn by eight white horses, each one led by a negro groom in a white costume of Oriental character. Behind the funeral car was led "Old Whitey," the charger ridden by General Taylor in Mexico. He was a well-made horse, in good condition, and he showed no sign of fright when the cannon thundered a farewell salute at the conclusion of the ceremonies.

The unexpected death of General Taylor was an element which even Mr. Seward had never taken into account, and the first consequence was undisguised confusion among the supporters of the administration. The members of the cabinet promptly tendered their resignations, and it was evident that the sudden removal of the president had checkmated the plans so carefully made, and forced the chief player to feel the bitterness of political death. Mr. Fillmore had been shabbily treated by the Taylor administration on several occasions, especially when his request that personal friends should be appointed collector and postmaster at Buffalo had been formally refused, and partisans of Mr. Seward had received the places. The new president was amiable in private life, but it was evident that he would show little regard for those who had snubbed and slighted him in his less powerful position.

Mr. Fillmore was fifty years of age when he became president. He was of average height, stalwart and rotund of form, with broad, heavy, florid features, white hair, shrewd gray eyes, and dignified, yet courteous manners. He had risen from the humble walks of life, by incessant toil, to the highest position in the republic, always animated by an indomitable spirit, and by that industry and perseverance which are the surest

guarantees of success. He was undoubtedly a man of ability, but his intellect seemed, like that of Lord Bacon, to lack the complement of heart. A blank in his nature, where loyalty to the public sentiment of the North should have been, made him a willing instrument to crush out the growing determination north of Mason and Dixon's line that freedom should be national, slavery sectional. One of the coldest of the cold-hearted, his official action was a firebrand which a few years later set the republic in flames; "frost performed the effect of fire."

Mrs. Fillmore was the daughter of the Rev. Lemuel Powers, a Baptist clergyman, who claimed descent from Henry Leland, an emigrant from England, who was one of the first settlers in Sherburne, Massachusetts. She was tall, spare, and graceful, with auburn hair, light blue eyes, and a fair complexion. Before her marriage she had taught school, and she was remarkably well informed, but somewhat reserved in her intercourse with strangers. She did not come to Washington until after her husband became president, and her delicate health prevented her mingling in society, but she presided at the official dinner-parties, and was highly esteemed in Washington. She was very fond of music, and her daughter used to play on the piano for her every evening, while her son sang.

Mr. Fillmore's friends in New York, soon after he became president, gave Mrs. Fillmore a splendid carriage and pair of horses, which were used by the inmates of the White House until the expiration of their sojourn there. Then, not wishing such an elegant establishment, Mr. Fillmore had it sold, and invested the proceeds in a set of plate, which he wished to descend as an heirloom in his family, an imperishable record of his gratitude.

Congress remained in session until the 30th of September, and the three hundred and two days were marked by acrimony of debate and strong sectional excitement. The compromise bills were successively passed, and each one was signed by President Fillmore, amid energetic protests from the Southern secessionists and Northern abolitionists. When the bill which provided for the rendition of fugitive slaves was signed, the Union members of the house of representatives organized a serenade to President Fillmore and his secretary of state, Daniel Webster. The president bowed his acknowledgments from a window of the Executive Mansion, but Mr. Webster came out on the broad doorstep of his house, with a friend on either side of him holding a candle, and he commenced a brief speech by saying, "Now is the summer — no! Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this son of York."

Mr. Fillmore had selected Mr. Robert C. Winthrop to be his secretary of state, but was persuaded by Senators Clay and Mangum to offer the position to Mr. Webster, who promptly accepted it. At the commencement of the debate on the compromise measures he had decided to speak in opposition to the encroachments of the slave power, and a carefully prepared brief of what he proposed to say, in his own handwriting, was shown by his friend, Mr. George Ashmun, to Mr. Joshua R. Giddings, who found it all that he could ask or desire. Before the 7th of March arrived, however, Mr. Webster had been tempted, by promises of presidential support from the South, to change front, and to turn his back not only upon himself, but upon Massachusetts. He had been assured that if he would advocate the compromises he would create a wave of popular sentiment that would float him into the White House in 1856, against all opposition, and that no democratic aspirant would stand in his way. Believing all this, Mr. Webster misrepresented Massachusetts, and betrayed his constituents.

Faneuil Hall was closed to him, and he was glad to escape from the senate-chamber into the department of state. Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, and Martin Van Buren had found that department a convenient stepping-stone to the presidential chair.

Mr. Webster was a great favorite in the department of state, for he made no removals, and his generous and considerate treatment of the clerks won their affection. His especial favorite was Mr. George J. Abbott, a native of New Hampshire, who had been graduated at Exeter and Cambridge, and had then come to Washington to take charge of a boys' school. He was an accomplished classical scholar, and he used to hunt up Latin quotations applicable to the questions of the day, which Mr. Webster would commit to memory and use with effect. His private secretary was Mr. Charles Lanman, a young gentleman of literary and artistic tastes, who was a devoted disciple of Izaak Walton. The two would often leave the department of state for a day of piscatorial enjoyment at the Great Falls of the Potomac, when Mr. Webster would throw off public cares and personal pecuniary troubles, to cast his lines with boyish glee, and to exult loudly when he succeeded in hooking a fish. Another clerk in the department who enjoyed Mr. Webster's esteem was Mr. Zantzinger, the son of a purser in the navy, who possessed rare accomplishments. Whenever Mr. Webster visited his estates in New Hampshire or in Massachusetts, he was always accompanied by one of these gentlemen, who had the charge of his correspondence.

The corner-stone of one of the "extensions" of the Capitol was laid on the seventy-sixth anniversary of our national independence, — July 4, 1851, — by the fraternity of freemasons, in "due and ample form." President Fillmore, the cabinet, the diplomatic corps, several governors of States, and other distinguished personages occupied seats on a temporary platform, which overlooked the place where the corner-stone was laid, Major B. B. French, grand master of masons of the District of Columbia, officiating. Mr. Webster was the orator of the day, and delivered an eloquent, thoughtful, and patriotic address, although he was evidently somewhat feeble, and was forced to take sips of strong brandy and water to sustain him as he proceeded. Among the vast audience were three gentlemen who had, fifty-eight years previously, seen General Washington aid his brother freemasons in laying the corner-stone of the original Capitol.

Later in that year, the large hall which contained the library of Congress, occupying the entire western side of the centre of the Capitol, was destroyed by fire, with almost all of its valuable contents. Nearly forty thousand volumes of books, many historical manuscripts, and a collection of statuary, paintings, medals, coins, and other curious specimens in various departments of art and science, were consumed in the flames. The weather was intensely cold, and, had not the firemen and citizens worked hard, the entire Capitol would have been destroyed.

"Filibustering" was at that time the means by which the pro-slavery leaders at the South hoped to increase their territory, and they defended it in the halls of Congress, in their pulpits, and at their public gatherings. Going back into sacred and profane history, they would attempt to prove that Moses, Joshua, Saul, and David were "filibusters," and so were William the Conqueror, Charlemagne, Gustavus Adolphus, and Napoleon. Walker simply followed their example, except that they wore crowns on their heads, while he, a new man, only carried a sword in his hand. Was it right, they asked, when a brave American adventurer, invited by the despairing victims of tyranny in Cuba,

or of anarchy in Central America, threw himself boldly, with a handful of comrades, into their midst to sow the seeds of civilization and to reconstruct society, — was it right for the citizens of the United States, themselves the degenerate sons of filibustering sires, to hurl at him as a reproach what was their ancestors' highest merit and glory?

General Walker, the "gray-eyed man of destiny," was the leading native filibuster, but foremost among the foreign adventurers, — the Dugald Dalgettys of that epoch, — who came here from unsuccessful revolutions abroad to seek employment for their swords, was General Heningen. He had served with Zumala-Carreguy in Spain, with Schamyl in the Caucasus, and with Kossuth in Hungary, chronicling his exploits in works which won him the friendship of Wellington and other notables. Going to Central America, he fought gallantly, but unsuccessfully, at Grenada, and he then came to Washington, where he was soon known as an envoy of "Cuba Libre." He married a niece of Senator Berrien, of Georgia, a devoted and cultivated woman, and his tall, soldier-like figure was to be seen striding along on the sunny sidewalk of Pennsylvania Avenue every pleasant morning, until in later years he went South "to live or die in Dixie."

President Taylor having sent Mr. Dudley Mann as a confidential agent to Hungary, to obtain reliable information concerning the true condition of affairs there, the Austrian government instructed its representative at Washington, the Chevalier Hulsemann, to protest against this interference in its internal affairs, as offensive to the laws of propriety. This protest the chevalier communicated to Mr. Webster after he became secretary of state, and in due time he received an answer which completely extinguished him. It carefully reviewed the case, and in conclusion told the protesting chevalier, in plain Anglo-Saxon, that nothing would "deter either the government or the people of the United States from exercising, at their own discretion, the rights belonging to them as an independent nation, and of forming and expressing their own opinion freely and at all times upon the great political events which might transpire among the civilized nations of the earth."

Meanwhile Kossuth had been released from his imprisonment within the dominion of the Sublime Porte, by request of the government of the United States, and taken to England in the war steamer Mississippi. In due time he arrived at Washington, where he created a marked sensation. The distinguished Magyar wore a military uniform, and the steel scabbard of his sword trailed on the ground as he walked. He was the guest of Congress at Brown's Hotel, but those senators and representatives who called to pay their respects found members of his retinue on guard before the door of his apartments, armed with muskets and bayonets, while his anteroom was crowded with the members of his staff. They had evidently been reared in camps, as they caroused all day, and then tumbled into their beds booted and spurred, furnishing items of liquors, wines, cigars, and damaged furniture for the long and large hotel bill which Congress had to pay. Mr. Seward entertained the Hungarian party at an evening reception, and a number of congressmen gave Kossuth a subscription dinner at the National Hotel, at which several of the known aspirants for the presidency spoke. Mr. Webster was, as became the secretary of state, carefully guarded in his remarks, and later in the evening, when the champagne had flowed freely, he indulged in what appeared to be his impromptu individual opinions, but unluckily dropped at his seat a slip of paper on which his gushing sentences had been carefully written out. General Houston managed to leave the table in time to avoid being

called upon to speak, and General Scott — who regarded Kossuth as a gigantic humbug — had escaped to Richmond. Kossuth was invited to dine at the White House, and on New Year's day he held a reception; but he failed in his attempt to secure congressional recognition or material aid.

A number of the leading public men at Washington were so disgusted by the assumption and arrogance displayed by Kossuth, and by the toadyism manifested by many of those who humbled themselves before him, that they organized a banquet, at which Senator Crittenden was the principal speaker. "Beware," said the eloquent Kentuckian, in the words of Washington, "of the introduction or exercise of a foreign influence among you! We are Americans! The Father of our Country has taught us, and we have learned, to govern ourselves. If the rest of the world have not learned that lesson, how shall they teach us? We are the teachers, and yet they appear here with a new exposition of Washington's Farewell Address. For one, I do not want this new doctrine. I want to stand *super antiquas vias*, — upon the old road that Washington traveled, and that every president, from Washington to Fillmore, has traveled."

The only effect of Kossuth's visit to the United States was an extraordinary impetus given to "The Order of United Americans," from which was evolved that political phenomenon, the American or know-nothing party. The mysterious movements of this organization attracted the curiosity of the people, and members of the old political organizations eagerly desired to learn what was carefully concealed. Secretly-held lodges, with their paraphernalia, passwords and degrees, grips and signs, tickled the popular fancy, and the new organization became formidable. Men of all religions and political creeds fraternized beneath the "stars and stripes," and solemnly pledged themselves to the support of "our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country."

The leaders of this "know-nothing" movement, who in the delirium of the hour were intrusted with dictatorial authority, were in no way calculated to exercise a permanent, healthful control. They were generally without education, without statesmanship, without knowledge of public affairs, and, to speak plainly, without the abilities or genius which might enable them to dispense with experience. Losing sight of the cardinal principle of the American order, that only those identified with the republic by birth or permanent residence should manage its political affairs, the leaders fell back upon a bigoted hostility to the Church of Rome, to which many of their original members in Louisiana and elsewhere belonged. The result was that the mighty organization had begun to decay before it attained its growth, and that the old political leaders became members that they might elbow the improvised chieftains from power when the effervescence of the movement should subside.

Another noted person who visited Washington early in the administration of Mr. Fillmore was William M. Tweed, of New York, who came as foreman of the Americus Engine Company, Number Six, which was composed of young volunteer firemen. Visiting the White House, the company was ushered into the East Room, where President Fillmore soon appeared, and Tweed, stepping out in front of his command, said, "These are Big Six's boys, Mr. President!" He then walked along the line with Mr. Fillmore, and introduced each member individually. As they were leaving the room a newspaper reporter asked Tweed why he had not made a longer speech? "There was no necessity," replied the future pillager of the city treasury of New York, "for the company is as much grander than any other fire company in

this world as Niagara Falls is grander than Croton dam." Two years afterwards, Tweed, profiting by a division in the whig ranks in the fifth district of New York, returned to Washington as a representative in Congress. He was a regular attendant, never participating in the debates, and always voting with the democrats. Twice he read speeches which were written for him, and he obtained for a relative the contract for supplying the house with chairs for summer use, which were worthless and soon disappeared.

When the members of the thirty-first Congress commenced their second session, the conservatives found themselves much stronger than when they had left Washington for the recess. The business interests of the North had decreed that antislavery doctrines should be banished from the pulpit, ignored on the political stump, excluded from newspapers, and not tolerated in lecture halls. But the "incendiary ideas" could not be extinguished, and the republic was slowly drifting towards the impending crisis, though the Missouri compromise had not been blotted out, and "bleeding Kansas" was unknown. Even Mr. Seward became somewhat conservative, and he showed no devotion to antislavery measures. "I am with you entirely," he declared to the Rev. Mr. May, a pronounced abolitionist, "but prudence places me under restraint."

Senator Douglas, seeing that the people of the Northwest were fast becoming opponents of slavery, or rather of its extension, endeavored to establish a new ground upon which the democratic party could maintain itself at the North, without offending its powerful Southern wing. He spoke with remarkable energy and vigor, but gave little evidence of intellectual cultivation or historical research. His literary deficiencies, however, were made up by his mental strength, intuitive sagacity, and good common — or, as he would have termed it, "horse" — sense. He never indulged in wit, but he excelled in sarcasm and burning denunciation, and he understood well how to appeal to the passions and the prejudices of the working-classes. His language, always energetic and vigorous, sometimes became eloquent, and in a controversial debate he possessed great power.

Mr. Andrew Pickens Butler was a prominent figure in the senate-chamber. He was a trifle larger round at the waistband than anywhere else, his long white hair stood out as if he were charged with electric fluid, and South Carolina was legibly written on his rubicund countenance. The genial old patriarch would occasionally take too much wine in the "Hole in the Wall," or in some committee-room, and then go into the senate and attempt to bully Chase or Hale; but every one liked him, nevertheless. Then there was Senator Slidell, of Louisiana, with a florid face, long gray hair, and prominent eyes, forming a striking contrast in personal appearance with his dapper little colleague, Senator Benjamin, whose features disclosed his Jewish extraction. One of the most popular senators was Jesse D. Bright, of Indiana, equally unscrupulous as a political manager and agreeable at a dinner-table, while his colleague, Judge Pettit, a short, stout, bald-headed man, made no friends.

Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, during his brief term of service in the senate as the successor of Daniel Webster, presented an interesting petition from the widow of Captain Robert Gray, the discoverer of the Columbia River, asking relief. Captain Gray was in the naval service of his country during the war of the Revolution, and afterwards, while in command of the sloop Washington, he was the first to carry the flag of the Union around the world. In a subsequent voyage in the year 1792, he discovered and entered the Columbia River, to which he gave the name of the ship

which he then commanded, and thus furnished the corner-stone to the American title. Mrs. Gray's petition was accompanied by the original sea-passport, signed by George Washington and attested by Thomas Jefferson, under which the Columbia had sailed from Boston in 1790. A similar document bore the signature of John Hancock as governor of Massachusetts, and a clearance certificate from the Boston custom-house was signed by Benjamin Lincoln, collector of the port, whose name was honorably identified with several of the great battle-fields of the Revolution. Captain Gray had died in 1806, leaving a widow and four children with very little property, and she now asked Congress to cheer her old age by making such a grant to herself and her daughter as would testify its appreciation of a citizen whose nautical skill and bold enterprise had been instrumental in rendering so distinguished a benefit to his country.

The Rev. Henry Clay Dean, a stalwart defender of slavery on biblical grounds, was the chaplain of the senate. Many stories were related about him, among them one of his preaching one Sunday at a rural church in Virginia, when he was disturbed by the fact that his hearers turned their heads to look at every person who came in. He finally told them to keep their eyes upon him, and he would announce the new arrivals. Sure enough, the tardy brethren and friends who subsequently entered were amazed at hearing Mr. Dean pause in his discourse, and call out, "That's brother Eli Satterfield!" "That's brother Paul Haun!" "That's brother Merrifield!" "That's Job Hawkins." And then he exclaimed, "A little old man in a white coat and black cap, — I don't know who he is! Look for yourselves."

On the first day of December, 1851, Henry Clay spoke in the senate for the last time, and General Cass presented the credentials of Charles Sumner, who had been elected by one of the coalitions between the antislavery men and the democrats, which gave the latter the local offices in New York, Ohio, and Massachusetts, and elected Seward, Chase, and Sumner to the United States senate. Soon after Mr. Sumner took his seat in the arena which had been made famous by the political champions of the North, the South, and the West, Mr. Benton said to him, with a patronizing air, "You have come upon the stage too late, sir. Not only have our great men passed away, but the great issues have been settled, also. The last of these was the National Bank, and that has been overthrown forever. Nothing is left you, sir, but puny sectional questions and petty strifes about slavery and fugitive-slave laws, involving no national interests."

Mr. Sumner had but two coadjutors in opposing slavery and in advocating freedom when he entered the senate, but before he died he was the recognized leader of more than two thirds of that body. He was denounced by a leading whig newspaper of Boston when he left that city to take his seat as "an agitator," and he was refused a place on any committee of the senate, as being "outside of any healthy political organization;" but he lived to exercise a controlling influence in Massachusetts politics and to be the chairman of the senate committee on foreign affairs. He had learned from Judge Story the value of systematic industry, and while preparing long speeches on the questions before the senate he also applied himself sedulously to the practical duties of a senator, taking especial pains to answer every letter addressed to him.

The most popular house in Washington was that of Mr. Daniel S. Dickinson, a senator from New York, whose accomplished wife was acknowledged by all as the leader in social life. Tall and slender, with dark blue eyes, brown

hair, and gentle manners, she was a notable figure in the society of New York and Washington, and had troops of friends. Her husband was devoted to her; and when, while he was a senator, he visited the little town of Oxford, where she had been educated, he said to the directors of the academy "that, though he had never studied at their institution, he had carried off its greatest prize."

When the thirty-second Congress met, Mr. Linn Boyd, a stalwart Kentuckian, was elected speaker of the house of representatives, and used to preside with great dignity, sitting on an elevated platform, beneath a canopy of scarlet curtains. Seated at his right hand, at the base of the platform, beside the "mace," was Andrew Jackson Glossbrenner, the sergeant-at-arms, and on the opposite side was Mr. McKnew, the door-keeper. Mr. John W. Forney officiated at the clerk's table, having been elected by a decided majority. His defeat two years previous had been very annoying to his democratic friends at the North, who were expected to aid the Southern wing of the party with their votes, and yet were often deserted when they desired offices. "It is," said one of them, "paying us a great compliment for our principles, or great contempt for our pliancy." Mr. Buchanan wrote to a Virginia democratic leader, "Poor Forney deserved a better fate than to be wounded 'in the house of his friends,' and to vote for a whig in preference to him was the unkindest cut of all. It will, I am confident, produce no change in his editorial course, but I dread its effect." Mr. Forney did not permit his desertion to influence his pen, and his loyalty to his party was rewarded by his election, two years after his defeat, as clerk of the house.

The democratic representatives, then as now, occupied the right of the house, looking from the speaker's chair, and the most noticeable figure was that of the burly Humphry Marshall, of Kentucky. Near him sat his colleague, the accomplished Breckinridge, and not far distant were Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, Harry Hibbard, of New Hampshire, Albert G. Brown, of Mississippi, John Appleton, of Maine, Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, Robert Toombs, of Georgia, and other democratic magnates.

Thaddeus Stevens, of the Lancaster district of Pennsylvania, was the recognized leader of the small band of anti-slavery men in the house, and as the republican strength there increased he continued his despotic rule. No republican was permitted by "Old Thad" to oppose his imperious will without receiving a tongue-lashing that terrified others, if it did not bring the refractory representative back into party harness. Rising by degrees, as a telescope is pulled out, until he stood in a most ungraceful attitude, his heavy black hair falling down over his cavernous brows, and his cold little eyes twinkling with anger, he would make some ludicrous remark, and then, reaching to his full height, he would lecture the offender against party discipline, sweeping at him with his large, bony right hand, in uncouth gestures, as if he would clutch him and then shake him. He would often use invectives, which he took care should never appear printed in the official reports, and John Randolph, in his braggart prime, was never so imperiously insulting as was Mr. Stevens towards those whose political action he controlled.

Mr. Stevens was a firm believer in the old maxim ascribed to the Jesuits, "The end justifies the means," and, while he set morality at defiance, he was an early and a zealous champion of the equality of the black and the white races. He was a good debater, and there was an undercurrent of dry humor about him that often disarmed his polit-

ical opponents. When, on one occasion, a South Carolina representative undertook to lecture him for his antislavery views, and talked about a slave on his own rice plantation who was a pious deacon, Mr. Stevens gruffly asked what the price of deacons was in that vicinity, and whether a negro would command a higher price because he was a deacon.

Robert Rantoul, after a ten days' term of service in the senate, was elected to represent the Essex district of Massachusetts in the house, and had begun to make his mark there when he was suddenly removed by death. After long service in the democratic party, he had become a fervent antislavery man, and he was one of the pioneers in that great political revolution which made "all men free and equal." He never spoke without careful preparation, and then poured forth brilliant sentences with wonderful rapidity, and accompanied them by earnest gestures. In debate, few could stand against him. Fluent, logical, and incisive, he was defiant and triumphant.

It was a curious fact that there were in the house two sons of Rufus King, — John A., representing a New York district, and his brother, James G., a New Jersey district. Two brothers Stanton, originally from Alexandria, represented districts in Kentucky and in Tennessee, while two brothers-in-law, Messrs. Millson and Parker, represented two districts in Virginia. In the senate, a father and a son sat side by side, — Mr. Dodge, of Iowa, and Mr. Dodge, of Wisconsin, formerly called Ouisconsin.

The Southern disunionists had begun, even at that early day, to urge extraordinary appropriations for the navy-yards at Norfolk and at Pensacola, and to encourage the preparation of munitions of war in the slave-holding States. A company in Virginia commenced the manufacture of woolen cloth for army clothing, and obtained a contract at Washington to supply one hundred thousand yards of it, but was able to furnish only one half of that quantity. When payment was made for the cloth delivered, the officer of the quartermaster's department who received it withheld six thousand dollars, in accordance with the terms of the contract, as the forfeit for having failed to deliver the other fifty thousand yards. The Southern congressmen at once pushed through, a bill repaying this forfeit money to the contractor.

Mr. Clayton, when secretary of state, had received a proposition from August Belmont, as the agent of the Rothschilds, to pay the Mexican indemnity in drafts, for which four per cent. premium would be allowed. Then Mr. Webster became secretary of state, and he entered into an agreement with an association of bankers, composed of the Barings, Corcoran & Riggs, and Howland & Aspinwall, for the negotiation of the drafts by them at a premium of three and a half per cent. The difference to the government was about forty thousand dollars, but the rival sets of bankers had large interests at stake, based on their respective purchases of Mexican obligations at depreciated values, and a war of pamphlets and newspaper articles ensued. The dispute was carried into Congress, and during a debate on it in the house, Representative Cartter, of Ohio, now chief-justice of the courts in the District of Columbia, was very emphatic in his condemnation of all the bankers interested. "I want the house to understand," said he, with a slight impediment in his speech, "that I take no part with the house of Rothschild, or of Baring, or of Corcoran & Riggs. I look upon their scramble for money precisely as I would upon the contest of a set of blacklegs around a gaming-table over the last stake. They have all of them grown so large in gormandizing upon money that they have left the work of fleecing individuals, and

taken to the enterprise of fleecing nations."

Mr. Charles Allen, of the Worcester district of Massachusetts, availed himself of the opportunity afforded by this debate on the payment of the Mexican indemnity to make a long-threatened attack on Daniel Webster. He asserted that when Mr. Webster was tendered the position of secretary of state a purse of twenty-five thousand dollars was raised in New York, and another of twenty thousand dollars was raised in Boston, and paid him to secure his acceptance of the position. Mr. George Ashmun, of the Springfield district of Massachusetts, a devoted friend of Mr. Webster, replied with great indignation, and declared, in concluding his remarks, that Mr. Allen had sat at Mr. Webster's board and eaten his bread and partaken of his salt while he was preparing this libelous attack on "one of the greatest men of the nation, — nay, the greatest man of the world."

Mr. Henry W. Hilliard, of Alabama, followed Mr. Ashmun, with a glowing eulogy of Mr. Webster, in which he declared that, although Massachusetts might repudiate him, the country would take him up, for he stood before the eyes of mankind in a far more glorious position than he could have occupied but for the stand which he had taken in resisting the legions which were bearing down against the rights of the South. This elicited a bitter rejoinder from Mr. Allen, who alluded to the fact that Mr. Hilliard was a clergyman, and said that he had found out how to serve two masters. Mr. Ashmun, asking Mr. Allen if he had not published confidential letters addressed to him by Mr. Charles Hudson, received as a reply, "No, sir! no sir! You are a scoundrel if you say that I did!" The debate between Messrs. Ashmun and Allen finally became so bitter that Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, and other representatives objected to its continuance, and refused to hear another word from either of them. The next day Mr. Lewis, of Philadelphia, improved an opportunity for eulogizing Mr. Webster, provoking a scathing reply from Mr. Joshua Giddings.

SECRETS.

THINK not some knowledge rests with thee alone!
Why, even God's stupendous secret, Death,
We one by one, with our expiring breath,
Do pale with wonder seize and make our own;
The bosomed treasures of the earth are shown,
Despite her careful hiding; and the air
Yields its mysterious marvels in despair
To swell the mighty store-house of things known.
In vain the sea expostulates and raves;
It cannot cover from the keen world's sight
The curious wonders of its coral caves.
And so, despite thy caution or thy tears,
The prying fingers of detective years
Shall drag *thy* secret out into the light.

Ella Wheeler

THE BRITISH PHILISTINE.

However closely the man of English blood, but of New England birth and breeding, may acknowledge himself bound to his kinsmen of the motherland, and however much at home he may find himself among them, partly because of their common blood and speech, and of that sameness of mental tone and of social habits and political institutions (excepting the mere outside form given by monarchy and aristocracy) which come of their common Anglo-Saxonism, and partly because of the frankness and heartiness with which they welcome him, he is sensible in the society of England, even when he is most at home in it, of a subtle, all-pervading influence which makes him constantly conscious that, although he cannot feel and is not made to feel that he is a foreigner, he is to a certain degree a stranger in the land of his fathers. This influence does not come from external things. Castles and cathedrals, peers and peasants, may be new to him, and he may look upon them with curious eyes; but this is something which eyes cannot see. He is conscious of it mostly, if not only, in the intercourse of man with man. He feels it chiefly in the midst of his greatest social enjoyment. Seated in a room, perhaps at a table, where there is little, if anything, that is unlike what he has been more or less accustomed to from his childhood, surrounded by men and women whose names are those of his own race, perhaps of his own familiar friends at home, — people whose costume, whose manners, and whose topics of discourse are essentially the same as those of the society in which he grew up, — he yet feels that there is an invisible something between them and him.

It is not a barrier; for it does not separate him from them: but it is an atmosphere through which he makes his approaches. It is the atmosphere of Philistinism.

That what has been called Philistinism exists in England is no new discovery, as Mr. Matthew Arnold's readers know; but it has been supposed, and indeed assumed and asserted, by him, if not by others, that it is to be found only in the middle classes, — that it is a distinctive quality of that immense division of English society which lies between the agricultural and artisan class, on the one side, and the nobility and gentry and the professional class, on the other. This theory of the phenomenon in question is plausible, and it is natural to a British observer who is himself in the latter division. But, according to my observation, it is erroneous. Philistinism pervades the whole society of Great Britain south of the Tweed. It is not found in equal proportions in all grades of that society, in some of which it is very much denser than it is in others. Like all heavy things, invisible although they may be, — like the heavier and more poisonous gases, for example, — its tendency is downward, and it sinks to the lower levels of society, where it becomes almost palpable from the pressure of the superincumbent mass. From that plane upward it gradually diminishes in quantity, and becomes more delicate in quality as it passes from grade to grade, until, when it has reached the highest, it attains a tenuity which makes it almost imperceptible. But there it is, present to consciousness although only as an influence, subtle, indefinable, almost indescribable. As I have said before, it is felt as something between the stranger and his kindred; and yet I am not sure that the latter are not conscious of it also as a separating, isolating power among themselves. As to this I cannot speak, because, being one

of the strangers, I cannot know. But it seemed to me, sometimes, as if each Briton carried about him, like a social planet, his own little atmosphere of Philistinism, which was not only the breath of his nostrils, but the protective armor of his individuality, through which his nearest friends had to pierce in order to be in actual contact with the real man.

This subtle, isolating moral and mental atmosphere, which I have called an influence, — but which might be better named an exfluence, for it radiates from within outward, — is a non-conductor of ideas. It is the unreadiness of the Saxon Athelstane developed into a social and intellectual power of inertness. The gross result of this unreadiness is Philistinism. The surgical operation which has been said to be required to get a joke into the head of a Scotchman (most unjustly, it would seem, of a people who have produced Robert Burns, Walter Scott, and Thomas Carlyle) is far more needful to get a new idea, or even a fine idea, into the head of a British Philistine who is perfect of his kind. This being the case, Philistinism enshields and perpetuates itself. It is equally lasting and immovable. It stiffens the mental faculties, taking from them alertness and flexibility, and makes those who are wholly under its influence so set in their ways of thought and feeling that it is sometimes hard to say whether they are stable or stolid.

A trait like this is strange indeed as characteristic of a people in which there is such a richness and variety of intellectual power; a people who have produced and are producing, in all departments of human endeavor, work which in originality and in lasting value equals, and in many respects surpasses, that which is produced by any other people; a people to whom the world owes both Shakespeare and railways, inductive philosophy and the theory of evolution; who were once, if they are not now, the greatest discoverers, colonists, manufacturers, and traders in the world, and of whom it has been truly said that the sound of their drums follows the sun around the earth; a people whose very language, because of its supreme adaptation to all human needs, promises to abolish the confusion of Babel and to make all mankind again of one speech. Nor is the very literary activity of the British people less than phenomenal. The lists of new publications which appear weekly in the London Spectator are an ever-recurring surprise. I have counted more than one hundred and forty in a single list, not the most numerous that I remember; and, although these lists include new editions, this fact only modifies their significance. More original works are published in London and Edinburgh in a month than are published in all the United States in a year. But, notwithstanding this unmistakable sign of a vigorous intellectual activity, Philistinism exists in Old England, and to all intents and purposes does not exist in the New.

Now it is remarkable that Philistinism is a phenomenon of comparatively late manifestation in England. It is a growth of the last hundred and fifty years. There is no trace of it in the Elizabethan era. In all the voluminous dramas of that time there is no sign that this quality then existed in the Englishman. Shakespeare's plays, and Beaumont and Fletcher's, and Ben Jonson's, and Massinger's, and Heywood's, and Chapman's, and poor Dekker's are full of Englishmen of all conditions masquerading under Italian and French and Latin names; but there is not a Philistine among them. On the contrary, the English mind of that time seems to have been distinguished for its quick apprehensiveness, its flexible adaptability, its eagerness, its thirst for new thought, its readiness to receive, to welcome, and to assimilate. In the Merry Wives of Windsor, written, if not at Elizabeth's command, certainly to please the court circle, Shake-

speare would surely have given us a Philistine, if he had known such a creature. But Master Ford and Master Page, although middle-class men hardly within the pale of gentry, and who are not even small country squires, but townsmen of Windsor, are equally far from Philistinism and from snobbishness. Nor in Jonson's two best known plays, which were written professedly to present contemporary manners, is this humor embodied. Shallow and Silence, in Henry the Fourth, make the nearest approach to it; but even they are only a pair of senile rustic squires. English comedy of the Restoration is still void of this characteristic in any of its personages. But in the last century the Philistine element begins to appear. The dense-minded middle-class man, rich, purse-proud, vulgar, incapable of apprehending anything beyond the range of his own personal experience, comes upon the stage. He is the butt, it is true, of the courtier and of the traveled man; nevertheless, he is represented as the type of a large class, and as one who is becoming a power in the land, and who is recognized as one of the characteristic elements of its society. He is conscious at once of his importance and of his social inferiority; and he submits, although with surliness, to the snubbing of his superiors, which sometimes takes a very active and aggressive shape. In Farquhar's Constant Couple, Wildair beats Alderman Smugler before Lady Lurewell, and finally throws snuff into his eyes; and the alderman raves and roars, but submits. English comedy of an earlier period has no such scenes as this. In the Elizabethan drama noblemen and gentlemen hold themselves loftily, and sometimes talk of "greasy citizens;" but they do not beat them nor throw snuff into their eyes in the presence of ladies. One reason of this is that the gentlemen of the earlier period are of higher quality and finer fibre than those of the later, and that in the later comedies the gentlemen themselves have become coarser under the velvet and ruder under the lace, which have wholly displaced the steel corselets and buff coats of their ancestors. The striking phenomenon is presented of the deterioration of a whole people in the finer traits of social and intellectual character, of a loss of the grace and charm of true gentility, of a vulgarizing of the general tone of society, while society as a whole is undeniably advancing intellectually, as well as growing stronger and richer in all that tends to progress and civilization. The lower class is coming into contact with the higher, and the higher has begun, in self-defense, to enter into conflict with the lower; and in such a struggle the combatants are always sure to become tainted each with the other's coarser qualities.

The eighteenth century, fruitful of good in so many important respects, was a period of decadence for England in all that made life beautiful and graceful. In all the arts that embellish life the Englishman of that time, compared with his ancestor of the time of the Tudors, was a being of inferior grade. In literature he had become conscious, weak, and prosaic; and in art he had sunk to a lower level than he had touched before since he had been civilized. The rude art work of Anglo-Saxon times shows more vigor and freedom and fancy than appears in that of thirty-guinea periwigs and Pope's Odyssey. The Englishman of the Hanoverian reigns could not even appreciate the work of his forefathers. The elegant eighteenth century did more to despoil and degrade the architecture of England than was effected by the iconoclastic fury of the Puritans of the Commonwealth. They destroyed, but they did not debase. In the last century, cathedrals and monuments and country-houses, when they were not wholly neglected, were made hideous by tasteless alterations. The eighteenth century was in this respect a period of paint

and putty. Evidence of this is visible on all sides, and testimony to it is plentiful.

My first personal observation of this manifestation of Philistinism was at the villa of a commercial friend, not far from London. He was in no way concerned in it except as its discoverer, for he is not only a man of remarkable intelligence and comprehensiveness of mind, but also one of fine taste and of uncommon social attractiveness. The house was built in Queen Anne's time, and some parts of it earlier. I remarked to him one day upon the beauty of the wood of the solid mahogany door of the principal entrance. He, laughing, replied, "Yes; but I had a hard time with that door. When I bought the house that door was green." "Green!" "As green outside as that grass, and white inside. But it was blistered in spots, and I had it repainted. Still it would blister in warm weather; and after two or three trials I ordered all the paint scraped off down to the wood, that we might begin afresh. And what should we find, after removing three or four old coats, but this noble old mahogany. The paint was very old, and so hard that it almost turned the workmen's tools. It had been painted again and again during the last century." I was amazed; but I found other examples of the same vile taste, which was characteristic of the time when the term Gothic was used to imply rudeness. England at that time was full of noble monuments which had been defaced in this ridiculous and deplorable way. In one of the old churches of London, I forget which one, there is an elaborately carved tomb of a John Spencer, erected A. D. 1609. It is mostly in a beautiful green-veined marble, but partly in variegated pale red and yellow marble equally beautiful. One of the church-wardens, who was kind enough to do the honors of the place for me, told me that this tomb as it stands now is the result of restoration; that it was once all painted and gilded. The paint had been laid over this beautiful stone to the thickness of five eighths of an inch! Since then I have found that British critics have remarked the same desecration. Mr. De Longueville Jones, in his description of a beautiful old country-house in Herefordshire, says, "There was the bachelor's room, a nice little square apartment, about twice as high as it was broad, all paneled in oak, which some Goth of a squire had painted light blue!"[1] And Mr. Jennings, in his delightful Rambles among the Hills, just published, describing Charles Cotton's pew in the old church at Alstonfield, says, "It was elaborately carved, and of good old oak, but had received a thick coat of green paint at the hands of some barbarian many years before." The taste which covered beautiful veined marble and carved oaken panels with paint was Philistine. The people who sculptured the marble and carved the oak were not Philistine.

It is not strange that the houses and churches and other public buildings which were built in England during the time when such acts as this were regarded as improvements should be lacking in all the elements of beauty; and they are so, as I have remarked before. But they are not only ugly: there is about them an air of smug, yet heavy pretension, combined with respectability, which is peculiar to them among the productions of architecture. There were not wanting in England, even at the time of their conception and building, men who could see their hideousness, — men who had not yet been swallowed up and borne off in the flood of Philistinism which was beginning to pour over the country. Of this perception these lines are a record. I remember seeing them somewhere in the Dodsley poems.

[1] Essays and Papers (originally published in Blackwood), 1870, page 60.

"Some wretched Wren was taught by bungling Jones
To murder mortar and disfigure stones."

This coarse, dull, pretentious taste became more general and more firmly settled as years went on, until at the beginning of this century the art of England, especially the household art, had reached its lowest level since the days of Cedric the Saxon. In design, the furniture, the plate, the glass, the binding of books, the house decoration, were utterly lacking in grace, in beauty of any kind. They were expressive merely of dense insensibility to beauty, of the expenditure of money, and of a stolid respectability. We had plenty of this in America, as those who recall the house-furnishing of our fathers' and grandfathers' houses must confess. It could not have been otherwise; for our furniture then either came from England, or was made upon English models. And yet at this time Wedgwood was beginning his wonderful revolution in household pottery. But we all know the struggles and the trials through which he had to pass before he could elevate the taste of the day to the appreciation of his work, about which now books are written.

The very "divinity" of the period (as religious literature is strangely called) was saturated with this influence. The "sound English divines" of the last century were all more or less Philistine. Reading their highly orthodox productions now is dreary work, not only because of the light which modern criticism has thrown upon their ignorance, but because of the expression of a smug satisfaction with their ignorance and admiration of it which pervade their pages. Doubtless they were honest, or thought that they were so; but they seem to have been all the while striving to produce sound English divinity, to be respectable, to do honor to their cloth, to build up the Church of England, and to buttress it in its weak places, where it had crumbled with age, or had been undermined by the slow filtering of insidious thought. Into endeavors like this they were indeed led by the very constitution of that church, which was not a revelational nor even a traditional church, but one made for the needs of the English people. An acute and thoughtful writer,[1] in the course of the discussion of another subject, has said of the Church of England: "By combined firmness and easiness of temper, by concessions and compromises, by unwearable good sense, a reformed church was brought into existence, — a manufacture, rather than a creation, — in which the average man might find average piety, average rationality, and an average amount of soothing appeal to the senses." But it was not until after many long years and many severe struggles that the Church of England was at last thus adapted to the religious wants of the average Englishman, who wished to be reasonably and respectably religious in a thoroughly English, sober, sensible, unexalted way. The mutual adaptation of the church and the people was not wholly accomplished until the last century, when Philistinism took possession of England. It was the religious and political sentimentalism of the Jacobites which, quite as much as their mere dynastic loyalty, made them offensive to the average Englishman of the eighteenth century, who cared much more for the comfortable decencies of his homespun national church than he did for the house of Hanover. And so it was that the sound English divines of that period shored up the English church, just as the men to please whom they labored shored up Temple Bar, that Philistine structure, without beauty, and of use only as an obstacle to free movement.

Now, according to the best evidence, this average Englishman, who rose into power in the last century, and has since

1 Professor Dowden. The Mind and Art of Shakspere, chapter i.

then exerted a gradually growing influence which has modified the social as well as the political surface and structure of England, was not an elegant nor in any way a very admirable creature. Mr. Matthew Arnold had very distinguished predecessors in his perception that England has "a middle class vulgarized." Fielding, in Joseph Andrews (Book III. chapter iii.), writes of "the lower class of the gentry and the higher of the mercantile world, who are in reality the worst bred part of mankind." Addison, in the Freeholder (No. 22), has a passage which shows that fox-hunting in his time was not the peculiar diversion, or rather employment, of a large part of the higher classes which it has since become, but was regarded as a mark of rudeness and rusticity. He describes his fox-hunting, small country gentleman by a motto from Vellius Paterculus, which he translates, "impolitely educated, expressing himself in vulgar language, boisterous, eager at a fray, and over-hasty in taking up an opinion;" and he makes him say that "he scarce ever knew a traveler in his life who had not forsook his principles and lost his hunting-seat," — by which it would seem that fox-hunting and Philistinism have advanced together to the possession of England. To such testimony as this there is no exception to be taken. And as this not well-bred man was somewhat slow of apprehension and was firmly fixed in his opinions, which yet he had rather found ready-made than formed for himself, and as his ideal of life was a dull and decent respectability, and his reverence for money and for rank equal and great, he and his modern descendant do indeed fulfill Heine's notion of the Philistine, as he saw the creature in Germany; and the name has been well transferred to British soil. The Philistine is the man who is steeped in commonplace. He is not necessarily ignorant, or lacking in good sense or good feeling; but his rule of action is precedent, and his ideal of life to do that which his little world will regard as proper.

A little touch of Philistinism in a lady decidedly not of the so-called Philistine class was amusing. She is of a family well and widely known for intellectual ability, and she herself maintains the reputation of her kindred. On my first visit at her house, she asked me how long I had been in England. I replied jocosely, "I have been in this blessed and beautiful island of yours just a fortnight to-day." "Oh," she exclaimed, "that shows what a big place you must have come from, — to call England an island!" Her brother, with a little blush, suggested to her that a country surrounded by the sea is an island, however respectable and powerful it may be, and that England was somewhat famous in history and poetry as an island. To which her answer was, "I know, I know! It 's well enough for foreigners to say that." And indeed she was not without the support of the example of Walter Scott, who, in Peveril of the Peak (chapter xxix.), contrasts "the continent of Britain" with the Isle of Man.

But the most amazing manifestation of Philistinism that I have encountered came to me from England across the sea. A person whom I do not know and never saw, but who resides in one of the best neighborhoods of the West End of London, and whose letter indicates good education and good breeding, wrote to me, inclosing a letter to be sent to a friend in New York, and in a postscript thoughtfully begged leave to inclose postage-stamps, and actually sent me half a dozen British stamps to pay postage in the United States! It seemed the most natural thing in the world to this amiable Philistine that British stamps should carry a letter through any post-office to the ends of the earth.

One striking trait of British Philistinism is ignorance of other countries, and chiefly ignorance of America. To the

Philistine this ignorance is his most cherished intellectual treasure. He guards it carefully, and plumes himself upon it. To enlarge and confirm it, he reads the travels of other Philistines in America, and in some cases visits the States himself, to return with a confusion of mind and perversion of fact upon the subject which is the occasion of profoundest self-congratulation, and which makes him for the remainder of his life an oracle upon American affairs among his untraveled friends and neighbors. Let me frankly confess, however, that a like ignorance and confusion in regard to England among natives of other countries is sometimes courteously assumed by the Philistine. Some years before my visit to England a pretty and sweet-mannered, although not very high-class, Englishwoman was telling me, with the eyes and the voice of a dove, of something that had happened in Manchester; and then, with gentle condescension, she added inquiringly, "You 'ave 'eard of Manchester?" I said that I had, and she was satisfied. There are little courts and alleys in London which are called mews; and I was kindly informed by one or two friends, as we passed some of them, that mews were places for the keeping of hawks in olden time. It was impossible even to laugh at instruction so kindly given; nor did I tell my good teachers that any school-boy twelve years old in America knew that as well as they did. The elegant and very clever woman who recommended me to read Kenilworth before going to see the castle displayed this same sort of Philistinism. What need of telling her, either, that school-boys in America read Kenilworth!

There have been Philistines who were eminent in their quality; men whose characters and habits of mind and life made them perfect, and even admirable, examples of their kind. In the last century two figures of superior position stand forth as Philistines of the highest attainments. They are George III. and Dr. Johnson. The king, who was the first true Briton of his family, showed his possession of this quality in his dogged inapprehensiveness of his Parliament, his counselors, and his American colonies. The "great moralist and lexicographer" did not pass a day without the manifestation of it either in his speech or in his conduct. Of his Philistinism in conduct his behavior to his friend and benefactress on her marriage to Piozzi is a deplorable instance, he being in this case but the towering figure in a group of his kind; and his preference of Nahum Tate's King Lear, with its happy ending, by which virtue was rewarded and poetical justice done, is the most Philistine opinion recorded in literature. It is worthy of a critic in the gallery of Sadler's Wells. George III. and Dr. Johnson are the very Gog and Magog of Philistinism.

Nor in modern days are we without the supreme manifestation of this quality in high places. Lord Palmerston and Sir Alexander Cockburn, the late chief-justice of England, were Philistines of the first water. Lord Palmerston maintained his position so long without exhibiting any remarkable qualities as a statesman because in him the Philistinism of England found its representative and its highest expression. Fielding's lower class of the gentry and higher class of the mercantile world saw with delight a nobleman and accomplished man of society who in the tone of his mind reflected theirs. Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn, a man of much superior mind, a man of ability almost first rate, of great energy, of high culture and varied accomplishment, capable of vast effort, which he showed conspicuously on occasion of the Tichborne trial, attained his first great parliamentary success by supporting Lord Palmerston against Mr. Gladstone in the debate on the claims of Don Pacifico, the recognition of which is now seen to have been an egre-

gious blunder. But it was a blunder committed for the glorification of British power. His attitude and conduct on the Alabama commission showed that years and experience had merely deepened and hardened his Philistinism, until it could make him, a courteous gentleman, rude, conspicuously rude, in the face of the whole world, — him, an upright judge, elaborately unjust. These four eminent men, George III., Dr. Johnson, Lord Palmerston, and Chief, Justice Cockburn, stand in the annals of England as glorified types of the narrow, inflexible, inapprehensive, and I fear that, supported by the testimony of Fielding and Mr. Matthew Arnold, I must say vulgar sort of Englishman who was unheard of in England's annals before the reign of Queen Anne, and who I hope and believe will, by a radical change of heart, disappear from them in the reign of Queen Victoria.

The difference between the society of England and that of America down to the present time, or perhaps I should say until within the last twenty-five or thirty years, is due chiefly to what remained in the motherland, — to certain immovable material things which the English colonists could not bring, and certain other movable immaterial things which they did not choose to bring, away with them. The abandonment of these, on the one hand, and the circumstances of the country to which he came, on the other, effected the changes, really slight, which made the Englishman of this country differ from his kinsmen who remained in the old home. But Philistinism was a new development of the English national character, which took place after the great English colonization of America was completed. In it the American has not part nor lot. It is to-day the one great distinguishing difference between two societies of men of the same blood and speech, having the same laws and literature and religion, in two countries. It is the only difference which goes down beneath clothes and cuticle. British Englishmen as a mass are Philistine; American Englishmen as a mass are not. In the American there is an alertness and flexibility of mind, an apprehensiveness and adaptability, which reminds us of the Englishman of the Elizabethan era. He is at once more logical and more imaginative than his British kinsman; but at the same time less stable, less prudent, less sagacious. There are Philistines in the United States, crowds of them; but they wear their Philistinism with a difference.

That Philistinism is rare and mild in its manifestations among us, we Yankees may reasonably be glad; but that the bird which broils upon our ugly coins should therefore plume himself and thank God in his heart that he is not as other brutes are, even as that poor British lion, is not quite so clear For after all it must be confessed that the country under the protection of that roaring beast, although it is so entirely given over to the domination of this strange *ism* that it may truly be called Philistia, and although its people are troubled at home and baffled abroad, is yet, on the whole, the happiest, and in many important respects the most admirable and respectable, in the world. John Bull himself confesses that he is a rude creature, who in some places welcomes a stranger by "'eaving 'arf a brick at 'im," and who beats his wife in most places; and yet England is the country of all Europe in which human life is safest. Dreydorf, in his work on the Jesuits in the German Empire, published in 1872, shows with emphasis that while in Rome there is one murder for 750 inhabitants, in Naples one for 2750, in Spain one for 4113, in Austria one for 57,000, in Prussia one for 100,000, in England there is but one for 178,000. And although John Bull may beat his wife, he wrongs women in what is generally regarded as a more grievous way very

little when we compare his sins with those of other men in that regard. The same work shows that while for 100 legitimate births there are in Rome 243 illegitimate, in Vienna 118, in Munich 91, and in Paris 48, there is in London only one. This makes the proportion of suffering and wrong in this respect as follows: England 1, France 12, Germany 25, Austria 30, Italy 60. France is twelve times and Italy sixty times worse than England in this respect! And England is of all countries in Europe, and I am inclined to think of all countries in the world, the one in which there is, if not the most freedom, the greatest degree of the best kind of freedom, — that which is enjoyed by him who respects the freedom and the rights of all other men. There is no other country in the world in which the people are so little at the mercy of great corporations and of powerful individuals, and only one, if there be one, in which the poor man is so sure of the protection of the law against the rich, and the rich man is equally sure of justice if his adversary be poor.[1] What position in the world is so enviable as that of an English gentleman! What character, on the whole, more admirable than that of an English gentleman who is recognized among his fellows as worthy of his class! He is not always quickly apprehensive and alert of mind; he is sometimes overconfident; he is often very illogical; he blunders abroad and blunders at home; but his want of logic does not always show a want of sense. Sagacity is sometimes better than syllogism; and he is wise in remedying real evils in an utterly illogical way. In his difficulties he generally wins through by stoutness of heart and steady nerve, and fixed purpose to do what he thinks is his duty. He has a singular capacity of suffering when he sees that he must suffer, and a grand ability to die in silence when he sees that he ought to do so. Other men are as brave as he, some perhaps more dashing and brilliant in feats of arms, — Frenchmen, Germans, even Spaniards and Portuguese; but the calm, steady beat of the English heart in the face of danger is like the swing of a pendulum that obeys only the one great law of the universe. English soldiers have been beaten; but they have rarely, if ever, been routed. They have left their lost fields with ranks as nearly unbroken and with as firm a step as the most exacting soldier could expect or hope for in his overpowered and retreating comrades. At Fontenoy and at Corunna there was no panic. And at Balaklava, when "it was not war," it was at least cool, unquestioning obedience to orders, in the retreat as well as in the charge. At what sight did the world ever look with more reverence — an admiration tempered with tears — than at the Birkenhead, with her men obeying the call to quarters and standing at attention as she took them down in steady ranks into the depths, every man of them, like an imperial Cæsar, dying with decency! If Englishmen are a little loftily conscious of English prowess and English stability, they have the right to be so, — a right given to them by such fields (not to mention others of minor fame) as Crecy, where Edward III.'s men were less in number than one to two of their opponents, and Agincourt, where Henry V.'s were not one to four, and Plassy, where Clive's one thousand Englishmen had such heart to spare to their two thousand auxiliaries that together they put more than ten times their number to flight, and although the enemy had almost as many cannon as the little British force had field officers. Andrew Borde, a Sussex physician, who had seen the world of his day as few men then

[1] Let whoever is inclined to carp at, and resent the former of these assertions, read and consider Mr. Lloyd's article in The Atlantic for March, The Story of a Great Monopoly; truly it seems to me the fullest of great import, and of shameful record that was ever made public in this country.

saw it, published in 1542 a book called The Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge, in which there are rude wood-cuts representing men of various nations, each of which has a motto or saying attached to it. That uttered by the Englishman is, —

> "I do feare no man, all men fearyth me;
> I overcome my adversaries by land and sea."

Boastful, indeed, and therein not uncharacteristic; but true, and therein also characteristic. Borde says, "I think if all the world were set agaynst England it might never be conquered, they being trew within themselfe." We know that this opinion of our forefathers and our kinsmen has been sustained by the event. But from that time to the present, of what other people in the world, who are not of English race, could this be truly said?

The bearing of all this upon our present subject is that the rise and the progress of Philistinism in England were strictly contemporaneous with her assumption of her position as a power of the first class in the world, in wealth, in strength, in empire, in glory. India was won for Britain by her middle classes; and Philistinism marched steadily forward from the victories of Marlborough to those of Wellington.

And, moreover, see the attitude of England now, and of Englishmen, towards the agitators and revolutionists — agitators and revolutionists, however just may be their cause or great their provocation — who are threatening and striving to dismember the empire. Englishmen as a race do not like Irishmen as a race, on either side of the ocean; and Irishmen have now been doing all that deeds and words could do to inflame English hatred against them. But England has stood, although indignant, yet considerate, not without sympathy, and reluctant to strike. The very leaders of what is treason, who are on trial for their crime, take their seats in Parliament, with no man to molest them or make them afraid. Mr. Parnell, indicted traitor in Dublin, sits as a member of Parliament in Westminster, and has all the privileges and immunities of his representative function. He is as safe in the House of Commons, and, what is more, as safe in the streets of London, as if he were John Bright or Mr. Gladstone. He and his colleagues are heard patiently until they deliberately undertake to obstruct the action of Parliament, and there is not a word uttered in speech or in print to excite personal ill-will against them. This is a noble attitude, and it is one peculiarly English.

It would be well for us to admire what is worthy of admiration in such a people, rather than to carp at their errors and their failings, to emulate their sterling virtues, and to find in our share of their ancient fame and grandeur an occasion of honorable and elevating pride. England has behaved to us too often rather as a mother-in-law than as a mother-in-blood, and many Englishmen have an unhappy mastery of the art of being personally offensive; but that is a poor and little spirit which cannot see and admire greatness because it has received slight. And what wrong has England ever done us since we were an independent nation? She has scoffed and sneered and been insolent; and, as Plutarch says, men will forgive injurious deeds sooner than offensive words. But after all, is it not better to forgive even offensive words when they were spoken less in malice than in overweening conceit and utter ignorance? England is the cradle and the home of Philistinism, and never has the Philistine temperament of her dominant, although not her ruling, class been more manifest than in her attitude, until lately, towards her younger brother in America. It has been quite like that of Mr. Anthony Trollope's Marquis of Brotherton towards his younger brother. And this went on all the while that we were, to all intents and purposes, but another

English nation. Now, when we are becoming year by year more and more a mixed people, she is changing her tone, because we have fought a big war and are paying a big debt. Alas, that it is so! But we at least can afford to be good-natured, and to smile, not merely in rueful scorn, as we take the hand that would have been so much more welcome and so much more honored if it had been offered when we were weaker and poorer. Yet we may trust England in this matter. It is not that she is snobbish, and is ducking to us merely because we are strong and rich; it is that our war and its consequences have partly opened her Philistine eyes, have taught her something, although yet a very little, about America. Her ignorance was ridiculous, but not unpardonable. After living a while in England, one begins to see how it is that it is so much farther from London to New York than it is from New York to London. He who cannot see that must be very dull or very ignorant, himself a Philistine, indeed.

England is not perfect, for it is upon the earth, and it is peopled by human beings; but I do not envy the man who, being able to earn enough to get bread and cheese and beer, a whole coat, and a tight roof over his head, — chiefest need under England's sky, — cannot be happy there. He who is of a complexion to be surly because another man is called my Lord, while he is plain Mister; she who frets because another woman may go to court, while she may only queen it at home, can easily find occasion there to grumble or to pine. They whose chief aim is to rise in life do find there, not barriers indeed, but obstacles; to overcome which they must have *can* and *will* largely in their composition, as it is thought that they should have who rise. But they who are sufficient unto themselves, and who can take what life and the world offer without a thought of what others may be thinking about them, may find in England the means and conditions of a sound and solid happiness. I never met a well-educated, well-bred Yankee, who had lived in England long enough to become familiar with the people, who found himself at all out of place, or who was dissatisfied with any of his surroundings. As to Philistinism, the chief mark of distinction between the people of the two countries, one becomes used even to that, and finally forgets it. I confess, as I bid farewell to thee, Philistia, dear motherland, that while I was within thy borders I, a Yankee of the Yankees, felt at times as if I were a Philistine of the Philistines.

Richard Grant White.

JOHNSON'S GARRISON, AND OTHER BIOGRAPHIES.

THE younger generation is practically ignorant of the real historical character of the antislavery movement. They look on that cause through transforming childhood and boyhood memories of the civil war, and see it as a cause in triumph. Mr. Johnson, who gave it many years of self-denying service, remembers most vividly its abasement, and in this book,[1] which is a valuable contribution to the history of the period, he tells in a plain-spoken, vigorous, and manly fashion what he himself saw in those earlier days, when the upholders of order

[1] *William Lloyd Garrison and His Times; or, Sketches of the Anti-Slavery Movement in America, and of the Man who was its Founder and Moral Leader.* By OLIVER JOHNSON. With an Introduction by JOHN G. WHITTIER. Boston: B. B. Russell & Co. 1880.

struck hands with the incendiaries of disorder, forgot the inviolability of freedom of speech, and imperiled the lives of the reformers. In these pages church, state, and society, college and press, present themselves ignobly; but, from the congregated forces of evil, the church is here singled out for signal condemnation that derives its sting and fire from the facts. No part of the story has so fallen into oblivion as this; for it is the native habit of the mind to regard the church as the champion of moral causes, and therefore, though the evidence be adduced as it is in this volume, young men will feel something of Garrison's incredulity when they are told that the church was against the slave.

At all times the church, as the most conservative institution in society, has been on the side of the established order. The American church was not singular in this; but it was singular in the darkness of its mind and the venom of its spirit. Ignoble the times were, throughout the nation, and the church held the most ignoble place. The attempt has lately been made to reverse the record, but no attempt can succeed in accrediting organized religious bodies with what was done by the few, who, though in the church, remained faithful, and performed services that the hostility of their fellow-Christians made heroic.

"The moving finger writes, and, having writ,
Moves on; nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

It is true that the church would not pray that the slave might go free; it is true that it based slave-holding on the Word of God; it is true that it denounced abolition as a silly and an infidel cause. The reproach cast by the pagans on the early church that it was made up of slaves was forgotten, as well as the glorious boast of that church that it freed the slaves. The spirit of Christ was subordinated to the law of Judaism and a few words of St. Paul. Fortunately, from the first, some kept the purer faith; and, at last, the body of the church, in spite of its leaders, was drawn into the current of the mighty forces that streamed from Garrison; but this fact does not blot out what went before. Commerce may plead that in ordinary human life the legally secured rights of property and the prospects of trade (both of which would have been disturbed by immediate emancipation) are controlling motives; politicians may find some excuse, perhaps, for discountenancing the objects and methods of the agitators in that politics is woven of compromises, and that the master of the art, dealing with present possibilities, must judge of objects to be aimed at by the forces at his command, and of methods to be adopted by their apparent efficacy; but, when brought before the bar, that church, which had met with bitterness and denounced with hatred a movement made necessary by Christian thought and grounded in conscience, must stand with the shame of its obloquy upon it, unless, indeed, it borrows for defense the shielding garment of Garrison, through whom it was at last forced, when the shadow of war fell upon the nation, to make some atonement for its long desertion.

How brightly over against this degradation of the institutions and leaders of the country shines the inbred integrity of human nature! For, next after the position of the church, what will most strike those of the younger generation who may chance to read this volume is the number of obscure names it chronicles. Once more is it proven that man is better than any institutions he can create, and the voice of his heart clearer and truer than the voice of any whom he can exalt to speak for him: in this fact lies the hope of real progress as distinguished from that change of civilization which is a mere adaptation to varied external circumstances. The antislavery movement was a step of such real progress; youths and women, the poor,

the unrespected, the nobodies, as they were then often called, began the agitation, brought on the conflict, and secured the triumph. Unawed by the consecrated anathema of the pulpit, unperplexed by the puzzles of politics and trade, they clarified the confused brains and cleansed the vitiated consciences of their fellows, until, after many days, the restoration of the Union with slavery became impossible. This is not a detraction from the rightful fame of the great leaders whom the movement afterward produced, for they were borne forward on a tide of popular feeling that nameless persons had let loose from its sources as by the stroke of the prophet's rod; the statesman's fame will not suffer, though due honor be given to these unknown men, who, meeting by the dozen in the cities, by twos and threes in the villages, without the shelter of a name like Brougham's or of a genius like O'Connell's, enlisted in a righteous cause while it was held in despite and hedged about with peril.

Nevertheless, these, too, are forgotten; one name survives, — a Luther, a Hampden, a Wilberforce; the rest perish. So Garrison survives, the shining example of the men he quickened. In this book he is the principal figure, as he needs must be: the facts of his life are set down, for they were the facts of the movement; but it is yet too early to draw his portrait, either as a man in his individuality, or as a leader absorbing into himself the totality of a great movement. The promised biography of him by his sons must be waited for. Meanwhile, truth has nothing to take away from Wendell Phillips's words (eloquent even for him) spoken over Garrison's body, though it may be that truth will have much to add thereto. There is no need to restate here that admirable estimate; what is recorded in this book bears out every word of it. Throughout these pages Garrison appears as the soul of the cause, the inspiration of the great plea then made before the conscience of America. His insight revealed the way, his forethought avoided the danger; his courage tempered the weapon, his conviction drove home the steel. As it was from him that the movement had being, so he preserved it in vigor and ever refreshed it with fuller life. The great personal traits, however, which as a moral reformer he displayed both in supplying resources and resisting hostile powers, are perhaps less impressive to the ordinary mind than the vastness of his achievement within the limits of his own life. Seldom does a great man's work tell so immediately upon mankind. Measure the distance between the mob of Boston hunting him to the jail walls and the breakfast at St. James Hall, where what was noblest, wisest, and most refined in England met to ascribe to him his rightful praise; or, better, measure the distance between Baltimore, with the unfriended boy there imprisoned, and Charleston (the newly unfurled flag then floating over Sumter), with the old man there standing, the gift of flowers in his hands, amid thousands of the freed blessing him: by such marvelous contrasts the imagination gathers some faint conception of the work he did. Ever as the antislavery movement recedes into the past, it becomes more plainly the cardinal fact in the spiritual life of this people; in giving freedom to all mankind within our borders Lincoln was the hand, but Garrison was no less the heart, of the regenerated nation.

Dr. Hodge, the eminent Princeton divine,[1] by common consent the protagonist of the Presbyterian church, was one of the men who threw their influence against Garrison. His position was logical, — nay, it was (which means much more) theological. He writes, "If the

[1] *The Life of Charles Hodge, D. D., LL. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J.* By his son, A. A. Hodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

Scriptures under the old dispensation permitted men to hold slaves, and if the New Testament nowhere condemns slave-holding, but prescribes the relative duties of masters and slaves, then to pronounce slave-holding to be in itself sinful is contrary to the Scriptures. . . . The doctrine that slave-holding is in itself a crime is antiscriptural and subversive of the authority of the Word of God." He recommended the reform of the slave laws, and thought that this would result in freeing the slaves; but, meanwhile, slave-holding was not wrong, and the abolitionists were "silly." He was thus, in opinion, contemporary with Seneca and Justinian, although he seems behind the former, at least in sentiment. There is no need to dwell upon this; it is referred to only as a passing illustration of the truth of the foregoing remarks.

Dr. Hodge was led to take this position by his regard for the Bible, which was for him the last court of appeal both for doctrine and conduct. "Nothing that the Bible pronounces true can be false; nothing that it declares to be false can be true; nothing is obligatory on the conscience but what it enjoins; nothing can be sin but what it condemns." That was his creed, and it explains not only his opposition to emancipation, but his whole theory of life and his whole body of doctrine. He declared that marriage with a deceased wife's sister was wrong. But, not to make too long a catalogue, let this single searching ray suffice to throw light on all his opinions at once: "It is as much contrary to our allegiance to the Bible to make our own notions of right or wrong the rule of duty as to make our own reason the rule of faith." So blank a denial of the rights of private conscience it would be hard to find outside of Catholic writings. Those who wish to know what was the theology which Dr. Hodge extracted from the Bible can read it in his *magnum opus*, Systematic Theology, which, although not free from errors of statement and not corrected by an exhaustive knowledge of the schools opposed to him, has taken high rank among works of its kind; it is enough to say here that he was an Augustinian, and, more narrowly, a defender of that special form of Protestantism which — although the name has lost much of its propriety — is termed Calvinism. In dealing with this theology, Dr. Hodge was conservative; the word hardly expresses the thing, but its meaning is indicated by the fact that, as editor of the Biblical Repository and Princeton Review for over forty years, he boasts, "It is believed to be true that an original idea in theology is not to be found in its pages from the beginning until now" (1868); and, again, as a founder of the Princeton Seminary and a controller of its policy throughout his active life, he says, "A new idea never originated in this seminary." His son also writes, "He had precisely the same doctrines in his age as in the early controversies of his youth, and the same principles as to the relation of government to moral and religious questions and as to temperance and slavery after the war as he did years before." Certainly, in Emerson's words, he "obeyed the voice at eve obeyed at prime."

Holding the Bible thus as good Catholics hold the Pope, treating it in the same spirit as ultramontanists treat the papal prerogatives, Dr. Hodge did such work as was to be expected. The most distinguished quality of his mind was the logical power that has characterized many American divines. He also possessed in an eminent degree the quality of piety; partly from his natural temperament, and partly, perhaps, in consequence of his early association with Tholuck and other Germans of the same pietistic school. Beside these intellectual and emotional qualities, he was marked by a third that is rare among theologians: he was amiable. The most pleasing revelation made in this biography is

his relations to his family and friends; the connections he formed were ardent and life-long, and his strong affections, which easily mastered him and were openly expressed, won return from those intimate with him, and so tempered his nature with friendliness that he gained the kindly regard of his pupils and of passing acquaintances. This personal feeling, let us hope, accounts somewhat, in connection with other obvious reasons, for the fulsome eulogy to which he listened for hours on the fiftieth anniversary of his being installed professor, on which occasion many distinguished men and representatives of educational institutions in flattering him piled Pelion on Ossa. He said that they seemed to him to be talking of some other man. We confess to having felt the same impression.

Dr. Hodge deserved praise, but not after this indiscriminate fashion. He apparently utilized all his mental vigor and acquired learning, and, in spite of long-continued and painful illness, he accomplished a vast amount of work; he put his mark on the Princeton Review and the Princeton Seminary; he influenced much the theology of his day by drawing it toward older interpretations and defending it from novelties. What he did and wrote will, no doubt, long continue to be valued, at least by that sect to which he gave his life. But the laic mind in general, so far as it remembers him, will look on him as a man who, with great mental powers and with remarkable benevolence of nature, holding a position of great authority and controlling important influences, was the unalterable and often bitter foe of every liberal movement of his age, from the establishment of unsectarian public schools to the union of the kindred branches of the Presbyterian church.

Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin,[1] was, like Dr. Hodge, a great theologian, an Augustinian, and the leader of his church. The Irish prelate, however, offers a strange contrast to the Protestant divine. Born in Ireland in 1786, he was educated at the university of Coimbra in Portugal, where as a youth he received offers which might well have tempted him to remain in that country; preferring, however, to serve God in his own persecuted church, he returned home and joined the Augustinian friars. His abilities and acquirements attracted notice, and in 1813 he was appointed professor in Carlow College, where he won such distinction that, six years after, at the remarkably early age of thirty-three, he was made bishop. In that office he performed the illustrious services for his church and his country by which he eclipsed all his brother prelates.

He began his career with a vigorous effort to reform the discipline of the clergy. During the long period of persecution that was then approaching its end, although the nation, exemplifying most marvelously the vitality of Catholicism, had remained in the faith, religion had suffered; carelessness had crept into the routine of church duties, and looseness into the habits of the country clergy. But the farming and horse-racing priest soon felt the rod of the bishop, the tippling and slovenly mended their ways, decorum was restored to religious observances, and the service of the church increased in dignity as the clergy in sober living. Rigorous and watchful the bishop had to be, but as he was the first to undertake this task, so he succeeded the best; and if he here showed the severest aspect of his character, the impression is softened by his conduct and tone toward the faithful priests and the religious associations under him, and especially by the attractive

[1] *The Life, Times, and Correspondence of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.* By W. J. Fitzpatrick, LL. D. New edition, greatly enlarged and enriched. Two volumes. Dublin: James Duffy and Sons, M. H. Gill and Son. 1880.

spirit of his letters to the nuns under his care. He did not, however, limit his activities to his sphere as head of a mere ecclesiastical organization. In his care for his fold he was exemplary: by continual visitation he became acquainted with the conditions and needs of his people; he addressed them in simple, direct, and elevated pastorals, and frequently by sermons from his own lips, teaching them the gospel of a clean and orderly life. They heard him with thanksgiving and joy; sometimes, too, with terror, if, by joining any of the secret organizations that have been the bane of Ireland, they had fallen under his wrath. Toward these societies the bishop was a bitter foe. In dissuading the people from uniting with them, he employed all the arts of lucid explanation, of entreaty and denunciation; he even went so far as to excommunicate. In these eloquent appeals he appears singularly impressive, as if he were one of the earlier fathers who held all spiritual power in their hands. More than once he turned the tide; but he could not affect the conditions of life out of which the Blackfeet and Whitefeet sprang, and at last, it is said, the failure of his efforts to bring about any permanent change in this direction shortened his life. "Men of the Queen's County," he said, erect and awful, "my blood is upon you!" And again, toward the end, standing at the altar before the gray-coated peasantry, and supporting his trembling frame on the crozier, in his clear, solemn, slow, and hollow tones, "Ah, my people, you have broken your bishop's heart!" While his strength remained, he also discharged with great ability the duty of defending his faith against the intermingled insult and argument of the Established Church. Here he appears, perhaps, most able, and his extraordinary theological learning, his knowledge of history, and his close reasoning made more than one Protestant mitre bow before him.

Though he exhibited such fidelity in all his pastoral duties, it is not as the bishop that he claims attention from the world at large. He was, perhaps, even a better patriot. The letters and volumes he published from time to time to stir up and maintain agitation would have gained honorable remembrance for a man who did no more; but he exercised his most powerful influence by the examinations that he underwent in Parliament between 1825 and 1833, before the committees upon the Catholic Relief Bill, the education inquiry, the tithes inquiry, and the inquiry into the state of the Irish poor. The volumes that contain this evidence are treasuries of historical fact in respect to the condition of Ireland, of clear exposition of its causes, and of wise suggestion for its remedies. He was well fitted to speak on these topics: he was no stranger to the mother sitting without food by the father who ate to work; to him the peasant losing to the tithe-collector the last support from his store, the clothes from his back, and the blanket from his bed, and all the oft-told scenes of wretched Irish life were a vivid reality. He knew ignorance and its danger, oppression and its iniquity, poverty and its misery; he had daily before his eyes the habits of character engendered by the state of law and life in Ireland, and the revolution smouldering in suffering. He was competent, too, not only to bear witness, but to defend and advise. Familiar with the history and the constitutional and legal principles involved, he discomfited even the law officers of the crown. These examinations were the most powerful single cause of the reforms effected; they instructed the public mind of England in the actual state of affairs, and removed much misapprehension in respect to the belief of Catholics and their relations to the temporal power. The ministers sought the bishop's counsel, and often fixed his ideas in legislation. In his life-time, it is true, he saw only

portion of his plans consummated; he was obliged to see O'Connell, whose hands he had held up, oppose him in his projects to relieve the poor, as he opposed, or rather did not aid, O'Connell in his agitation for the repeal of the union; but the event has now justified him. The cause of education, especially, he had at heart, and, although he saw little profit from his work, he did not labor in vain. Thackeray, writing in the Irish Sketch Book of Carlow Cathedral, states the truth: "Bishop Doyle, the founder of the church, has the place of honor within it; nor, perhaps, did any Christian pastor ever merit the affection of his flock more than that great and high-minded man. He was the best champion the Catholic church and cause ever had in Ireland; in learning and admirable kindness and virtue the best example to the clergy of his religion; and if the country is now filled with schools, where the humblest peasant in it can have the benefit of a liberal and wholesome education, it owes this great boon mainly to his noble exertions and to the spirit they awakened."

The bishop's personality, also, was striking. He was tall, erect, and large in build, of impressive presence, and dignified in demeanor; imperious, perhaps, at times, as such men are apt to be; inclined to pride, too, from his consciousness of strength, but ever striving to be humble; capable of tenderness, even, and able to be a good companion. Marked by these main traits, we see him grow old in daily life; for the biographer, notwithstanding the interminable detail and explanation necessary in an account of such varied and important activities, has yet had the skill to keep the man always before us. It must not be forgotten that the scene is laid in Ireland; the book savors of the soil. Anecdotes strew these pages, and the footnotes often hide a good joke in their nutshell of wretched print. The humor, however, only plays about the bishop: the laugh does not interfere too rudely with the main impression we have of him as the youthful prelate holding confirmations where none had been held for a score of years, gathering gray-haired men and children by hundreds into the church; as the able disputant writing by the candle that glimmered the night through, year after year; as the faithful pastor exercising his office amid scenes almost mediæval in character, in the collieries and the country fields, among picturesque surroundings of shadow, group, and garb, stirring the rough peasants into the transports of heartfelt repentance, and calming them into peace; or, lastly, as the patriot meeting with dignity and persuasion the enmity, distrust, and bigotry of Parliament. In such deeds his life was soon eaten away; the cheek grows pallid, the flesh shrinks, the muscles are unstrung; we see him going from the swoon to the pulpit, grasping it with both hands that he might not fall, preaching, like St. Augustine, until the death. "We must preach, brethren," he began, "and woe to him that does not preach." It was the final effort of a dying man. When the moment comes, he remembers how Christ died on the hard cross, and asks to be taken from his straw mattress and laid upon the floor; there he expired. The disposition of his mind toward penance is revealed in this last request; to him life seemed given for the laceration of the flesh; this is the heart of Catholic piety. His work was but half done; he had dreamed of reconciling the Anglican to the mother church, but in this, as in most other of his plans, he hardly made a beginning. His learning, even, he had no time to embalm in books. His life alone is left: as the exemplary bishop he enforces respect; as the sincere, fearless, and wise patriot he stirs a warmer feeling.

Mr. Murdock has selected passages from his lectures, and put them together in a somewhat disconnected way, but

he has made an entertaining and really valuable book.[1] Acting is the most perishable of the arts; indeed, it might almost be said that actors have no biographies. A few anecdotes of them remain, some reminiscences of their striking traits, an echo from the applause of their great nights; but probably the imagination never succeeds in gleaning sufficient material from what is recorded of them to reconstruct the outward gesture, much less to inform the hollow shape with tone and glance. The tradition of their style lives on in their pupils and imitators only; but Mr. Murdock, by attempting to give some account of this tradition and of his own observation, particularly with reference to their modes of speech, does present to us something of the reality of their acting. The portion of the volume that treats of the management of the voice is the most important, but it is not unduly large; the rest is filled with reminiscences, and with critical quotations relative to acting and plays, which are as rich in sense as the anecdotes often are in wit and humor. So good a general view of the English and American stage could hardly be got elsewhere in the same space.

Mr. Congdon served his apprenticeship to journalism in his native town of New Bedford, bustling with its earlier whaling business, and in Providence, where he edited the organ of the agitators of the Dorr rebellion; his active years were spent in the editorship of the Boston Atlas just before its adversity, and afterwards on the staff of the New York Tribune. If what Horace Greeley wrote of him be true, that "in the protracted, arduous struggle which resulted in the overthrow and extinction of American slavery" it was "he who most skillfully, effectively, and persistently wielded the trenchant blade of satire," Mr. Congdon has deserved no little gratitude for his service to his day and generation. He saw the rise and establishment of American journalism as a liberal profession, and he gives to young aspirants for its honors much good advice; but one looks in vain for any philosophic account of the causes and character of the new power that has so markedly changed the conditions of political life in this country. Mr. Congdon seems to have no philosophic bent; he writes in a light and colloquial manner of what he has seen, as a cultivated reporter would do. His reminiscences[2] fall into two divisions: those that deal with older town life in Southern New England and New York, and those that deal with the notabilities of the region and with the few great men of the country whom he met or heard of, clergymen, scholars, journalists, actors, and statesmen. Of the latter, however, he does not increase our knowledge, but gives his own estimates, always moderate, usually just; although, perhaps, the coldness with which he treats Webster might better have tempered his warmth toward Seward, and personal feeling colors his portrait of Horace Greeley.

It will be seen that this volume is a side-light only, the flash of a passing lantern upon events and the actors in them. Of himself the author tells next to nothing, but he had the fortune to live amid minor circumstances that are of interest to all who take pleasure in the remembrance of the New England life already traditional, and to be in the immediate presence of a great period of history which will be of absorbing interest to men unto a distant future; the knowledge and impressions that he has recorded are therefore of value, and they are, moreover, entertaining.

[1] *The Stage; or, Recollections of Actors and Acting from an Experience of Fifty Years.* A Series of Dramatic Sketches. By James E. Murdock. With an Appendix. Philadelphia: J. M. Stoddart & Co. 1880.

[2] *Reminiscences of a Journalist.* By Charles T. Congdon. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1880.

Mr. Wikoff's book [1] is an unfinished autobiography. It is fitly entitled, for it is filled with commonplace and small talk, and is sometimes really gossipy. Its interest lies in what it tells us of the distinguished people whom the author saw; but, as he seems to have been intimate with none except Edwin Forrest, he adds little to our knowledge; an agreeable caller, which is the part he apparently filled, even at Lady Blessington's, can have nothing new to tell after this lapse of time. The letters from Mrs. Grote and Lady Bulwer will not increase the reputation of either; the glimpses of Countess Guiccioli form the pleasantest part of the book.

The series of biographies [2] which Mr. Adams has written, though he has mingled with it a strand of literary criticism, is designed to instruct our youth in good morals; this is of course a very laudable purpose, and perhaps it is furthered by placing before them great examples of wickedness as well as of virtue. The essential requisite of the best literary criticism, and of all valuable criticism of life whatever, is, it is needless to say, sympathy; and an author can hardly be expected to show much sympathy with men whose example he is holding up as a warning to all youth well disposed toward morality and orthodoxy. The easiest charge for an unsympathetic critic to make is that of insincerity. Mr. Adams thinks Burns was insincere in his love of highland lassies, and Heine in his love of freedom. The most natural conclusion for such an author is that the "wrecked" man did nothing worth doing; so Mr. Adams, writing of Swift (after defending him from the "organized hypocrisy" that Thackeray puts upon him by saying that he was a skeptic, and yet "his was a reverent and pious spirit; he could love and could pray") remarks, that "he has contributed nothing to the world's treasures of love and truth and wisdom." And, again, Mr. Adams unhesitatingly asks, respecting Heine, "Has he furthered the progress of any good and great cause? Has he given to the world any thoughts for which it is the better or the happier?" Indeed, Mr. Adams leaves the impression that the result of Burns's life would have been better had he followed the plow-tail, a sober peasant, without any poetic vagaries of fancy. There is something so irrelevant as to be funny in his criticism of Poe's line, "'a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore,' — which, by the way, the angels would certainly *not* do." The statement that Savage was probably happiest during his last few weeks at Newgate, because he was relieved from anxiety for the morrow, and that the same poet might have lived on £50 a year, would be, were it not for Mr. Adams's seriousness, the grimmest satire. There is something ludicrous in the following sentences about Heine: "If he did not make a very good Christian, it seems certain he would have made a worse Jew. . . . He was too indisposed to observe the commonplaces of life. . . . A young man of erratic habits, and, I fear I must add, of loose morals. . . . There was a good deal of Bohemianism in him," etc., etc. The obviousness of these remarks is not against them, but their tone is supremely ridiculous. To make one more extract from a rich field, this defies characterization: "that world of fashion and excitement, whose temptations Johnson shrunk from essaying, *perhaps because he was doubtful of his strength to resist them.*"

But though one may find amusement in such criticism of life and in the results of such absence of the imaginative faculty, which rebuilds the house of circumstances and summons its old guest

[1] *The Reminiscences of an Idler.* By Henry Wikoff. New York: Fords, Howard and Hulbert. 1880.

[2] *Wrecked Lives; or Men Who Have Failed.* By W. H. Davenport Adams. First Series. Second Series. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. New York: Pott, Young & Co. 1880.

to live there once more, it may be doubted whether the volume reaches the standard of sound teaching, or rather follows sound modes of inculcating good morals. On finishing the perusal one has an impression that charity is no longer to be reckoned among Christian virtues. Take for a crucial instance the essay upon Chatterton. The story, the most touching tragedy in the history of English men of letters, we all know. The precocious boy, misled into a literary imposture by the success of a clever joke, freeing himself from his apprenticeship by injurious devices, went up to London to make a name. There was no impurity in his life, no instability in his aim or weakness in his will. The most that Mr. Adams can say of him (and he takes a slight provocation to say it) is, "It is painfully evident that Chatterton's want of intellectual and moral discipline had given free scope to the meaner passions of his nature, to his petulant arrogance and diseased vanity." But at London he did his best to earn his bread, and when, at last, he could no longer obtain the single stale loaf that was his whole week's food he retired to his room, where, the next morning, were found the torn and scattered manuscript, and the dead body. Surely, if in days of weak suicide any one has left life in the "high Roman fashion," it was this boy. He had worked with enthusiasm, diligent to sleeplessness, resolute and frugal, and he quitted the field only when there was nothing left for him but to starve. Is it fit to recall his memory, which has far different lessons, in order to place him among the rogues of a Newgate calendar for the edification of the Sunday-school? As with him, so with the rest: the fault of these volumes is that they disregard the temptation offered to poetic natures, with the greater susceptibility of which no greater force of will is given; that they disregard the debt of gratitude the world owes these great men of letters, and refuse the charity of silence; and, most of all, that they present some of the finest natures in English biography in an ugly and repulsive phase, and thus falsify them. The youth who is taught to look on Burns mainly as a drunkard, on Chatterton mainly as a forger, on Heine mainly as a libertine, on Poe mainly as a debauchee, receives no good lesson, especially when the reason of their failure is reduced to the simple formula of the lack of orthodoxy. He may by later knowledge come to know the truth about these men, but meanwhile the direct influence of these sketches of them is to breed in him the arrogance of uncharitable piety, and to lead him to the self-pluming of moral mediocrity.

THE LAST STATE OF ENGLISH WHIGGERY.

The Early History of Charles James Fox,[1] by Mr. Trevelyan, is a disappointment. Those who hoped for good biography are disappointed because there is really little about Fox in the book, which is mostly given up to a sketch of a society which is tolerably familiar to the reading public; while as an historical essay it is commonplace to the last degree.

Moreover, the patience of an American reader is somewhat tried by that obtrusive worship of Parliament in which Englishmen of the type of Mr. Trevelyan delight. Doubtless, Parliament

[1] *The Early History of Charles James Fox.* By George Otto Trevelyan, M. P. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

is, and has been, one of the most striking and important institutions in the world; but nevertheless its history is not the history of human civilization, nor even of the British empire, and there are other matters quite as well worth attention as parliamentary divisions and debates. To know what took place in the Commons is very well, but it is not well for an author to have his mental horizon bounded by the gossip of Westminster. In a word, Mr. Trevelyan is an old-fashioned, conventional whig, crammed with whig opinions and prejudices, and fully convinced that the traditions of his party are authentic and philosophical history. Indeed, his faith in the old dogmas is sometimes almost comical. He is firmly persuaded that English liberty was put in dire peril by the machinations of George III. and the party of the "king's friends." There is something curious in the mental condition of a man who at so great a distance of time can take so distorted a view of past events.

When Strafford held power, when the Star Chamber flourished, and when Eliot was imprisoned, liberty did indeed tremble in the balance. When, at a later time, the charter of London was declared forfeited by the courts, when Scroggs and Jeffries sat upon the bench, and when the bishops were sent to the Tower, the free constitution was attacked, though the enemy fled without a blow at the first onset of the people. But these evil days were long past when George III. was crowned. However firmly he may have believed in divine right, or however arbitrary his temper, he could no more have governed against a majority in the Commons than he could have held London single-handed against the mob. He could, indeed, use the royal patronage to influence votes in Parliament, but had the whig party been united in resistance, or had the body of the nation been seriously alarmed, it would have been simple work not only to have checked the king but to have reformed the system of representation. In point of fact, however, the whig party was not in earnest. They had no wish to abolish sinecures or pensions, or to secure a fair representation of the people. On the contrary, their object was to divide the spoil and to control the boroughs. No whig ever objected to the corruption of Walpole or of Newcastle, when corruption benefited whigs. But they declaimed against the king for organizing a corrupt party to drive them from office, in the same way they used money and influence to keep in power. It seems strange, after the lapse of a century, for a writer of reputation to maintain gravely that the liberty of the English people was seriously menaced by a man like Lord Bute, who did not dare to face a stormy debate, or by a parliamentary majority that was ignominiously routed by the mayor and aldermen of London. Yet to Mr. Trevelyan the squabbles between the king and the whig factions, and between the House of Commons and Wilkes, have all the dignity and interest of the grand remonstrance, or the stamp act. To the general public, however, who do not belong to the whig communion, the parliamentary history of the early years of George III. is lacking in interest. There was no principle at issue on which men divided. The contest between the crown and the people was ended. That struggle had torn the nation for more than a century. But the party of divine right that was shattered at Naseby had its death-blow at Culloden, and from that day onward no man had doubted or disputed the triumph of the principles of the Revolution of 1688, or the predominance of Parliament in England. But although the wrangles at Westminster during these years are rather dreary reading for us now, they were years which, in another point of view, are full of deep interest; for it was during them that the world was pre-

paring for those tremendous revolutions which were so soon to sweep away the old social system, and establish that which now exists. It was indeed time that the existing order of things should perish, and the statesmen of that day must be judged by their appreciation of the awful crisis in which they lived. The first object of government being to keep order, it is obvious that the making and execution of laws must be in the hands of the strongest power in the nation, or there will be anarchy. What the strongest power is at any particular time is a matter of fact that can only be settled by an appeal to force : in feudal times it was the nobility, in periods of centralization it is the crown, in an age of popular intelligence it is generally the people. It is the shifting of power from class to class, and the effort of the new force to assert itself, that causes revolutions. Thus in the last century the power had passed from the few to the many, the centre of social gravity had shifted, the whole social fabric was rotten, and was doomed to fall with a crash, because the feeble were in authority, and the weak cannot control the strong.

Privilege was the basis of mediæval society ; free competition is the foundation of modern. The Reformation was a struggle for individual freedom of thought; the principle at stake in both the American and the French revolution was the right of individual freedom of action. In the last century the system of privilege, which was an inheritance from the Middle Ages, still flourished; that system was antagonistic to modern civilization, and had to be destroyed, and the reason why it was antagonistic is sufficiently plain. In barbarous ages, when the central authority was weak, men had to look elsewhere for defense. The peasant looked to his lord for protection, and he paid for this protection in services. He was necessarily hardly more than a chattel that passed with the land. So as towns grew, the burghers could only protect themselves and obtain the means of carrying on trade by organizing into a society or guild, and buying from their lord the right to tax themselves, to hold fairs and markets, to elect a mayor, in a word, to do anything else. In this way towns became corporations, whose membership, as time went on, tended to become hereditary and exclusive. Thus it came to pass that men did not vote for members of Parliament as men, but because they belonged to a corporate body that had the right, among other privileges, of returning a member to the House of Commons ; so voting, like everything else, became a monopoly. The position of the mechanic or the trader was the same. There was a time when all the men following a craft were forced to form a guild, in order to secure for themselves the immunities and the protection without which they could not carry on their trade. In the beginning, of course, these guilds were popular bodies, and included all the craftsmen in each town ; but as it was clearly impossible for the guild to regulate the trade without it could control the tradesmen, one of the first privileges generally obtained by the craft guilds was to prevent any man from exercising a craft unless he was a guild member; and thus guild membership became a valuable privilege, to the hereditary and exclusive, and trades grew to be monopolies.

Foreign commerce fell beneath the same general influence. In early times an English merchant trading in Flanders, or a German merchant trading in England, was in almost as much danger as a European is now who has a factory in Arabia or the wilds of Africa. The only resource was for all the Englishmen who traded in any particular country — in Flanders, for example — to form a company for mutual protection. Together they were able to buy permission to establish fortified houses in foreign

cities for the safe-keeping of their goods, to obtain the right of choosing officers whose duty should be to attend to their interests, and of holding courts in which they could obtain a fair hearing for their causes. In this way the great trading companies grew up, of which the most famous was the East India Company. They, too, were monopolies, and their members were privileged. With the progress of civilization, however, and the improvements in police, these bodies, which were once necessary to protect the life of commerce, became intolerable fetters on its growth. And although the strictness of these ancient usages was continually relaxing with the passage of time, yet men were still hampered at every turn: the peasant could not farm his land, the mechanic could not practice his craft, the merchant could not carry on his trade, without constant interference from antiquated customs or laws, or from paternal governments, as antiquated as the laws themselves.

People were willing to submit to feudal dues when their safety depended on a warlike baron, who was able and willing to fight all comers; or to put up with the exactions of guilds and trading companies, which stood up for their rights against domestic or foreign enemies, and in whose courts they could obtain justice for their wrongs. But it was quite another thing to pay hard-earned gains to fellow-subjects, whose duties toward them were confined to standing by and taking away their property. The whole intellectual movement of the age was a rebellion against this injustice. The principles of political economy were beginning to be understood, the many demanded that all should have an equal chance, and the great doctrine of modern times was being preached, — that all men have an equal right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, or, in other words, to make the most of themselves in free competition. The practical question, however, still remained to be settled, whether power had passed to the many, or still rested with the few. In England, it is true, this movement had comparatively little force, because the English, in their isolated position, and with their impatience of restraint, had worked themselves tolerably free at a somewhat early period; but restraints which Englishmen would by no means tolerate themselves they were quite ready to impose on others. The English revolution was fought out in America.

The position of the American colonists was as different from that of the common people of Europe as it well could be, yet the principle upon which they rebelled against the mother country was the same that underlay the French Revolution. They had always managed their own affairs, they had fought their own wars, they had made their laws, they had imposed their own taxes, and they would not submit to be interfered with. They would not admit the principle that the English had the right to impose burdens on them for the benefit of England. They contended that their hands should be free to make the most of themselves and their country, without paying toll to any one. And to the successful establishment in the American Revolution of this great social principle of individual freedom of action we owe, more than to any other thing, not only the greatness and the prosperity of this nation, but the greatness and prosperity of all English colonies.

The French Revolution, on the contrary, was not a popular rising in defense of the existing order of things; it was a crusade against it. The principle at bottom was the same in France as in America, but the manner in which it was asserted there was offensive, not defensive, as it was here. The French Revolution was not the rising of the scum of society against property; it was not a rebellion against despotism; it was the

movement of the mass of the people. The men who wanted a day's pay for a day's work, and could not get it; the men who asked to be allowed to earn their living by selling their labor in the open market, and found the market closed; the men who demanded a fair field and no favor in the race of life, were the men who crushed the ancient monarchies of Europe like egg-shells, and who made the modern world a fact.

The violence and cruelty of the French Revolution may be a subject for regret, but no one now can doubt that it has wrought unmixed good to mankind. Since the commotion that attended the outbreak has subsided, and society has settled itself firmly on its new foundation, the properity of the civilized world has been something that has surpassed the wildest dreams of former times. It would not be hazarding much to assert that the increase of wealth in Europe and America has been greater during the last eighty years than during the seven preceding centuries. The main reason for this prosperity is the earnest desire which every man feels to better his condition.

No obstacles now stand in his way, all paths are open to him, the money he earns is his own, and the only limit to his success is his own capacity; and it is precisely in those nations in which these social conditions have been longest and most thoroughly established that the material prosperity has been greatest and most rapid.

The French aristocracy perished, and rightly perished, because they were cumberers of the earth and did no useful work whatever. They had neither courage nor sagacity. They knew neither when to yield nor when to fight. They were simply dawdlers at the court and oppressors of the people. The glory and the strength of the English aristocracy have been its great statesmen, — men who could understand and grapple with a political convulsion, and who could both lead the people and protect their own order. Among the greatest of these was Charles James Fox. He was gifted with the marvelous political instinct that marks the statesman. Hampden had it, and Chatham and Washington and Lincoln. At whatever crisis Fox might have lived he would have surely sided with that party whose success would have meant progress, and whose defeat would have been a disaster to civilization. In 1640 he would have opposed the king, in 1688 he would have joined Prince William, in 1830 he would have voted for the reform bill, just as in 1775 he struggled for the cause of constitutional liberty in America, and in 1793 fought for it in England. Brought up, as Fox was, in an atmosphere in which principles were derided and office-holding was regarded as the legitimate end of political ambition, it was not surprising, it was almost inevitable, that he should have made such errors of judgment as the coalition with Lord North; and it was by such mistakes that he wrecked his success. But when it comes to dealing broadly with great questions, to looking beyond the uproar of the moment and comprehending the true bearings of the vast movement of the age in which he lived, he stands alone; his contemporaries are dwarfed beside him.

Burke would now be called a sentimentalist. He was the slave of his prejudices and affections. He was unable to see that institutions which he had grown to love must perish, in order to make way for others that the age demanded. He could defend the cause of the American colonies because he could there see that men were striving to maintain what they already possessed; but he was unable to comprehend that the people of France, in their Revolution, were only asserting for themselves the same right to life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness for which Americans had fought. He was so blinded by his passions, and so maddened by scenes of

cruelty and tales of horror, that he, the man who spent the best years of his life in demanding justice for the natives of India, had no sympathy with the sufferings of the peasants of Europe. He could not, or would not, understand their wants or their wrongs, and he clamored without ceasing for the people of England to plunge into war, to restore the rotten aristocracy of France, and to crush the liberal movement of the world.

The life of Pitt, also, strange as it seems to say so, was a failure. Brilliant as were his triumphs, absolute as was his power, long as he continued the greatest subject in Europe, his life was a failure. By nature and education he was a liberal; he was forced by events to be a reactionist. Had he lived in earlier or later times he might have left his mark upon the institutions of his age. But he was forced into a disastrous war, in waging which he never had his whole heart; he was driven from office by a crazy king, when he insisted that tardy relief should be given to the most cruelly oppressed of his fellow-subjects; and he died at forty-seven of a broken heart, his policy brought to naught and his coalition shattered by the French at Austerlitz. It is sad to remember that the worst onslaught on the liberty of Englishmen since the abdication of James was made by the administration of William Pitt, and that the greatest triumph of the principle of personal freedom was the verdict of not guilty at the trial of Hardy for treason.

The mind of Fox was broad and vigorous enough to comprehend that there are movements among men which may be guided, but which cannot be subdued by force. He saw and felt that power had passed from the few to the many, and that it was therefore fit the many should rule. His views are those on which alone a modern commonwealth can rest, and his precepts and his teaching, rather than those of any other man, have moulded the principles and policy of that great liberal party which has carried England safely through the social revolution of the last hundred years which has convulsed every other nation of Europe.

A CENTURY OF DISHONOR.

A Century of Dishonor[1] is the significant title given by H. H. to her sketch of the dealings of the United States government with some of the Indian tribes. Never was a book more needed or more timely. Up to the present day there have been in the public mind vague ideas that the Indians have been wronged, but that they are one and all treacherous, cruel, aggressive, and incapable of civilization; that they are, moreover, dying out, and on the whole it is not much matter if they have been wronged. The Indians, on their side, have had no way to make their condition, their wants, or their capabilities known excepting through the agents of the government, and experience has shown that our government has always been unjust to them. Want of a common language and lack of free communication with whites have kept both races ignorant, in a great measure, of each other, and have been the prolific cause of hostilities and

[1] *A Century of Dishonor.* A Sketch of the United States Government's Dealings with some of the Indian Tribes. By H. H., Author of Verses, Bits of Travel, etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1881.

all kinds of misunderstanding. At intervals the cause of the Indians has been earnestly taken up, and eloquent appeals have been made in their behalf in Congress and out of it; but no fruit has come from them. The system of the government has continued substantially unchanged; and it is a most unreasonable and pernicious system, which holds three hundred thousand human beings nominally as wards, practically as subjects, to be forcibly removed from one place to another, and cheated unmercifully, whenever it is considered "expedient" to remove and cheat them. The missionaries of many denominations have worked persistently, sometimes helped, sometimes only tolerated, sometimes interfered with, by the government; but they have accomplished a great deal in the civilization and education of the tribes where they have had the fullest opportunities for work, and have been least obstructed by wars and removals. The Indians have had no historian from among their own people; their official records are written by the white agents set over them, and those records are found scattered through the reports of the Interior Department, to which the Indian bureau belongs. These reports H. H. has diligently and conscientiously read, and from them she has made a consecutive story of seven of the tribes. She says that "to write in full the history of any one of these Indian communities, of its forced migrations, wars, and miseries, would fill a volume by itself. The history of the missionary labors of the different churches would make another volume. It is the one bright spot on the dark record. All this I have been forced to leave untouched, in strict adherence to my object, which has been simply to show our causes for national shame in the matter of our treatment of the Indians. It is a shame which the American nation ought not to lie under, for the American people, as a people, are not at heart unjust. If there be one thing which they believe in more than any other, and mean that every man on this continent shall have, it is 'fair play.' And as soon as they fairly understand how cruelly it has been denied to the Indian they will rise up and demand it for him."

Whatever can be done for the Indians by an earnest purpose, careful study, logical statements, and righteous indignation H. H. has done in this book. She has a great subject, rich in all the picturesque, dramatic, and tragic elements that tempt a writer, but she has resolutely put aside the temptation to dwell on these elements, and has confined herself with remarkable and praiseworthy reserve to the unimpeachable facts of the official records.

The Delawares are the first tribe of which a sketch is given. It was this tribe that, in 1609, when Hendrik Hudson landed on New York island, stood on the shore, and welcomed him with the words, "Behold! the gods have come to visit us!" They were a gentle and a noble tribe, friendly and peaceful when they were allowed to be, good farmers, and as long ago as 1794 reported to have flourishing villages and highly cultivated fields and gardens. They have been "removed" again and again; their rich lands have been bought for a trifle, the government, as buyer, always fixing the price, and paying or not, as it pleased; the treaties made with them have always been to their disadvantage, but that mattered little, as our government feels no obligation to keep any promise made to an Indian. Treaties and promises are only convenient means for a temporary settlement of difficulties. The Indians believe the promises and keep their part of the treaties; the whites break them whenever they please. In spite of their wrongs, the Delawares, in 1862, enlisted one hundred and seventy men in the Union army, out of a population of only two hundred males between the ages of eighteen and

forty-five. They officered their own companies, and were good soldiers, tractable, sober, watchful, and obedient. At that time they were in Kansas, having been "moved on" so far from the Hudson River. Now what is left of them is in the Indian Territory; they have lost their name, and are Cherokee citizens. Only eighty-one, who by one of the frequent blunders made in Indian treaties were not included in their tribe, retain the name of Delaware, — that strong and friendly people to whom we long ago promised that they should be our brothers forever, and whom we have betrayed and wronged ever since.

With the Cheyennes our treaties began in 1825; and for fifty-five years they have been treated with persistent injustice, and driven into hostility, from which have come outrages, massacres, and untold misery to innocent and guilty alike. It is impossible to go into the details of the government policy, in its dealing with the different tribes. Delawares, Cheyennes, Nez Percés, Sioux, Poncas, Winnebagoes, Cherokees, — the story is essentially the same, varied with different incidents, different characters, more or less suffering, more or less rebellion and bloodshed, more or less cruelty and horror upon both sides; for brutality belongs not to the Indian race more than to the white, but to individuals, without regard to race or color; and the atrocities committed by whites against Indians fully equal in savageness any ever perpetrated by Indians, and are far worse, as done by civilized men, who assume to be the superior race. Every tribe has had in the main the same experience of the weak oppressed by the strong, and hated and maligned by the oppressor. Bishop Whipple says, "Ahab never speaks kindly of Naboth, whom he has robbed of his vineyard." And the good bishop's caustic wit gives the true explanation of the wide-spread misjudgment of the Indian character, that has permitted Americans so outrageously to use the red men that the tyranny and injustice have come to be as black a stain on our honor as ever negro slavery was. Of the 300,000 Indians in the United States, 130,000 support themselves, 115,000 are wholly or partly supported by government, and 55,000 are unsettled, living as they can by hunting, fishing, begging, or stealing. The only wonder is that so many are self-supporting. There is a great difference in the characters and the civilization of the different tribes. Many are entirely fit to become citizens at once; and to enfranchise the whole body would be a far less dangerous experiment than the enfranchisement of negroes or the naturalization of Irishmen was. One cannot read A Century of Dishonor without amazement at the progress of Indians in civilization, their patience, their willingness to work, and their acceptance of the evil conditions of their lot; or without hot indignation at the treachery, the meanness, the cruelty, of our government to its friends and its enemies alike.

To the sketches of the tribes H. H. has added the history of massacres of Indians by whites, and a valuable appendix, containing much information in reference to the present condition of Indians, and especially of the Poncas. A great many thousands are already massed in the Indian Territory, and tribes are moved there, with or without their consent. Of course, at every removal the tribe is solemnly promised that its new home shall be a permanent one; and the absurd talk about fatherly care and brotherly love is gone over with again; a treaty is made and signed, and we know that it is all a mockery. Some of the tribes are well settled, prosperous, and happy in the Indian Territory, as they have been well settled, prosperous, and happy on many other reservations; they are of those who fully accept the inevitable, and make the best of their lot. If there were the least cer-

tainty of their permanent occupancy of this territory, there would be something to be said in favor of the government scheme of massing them there. But there is not. No pledges can be given them more solemn than those which have been broken again and again. The Indian Territory is bounded by Kansas, Arkansas, Missouri, and Texas. The citizens of those States object — as the neighbors of an Indian reservation always have objected — and with a good show of reason, to having such great tracts of land inhabited by the "wards" of the nation, who pay no taxes, who are not allowed to develop the resources of the country, and who, living on a basis entirely different from that of citizens, become a hindrance, and not a help, to free intercourse between the States which they separate. The fault is not in the citizens who complain, but in the system that the government has clung to all these years, — a system the infamy of which is equaled only by its folly and its costliness.

H. H.'s book is indorsed by Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, and President Seelye, of Amherst College, the former writing an introduction for it, and the latter a preface.

There are few trustworthy histories of the Indians; but those who care to follow out the subject will find all that H. H. says more than justified by Mr. Manypenny in his book called Our Indian Wards, published last year; and by Colonel Carrington, who has published his Indian experiences under the title of Absaraka. They all agree in denouncing the present Indian system; they all agree that unless the Indian is acknowledged "a person," and has the same legal rights that a white man has, our Indian troubles never will be settled. H. H. insists, and with reason, that the Indians will be a noble and superior race, "if civilization will only give them time to become civilized, and Christians will leave them time and peace to learn Christianity." But these constant "removals" (an innocent word covering unutterable woes) prevent all this. While recognizing the obstacles that lie in the way of doing justice to the Indians, after so many years of injustice, of even attempting to wipe out the terrible score that they have against us, and of deciding on what shall be done with them, she says, with a simplicity that has a sharp sting in it, that there is no difficulty in agreeing upon four things that ought *not* to be done; and those are cheating, robbing, breaking promises, and refusing the protection of law to the Indian. "Till these four things have ceased to be done, statesmanship and philanthropy alike must work in vain, and even Christianity can reap but a small harvest."

TWO GERMAN NOVELS.

FREYTAG'S Aus einer Kleinen Stadt[1] is a readable book, and in these dark days, when French novelists are vying with one another in diving for material into the indescribable, it is pleasant to come across so agreeable a foreign story as this one. It belongs to a series entitled Die Ahnen: the first volume, it will be remembered, was called Ingo and Ingraban, after two of the leading characters of the book. They were, if we are not mistaken, very early Teutons, who wandered about the forest slaugh-

[1] *Aus einer Kleinen Stadt.* Von GUSTAV FREYTAG. Leipzig: S. Hirzel. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1880.

tering their foes. Whether they finally killed each other, or, possibly, became man and wife, and founded the royal family of Prussia, the writer of this notice is unable to say, inasmuch as he gave the story of their adventures as wide a berth as he would have given to the originals in their native wildwood.

Since then Freytag has written several other novels, presumably illustrative of the condition of Germany at various periods; and now, in this one, he has come down to the present century, when that country has been civilized, and partly uncivilized, too, by the Thirty Years' War, and he tells with much humor and real power the story of a little town in Silesia under the rule of Napoleon, and the brave struggles of the people against that despot.

The hero is a young physician in the nameless town, and the heroine is a clergyman's daughter in a neighboring village; the smooth course of their love is marred by wars and rumors of wars, and the fact that the heroine is saved from the insolence of some soldiers by a French officer, who asserts that she is his "*Braut*," that is to say, that they are engaged; and in testimony of this he exchanges rings with her almost by force, at least without her assent. What is the upshot of the whole business the reader must ascertain for himself, or, more probably, for herself. This part of the plot is tolerably fantastic, and the story is prolonged by a good deal of superfluous matter, in which the author seems to have had no other aim than a desire to bring into the book the disturbances of 1848.

Captious critics, who are full of sentiment, may take exception to part of the love story: when, namely, the young physician is anxious to make a present to the young girl with whom he is in love, he does it in this way: he remembers that one of his college friends, whom he had known at Coburg, had once drawn for him a picture of the castle, and he writes to him for another sketch of the same place. This he receives shortly; he has it framed, and sends it to the heroine, who probably admired her lover's artistic skill. She is not to be outdone, so she sends him a package. "Beneath the spring flowers lay rich products of domestic cookery. And although the animals which had contributed the material for these things had not been included among poetical objects, the doctor did not observe this discordance. He first put the flowers in a glass, and carried them out of the candle-light into the next room, into which the full light of the moon was shining [it is a curious astronomical fact that the moon is always shining in that country], and, gazing at the nosegay as it was lit up by the moon, stood long at the window and looked up into the night sky. But at last he recalled with joy the ham and sausages, and as he sat down with delight to sup off of these presents he could not get rid of the thought how melancholy it was that he had to eat all these things up far from their giver. So he ate and drank in delicious yearning [*heimlicher Sehnsucht*]."

This sentimental devourer of ham and sausages is elsewhere set before us after a less provincial fashion. The book is full of incident, and all the part that describes the sufferings of the people during the war, and their efforts to break loose from the tyrant, could not be better. Then, too, the whole impression of the little town, with its musty narrowness, is admirably given, and the story is, on the whole, distinctly readable. It has an air of reality about it, with the exception of the episode in 1848, which was probably inserted with an eye rather to the history of Germany than to the needs of the novel, and unreality certainly cannot be alleged against the picture of gluttony that has been given above. Freytag's reputation as a novelist is already deservedly high; his Soll und Haben and Die Ver-

lorene Handschrift are distinctly good work, and this story will well maintain his reputation. So much may be said without in any way calling Aus einer Kleinen Stadt a great book.

Auerbach's Brigitta[1] is another story that may be warmly commended to those who read German novels with pleasure. It is in Auerbach's best style, and does not contain the discussions of the "true inwardness" of everything, which sometimes overburden his long novels. It is a short story, very much like the Dorfgeschichten, by which we are safe in presuming that this author will be remembered by future generations. Indeed, it is to be borne in mind that Auerbach deserves credit, not merely for his own delightful stories, but also for inspiring other writers with the desire to copy him. George Sand, for instance, was led by reading these village tales to write La Mare au Diable and the other stories of simple peasant life. It is not given to every man to open a new pathway in literature, and that Auerbach has done this is something which should not be forgotten. Of late years, after abandoning the tale, he has tried more ambitious flights, which have been, on the whole, less successful, so that his return to his original methods is wise.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THERE is at least one person in America besides the January contributor who has long known of Owen Meredith's literary thefts. More than twelve years ago I wrote an article called Owen Meredith as a Plagiarist, and sent it to a British quarterly review, as that public is more in need than ours of enlightenment on questions of general literature. (I may say, incidentally, that they have improved immensely in that respect within the past decade, thanks, in great measure, to Mr. Matthew Arnold and the Comédie Française.) It was not published, and perhaps never reached its destination, as I never saw it again, although it was accompanied by the due number of postage-stamps for its return; but English people were not entirely ignorant of the charges which it contained. The authoress of A Week in a French Country-House told me that she had seen an article in one of their periodicals in which pages from Lucile and Lavinia were printed in parallel columns, yet I saw the gentleman who bears the pseudonym of Owen Meredith dining, unabashed, at her table. On the appearance of his volume containing a poem entitled Gyges and Candaulus, there came out an article in the North British Review which spoke of the close resemblance of certain passages to some of the finest in Keats's St. Agnes' Eve; verses from other English poets were cited, too, which had been adapted to his own use, with very little change. The author of the article, with an urbanity rare from Scotch reviewers to British bards, alluded to this tendency of Owen Meredith's as "the unconscious sympathy of the mocking-bird." I had not felt called upon to direct attention to his unceremonious borrowing from his countrymen, although a very pretty paper might be written on that, as it would contain some of the most charming fragments of modern British poetry. I had confined myself to his liberties with French and German poets, especially

[1] *Brigitta.* Erzählung von BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Stuttgart: Cotta. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1880.

Alfred de Musset and Heinrich Heine. In Owen Meredith's first volume of poems, published in 1858, and in Lucile, there was grand and petty larceny from them both, of which the two following instances will suffice. Compare Lucile, Part I. canto vi.,

"Tho' divine Aphrodite should open her arms
To our longing, and lull us to sleep on her charms,
Tho' the world its full sense of enjoyment insure us,
Tho' Horace, Lucretius, and old Epicurus
Sit beside us and swear we are happy, what then?
Whence the answer within us which cries to these men,
'Let it be! You say well; but the world is too old
To rekindle within it the ages of gold;
A vast hope has traversed the earth, and our eyes
In despite of ourselves we must lift to the skies,'"

with Alfred de Musset's Espoir en Dieu: —

"Que la blonde Astarté, qu'idolâtrait la Grèce,
De ses îles d'azur sorte en m'ouvrant les bras;
. . . . . .
Quand Horace, Lucrèce, et le vieil Epicure,
Assis à mes côtés, m'appelleraient heureux,
. . . . . .
Je leur dirais à tous: 'Quoi que nous puissions faire
Je souffre, il est trop tard; le monde s'est fait vieux.
Une immense espérance a traversé la terre;
Malgré nous vers le ciel il faut lever les yeux.'"

For Heine, compare his poem called Ein Weib, which begins

"Sie hatten sich Beide so herzlich lieb,
Spitzbübin war sie, er war ein Dieb,"

with Owen Meredith's See-Saw: —

"She was a harlot, and I was a thief;
But we loved each other beyond belief."

To multiply quotations would be to make myself the bore of the Club. Those who like such researches can look further for themselves; they will be rewarded in more ways than one. There is a very curious complicated bit of dishonesty, however, which they might not find out for themselves, as I discovered it by mere accident. A good many years ago, Owen Meredith, after a brief diplomatic sojourn in one of the Danubian principalities, published a collection of verses, which he was pleased to entitle Serbski Pesme. A critic acquainted with the language of Servia said at the time that the poet evidently knew nothing about it at all, but had simply asked the word for *Servian* and the word for *poems* in the original, and joined them together, without further formality. The preface to Prosper Mérimée's Chroniques de Charles IX. will throw more light on the way in which these so-called Servian poems were produced; it is well worth reading, as a sample of Mérimée's diamantine style, and an account of one of the most ingenious and impudent literary mystifications ever perpetrated.

The most striking incident in Owen Meredith's prose novel, The Ring of Amasis, is taken from the German, from one of Paul Heyse's short stories, if I remember right. But *à tout seigneur tout honneur*, which is a civil form of a simple English proverb. Owen Meredith deserves the credit, which he is too modest to claim, of a familiarity with modern foreign writers unusual in an Englishman, and a very graceful gift of translation.

— A more curious example of the confusion of *he's* than the testimony quoted from the trial for burglary, in the Club for December, was that given in an English court, and published many years ago: "He 'd a stick, and he 'd a stick, and he licked he, and he licked he; and if he had only licked he harder than he licked he, only he 'd have killed he, and not he he." The capitals and italics would certainly have done good service there.

— Now that we are at the worst of the "melancholy days," when the gardens are despoiled and deserted, the fields and woods stripped of their posies, and exotics have taken refuge in the hot-houses, I wish to offer a plea for the flowers. Between the chrysanthemums and the crocuses there is an interval of four months, a third of the year, in which we are dependent on hot-houses, green-houses, and conservatories

for the sweetness, grace, brightness, and solace which flowers lend to existence. People need not be told — they are only asked to remember — what we owe to these angels of earth during this bleak and barren season : how a bunch of violets, or a single rose, beside the sick-bed or on the desk scents and sets off the whole room, filling our hearts with hopes and memories, calling up the associations which are a more powerful ingredient in the charm of flowers than their loveliness or perfume. How do we pay this debt? By squandering, torturing, worst of all by vulgarizing, them. It would be as foolish to assert that flowers should not be gathered for human use and enjoyment as that sheep and oxen should not be killed, but I protest against the wanton waste and abuse of them. It calls for an Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Flowers. Consider what the lives of these unhappy blossoms are at best: they are taken from their native soil and climate, from the sunshine and the dew, compelled to accept instead the furnace, the watering-pot, the glare of the glass roof; they are often stifled with tobacco-smoke, or drenched with tobacco-juice, to destroy vermin begotten by their unnatural conditions. Notwithstanding all this, the gracious creatures put forth leaves and bloom; but instead of each bud and flower being cherished and treasured, they are cut by the dozen, score, hundred, impaled, beheaded, strangled with wire, stuck on straws and sticks, to perish in the heat and gas-light of dinner-tables, ball-rooms, and opera-boxes, or in the icy wind and dust of street corners. Anybody can see the difference between a flower's dying by these violent means and by the slow, sweet, natural death it undergoes in a vase of water, opening to its fullest, and falling in due time, as it would on its parent stem. Paul Ferroll, the æsthetic murderer, is the only advocate I know of for killing flowers by leaving them gathered without water.

Masses of flowers on a dinner-table are an anomaly; there is something almost offensive in the mingled odor of their perfume and the reek of the dishes and lights. At a ball they are not out of place and keeping for certain purposes: roses, lilies, carnations, violets, are natural adornments for a young woman, and a bunch of them in her hand, or on her breast, is an appropriate ornament, and the complement of her evening dress; but where is the fitness, the beauty, the sentiment, the common sense, when she has six, a dozen, or twenty? Are there twenty persons, or twelve, or even six, at the same time to send her flowers which mean more than if they were of wax or tissue-paper, or which have any more intrinsic value to her who carries them? Are they witnesses of love, or even of admiration? How many are sent merely to satisfy the demands of vanity? At every ball rival beauties carry bouquets sent to each by the same men. Many are sent by members of the lady's family, which takes half the significance from flowers sent by the same kinsfolk on birthdays, or in sickness, or at a time of special joy or sorrow. And what is to be said of the bouquets sent as bribes to women of fashion by men who wish to obtain their good offices? And what of those sent by a man to a woman whom he admires, not to give her pleasure, but *prestige*, — to gratify her vanity, and reflexly his own? There is an instance, well known, in one of our great cities, of one man's sending a lady seven bouquets for the same ball, to console her for a social slight; she appeared to the uninitiated as a great *belle*, and he as the belle's favored cavalier. And what of the bouquets stacked on the front cushion of a proscenium box, in the blast of the foot-lights, and flung, half faded, to a *prima donna*, to whom they are already a drug, who

perhaps is hurrying through her part to leave town by the next train?

But I do not wish to enter upon the morals of the subject, or there would be much to say about the frightful extravagance involved in these most ephemeral displays of luxury and vanity. It is chiefly of the desecration of flowers and of their tenderest and most sacred associations that I wish to speak. All that poets have said about them becomes mere parody; Perdita and Ophelia with their gifts and interpretations are made ridiculous. There must be a new dictionary for the language of flowers: a bunch of tea-roses in January means twenty-five dollars; a spray of lilies of the valley twenty-five cents, etc. What can be more foolish than the fashion for flowers in midwinter and at grand routs, which in their homely prettiness belong essentially to rural scenes and the open air? The new mania for daisies in snow-time blots the English anthology from Chaucer to Burns. Nobody would sing now, —

> "Lilies for a bridal bed,
> Roses for a matron's head,
> Violets for a maiden dead,
> Pansies let my flowers be."

For lilies, roses, violets, pansies, and the rest have been degraded to the level of the flowers cut out of turnips and carrots to garnish a ham. Indeed, by unnatural treatment, the sweetest blossoms have lost their fragrance: it is long since forced carnations have had any odor except that of tobacco; the most lovely looking of the pink hothouse roses are entirely scentless, and the finest variety of white rose actually smells like a turnip.

As a matter of taste and feeling, the worst abuse of flowers is the way in which they have come to be used at funerals. One needs no further proof of the conventional and cold-blooded manner in which they are employed than the wire frames and stands of mortuary designs in the florists' windows, intended for funerals as much as the pall or hearse-feathers. Ingenuity, having been exhausted in making the cross, crown, star, heart, anchor, and other Christian emblems commonplace, has proceeded to destroy the last semblance of sentiment by devising floral funeral decorations indicative of the departed's vocation, — swords, ships, masonic emblems; for professors a chair! No wonder people of sensibility cry out that there shall be no flowers on their coffins, or on the coffins of those they have loved. Affection and grief have been robbed of their most congenial tributes.

Common sense and good taste have abolished many silly practices within a few years: heavy suppers at small evening parties, dancing *matinées*, receptions of the bride and bridegroom's entire acquaintance after the wedding, universal visiting on New Year's day, — these and other once-honored observances have become honored in the breach; they have been pronounced vulgar. Flowers have been made vulgar as a decoration by excess and unfitness in their use; when will they be reinstated in their true functions?

— It is a bold criticism to say that Sara Bernhardt lacks dramatic instinct; yet that is the impression left on the mind of one of her audience who has seen her in but a few parts. The first time was years ago, before she had acquired celebrity, and she was playing Dalila, in Feuillet's play of that name. There is a sentence which the cold-hearted temptress and tormentress utters to her unhappy victim, the young musician whose love and career she has blighted; when, as a final, speechless reproach, he takes the handkerchief stained with his life-blood from his lips and throws it at her feet, her sole reply is, "All artists spit blood." This is what the French call *le coup du fouet*, and it is the only point in any of Feuillet's plays at which one feels it; it needs little dramatic insight to perceive that it should be spoken in

a way to make the whole audience wince under the lash. As spoken by Mademoiselle Bernhardt it produced no effect whatever; nobody in the house who did not know the play could have noticed it. Again, in Frou Frou, where she comes home repentant and dying, and asks for her child; he is brought, and she clutches him with a cry. After hugging him for a moment, Mademoiselle Bernhardt let him go, and he was taken up and carried off the stage; she did not hold out her arms after him, nor follow him with her eyes, nor by any other look or sign give evidence that she remembered his existence. "She behaved exactly," said my companion, "as if he had been a glass of water." Finally, in Hernani, after the famous love scene when they are parting, he to go, as they believe, to death; he says, "One first kiss," and Doña Sol replies, throwing herself into his arms, "Perhaps the last." Mademoiselle Bernhardt had already thrown herself into his arms half a dozen times during the scene. These are the grounds of my assertion. In my opinion Mademoiselle Bernhardt misses the point and neutralizes the effect of the situation in each case by want of true dramatic sense and perception. I leave to those who have seen her more often and studied her more carefully the task of confirming or contradicting it.

— In the Contributors' Club of the March Atlantic was a query as to whether Shakespeare was a racker of orthography, which was based on the comparison of a remark by Mr. Grant White, in Every-Day English, as to the pronunciation of letters in Shakespeare's day which are silent now with some of Shakespeare's own rhymes in Love's Labor 's Lost, — *doubt* and *out*, *debt* and *Boyet*, *debtor* and *letter*. These rhymes show beyond a doubt, it seems to me, that Shakespeare did not respect the practice which Holofernes advocates as to the pronunciation of *b* in the former words of these pairs. Are we therefore to infer that Shakespeare was ignorant of his own times, and made his pedant insist upon a pronunciation which existed only in his own fancy? Not so, I think. The passages in question taken together show this to have been the state of the case: There was in Shakespeare's day an old fashion of pronunciation and a new, coexisting, as old fashions and new have coexisted from time immemorial. And at a time when pronouncing dictionaries did not exist this state of things as to words was more marked and more possible than it is now. Shakespeare, neither pedant nor purist, conformed to the new fashion in this respect, as he did in most others, and ridiculed the old. That is all. In Love's Labor 's Lost we have side by side his practice and his ridicule. Was not this contributor to the Club one of those, and they seem to be not a few, who are quick to jump at an opportunity of showing that Mr. Grant White is inaccurate upon some trivial point, when perhaps the only occasion of their criticism is that he has not written all the little that he knows upon the subject in hand? A man cannot at all times go into all the details of a subject. But is it therefore treating him fairly, not to say handsomely, to hold him up — and in this case Shakespeare too — with seeming proof (conclusive to them who cannot go beyond it) as ignorant or inconsistent, or as both?

— The editor crossed his legs, and regarded me — as an able editor regards a favorite contributor who does n't contribute too often — benignly. I was saying, —

"For three hundred years, more or less, Miss Juliet Capulet has been leaning from that balcony of hers, and inquiring, 'What 's in a name?' I think Miss Juliet is a young woman of no observation whatever not to have long ago discovered that there is a great deal in a name. To be sure, that which we call a rose would smell just as sweet if

we were to call it a turnip, but when you come to manuscript I take issue with that young woman. If your manuscript is signed with a famous name, the business is done; but when you put an obscure name at the bottom of the page, your document is always respectfully — when it is not disrespectfully — declined. A poem, however bad, by the great and well-known Stiggins finds instant acceptance; a poem, however good, by the unknown Stiggins" —

"There you are all wrong!" exclaimed the able editor. "The unknown, the unworked, the untarnished Stiggins is precisely what every live editor is yearning for. There is no end to the foolish misconception touching the unfledged contributor; he is always seriously considered, and nearly always reluctantly rejected. Reluctantly, for the future existence of the magazine depends upon him, — the fresh man, the coming man . . . who comes so slowly. Every editor in the land is on the lookout for that mysterious, precious person. So great is the editor's dread lest he should let a born genius slip through his fingers that he frequently seizes and holds on to the wrong man. A new writer, allow me to inform you, is a favored being. If he display the slightest ability, the public stands ready to laud him to the skies. The fine work of an author of long-established reputation often passes unhailed; his excellence is so much a matter of course that the general reader scarcely pauses to recognize it. Every month one or the other of our elder writers publishes a poem or an essay without attracting the faintest perceptible attention; yet if this poem or this essay bore the name of a *débutant*, it would make his fortune. I tell you, the fresh man has all the chances. The sympathies of the public are all on his side. The stream of appreciation unfreezes and flows again for him. As for the appreciation which lies in wait for the veteran, he could skate upon it. *Le roi est mort! Vive le roi!* And up go all the hats."

"I admit that the world likes novelty, and that the new man, when he has managed to get himself heard, is listened to with willing ears; sometimes he is even allowed to drown the voice of his superiors. It was not many years ago that a young Scotchman by the name of Alexander Smith overshadowed Tennyson and Browning. For nearly a twelvemonth no poet was talked about in England except the author of the flashy piece of absurdity entitled A Life-Drama. What does that prove, except that England does n't know a true poet when she sees him? She snubbed John Keats and crowned Smith. Alexander came, and saw, and conquered; but it was quite by accident. The derision which overwhelmed Keats was not all accidental. It was a part of the regular method of that class of men who 'resent more fiercely what they suspect to be good verses than what they know to be bad morals.' It is awfully hard for a nameless man to get a foot-hold in literature. Will you let me tell you a little story?"

The able editor, who could not very well help himself, assented.

"A few months, or years, ago, — it does n't matter which, — a certain friend of mine took it into his head to make a curious experiment. My friend is a distinguished man of letters, whose manuscript is as good as gold at any publisher's counter. Though a writer of books, he is an experienced magazinist, and it was in connection with the magazines that he proposed to test the value of a name. He prepared an article with all the skill he knew, had it copied by his daughter, and sent the copy to the editor of the leading literary magazine in the United States. After a delay of six weeks the manuscript was returned to my friend, who promptly dispatched it to another chief magazine. The nameless contribution was again returned to

the author. No, it was not 'some poor little prose sketch;' it was a little masterpiece. To cut a long and dismal story short, five American magazines refused (and in two cases very curtly) to print a paper for which any one of the five editors in question would have been glad to pay ten times its weight in gold, if he had known who wrote it. My friend enjoyed the matter immensely. He took especial delight in a note which accompanied one of the declinations. This note was written by a sub-editor, presumably a young man, who saw so much 'promise' in the essay submitted to him that he proceeded to give my friend a few general hints on the subject of literary style."

"That manuscript never came into my hands," said the able editor.

"My dear fellow, you were the first man to whom it was sent."

"And I rejected it?"

"After six weeks."

"Well, I'm glad I did!"

"And so am I, for it braces up my theory that there is a great deal in a name, and one does n't like to have one's pet theory toppling over."

— May I have a little space in your columns to say how good were the lectures Mr. Fiske gave in Boston in December last? They were only three in all, — the same he had given at the Royal Institution of London six months earlier, — yet they contained an amount of material that, if diluted to the customary consistence of lectures, would have been the basis of a very long course. The subject treated was one of interest to every one of us: the first expounded the town-meeting system of New England, and showed its later development throughout the country; the second explained the federal system, showing how impossible the system was to Greece and Rome, and how the same things that made it impossible in those cases wrought the ruin of both countries; and the last lecture spoke of the future of the English race. This bald statement gives no idea of the great scope of the lectures, which were full of learning, nor yet one of the philosophic spirit in which the subject was handled. What Mr. Fiske did was to exhibit the relations of things, not to range facts in order, like beads on a string; and the way in which he grouped together cause and effect, and reciprocally dependent incidents, was a beautiful example of the modern methods of investigation as applied to familiar studies.

I think to every one who heard them these lectures must have been what the Germans call epoch-making. It was a real privilege to sit and hear the lecturer interpret what we all knew as a congeries of facts, to follow him as he revealed the animating spirit of different generations. Lectures like these throw light where all was dark; they do not bury us beneath a disorganized mass of new information. Students and scientific men have accumulated a great many new facts in the last half century, and along with the facts has come renewed interest in their interpretation. Moreover, Mr. Fiske, albeit he is accustomed to deal with difficult subjects, has a most lucid style and singularly clear mind, so that he carried his audience with him without effort of theirs.

There is one more thing to say. In London these lectures were listened to by the leading men of the day; in Boston there was a scanty handful to hear them. The reason is plain: the public here is not trained to the scientific study of history. The lectures are in advance of the general thought. In London the barometer that would measure intellectual interest would be high; here there is an area of depression. Mr. Fiske is delivering these lectures in other parts of the country, and his hearers may feel sure that they are receiving the ripest fruit of modern thought. In time this will be generally acknowledged.

— Without having any sympathy with the ire roused in your contributor's mind by the rhyming of *history* and *mystery*, I wish to call attention to a bit of Mrs. Browning's work, at which, as it seems to me, even the most lenient of critics has some right to remonstrate. The lines referred to occur at the beginning of a little poem entitled Sleeping and Watching, and read as follows : —

> "Sleep on, baby, on the floor,
> Tired of all the playing;
> Sleep with smile the sweeter for
> That you dropped away in!
> On your curls' full roundness stand
> Golden lights serenely;
> One cheek pushed out by the hand
> Folds the dimple inly;
> Little head and little foot
> Heavy laid for pleasure;
> Underneath the lids, half shut,
> Slants the shining azure."

— The native New Englander with a jackknife in his pocket is a possible artist; with the same knife and a shingle in his hand the possibility is realized. But that about the knife which is of interest here is its name. How did it get its title, and what does it mean? We can understand easily enough how its diminutive brother came to be called a penknife, and how it will continue to bear that name centuries after the pen is made of material so hard that the knife would be useless to mend its point and give it proper flexibility. But how the jackknife came by its name is not so evident. Doubtless it dates back to the time when the two came into common use, for otherwise the name pocket-knife would have distinguished either with sufficient clearness from its fellow of the belt or of the table.

A clue to the origin of this name may be found if we observe that the knife has it in common with the jack-plane, the jackscrew, and numerous other contrivances for doing the hardest and the coarsest kinds of work. Now the symbol and the very prototype itself of every such appliance to the ready service of mankind in doing drudgery has been and is the donkey all the world over, and the problem is reduced to this, — to find how this patient creature of all work came to receive the now opprobrious epithet, but once pet name, of jackass. It seems to have come incidentally and in a blundering way — as so many other words have come to us — through the French. In that language the word *genêt* is a name applied to the finer Spanish or Moorish horses, though it is said originally to have belonged rather to the rider, and to have been given him from the peculiar suit of armor which he wore. However this may have been, it is certain that genêt did mean a fine horse. The English, in borrowing the word, disregarding its gender, which is masculine, and giving attention solely to its sound, seem to have confounded it with Jeanette, and so the word was written, *Anglicé*, "jenny." At once began a process of differentiation. Jenny was feminine, and its corresponding masculine name was Jack. Such seems to have been the way in which the name arose and its application came about; but no one, unless he felt a sort of heraldic interest in the name, would care to dogmatize upon this point.

As soon as the name became familiar, by a simple law of association it was carried out into a wider field of usefulness. It was emphatically a horse-name, made to do unusual service in our vocabulary. Any contrivance for lifting heavy weights would be a jack, pure and simple. The plane that went ahead and did the roughest and the hardest work was the jackplane, and the knife that was destined to minister both to the service and the amusement of its owner was the jackknife. On the other hand, any more delicately constructed and adjusted machine, designed to do work which had for all time been thought the fitting employment of female hands, would take the name of jenny; and so we speak familiarly of a self-operating spinning-jenny. But this invention is

perhaps as often called a spinning-mule, and this circumstance lends probability to the account already given of what is in the name.

— The reviewer of Mr. Aldrich's fiction in the November Atlantic is pleased to condemn in authors what he calls the "vice of confidential comment." Now that is the very thing that many of us would encourage in our favorites. It was said of Pope that even when he conversed with a friend he was always thinking of the printer, which of course made Mr. Pope less agreeable than he might have been. Now we, the thousands of Mr. Aldrich's readers and friends, have prized in his story-telling his seeming forgetfulness of printer and critic, and the certain comradeship he has allowed us; dropping into an occasional aside, *sotto voce*, independent of his personations, provoking our laughter in the midst of serious episode and high-stilted conversation by a covert wink, a sly thrust at the personages on dignified parade. If a novelist weakens his work by every good thing that he says in his own person, what shall we say for Dickens and Thackeray? Metaphysicians talk of "clear cold truths." Are we to have some day, as a perfection in authorship, a "clear cold novelist"? Are you, the critics, bound to transport our idols to an isolated Ultima Thule, — Mr. Aldrich with the rest? There are famous books with "no more facial expression than an orange," and perhaps the coming generation will demand their increase; books "icily regular, splendidly null," to us who like Dickens and Thackeray and Aldrich; books in which the authors hide behind their creations; but they are not Mr. Aldrich's stories, and his will not belong to them until he loses his genial hospitality for his readers. Then, in the revised edition of The Bad Boy, we shall find Tom Bailey eliminated.

— Anything which helps the cause of international copyright deserves the sympathy of every fair-minded person, and I do not therefore grudge the attention given to the cheap libraries in this connection. But it seems to me that their social influence has not been sufficiently considered, for in this field they have produced changes more important, because more generally felt, than are the pecuniary losses of author and publisher. Formerly, we bought comparatively well-printed books, or, if we did not choose to buy them, we had the use of such from a public library. Now, we buy three-column nonpareil pamphlets, read them in the cars and by bad light, and read, or skim, three books where we used to read one. The eyes of the present generation of Americans are weak, and require great care. Think what those of the next generation will be! Damage to the eyes is probably the most important result of this literary phenomenon; but it is by no means the only one.

There is nothing, for instance, so often appropriate as a gift to gentlemen as books are. You can still, of course, give picture-books, but these are rarely suitable; and if you buy your brother or uncle a copy of Trevelyan's Fox, or McCarthy's Own Times, you are sure to find, to your chagrin, that he had purchased a copy at a corner news-stand a month before, and had been reading it at his office, or carrying it about in his ulster pocket. With light literature the case is still worse, though in a different way. Formerly, when your neighbors, A, B, and C, wanted a novel, they went to a lending library for it. They frequent this institution no longer. They assume that their friends buy all the good ten-cent novels as they appear, and constitute them at once keepers of free libraries and literary tasters. "I've come in for something to read; have n't had a new novel for a week. Do let me see your last Franklin Square." Or, "Mother has a headache, and has read everything there is in the house; so I

came to see what you had." It is so much more easy and sociable to bother your friends than to patronize a public institution!

— What peculiar magic is there in the hunting for books, as there is also in "fishing with an angle," which lends a charm to the style of those who indulge in either pursuit whensoever they take pen in hand to set forth its merits? The lover of books and the angler are alike in more than one respect, and in none more than in quiet and quaint geniality of the literature made for them and about them. Dibdin's many tomes and Walton's one appeal not seldom to the same taste. Perhaps the untiring effort with which the book-hunter runs to earth the volume he has got scent of is another form of patience with which the angler drops his line for the fine fish he has espied. The pleasant and gentle style which is common to both classes of writers is to be seen again in the latest book about books, The Enemies of Books, by Mr. William Blades, the author of the Life and Typography of William Caxton. In the successive chapters of this little volume, which is now in its second edition, and of which the nucleus appeared first in the Printer's Register, the monthly magazine of the English typographers, Mr. Blades considers, in turn, fire, water, gas and heat, dust and neglect, ignorance, the bookworm and other vermin, bookbinders, and, finally, the collectors of portraits or title-pages or printer's devices, who take what they like out of a book, and leave the rest to its fate. From this list we may notice the omission of borrowers, perhaps on the ground that they are the enemies of owners of books rather than of the books themselves; but this distinction is over-subtle, for he who is too careless to return a volume is too careless to protect it. The borrower recks little of the fate of the volume he has borrowed so soon as he has sated his idle curiosity, and when it chances to be destroyed by neglect the borrower is an accessory before the fact. How easily books may be injured by neglect Mr. Blades plainly shows; and with the simile of a true book-lover advises us that "the surest way to preserve your books in health is to treat them as you should your own children, who are sure to sicken if confined in an atmosphere which is too impure, too hot, too cold, too damp, or too dry. It is just the same with the progeny of literature." (Page 32.) Of all the enemies of books, perhaps the bookbinder is nowadays most dangerous, and Mr. Blades very properly animadverts upon his misdeeds. Those who appreciate the beauty of "gilt tops and uncut edges" should be thankful to Mr. Blades for his protest against the remorseless "plow" which gives the bookbinder the "shavings" he values. Mr. Blades's own little volume is sent forth with ample margins untouched by the knife, and adorned with seven plates "intended to show some of the various ways in which books can be illustrated," and including "specimens of etching, wood-engraving, woodbury type, lithography, and photo-typography." Of the artistic quality of the three etchings it is best to say nothing; they are avowedly the work of an amateur needle. Most interesting of the illustrations is the woodbury type, showing two pages of a Caxton destroyed by bookworms. Mr. Blades's essay is clad in the vellum-paper cover familiar to all who know the books of M. Lemerre and M. Jouast, or who have been delighted at the American attempt to rival their work in Mr. Stedman's Poe and Mr. Aldrich's Poems. But, alas, in the typography of the cover and of the text itself there is an efflorescence of British eccentricity which would make the French printers tear their hair and rend their garments. There is an affectation of quaintness and a tawdriness of display in the most elaborate bad taste. There are *culs-de-*

lampe constructed of vulgar typographical devices, in the style of a ball programme printed by an ambitious job-office in the country. But Mr. Blades has deserved well of all book-lovers, and there is no need to dwell viciously on his vagaries. The Enemies of Books is an interesting and an instructive little volume, full of pertinent disquisition and anecdote.

— Good and amiable, but stupid, people have their uses in the world: the usefulness of their goodness being of course apparent, and their stupidity, as I have come to think, being designed as a means of grace to others who are less stupid and less good. It is easy and true enough to say that their amiability has its source partly in their dullness; they are no quicker to perceive offense than to perceive anything else. But the fact remains that they are amiable, and that amiability is an admirable and useful thing; so that the quicker-witted person, vexed with their stupidity, and beginning to make inevitable proud comparison of intellects, is at the same moment checked by the reflection that if he is less dull he is also less gentle and patient than those who fret him. I say the superior mind reflects thus; perhaps it does not, but it ought to, for the reason that it is superior. It may pursue reflection further, and recognize the fact that there are people who are both sweet-tempered and clever. These delightful persons are none too numerous, but they exist. The longer one lives in this odd, but interesting, world of ours, the more one learns, I think, to value both a capable intellect and an amiable disposition; not, perhaps, equally, for, if we had to make choice between them, we should be wise to prefer the latter.

In different ways they both contribute to the comfort of existence, and if it is obvious how a good heart promotes peace and harmony in the various relations of life it is almost as plain how a clear head helps in the same cause. Your stupid person, for all his goodness, takes needless offense, at times, and it requires all the innocent offender's tact, as well as patience, to make the matter plain and save the dull one's feelings. Such a wearying expense of words it takes to explain a simple thing to these well-meaning imbeciles; and, after all, they are convinced less by force of reason than by mere reiteration and a tardy perception of your good intention. One would rather disagree with a quicker-tempered and quicker-witted person. The exact force of words is something the dull man rarely comprehends, and he fancies himself to be expressing his mind and entering into yours when he is as far from it as possible; and the necessity falls upon the acuter intellect of divining the thought of his interlocutor, as well as of making clear his own. Again, the dull-minded person's own nature and disposition is apt to be his or her only guide to the understanding of that of others, and where that fails he is completely at a loss, and gives up the puzzle in hopeless wonderment.

Is it true that goodness and stupidity go together oftener than stupidity and wickedness? It may seem so; but is not the cleverness of the wicked often apparent and superficial, rather than real? It strikes me that the truth may frequently be this: that in certain cases, where an end is to be attained, or a difficulty overcome, one of two equally stupid persons may choose a means not morally admissible, which the other stupid-head sees also, but will not make use of; whence it results that the dull bad man is thought clever, because he succeeds in doing what, but for his scruples, the other might just as well have accomplished. It is not so much his talent as what may be called his immoral courage that raises the worse man's intellectual reputation.

— It is a pity that The Head of Medusa is not a worse book or a better

one; if it were worse it might be passed by with indifference, while as it is one is conscious, in reading it, of a certain irritation. To condense my objections, in a word, the book is to me wanting in sense, its sentiment verging on sentimentality, and its pathos, consequently, considerably out of place. Although the theme of the book is not new, there are some oft-repeated tales we continue to find interesting, and the story of a good girl throwing herself away on an unworthy man, however familiar it may be, will always stir the sympathies. But for some reason, in this case they fail to be moved very profoundly, or, rather, another feeling is waked that hardens us against compassion. We become aware that an excessive demand is being made upon our sensibilities. We are asked not only to admire the generous nature of the heroine, but to believe that her misfortunes arose from her uncalculating warmth of self-devotion. It is true that but for her good qualities, her loving temper and idealizing tendency of mind, Barbara might not have fallen a victim; but it cannot be denied that this same tendency, when loosely indulged, becomes weakness, and that to imagine the young Italian, sulkily sick of life because he was thrown out of an active part in it, an object of admiration and of pity to the extent of marrying him was not so much a display of nobility of soul as of simple girlish foolishness. That she should fall in love with a handsome, persistent young man, her first lover, is perfectly natural and intelligible, and if that were all we should be ready to pity the girl, and to respect her conduct after her fate becomes fixed. But the words "self-sacrifice" and "renunciation" are so constantly in the author's mouth that we are obliged to ask what is their particular relevancy to the case in question.

If every one who marries in haste to repent at leisure becomes thereby a notable martyr spirit, of course this enthusiasm is not out of place, but I fancy the many poor women who have made unfortunate marriages have not found consolation in that thought. It irritates me, I confess, to have great words cheapened! But the explanation of much lies in a sentence or two towards the end of the book, where another of the victims of circumstance strives to solace himself with the reflection that, if he suffers, at least he is not deluding himself with the hope of alleviation for his pain from the "gentle anodynes" which Christianity offers, but only from the heroic remedies of positivism. He flatters himself, apparently, that no one ever has or can suffer as a positivist can, and seems to derive great self-satisfaction from the belief. This odd self-complacency serves him instead of a hope in a continued personal existence, under happier conditions, after death. It does not occur to the author, it seems, that there have been women as good as Barbara who have made equally woful mistakes in life, who therefore must have endured an equal suffering, and that pains of this extreme kind are not cured nor greatly soothed by gentle anodynes. The great positivist teacher, recording the trials of Dorothea, that rare creature, the type after whom more than one feebler heroine has been fashioned, nowhere makes it a part of her mission to throw contempt upon that which for so many ages has brought comfort and aid to thousands of unhappy women. The great writer does not spare to make clear the weaknesses, as well as the noble unworldliness, of character from which people suffer. But something must be allowed, perhaps, to the unwise ardor of new-fledged disciples. It is the man or woman of genuine sentiment, not the one of no sentiment at all, who is most displeased with its counterfeit. I would not be thought, in spite of what I have said, to question that the author of The Head of Medusa does possess this genuine sentiment. The descriptions of natural scenery are full

of it; they are the most charming things in a book of much literary merit, and what one remembers best after it is read.

— Has every one read Uarda, and is it too late to recommend it as a book affording more and better entertainment than most of the novels lately issued? Historical romances are, for the most part, such dull reading that if we happen to fall in with a really good one we enjoy it the more for the agreeable surprise it offers. The Germans have not excelled as novelists, so that I came to the reading of the learned Dr. Ebers' work doubly prepossessed against it; but weighty as the learning may be that went to laying its foundations, there is no heaviness in the tale itself. There is no reason, of course, why the human nature that existed at Thebes thirty-three hundred and odd years ago should not be interesting to us of the latest civilization, and Dr. Ebers has the tact not to make tedious our progress through his tale by leading us over dry wastes of description, or afflicting us with stony little facts flung upon the pathway. He possesses imagination, the essential qualification for this sort of writing, and has learned a good deal of the inside of human nature in general, as well as of the manners and customs of Egyptians in their day. The author seems well assured of the truth that humanity is in essentials the same in all ages, and shows in the person of the physician Nebsecht that the spirit of scientific inquiry was then, as ever, an unfettered and daring spirit. The experienced novel-reader will not find the plot exciting, but his interest will be gently stimulated, and kept up without flagging to the end. All the characters necessary to this sort of romance are there in abundance: the wily intriguer, the more daring villain, the sorceress, and other sub-plotters; we have met them under different dress in Scott's and other romance writers' tales; we are well acquainted with them, and know beforehand what their ultimate fate is to be. Yet with this inevitable conventionality in many of the types, there is considerable freshness and vividness of characterization. The figures of the frank and noble princess and the more gently feminine Nefert are very successfully drawn, and our learned author notes how the characteristic differences of the two women were evidenced in the aspect of their private apartments. Uarda is a less important personage in herself than as being the cause of involving the fortunes of many others. But she is a charming little creature, painted with a very delicate touch. What seems to me the highest stroke of the author's imagination, however, is the story of Uarda's mother, told by the girl's father. Both in what is said and in what is left unsaid it is a piece of real art, and almost a little poem in prose.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Biography. The Life and Letters of John Howard Raymond, whose name is closely connected with Vassar College, of which he was the first president, has been prepared by his eldest daughter. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) The last third of the book contains the account of his life at Vassar, but the previous years had been mainly given to education. — Mr. Moses King, the publisher of the Harvard Register, has collected in a neat pamphlet several tributes to the memory of Professor Benjamin Pierce. — Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens, who has been for some time recruiting in Switzerland, has employed his leisure well in preparing Madame de Staël, a Study of her Life and Times, The First Revolution and the First Empire, in two volumes. (Harpers.) He has had the advantage of working in the midst of Madame de Staël's associations, and his book is encyclopædic in its fullness. —

A second volume of Anecdotes of Public Men has been prepared by Mr. John W. Forney. (Harpers.) Mr. Forney's long connection with public affairs has given him the opportunity of seeing and hearing many things. It belongs to every man, with or without opportunity, to see with his own eyes and hear with his own ears. The real thing is to have the proper sort of eyes and ears.

Fiction. Gustave Flaubert's Madame Bovary (Petersons) enjoys the singular praise in the translator's preface: "The work is not immoral in its tendencies, nor detrimental to the morals of its readers." The work needs all the moral support it can get. — The Lost Casket, translated by S. Lee from F. de Boisgobey (Putnams), is the latest issue in the series of transatlantic novels. — Prince Fortune and Prince Fatal is the title of a three-volume novel by Mrs. Carrington. (London: Sampson Low & Co.) — The latest issues in the Franklin Square Library (Harpers) are The Posy Ring, by Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt, Better than Good, a story for girls, by Annie E. Ridley, and Asphodel, by Miss Braddon. — The Steam House is an invention of Jules Verne's, which we will whisper to the reader was a mechanical elephant, and the first part of the extravagance under this name, The Demon of Cawnpore, translated by A. D. Kingston, has been reprinted by Scribners. — In the No Name Series (Roberts), the latest issue is Don John; the authorship by Jean Ingelow was announced in England about the same time that the publishers here were beginning to excite the curiosity of readers. — Lenox Dare is the title of a novel by Virginia F. Townsend. (Lee & Shepard.) — The Black Venus, a tale of the Dark Continent, is translated and adapted from the French of Adolphe Belot by George D. Cox. (Petersons.) She was as terrible as she was black. — Mr. Black's new novel, Sunrise, a Story of these Times, has been added to Harper's list.

History and Antiquities. Mr. Gustave Masson, a competent workman, has prepared an abridgment of Guizot's Popular History of France, under the title of Outlines of the History of France from the Earliest Times to the Outbreak of the Revolution, reprinted here by Estes & Lauriat. It has some of the illustrations from Guizot, and convenient apparatus of chronological and other tables, and sources of historical study. — Mr. Anthony Trollope has written the Life of Cicero, in two volumes (Harpers), and makes no secret of his admiration; he desires to restore to him honors which he thinks the critics have one by one taken from him. — The History of Saint Augustine, Florida, by William W. Dewhurst (Putnams), is a summary of the full narratives of the early Spanish and French settlements in Florida relating to this interesting old town. The concluding chapters touch upon its fortune since it became a part of United States territory, and notice briefly its claims as a health resort. — Mr. Henry Coppée has taken a fresh and very attractive topic for his History of the Conquest of Spain by the Arab-Moors, in two volumes. (Little, Brown & Co.) His interest in the subject has been that of all intelligent students, so that he has made the history a study of the civilization which under their influence became a part of European history. — The fourth volume of Mr. George Punchard's History of Congregationalism (Congregational Publishing Society) follows the previous ones at a long interval. It begins the narrative of Congregationalism in America, and the completion is promised in the volume to follow. Mr. Punchard has died since the work was ready for the printer, and his work remains as a monument of patient, persevering, and faithful toil, built under many disadvantages. — The first volume is published of a History of the United States of America under the Constitution. By James Schouler. (Washington: W. H. & O. H. Morrison.) It covers the period of 1783–1801, and is strictly a political history. — Those readers who draw back from Alison and Russell will look with more satisfaction upon a History of Modern Europe, by C. A. Fyffe, M. A., the first volume of which, from the outbreak of the Revolutionary War in 1792 to the accession of Louis XVIII. in 1814, has just been published by Holt. The making of the map of modern Europe is the theme of the history, which will be completed in two more volumes. — A History of Greece from the Earliest Times to the Present, by T. T. Timayenis, in two volumes (Appletons), has a special interest from its conception of an unbroken nationality, though the period after the fall of Constantinople is treated as briefly as the reader's interest will demand.

Criticism. Mrs. A. S. Richardson's Familiar Talks on English Literature (Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.) is a thoroughly sensible book. Mrs. Richardson gives a manual of literature which is indifferent to the trivial personalities of the writers who make English literature, but alive to the work which they have done. In a word, it is an almost affectionate and eager introduction of young people to the great course of English literature down to Walter Scott. — The latest volume in the series of Foreign Classics for English Readers (Lippincott) is Cervantes, by Mrs. Oliphant, an admirable subject. It is agreeable to see with how true sympathy Mrs. Oliphant apprehends Cervantes's conception of Don Quixote. — Robert Oppenheim, Berlin, sends us the fifth volume of Karl Hillebrand's Zeiter, Völke, und Menschen, entitled Aus dem Jahrhundert der Revolution. — The first American from the third English edition of Edward Dowden's Shakspere, a critical study of his mind and art, has been issued by Harpers. Mr. Dowden is one of the freshest of introducers to Shakespeare, and one of the most rational. How he comes by his occasional affectations is difficult to say.

Poetry and the Drama. The versatile John Stuart Blackie, of Edinburgh, has issued a second and revised edition of his Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece (Edinburgh: Blackwood), the revision consisting of the exclusion of what, in the previous edition, did not properly come under the title. — Poems, by Robert K. Weeks (Holt), is a collection into one volume of the most significant of the author's work, originally presented at intervals, in three volumes. Both the promise and per-

formance of the writer have endeared him to many readers. — Bernice, by J. H. Pearce (London: Charing Cross Publishing Company), is called by its author a Tragic Triology. The scene is laid in pseudonymous lands, and the author confesses that he had some thought of creating a new language for his characters. He should be content with the manufacture of triology, and with the introduction in a scene of such rests as "a long delicious silence," which follows a very osculatory passage. — Fragments of Essays, and other verses, is printed for the author, C. A. Buskirk, by W. H. Evans, of Princeton, Indiana. It is a pamphlet collection of snatches of satire, fable, and lyrical pieces. — The Hermit Minstrel, and other Poems, by Alfred and Felix Ellison, has fifty pages of verse, and is printed in Anderson, Indiana. — The Origin of the Building of Solomon's Temple, an Oriental Tradition, by John Barnard (Boston: Howard Gannett), is a versified legend, with notes, which has a half Sunday-school connection with the obelisk. — The Vision of Nimrod, by Charles DeKay (Appletons), is a series of symbolic poems held together by the author's thought.

Geography and Travel. The Isles of Summer or Nassau and the Bahamas, is the record of a so journ, by Charles Ives, of New Haven, who also publishes the book. Besides the account of his life there, there is considerable sentiment and loose writing.

Politics. Mr. Terence McGrath's Pictures from Ireland (Holt's Leisure Hour Series) is a bundle of familiar sketches of the various typical persons involved in the current struggle. His sympathies appear to be mainly with the Protestant landlord. — A subject nearer home is found in H. H.'s A Century of Dishonor: A Sketch of the United States Government's Dealings with some of the Indian Tribes. (Harpers.) A Preface by Bishop Whipple, and an Introduction by President Seelye, of Amherst, are in accord with the spirit of the book, which is an appeal to the Christian principle. It would be worth the reader's while to examine with this book an able paper by Mr. Canfield, in a recent number of the American Law Review, treating of the legal aspects of the Indian question. — Chinese Immigration, by Geo. F. Seward (Scribners), is treated under its social and economical aspects, but the questions regarding it are largely political. The volume is very timely, and it would be well if legislators, and all others disposed to discuss the Chinese question, were, either willingly or under compulsion, to read the book before advancing any further views. — The Civil Service Reform Association, with its head-quarters in New York, has issued the first of its publications in a pamphlet, defining the purposes of the organization.

Fine Arts. The choiceness of the mechanical execution and the high character of M. Lalange's etchings in illustration lead us to place in this section the new edition of Don Quixote, by Paterson, of Edinburgh, of which the first two volumes have appeared, and are imported here by Mr. Bouton in New York. The translation is by Motteux, and the edition is quite preferable to Jarvis's, the most accessible of the illustrated editions. The external charm of the book ought to persuade new readers to this humorous classic. — Gleanings in the Fields of Art, by Ednah D. Cheney (Lee & Shepard), consists of a collection of essays, general and particular, ranging from art to a running sketch of American painters and their works. It is the book rather of an amateur than of a professed critic. — Mr. Bouton sends Les Pensionnaires du Louvre, by Louis Leroy, which is especially interesting for the amusing and vigorous character sketches, by Paul Renouard, a work which we believe has been appearing in L'Art. All possible variations of the young and old women who copy pictures seem here to be presented. — The same agent sends the first three parts in folio of La Renaissance en France, by Leon Palustre, the illustrations under direction of Eugène Sadoux, the publishers being A. Quantin & Co., of Paris. The entire work is to be completed in thirty parts, arranged geographically. Those already issued constitute a section by themselves, under the subtitle of La Renaissance dans le Nord et dans l'Isle de France. The illustrations are etchings, printed sometimes with the text, sometimes as separate plates. The subjects are architectural and monumental, and the entire work promises to be of a high order. The price of the parts is marked at twenty-five francs each. — The same publishers send through Mr. Bouton a portfolio of Dessins de Décoration des Principaux Maîtres, containing forty plates; some of the artists represented are Delacroix, Le Brun, Huet, Poussin, Regnier. The text is by E. Chesneau, and the illustrations under the care of Ed. Guichard. The selection is exceedingly interesting, and one may approach it from either the historical or the æsthetic side. Brief biographical notices are given of the several artists drawn upon.

Social Science. Mr. Frederick Law Olmstead's A Consideration of the Justifying Value of a Public Park, which was read before the meeting of the American Social Science Association at Saratoga, has been issued as a pamphlet (Tolman & White, printers, Boston), and ought to have a wide circulation for the guidance of communities, many of which are quite ready to see his wisdom, and able to profit by it. — The fifty-first annual report of the Inspectors of the State Penitentiary for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania for the year 1880 is printed by McLaughlin Brothers, Philadelphia. It illustrates the development of the solitary system into the individual-treatment method. — The Servant-Girl Question, by Harriet Prescott Spofford (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), contains a series of essays upon domestic service. Mrs. Spofford seems to hint that her hope lies, as a last resort, in China. She does not appear to touch on coöperation or labor-saving machines as helping to solve the problem. — Perhaps an accompaniment to Mrs. Spofford's book will be found in What Girls Can Do, by Phillis Browne (Cassell), a book of advice and suggestions in the direction of household work, entertainment, and gaining a livelihood. It professes to be a book for mothers and daughters, and to have the most practical inten-

tion. What the mother does not know, this book knows. — The Easiest Way in Housekeeping and Cooking, by Helen Campbell (Fords), is the work of a writer who has had practical experience in the conduct of a training-school amongst a class requiring much general knowledge not only of domestic economy, but of related scientific laws; and the book is more than a cook-book, and only less than a treatise on the art of sound living. — Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, has printed the address which he gave in Atlanta, in October, 1880, for the promotion of an international cotton exhibition. (A. Williams & Co.)

Ethnology. Dr. Edward H. Knight, whose researches in the curiosities of barbarous or semi-civilized nations will be recalled by diligent readers of The Atlantic, has made a Study of the Savage Weapons at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, which is printed in the Smithsonian Annual Report for 1879, and published separately as a monograph. This study may be taken as a supplement to his series of articles. — The Chinese, their Education, Philosophy, and Letters, by W. A. P. Martin, D. D., LL. D. (Harpers), is a collection of essays, by a competent hand, relating to a phase of Chinese life which takes precedence of merely commercial considerations. The book had previously been printed in China.

Education and Text-Books. Mr. Hudson's School Shakespeare includes now King Henry IV., Part II., and King Henry V. — No. 4 of Circulars of Information of the Bureau of Education connected with the Interior Department is occupied with a treatise on Rural School Architecture, by the architect, Mr. T. M. Clark, of Boston. The treatise is practical and in detail. — No. 5 of the same series is a report on English Rural Schools, by Mr. Henry W. Hulbert; the report deals with facts, and makes little or no effort to apply them to American conditions. — A First German Book, after the natural or Pestalozzian method, has been prepared by Prof. James H. Worman. (Barnes.) The book has been used in the Chautauqua classes.

Music. Music-Study in Germany, from the home correspondence of Amy Fay (Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.), will recall to many readers of The Atlantic the lively sketches by A. F., which appeared a few years ago, — the familiar relation by a young lady of what she saw and heard in Tausig's conservatory, with Kullak, with Liszt, and with Deppe. — The modest lover of music need not be dismayed by the size of Edmund Gurney's The Power of Sound (London: Smith, Elder & Co.); for the author is not only fresh and readable, but in kindly sympathy with the man or woman of average musical knowledge. His book, with all its comprehensiveness, is not severe, nor is it sentimental, but the animated presentation of a subject which has been hidden under technic and drowned under rhapsody.

Science. The Power of Movement in Plants, by Charles Darwin, assisted by Francis Darwin (Appletons), has for its chief object to describe and connect together several large classes of movement common to almost all plants. — To the Darwin literature must be added Mr. William Denton's question, Is Darwin Right? or, The Origin of Man. (Wellesley, Mass., Denton Publishing Company.) In his preface there is an odd conjunction of science and politics, as represented by Mr. Denton and President Garfield.

Medicine and Hygiene. Dr. W. A. Hammond, well known for his special attention to nervous diseases, has issued On Certain Conditions of Nervous Derangement (Putnams), a new and enlarged edition of his Spiritualism and other Causes and Conditions of Nervous Derangement, published four or five years ago. His treatise covers cases of somnambulism, hysteria, and other forms of nervous derangement, and deals practically with so-called miracle-workers, like Louise Lateau and others.

Philosophy and Religion. The Story of Philosophy, by Aston Leigh (London: Trübner), is an attempt at giving in familiar phrase a condensed history of philosophy before the Christian era. The writer intends the book chiefly for those who are repelled by the severer histories and dismayed by the philosophical terminology.

Books for Young People. Among books intended for children must be placed Life and her Children, by Arabella B. Buckley. (Appletons.) It gives "glimpses of animal life from the amœba to the insects." We do not inquire into its scientific correctness; but we question the wisdom of giving children so much of the interior organization of animals, and of introducing them at once into the philosophy of natural selection.

Literature. The Classical Poetry of the Japanese, by Basil Hall Chamberlain (London: Trübner), will have an interest for students if, as the translator declares, native poetry is the sole exception to imitativeness in Japanese art. — A pretty edition of Addison's Essays, in a selection made by J. R. Green, has been published by Macmillan. Mr. Green's introduction is interesting for its clear statement of the meaning which lies behind the appearance in English history and literature of the Spectator; in his selection he has sought to avoid Addison's merely critical and political papers, and to give those which are intrinsically and not historically interesting. — Pearls of Thought, by Maturin M. Ballou (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a little volume of significant passages from literature, classified under topics arranged alphabetically.

Bibliography. The Harpers have published an admirable index to their magazine, covering the sixty volumes which closed with the number for June, 1880. The compiler is Mr. Charles A. Durfee, who has shown excellent judgment in making the whole index to consist of one alphabetical list. It is an analytical index; and articles may be found under titles, topics, and author's name.

Bricabrac. Browsing among Books, and other Essays, by Abba Gould Woolson (Roberts), is a little volume containing a score of half-idle monologues upon as many topics which have suggested themselves to a bright woman. — Parlor Varieties, Plays, Pantomimes, Charades, by Emma E. Brewster. (Lee & Shepard.) There are parlors and parlors.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Publishers, BOSTON, MASS.

**** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address, on receipt of the price by the Publishers,* MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., *4 Park Street, Boston. Prices are given on the last page.*

American Men and Women of Letters. — Under this title Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have arranged to publish a number of volumes devoted to the Lives of eminent American authors. These will be so selected and treated as to cover the most important facts in the history and development of American literature, while preserving that element of personal experience and achievement which is the charm of biography.

The series will be under the editorial care of Mr. James T. Fields, whose large and familiar acquaintance with American literature and American literary men and women peculiarly qualifies him both to choose the best representative authors to be included in the series, and to procure the most competent writers to treat them adequately.

The initial volume will be devoted to Washington Irving, and will be written by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, whose brief sketch prefixed to the *Knickerbocker Edition* of Irving's Works gives ample proof of his fine appreciation of Irving's character and writings.

This will be followed by a Life of Noah Webster, by Horace E. Scudder; a Life of Nathaniel P. Willis, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; and other volumes will be devoted to James Fenimore Cooper, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, Theodore Parker, Lydia Maria Child, and other persons distinguished in the annals of American literature.

A New Book by John Burroughs will be welcomed by a multitude of good readers. Mr. Burroughs has so keen observation, so fine appreciation both of Nature and of literature, that his essays are peculiarly engaging and delightful. A new book by him is in preparation for publication this spring, and its attractive promise can be inferred from the following list of the essays to be comprised in it: Pepacton, Spring, An Idyll of the Honey-Bee, Nature and the Poets, Notes by the Way, Foot-Paths, A Bunch of Herbs, Shakespeare's Natural History, Winter Pictures, A Camp in Maine, A Spring Relish.

Thoreau's New Book, "Early Spring in Massachusetts," recalls attention afresh to the remarkable character of his faculty for observing all the phenomena of nature and animal life, and his skill in stating forcibly and with the nicest precision whatever passed before him or in his own mind. The Boston *Journal* says: —

The selections are so arranged as to indicate the progress of the season, as watched and noted by this accurate and loving observer, the passages being placed under the day of the month in which they were written. The dates range from the 24th of February to the 11th of April, and the selections are made from journals extending over a good many years. Not only does the volume contain a multitude of notes and reports concerning the processes of Nature in spring-time — of a sort which no one who was not at once a poet, a philosopher, and a naturalist would have ever noted and reported; but there are in it also many thoughts about books and life, and many grave and some whimsical suggestions which impel to thought.

Carlyle's Essays. — The *Riverside* Edition of Carlyle's Critical and Miscellaneous Essays is beyond comparison the most complete and every way the best American edition of these remarkable works. It is in four volumes, crown octavo, and contains the papers on Goethe, Schiller, Richter, and other German authors, which introduced German literature so effectively to the English-reading world; and other essays hardly less noteworthy on Burns, Voltaire, Johnson, History, and Characteristics. Indeed, the hand of a master is manifest in every one of the essays in these four volumes, which are entitled to a place of honor and of easy access in every public and private library.

The Longfellow Birthday Book is conspicuous, among books of its class, for the skill and tact with which the selections have been made by Miss Bates. Even those most familiar with Mr. Longfellow's writings can hardly fail to be surprised by the wealth of suggestive and beautiful sentences the little book contains. The Boston *Traveller* says: —

In running over the pages of this volume we are reminded of the felicity with which the poet has characterized many eminent persons whom the world delights to honor.

After quoting the selections which describe Poe, Mendelssohn, Ole Bull, Walt Whitman, George Eliot's novels, and Carlyle, the critic says: —

We might multiply examples almost indefinitely to show the felicity with which Miss Bates has executed her chosen plan. The book is filled with treasures of thought similar to those we have quoted, and is one of those rare memorial volumes that will bear frequent reading.

"Pearls of Thought." — The New York *Commercial Advertiser* says of this book: —

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have published in a dainty little volume a compilation of striking passages from English literature with the above title. The work is by Maturin M. Ballou, who has brought fine discrimination, critical discernment, and excellent taste to his work. A great many works of this kind are prepared, but it is rare that one finds such evidence of painstaking care, wide reading, and good taste as this little volume exhibits.

A Treasury of Thought, arranged by M. M. Ballou, has enjoyed no small amount of popular favor. It is a thesaurus of wisdom, comprising a vast array of quotable sentences on almost every conceivable topic. The Hartford *Courant* said of it: —

It is the most complete and exhaustive volume of the kind with which we are acquainted. The literature of all time has contributed to it, and the range of reading necessary to its compilation is the widest. The book is admirably arranged, so that one can easily find appropriate quotations for any subject.

A new edition has just been brought out in more attractive style, yet the price has been reduced from $5.00 to $4.00.

The Servant Girl Question. — Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford's book on this vital question has been recognized instantly as a timely contribution to the discussion and understanding of an important subject. The Boston *Traveller* says: —

Mrs. Spofford discusses the servant girl question, which threatens to become *the* question of the day, in an eminently sensible manner, with the clear view of a woman who is at once a woman of letters, a woman of the world, and a practical housekeeper. She goes to the root of the matter and touches with great fairness on the triangular aspect of the question, for its three sides are, the master, the mistress, and the servant. It is as refreshing as it is unusual to see this question discussed with an element of consideration for the mistress as well as for the servant. We have had an immense amount of nonsense about a servant's knowing her place. Let us have a mistress who knows *her* place; who will be that careful, reasonable housekeeper who *manages*, by her clear brain, her thought, her kindness; but who is not *managed* by her servants, and weakly fretful, rather than strong and serene. The need of kitchen gardens and of training-schools for domestic service is forcibly shown in this volume.

Three New Books. — "Templeton," the excellent Boston correspondent of the Hartford *Courant*, writes as follows of three recent books: —

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have published a charming little "Longfellow Birthday Book." It is a gem of taste in execution; indeed, no house surpasses this one in this respect, of late. The page, the pictures, the printing, the binding, even the coloring of the edges, are all in exquisite manner. The work of editing by Charlotte Fiske Bates, is very carefully done, and was evidently a labor of love. These tributes to the poet in his old age are peculiarly graceful and appropriate. No one dreams of envying him any of them, they are so worthily bestowed.

Whittier's new volume of poems, "The King's Missive," from the same house has a touchingly beautiful prelude. It contains not a great deal that is new, but there is as much that is characteristic as one can easily find in the same space in the poet's work anywhere. We find no failure in Whittier, and his admirers increase in number with each year. There is a new portrait of him in this book, which is excellent. It, too, is exceedingly pretty as a specimen of book-making.

The new selection from Thoreau gives his diary observations on "Early Spring in New England." They are not exactly in the vein of some I remember as emanating from one of the editors of *The Courant*, but they are the best view of New England at this season that can be made, and they are as racy of Thoreau himself as anything he ever wrote. Thoreau has no successor. Who interprets nature to us after his methods? It probably needs a hermit and recluse like Thoreau to be entirely *en rapport* with the subject. He must be always read, and must remain a unique figure in literature.

Mr. Warner's Writings. — The recent publication of the new edition of Mr. Warner's charming book of travels, "My Winter on the Nile," recalls public attention to the peculiar fascination of all that Mr. Warner writes. In his books of travel he seems to see all that is worth seeing, and states it with as much precision and accuracy as Mr. Dryasdust himself; but mingled with all his statements, and pervading them as an inseparable essence, is a humor unsurpassed in American or any other literature. While it is sufficiently obvious to be seen and appreciated even by the uncultivated, it never degenerates into buffoonery; it never is merely grotesque, but is marked by a refinement and delicacy which lift it out of the range of ordinary humor, and give it a place among the finest portions of literature. This characteristic, which pervades not only "My Winter on the Nile" but its sequel, "In the Levant," is also very noticeable in his volume of "Saunterings" in Europe, and in his delightful trip to "Baddeck." Indeed, it is the same humor which made his first book, "My Summer in a Garden," so exquisitely delightful that, as one critic well said, it will be fresh to one reading it for the twentieth time, or for twenty generations of readers. A humor so refined, joined with sturdy common sense and remarkable literary skill, is so rare as to be entitled to special recognition, and happily the American people are rapidly coming to this conviction. Each new book that Mr. Warner issues is regarded by a constantly increasing circle as a special boon, and the eight volumes he has published form a library of intelligent observation, of manly sense, of delightful humor, of which Americans may well be proud, and for which they are indeed grateful.

Taylor's Dramatic Works in the handsome new book they form, are heartily welcomed by those who can appreciate their rare elevation, breadth, and insight. The *Portland Press* says: —

The notes by Mrs. Marie Hansen Taylor are of great value and interest, as interpreting with per-

fect and loving comprehension the grand and subtle thoughts which Bayard Taylor molded into the shape of his dramas. These latest works of his are those in which — sometimes setting aside his instinctive gifts of song and color — he recorded the inspirations and convictions of a genius which holds a place among the greatest few of his country.

Thirty Years. — The poetry which the author of "John Halifax" writes is no less popular than her novels; both are alike welcome to all who read with the heart as well as the head. The *Literary World* well says: —

The charm of Mrs. Craik's poetry is indescribable, but as palpable as the glistening of the dewdrop, or the fragrance of the fresh-plucked violet. The simplicity of her verses, their sweetness, their pathos, the deep feeling with which their cadences always beat; their sympathetic quality, like that of a deep rich voice thrilling us with the first notes, we know not why — sets them apart from the common growth like a lofty arching lily in a garden. . . . . Few books of poetry can we place in the hands of our readers with such affectionate commendation as we bestow upon this.

"The Stillwater Tragedy" continues to delight English readers. The *British Mail* of January 1 says: —

This is a work of fiction of its own kind, unlike any of the productions of English novelists. It is singularly free from overstrained sentiment, and in its details may be a profitable study to the amateur, or even the professional detective. It is from beginning to end good healthy reading, and the interest is so well sustained that few who commence its perusal will be satisfied until they have mastered its contents without feeling disposed to lay it down for a minute. Some light is let in upon the working of trades-unionism in America, but there is no digression from the straightforward current of the story, which is wonderfully well told.

A Delightful Book. — A recent number of the Edinburgh *Scotsman* pronounces Mr. A. P. Russell's "Library Notes"

One of the most comprehensive collections of art, wisdom, and literary anecdote ever compiled. The author has brought together the best results of a singularly varied reading under a series of headings, such as "Insufficiency," "Extremes," "Disguises," "Mutations," and "Paradoxes." It is not an exact work of reference, but a kind of epitome of human nature as it is reflected in literature. From the first page to the last it is crowded with matter which will interest readers of all classes and all tastes.

A Book for Young Men. — Mr. Munger's "On the Threshold" still attracts a remarkable degree of attention. The *Lutheran Observer* says: —

There is a noticeable lack of that commonplace advice and those platitudes in which books of this class abound. It is fresh, inspiring, healthy, and full of good suggestions. . . . . The chapter on *Reading* is one of the best, wisest, and most discriminating of all that we have read on that topic; and the whole book, in its style, spirit, and method of presentation, cannot but touch and awaken the better nature of any young man.

The Providence *Journal* remarks: —

We may truly call this a good book; sound in thought, carefully, and often beautifully, written, and enriched with many a gem from the best authors, as well as many a keen observation from real life. The author has been a wide reader and a good traveler, with large acquaintance both with men and things. . . . . It deals with great principles, and aims to awaken the highest views of happiness and welfare. No young person can be repelled by it, for it gives the broadest range to all the sympathies of youth.

Life and Education of Laura Bridgman. — A new edition of this book by Mrs. Mary Swift Lamson is just ready, and cannot fail to be read with deep interest by all philanthropic persons. The name of Laura Bridgman is "familiar as a household word" to all well-informed American readers, but comparatively few know the successive steps by which the intellectual and moral faculties of a deaf, dumb, and blind girl were developed so as to make her an intelligent woman of noble and attractive character. Mrs. Lamson writes from full knowledge, having been her special instructor for three years, and intimately acquainted with her for thirty-seven years.

Reduction of Price. — The price of Smith's great Dictionary of the Bible, edited by Professors H. B. Hackett and Ezra Abbot and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in four volumes, has been reduced from $26 to $20 for the set in cloth binding, and correspondingly for the finer bindings.

There are several American editions of Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, but this is the only edition which comprises the entire contents of the original English edition, unabridged, with very considerable and important additions by the editors and twenty-six other eminent American scholars.

This edition has five hundred more pages than the English, and one hundred more illustrations; more than a thousand errors of reference in the English edition are corrected in this; and an Index of Scripture Passages Illustrated is added. In view of the improvements made in this edition, Prof. Roswell D. Hitchcock, of New York, said: "There cannot well be two opinions about the merits of Smith's Bible Dictionary. What was, to begin with, the best book of its kind in our language, is now still better." The *London Bookseller* remarked: "It seems that we have to thank America for the most complete work of the kind in the English, or, indeed, in any other language."

The Two Great Quarterlies, the Edinburgh Review and the Quarterly Review, have been heartily welcomed in the American edition. There are many who will gladly avail themselves of this opportunity to procure these leading quarterlies of the world in their original typography, yet at so low cost, only $4 a year for each, and $7 for both. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. receive many expressions of gratification over the style and price of these standard Reviews.

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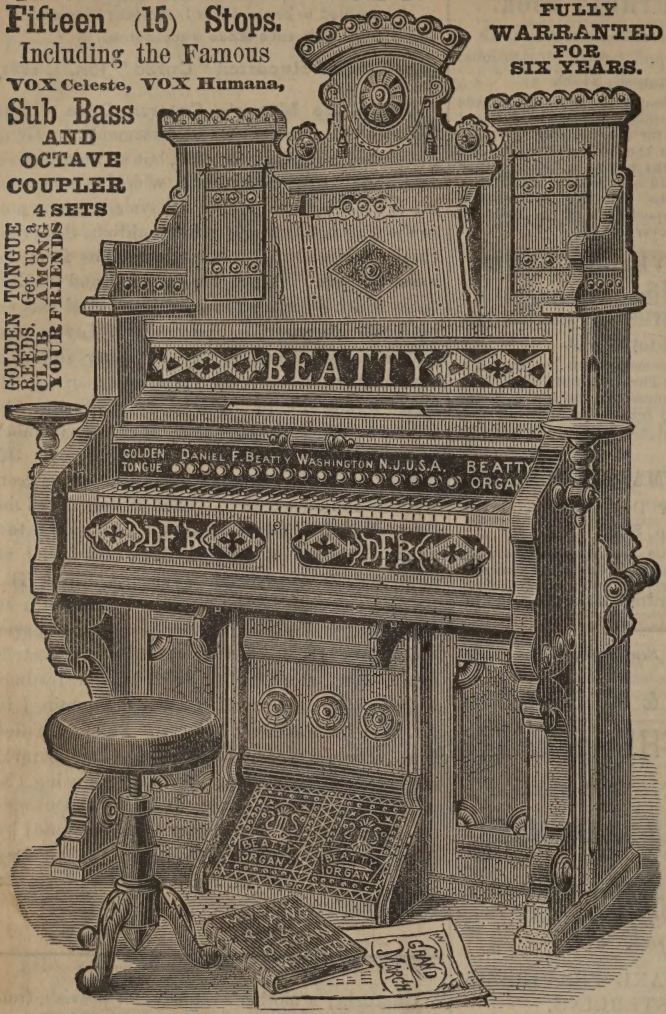

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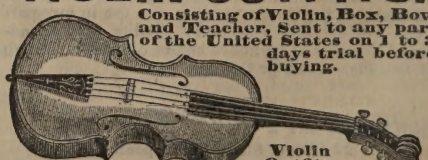

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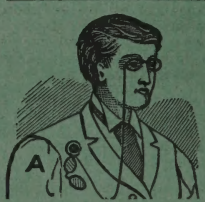

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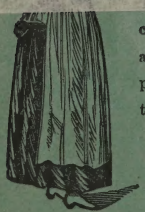

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SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF CARLYLE.

Thomas Carlyle is incontestably dead at last, by the acknowledgment of all newspapers. I had, however, the pleasure of an intimate intercourse with him when he was an infinitely deader man than he is now, or ever will be again, I am persuaded, in the remotest *seculum seculorum*. I undoubtedly felt myself at the time every whit as dead (spiritually) as he was, and, to tell the truth, I never found him averse to admit my right of insight in regard to myself. But I could never bring him, much as he continually inspired me so to do, to face the philosophic possibility of this proposition in regard to himself. On the contrary, he invariably snorted at the bare presentation of the theme, and fled away from it, with his free, resentful heels high in air, like a spirited horse alarmed at the apparition of a wheelbarrow.

However, in spite of our fundamental difference about this burly life which now is, one insisting upon death as the properer name for it, the other bent upon maintaining every popular illusion concerning it, we had for long years what always appeared to me a very friendly intercourse, and I can never show myself sufficiently grateful to his kindly, hospitable *manes* for the many hours of unalloyed entertainment his ungrudging fireside afforded me. I would like to reproduce from my notebook some of the recollections and observations with which those sunny hours impressed me, and so amuse, if I can, the readers of The Atlantic. These reminiscences were written many years ago, when the occurrences to which they relate were fresh in my memory; and they are exact, I need not say, almost to the letter. They will tend, I hope and am sure, to enhance the great personal prestige Carlyle enjoyed during life; for I cherish the most affectionate esteem for his memory, and could freely say or do nothing to wound that sentiment in any honest human breast. At the same time, I cannot doubt that the proper effect of much that I have to say will be to lower the estimation many persons have formed of Carlyle as a man of ideas. And this I should not be sorry for. Ideas are too divinely important to derive any consequence from the persons who maintain them. They are images or revelations, in intellectual form, of divine or infinite good, and therefore reflect upon men all the sanctity they possess, without receiving a particle from them. This estimate of Carlyle, *as a man of ideas*, always struck me as unfounded in point of fact. I think his admirers, at least his distant admirers, generally mistook the claim he made upon attention.

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They were apt to regard him as eminently a man of thought, whereas his intellect, as it seemed to me, except where his prejudices were involved, had not got beyond the stage of instinct. They insisted upon finding him a philosopher, but he was only and consummately a man of genius. They had the fatuity to deem him a great teacher, but he never avouched himself to be anything else than a great critic.

I intend no disparagement of Carlyle's moral qualities in saying that he was almost sure finally to disappoint one's admiration. I merely mean to say that he was without that breadth of humanitary sympathy which one likes to find in distinguished men; that he was deficient in spiritual as opposed to moral force. He was a man of great simplicity and sincerity in his personal manners and habits, and exhibited even an engaging sensibility to the claims of one's physical fellowship. But he was wholly impenetrable to the solicitations both of your heart and your understanding. I think he felt a helpless dread and distrust of you instantly that he found you had any positive hope in God or practical love to man. His own intellectual life consisted so much in bemoaning the vices of his race, or drew such inspiration from despair, that he could n't help regarding a man with contempt the instant he found him reconciled to the course of history. Pity is the highest style of intercourse he allowed himself with his kind. He compassionated all his friends in the measure of his affection for them. "Poor John Sterling," he used always to say, "poor John Mill, poor Frederic Maurice, poor Neuberg, poor Arthur Helps, poor little Browning, poor little Lewes," and so on; as if the temple of his friendship were a hospital, and all its inmates scrofulous or paralytic. You wondered how any mere mortal got legitimately endowed with a commiseration so divine for the inferior race of man; and the explanation that forced itself upon you was that he enjoyed an inward power and beatitude so redundant as naturally to seek relief in these copious outward showers of compassionate benediction. Especially did Carlyle conceive that no one could be actively interested in the progress of the species without being intellectually off his balance, and in need of tenderness from all his friends. His own sympathy went out freely to cases of individual suffering, and he believed that there was an immense amount of *specific* divine mercy practicable to us. That is to say, he felt keenly whatever appealed to his senses, and willingly patronized a fitful, because that is a picturesque, Providence in the earth. He sympathized with the starving Spitalfields weaver, and would have resented the inhumanity of the slave's condition as sharply as any one, if he had had visual contact with it, and were not incited, by the subtle freemasonry that unites aristocratic pretension in literature with the same pretension in politics, to falsify his human instincts. I remember the pleasure he took in the promise that Indian corn might be found able to supplant the diseased potato in Ireland. And he would doubtless have admitted ether and chloroform to be exquisitely ordained ministers of the divine love. But as to any sympathy with human nature itself and its inexorable wants, or any belief in a breadth of the divine mercy commensurate with those wants, I could never discern a flavor of either in him. He scoffed with hearty scorn at the contented imbecility of church and state with respect to social problems, but his own indifference to these things, save in so far as they were available to picturesque palaver, was infinitely more indolent and contented. He would have been the last man formally to deny the divine existence and providence, but that these truths had any human virtue, any living efficacy to redeem us out of ma-

terial and spiritual penury, I don't think he ever dreamt of such a thing. That our knowledge of God was essentially expansive ; that revelation contemplated its own spiritual enlargement and fulfillment in the current facts of human history, in the growth and enlargement of the human mind itself, — so that Thomas Carlyle, if only he had not been quite so stubborn and conceited, might have proved himself far better, and not far worse, posted in the principles of the divine administration than even Plato was, and so have freed himself from the dismal necessity he was all his life under to ransack the graves of the dead, in order to find some spangle, still untarnished, of God's reputed presence in our nature, — all this he took every opportunity to assure you was the saddest bosh. "Poor John Mill," he exclaimed one night, — "poor John Mill is writing away there in the Edinburgh Review about what he calls the Philosophy of History! As if any man could ever know the road he is going, when once he gets astride of such a distracted steed as that!"

But to my note-book. "I happened to be in Carlyle's library, the other day, when a parcel was handed in which contained two books, a present from some American admirer. One of the books proved to be a work of singular intellectual interest, as I afterwards discovered, entitled Lectures on the Natural History of Man, by Alexander Kinmont, of Cincinnati ; the other a book of Poems. Carlyle read Mr. Kinmont's title-page, and exclaimed, 'The natural history of man, forsooth, and from Cincinnati too, of all places on this earth! We had a right, perhaps, to expect some light from that quarter in regard to the natural history of the hog, and I can't but think that if the well-disposed Mr. Kinmont would set himself to study that unperverted mystery he would employ his powers far more profitably to the world. I am sure he would employ them far less wearisomely to me. There!' he continued, handing me the book, 'I freely make over to you all my right of insight into the natural history of man as that history dwells in the portentous brain of Mr. Alexander Kinmont, of Cincinnati, being more than content to wait myself till he condescend to the more intelligible animal.' And then opening to the blank leaf of the volume of Poems, and without more ado, he said, 'Permit me to write my friend Mrs. So-and-So's name here, who perhaps may get some refreshment from the poems of her countryman, for, decidedly, I shall not.' When I suggested to him that he himself did nothing all his days but philosophize in his own way, that is, from the artist point of view, or ground of mere feeling, and that his prose habitually decked itself out in the most sensuous garniture of poetry, he affected the air of M. Jourdain, in Molière, and protested, half fun, half earnest, that he was incapable of a philosophic purpose or poetic emotion."

Carlyle had very much of the narrowness, intellectual and moral, which one might expect to find in a descendant of the old Covenanting stock, bred to believe in God as essentially inhuman, and in man, accordingly, as exposed to a great deal of divine treachery and vindictiveness, which were liable to come rattling about his devoted ears the moment his back was turned. I have no idea, of course, that this grim ancestral faith dwelt in Carlyle in any acute, but only in chronic, form. He did not actively acknowledge it, but it was latent in all his intellectual and moral personality, and made itself felt in that cynical, mocking humor and those bursts of tragic pathos which set off all his abstract views of life and destiny. But a genuine pity for man as sinner and sufferer underlay all his concrete judgments, and no thought of unkindness ever entered his bosom except for people who believed in God's undiminished

presence and power in human affairs, and were therefore full of hope in our social future. A moral reformer like Louis Blanc or Robert Dale Owen, a political reformer like Mr. Cobden or Mr. Bright; or a dietetic reformer like the late Mr. Greaves or our own Mr. Alcott, was sure to provoke his most acrid intellectual antipathy.

Moral force was the deity of Carlyle's unscrupulous worship, — the force of unprincipled, irresponsible will; and he was ready to glorify every historic vagabond, such as Danton or Mirabeau, in whom that quality reigned supreme. He hated Robespierre because he was inferior in moral or personal force to his rivals, being himself a victim to ideas, or, as Carlyle phrased it, to formulas. Picturesqueness in man and nature was the one key to his intellectual favor, and it made little difference to his artist eye whether the man were spiritually angel or demon. Besides, one never practically surmounts his own idea of the divine name, and Carlyle, inheriting and cherishing for its picturesque capabilities this rude Covenanting conception, which makes God a being of the most aggravated moral dimensions, of a wholly superhuman egotism or sensibility to his own consequence, of course found Mahomet, William the Conqueror, John Knox, Frederic the Second of Prussia, Goethe, men after God's own heart, and coolly told you that no man in history was ever unsuccessful who deserved to be otherwise.

Too much cannot be said of Carlyle in personal respects. He was a man of even a genial practical morality, an unexceptionable good neighbor, friend, and citizen. But in all larger or human regards he was a literalist of the most unqualified pattern, incapable of uttering an inspiring or even a soothing word in behalf of any struggling manifestation of human hope. It is true, he abused every recognized guide of the political world with such hearty good-will that many persons claimed him at once as an intelligent herald of the new or spiritual divine advent in human nature. But the claim was absurdly unfounded. He was an amateur prophet exclusively, — a prophet "on his own hook," or in the interest of his own irritable cuticle, without a glimmer of sympathy with the distinctively public want, or a gleam of insight into its approaching divine relief; a harlequin in the guise of Jeremiah, who fed you with laughter in place of tears, and put the old prophetic sincerity out of countenance by his broad, persistent winks at the by-standers over the foot-lights.

"I heard Carlyle, last night, maintain his habitual thesis against Mr. Tennyson, in the presence of Mr. Moxon and one or two other persons. Carlyle rode a very high horse indeed, being inspired to mount and lavishly ply the spur by Mr. Tennyson, for whom he has the liveliest regard; and it was not long before William the Conqueror and Oliver Cromwell were trotted out of their mouldy cerements, to affront Sir Robert Peel and the Irish viceroy, whose name escapes me. 'Nothing,' Carlyle over and over again said and sung, — 'nothing will ever pry England out of the slough she is in, but to stop looking at Manchester as heaven's gate, and free-trade as the everlasting God's law man is bound to keep holy. The human stomach, I admit, is a memorable necessity, which will not allow itself, moreover, to be long neglected; and political economy no doubt has its own right to be heard among all our multifarious jargons. But I tell you the stomach is not the supreme necessity our potato-evangelists make it, nor is political economy any tolerable substitute for the eternal veracities. To think of our head men believin' the stomach to be the man, and legislatin' for the stomach, and compellin' this old England into the downright vassalage of the stomach! Such men as these, forsooth, to rule England,

the England once ruled by Oliver Cromwell! No wonder the impudent knave O'Connell takes them by the beard, shakes his big fist in their faces, does his own dirty will, in fact, with England, altogether! *Oh for a day of Duke William again!*'

"In vain his fellow Arcadian protested that England was no longer the England of Duke William, nor even of Oliver Cromwell, but a totally new England, with self-consciousness all new and unlike theirs; Carlyle only chanted or canted the more lustily his inevitable ding-dong: Oh for a day of Duke William again!

"Tired out at last, the long-suffering poet cried, 'I suppose you *would* like your Duke William back, to cut off some twelve hundred Cambridgeshire gentlemen's legs, and leave their owners squat upon the ground, that they might n't be able any longer to bear arms against him!' 'Ah!' shrieked out the remorseless bagpipes, in a perfect colic of delight to find its supreme blast thus unwarily invoked, — 'ah! that *was* no doubt a very sad thing for the duke to do, but somehow he conceived he had a right to do it; and upon the whole he had!' 'Let me tell your returning hero one thing, then,' replied his practical-minded friend, 'and that is that he had better steer clear of my precincts, or he will feel my knife in his guts very soon.'" It was in fact this indignant and unaffected prose of the distinguished poet which alone embalmed the insincere colloquy to my remembrance, or set its colors, so to speak.

Carlyle was, in truth, a hardened declaimer. He talked in a way vastly to tickle his auditors, and his enjoyment of their amusement was lively enough to sap his own intellectual integrity. Artist-like, he precipitated himself upon the picturesque in character and manners wherever he found it, and he did n't care a jot what incidental interest his precipitancy lacerated. He was used to harp so successfully on one string, the importance to men of *doing*, and the mere artistic effects he produced so infatuated him, that the whole thing tumbled off at last into a sheer insincerity, and he no longer saw any difference between *doing* well and *doing* ill. He who best denounced a canting age became himself its most signal illustration, since even his denunciation of the vice succumbed to the prevalent usage, and announced itself at length a shameless cant.

Of course I have no intention to represent this state of things as a conscious one on Carlyle's part. On the contrary, it was a wholly unconscious one, betokening such a complete absorption of his faculties in the talking function as to render him unaffectedly indifferent to the practical action which such talk, when sincere, ought always to contemplate. I recur again to my note-book. "I was diverted last evening by an account Carlyle gave of a conversation he had had with Lord John Manners and some other of the *dilettanti* aristocratic reformers, who had been led by his books to suppose that he had some practical notion, at all events some honest desire, of reform, and therefore called upon him to take counsel. Carlyle had evidently been well pleased by a visit so deferential from such distinguished swells, but so far was he from feeling the least reflective sympathy with the motive of it that he regarded the whole affair as ministering properly to the broadest fun. 'They asked me,' he said, 'with countenances of much interrogation, what it was, just, that I would have them to do. I told them that I had no manner of counsel to bestow upon them; that I did n't know how they lived at all up there in their grand houses, nor what manner of tools they had to work with. All I knew was, I told them, that they must be doing something erelong, or they would find themselves on the broad road to the devil.' And he laughed as if he would rend the roof.

"He also spoke of a call he had just received from the new rector of the parish in which he lived. He had got some previous intimation of the rector's dutiful design, so that when he came Carlyle met him at the door, hat on head and cane in hand, ready for a walk. He apologized to the somewhat flustered visitor for not asking him in, but the fact was his health was so poor that a walk in the afternoon had become a necessity for him. Would the reverend gentleman be going towards the city, perhaps? Yes? Ah, then we can confer as we walk. Of course the reverend gentleman's animus in proffering the visit had been to feel his doughty parishioner's pulse, and ascertain once for all how it beat towards religion as by law established. And equally of course Carlyle had not the least intention of assisting at any such preposterous auscultation. The hopeful pair had no sooner begun their trudge, accordingly, than Carlyle proceeded to dismount his antagonist's dainty guns by a brisk discharge from his own ruder batteries. 'I have heard of your settlement in the parish,' he said, 'with great pleasure, and my friends give me great hope that you have a clear outlook at the very serious work that lies before you here. The butcher up there at the corner of Sloane Street was a great thorn, I am told, in the side of your predecessor, and is prepared, no doubt, to give you as much trouble as he can consistently with the constitution of the vestry and his own evangelical principles; and the dissenters are notoriously a forward, lively folk in the parish. But it is my firm belief that if these turbulent people could once be brought to know some one who really believed for himself the eternal veracities, and did n't merely tell them of some one else who in old time was *thought* to have believed them, they would all be reduced to speedy silence. Our sanguinary evangelical friend at the corner, yonder, would betake himself hopelessly to his muttons, and dissent have no leg left to run upon. It is much, no doubt, to have a decent ceremonial of worship, and an educated, polite sort of person to administer it. But the main want of the world, as I gather, just now, and of this parish especially, which is that part of the world with which I am altogether best acquainted, is to discover some one who really knows God otherwise than by hearsay, and can tell us what divine work is actually to be done here and now in London streets, and not of a totally different work which behooved to be done two thousand years ago in old Judæa. I have much hope that you are just the man we look for, and I give you my word that you will strike dissent dumb if such really be the case. What? Your road carries you now in another direction? Farewell, then! I am glad to find that we are capable of so good an understanding with each other.'

"Carlyle was full of glee in recounting this exploit, and his laugh like the roar of a mountain brook when the snow melts in spring. And it *is* funny, no doubt, to fancy how hopelessly asquint the rector's intellectual vision was bound to become as he pursued his solitary walk homeward. But, after all, there is nothing higher than fun in either of these experiences. It is capital fun, I admit, and I enjoyed Carlyle's enjoyment of it in this light, as much as anybody could. I only allow myself to characterize it thus strictly in order to show that Carlyle is not at all primarily the man of humanitary ideas and sympathies which many people fancy him to be. Of course he has a perfect right to be what he is, and no one has a keener appreciation of him in that real light than I have. I only insist that he has no manner of right to be reported to us in a false light, as we shall thereby lose the lesson which legitimately accrues to us from his immense personality. Lord John Manners

is a sincere sentimentalist, who really believes that by reviving old English sports, and putting new vigor into existing Christmas, May-day, and other festivities, and inaugurating generally a sort of systematic, voluntary humility on the part of the aristocracy towards the dependent classes, revolution may be indefinitely staved off, and England saved from the terrors of a speedy "kingdom come." And Carlyle, if ideas were really uppermost with him, would have treated his visitors' weakness tenderly, and shown them, by reference to certain well-established principles of human nature, — the indomitable instinct of freedom, for example, — how very disproportionate their remedy was to the formidable disease in hand. As it was, he sent them away unblessed, and, so far as he could effect such a result, disheartened.

"The easily baffled rector, too, clearly ought not, on the hypothesis of Carlyle being the enlightened person his admirers think him, to have so alarmed Carlyle by his approach as to ravish him from his study, and make him descend to the level of the street, in order to secure the advantage of his adversary, in case there should be need of a retreat. Were he a man of true sympathy with human want, and of earnest thought as to the best way of appeasing it, as his admirers believe him to be, how frankly would he have met the rector's friendly, harmless overture, and said to him, 'Yes, my friend, come to me as often as you will, and let us reason together of righteousness and temperance and judgment to come; for I, as well as you, have hope in God that he will show himself adequate, in ways we little dream of, to our sore public and private need, and would gladly communicate thereupon with any like hopeful man.'"

I was not in the least surprised at Carlyle's puerile gabble in Macmillan's Magazine about the American Iliad; for he always felt himself qualified *a priori* to crack and pick any philosophic nut extant; to discuss and determine the toughest providential problem conceivable, without a taking of testimony or investigation of any sort, but by sheer force of genius or æsthetic instinct. One might often have felt tempted to use a more summary word, so much do the effects of the two things in certain circumstances resemble each other. But I conceive it would have been very unjust to Carlyle. He was not constitutionally arrogant. He was a man of real modesty. He was even, I think, constitutionally diffident. He was a man, in short, whom you could summer and winter with, without ever having your self-respect wantonly affronted as it habitually is by mere conventional men and women. He was, to be sure, a very sturdy son of earth, and capable at times of exhibiting the most helpless natural infirmity. But he would never ignore nor slight your human fellowship because your life or opinions exposed you to the reproach of the vain, the frivolous, the self-seeking. He would of course curse your gods ever and anon in a manful way, and scoff without mercy at your tenderest intellectual hopes and aspirations; but upon yourself personally, all the while, especially if you should drink strong tea and pass sleepless nights, or suffer from tobacco, or be menaced with insanity, or have a gnawing cancer under your jacket, he would have bestowed the finest of his wheat. He might not easily have forgiven you if you used a vegetable diet, especially if you did so on principle, and he would surely have gnashed his teeth upon you if you should have claimed any scientific knowledge or philosophic insight into the social problem, — the problem of man's coming destiny upon the earth. But within these limits you would have felt how truly human was the tie that bound you to this roaring, riotous, most benighted, yet not unbenignant, brother. Leave

England, above all, alone; let her stumble on from one slough of despond to another, so that he might have the endless serene delight of walloping her chief "niggers," Peel, Palmerston, Russell, Brougham, and the rest, and he would dwell forever in friendly content with you. But only hint your belief that these imbecile statesmen were the true statesmen for the time, the only men capable, *in virtue of that very imbecility*, of truly coworking with the Providence that governs the world, and is guiding it full surely to a haven of final peace and blessedness, and he would fairly deluge you with the vitriol of his wrath. No, all that can be said for Carlyle on this score is that, having an immense eye for color, an immense genius for scenic effect, he seized with avidity upon every crazy, time-stained, dishonored rag of personality that still fluttered in the breeze of history, and lent itself to his magical tissues, and he did n't like that any one should attempt to dispute his finery with him. The habit was tyrannous, no doubt, but no harm, and only amusement, could have come of it, — least of all would it have pushed him to his melancholy "latter-day" drivel, — had it not been for the heartless people who hang, for their own private ends, upon the skirts of every pronounced man of genius, and do their best, by stimulating his vanity, to make him feel himself a god. I again have recourse to my note-book.

"I happened to be at Mr. Carlyle's a Sunday or two since, when a large company was present, and the talk fell upon repudiation, which Jeff. Davis and Mississippi legislation are bringing into note. Among others a New Yorker was present, to whom his friends give the title of General, for no other reason that I can discover but to signify that he is nothing in particular, — an agreeable-mannered man, however, with something of that new-born innocence of belief and expectation in his demeanor and countenance which Englishmen find it so hard to do justice to in Americans; and he was apparently defending, when I went in, our general repute for honesty from the newspaper odium which is beginning to menace it. Mr. Henry Woodman, — I will call him, — from Massachusetts, was also present, an amiable, excellent man, full of knowledge and belief in a certain way, who in former times was a Unitarian clergyman in good standing; but having made what seemed to him a notable discovery, namely, that there is no personal devil, — none, at least, who is over six feet in height, and who therefore is not essentially amenable to police discipline, — he forthwith snaps his fingers at the faded terror, drops his profession, and betakes himself to agriculture, for which he has a passion. He overflows with good feeling, and is so tickled with the discovery he has made of old Nick's long imposture that he never makes an acquaintance without instantly telling him of it, nor ever keeps one without instantly, in season and out of season, reminding him of it. He had saturated Carlyle's outward ear with the intelligence, but to no inward profit. For Carlyle's working conception of the deity involves so much of diabolism that the decease and sepulture of a thousand legitimate old bogies, authentically chronicled in The Times, would hardly enliven his sombre imagination; and he entertains a friendly contempt and compassion, accordingly, for the emancipated Mr. Woodman which are always touching to me to witness. The evening in question my attention was suddenly arrested by Carlyle saying somewhat loudly to General —— that we were all on our way to the devil in America, and that unless we turned a short corner we should infallibly bring up in that perilous company. Mr. Woodman was talking, at the moment, with his hostess, of whom he is a deserved favorite, at the other extremity of the room; but he

would have heard the name of his vanished adversary had it been pronounced in a whisper. The grateful sound no sooner reached his ear, accordingly, than he averted himself from his companion, and cried out, delighted, 'What devil do you speak of, Mr. Carlyle?' 'What devil, do you ask?' Carlyle fairly roared back in reply. 'What devil, do you ask, Mr. Woodman? The devil, Mr. Woodman, that has been known in these parts from the beginning, and is not likely soon to become unknown, — the father of *all liars, swindlers, and repudiators*, Mr. Woodman! The devil that in this Old World boasts a very numerous, though unconscious, progeny, and in your New World, Mr. Woodman, seems, from all accounts, to be producing a still more numerous and still more unconscious one! That is just the devil I mean, Mr. Woodman, and woe be to you and yours the day you vote *him* lifeless!'

"Mr. Woodman was discouraged, and at once reverted to his quiet colloquy with his softer companion, while the rest of us profited by the exhilarating breeze he had so suddenly conjured up. 'Speaking of the evil one,' General —— hastened to say, 'I have been visiting to-day subterranean London, its sewers, and so forth,' — and the conversation soon fell into its ordinary undulations. But earnest as Carlyle's reply to his friend undoubtedly sounded, any listener would have very much mistaken the truth of the case if he had supposed that it meant anything more than his hopeless, helpless, and consequently irritable way of contemplating social facts and tendencies. Carlyle does n't believe, of course, in the literal personality of the devil near so much as Mr. Woodman does; that is, he believes in it so little as to disdain the trouble of denying it. But he has a profound faith that there is at the head of affairs some very peremptory person or other, who will infallibly have his own will in the end, or override all other wills; and he is able, consequently, to variegate his conversation and writing with lurid lights that seem most orthodox and pious to innocent imaginations, and would make the ghost of John Knox roll up the whites of his eyes in grateful astonishment. Whatever be Carlyle's interest in any question of life or destiny, he talks so well and writes so well that it can hardly escape being all swallowed up in talk or writing; and he would regard you as a bore of the largest calibre if, talking in the same sense with him, you yet did not confine yourself to talk, but went on to organize your ideas in some appropriate action."

You would say, remembering certain passages in Carlyle's books, notably his Past and Present and his pamphlet on Chartism, that he had a very lively sympathy with reform and a profound sentiment of human fellowship. He did, indeed, dally with the divine ideas long enough to suck them dry of their rhetorical juices, but then dropped them, to lavish contempt on them ever after when anybody else should chance to pick them up and cherish them, not for their rhetorical uses, but their absolute truth. He had no belief in society as a living organizing force in history, but only as an empirical necessity of the race. He had no conception of human brotherhood or equality as the profoundest truth of science, disclosing a hell in the bosom wherever it is not allowed to reveal a heaven, but only as an emotional or sentimental experience of happily endowed natures. On the contrary, he used to laugh and fling out his scornful heels at the bare suggestion of such a thing, much as a tropical savage would laugh and fling out his heels at the suggestion of frozen rivers. He looked at the good and evil in our nature as final or absolute quantities, and saw no way, consequently, of ever utilizing the evil element. He saw no possible way of dealing with weak races but by reducing

them to slavery; no way of dealing successfully with evil men but by applying lynch law to them, and crushing them out of existence. In short, he had not the least conception of history as a *divine drama, designed to educate man into self-knowledge and the knowledge of God;* and consequently could never meet you on any ground of objective truth, but only on that of your subjective whim or caprice. It was this intellectual incapacity he was under to esteem truth for its own sake, or value it except for the personal prestige it confers, that made him so impotent to help a struggling brother on to daylight, and fixed him in so intense and irritable a literary *self*-consciousness.

"I went to see Carlyle last night to get permission to bring a friend — J. McK. — to see him the next day, who had it much at heart to thank him for the aid and comfort his books had given him, years ago, away out on the shores of Lake Erie. Would he treat the friend kindly, in case I brought him? Or would he altogether pulverize him, as he had erewhile pulverized a certain person we both wotted of? Nay, nay; he would be all that Chesterfield himself could desire of polite and affable! Well, then, what would be the most auspicious hour? When would the inward man be most unpuckered? — for I should really be sorry to see my friend go home with his ardent thirst of worship all unslaked. 'Ask Jane,' was the reply. 'What she appoints I will give my diligence to conform to.' Mrs. Carlyle, who sat upon the sofa beside us, obligingly entered into my anxieties, and said, 'You shall bring your friend to-morrow, after dinner, or between two and three o'clock; for I often observe that is a very placid hour with the creature, and I think we may reckon upon a great success if we will just avail ourselves of it.' Accordingly, we did n't fail to be in the little Chelsea parlor this afternoon, at the hour appointed, my friend and I, — not without a certain prophetic tremor, I can assure you, on my part, for his raised expectations. As we entered the room Carlyle stood upon a chair, with his back to us, vainly trying, to all appearance, to close his inside window-shutters. He did n't at all desist, on our entrance, but cried out, 'Is that you, J., and have you brought your friend McK. with you? I don't know whether he is at all related to *my* friend, Sandy McK., of Glasgow. If he is, he can't be related to a worthier man.' By this time he had reduced his refractory window-shutter to order, and descended from his perch to take a first look at his guest. My friend of course made a neat little salutatory expressive of his intellectual obligations, and the need he felt to make some sort of avowal of them, before he again set his face westward. 'I don't believe a word of it!' said Carlyle, as my friend gracefully perorated. 'I don't believe a word of it! I don't believe that I ever helped any man. I don't believe that any man ever helped another. It is indeed unspeakable folly to conceive such a thing. The only man I ever found (and him I did n't find) who seemed to me sincere in such a thought was a ship captain, some time ago, who wrote to me to say, without giving me name or address, that he had called his vessel the Thomas Carlyle, because he had got some good, he fancied, from my books. I thought it behooved me to look the man up, so I traversed the London docks from end to end, asking of the sailors ever and anon if they knew any vessel in those parts bearin' the portentous name of Thomas Carlyle; but it was all in vain, and I returned home persuaded that, whatever else might betide me, I should probably never see under this sun the extraordinary individual who had named his vessel the Thomas Carlyle.' You may easily imagine the sudden pallor that came over my friend's ruddy devotion. It was not that Carlyle intended out of

pure wantonness to mock the admiration he lives to conciliate. It was only that he chanced at that moment to feel the ghastly disproportion which existed between his real aims and those lent him by the generous faith of his disciples, and instead of doing penance by himself for the diversity he preferred to make the devotee pay his share of the penalty."

Carlyle used to strike me as a man of genius or consummate executive faculty, and not primarily of sympathy or understanding. Every one is familiar with this discrimination. We all know some one or other who is a genius in his way, or has a power of doing certain things as no one else can do them, and as arrests our great admiration. And yet, as likely as not, this person so marvelously endowed is a somewhat uncomfortable person apart from his particular line of action. Very possibly, and even probably, he is domineering and irritable to the pitch of insanity in his personal intercourse with others, and his judgments are apt to be purely whimsical, or reflect his own imperious will. We admire the genius in his own sphere of work or production, and feel a divine force in him that moves the world. But at the same time we are persuaded that there is something in us, not half so resplendent as genius, which is yet a vast deal better, and that is spiritual character, or a cultivated deference to the humblest forms of goodness and truth. At best genius is only a spiritual temperament in man, and therefore, though it serves as an excellent basis for spiritual character, should yet never be confounded with it. The genius is God's spoiled child upon earth; woe be unto him, if he look upon that indulgence as consecrating him for the skies as well. Character, or spiritual manhood, is not created, but only communicated. It is not our birthright, but is only brought about with our own zealous privity, or solicitous concurrence in some sort. It is honestly wrought out of the most literal conformity to the principles of universal justice. It puts up with no histrionic piety, tramples under foot the cheap humility of the prayer-book and the pew, and insists upon the just thing at the just moment, under pain of eternal damnation, — which means, *abandonment to the endless illusions of self-love.* Hence it is that, while the genius cuts such a lustrous figure in the eyes of men, and wins oftentimes so loud a renown, we yet know many a nameless person whom we value more than a raft of genii, because we confide without stint in their living truth, their infinite rectitude of heart and understanding. We like the genius, or whatsoever makes life glorious, powerful, divine, on Sundays or holidays; but we prefer the ordinary, unconscious, unostentatious stuff which alone keeps it sweet and human on all other days.

It always appeared to me that Carlyle valued truth and good as a painter does his pigments, not for what they are in themselves, but for the effects they lend themselves to in the sphere of production. Indeed, he always exhibited a contempt so characteristic as to be comical for every one whose zeal for truth or good led him to question existing institutions with a view to any practical reform. He himself was wont to question established institutions and dogmas with the utmost license of skepticism, but he obviously meant nothing beyond the production of a certain literary surprise, or the enjoyment of his own æsthetic power. Nothing maddened him so much as to be mistaken for a reformer, really intent upon the interests of God's righteousness upon the earth, which are the interests of universal justice. This is what made him hate Americans, and call us a nation of bores, that we took him at his word, and reckoned upon him as a sincere well-wisher to his species. He hated us, because a secret instinct told him that our exuberant

faith in him would never be justified by closer knowledge; for no one loves the man who forces him upon a premature recognition of himself. I recall the uproarious mirth with which he and Mrs. Carlyle used to recount the incidents of a visit they had received from a young New England woman, and describe the earnest, devout homage her credulous soul had rendered him. It was her first visit abroad, and she supposed — poor thing! — that these famous European writers and talkers, who so dominated her fancy at a distance, really meant all they said, were as innocent and lovely in their lives as in their books; and she no sooner crossed Carlyle's threshold, accordingly, than her heart offered its fragrance to him as liberally as the flower opens to the sun. And Carlyle, the inveterate comedian, instead of being humbled to the dust by the revelation which such simplicity suddenly flashed upon his own eyes of his essentially dramatic genius and exploits, was irritated, vexed, and outraged by it as by a covert insult. His own undevout soul had never risen to the contemplation of himself as the priest of a really infinite sanctity, and when this clear-eyed barbarian, looking past him to the substance which informed him, made him feel himself for the moment the transparent mask or unconscious actor he was, his self-consciousness took the alarm. She sat, the breathless, silly little maid, between him and Mrs. Carlyle, holding a hand of each, and feeling the while her anticipations of Paradise on earth so met in this foolish encounter that she could not speak, but barely looked the pious rapture which filled her soul.

One more extract from my note-book, and I shall have done with it, for it is getting to be time to close my paper. I mentioned a while since the name of O'Connell, and apropos of this name I should like to cite a reminiscence which sets Carlyle in a touchingly amiable spiritual light.

"Sunday before last I found myself seated at Carlyle's with Mr. Woodman and an aid-de-camp of Lord Castlereagh, who had just returned from India, and was entertaining Mrs. Carlyle with any amount of anecdotes about the picturesque people he left behind him. To us enter Dr. John Carlyle and a certain Mr. ——, a great burly Englishman, who has the faculty (according to an *aside* of Mrs. Carlyle, dexterously slipped in for my information) of always exciting Carlyle to frenzy by talk about O'Connell, of whom he is a thick-and-thin admirer. The weather topic and the health inquiry, on both sides, were soon quietly disposed of, but immediately after Mrs. Carlyle nudged my elbow, and whispered in a tone of dread, '*Now for the deluge!*' For she had heard the nasty din of politics commencing, and too well anticipated the fierce and merciless *mêlée* that was about to ensue. It speedily announced itself, hot and heavy, and for an hour poor breathless Mr. Woodman and myself, together with the awe-struck aid-de-camp, taking refuge under the skirts of outraged Mrs. Carlyle, assisted at a *lit de justice* such as we had none of us ever before imagined. At last tea was served, to our very great relief. But no! the conflict was quite unexhausted, apparently, and went on with ever new alacrity, under the inspiration of the grateful souchong. Mrs. Carlyle had placed me at her left hand, with belligerent or bellowing Mr. Bull next to me, and as her tea-table chanced to be inadequate to the number of her guests we were all constrained to sit in very close proximity. Soon after our amiable and estimable hostess had officiated at the tea-tray, I felt her foot crossing mine to reach the feet of my infuriated neighbor and implore peace! She successfully reached them, and succeeded fully, also, in bringing about her end, without any thanks to him, however. For the ruffian had no sooner felt the gentle, appealing

pressure of her foot than he turned from Carlyle to meet her tender appeal with undisguised savagery. '*Why don't you*,' he fiercely screamed, — '*why don't you, Mrs. Carlyle, touch your husband's toe? I am sure he is greatly more to blame than I am!*' The whole company immediately broke forth in a burst of uncontrollable glee at this extraordinary specimen of manners, Carlyle himself taking the lead, and his amiable *convive*, seeing, I suppose, the mortifying spectacle he had made of himself, was content to 'sing small' for the remainder of the evening.

"Anyhow, I heard nothing distressing while I remained. But happening to have made an appointment with Mrs. Carlyle for the next day, I went down to Chelsea in the morning, and found my friend seated with her stocking-basket beside her, diligently mending the *gudeman's* hose. I asked her if any dead had been left on the battlefield the night before, and she replied, 'Yes; I never saw Carlyle more near to death than he is this dismal Monday morning! I must first tell you that he has been a long time in the habit of going to Mr. ——'s, in —— Street, for a Sunday dinner, protesting that, though his friends have no acquaintance with books or literary people, he never pays them a Sunday visit without feeling himself renovated against all the soil of the week, and never comes away without being baptized anew in unconsciousness. Now yesterday he had gone to this friend's to dine, and when he returned, about three or four o'clock, he said to me, *Jane, I am henceforth a regenerate man, and eschew evil from this hour as a snake does its skin!* This he said with conviction and earnest purpose, as if that lovely family had inoculated him with the blessed life! What a scathing sense of weakness, then, besets the poor man this morning! Such a contrast between the placid noon of yesterday and the horrid, hideous night!'

"To my inquiry whether anything had further occurred of disagreeable after I had left, Mrs. Carlyle replied, 'Everything went on swimmingly till about eleven o'clock, when it pleased your unfortunate countryman, Mr. Woodman, to renew the war-whoop by saying, *Let us return a moment to O'Connell.* If the talk was frightful before you left, what did it now become? Altogether unbearable, and when, about twelve o'clock, John Carlyle got up to go, taking his friend along with him, Carlyle, lighting his candle to see the company to the door, stretched out his hand to his late antagonist, with the frank remark, Let bygones be bygones! The latter scorned to take it, saying, Never again shall I set foot in this house! I knew how cruelly Carlyle would feel this rebuff, and scarcely dared to glance at him as he came up-stairs after lighting his guests out; but when I did look, there he stood at the door of the room, holding the candle above his head, and laughing with bitter, remorseful laughter, as he repeated the words of the morning: *Jane, I am henceforth a regenerate man, and eschew evil from this hour as the snake does its skin.*'"

Alas! poor Yorick!

The main intellectual disqualification, then, of Carlyle, in my opinion, was the absoluteness with which he asserted the moral principle in the human bosom, or the finality which his grim imagination lent to the conflict of good and evil in men's experience. He never had the least idea, that I could discover, of the true or intellectually educative nature of this conflict, as being purely ministerial to a new and final evolution of *human nature itself* into permanent harmony with God's spiritual perfection. He never expressed a suspicion, in intercourse with me, — on the contrary, he always denounced my fervent conviction on the subject as so much fervent nonsense, — that out of this conflict would one day emerge a positive or faultless

life of man, which would otherwise have been impracticable; just as out of the conflict of alkali and acid emerges a neutral salt which would otherwise be invisible. On the contrary, he always expressed himself to the effect that the conflict was absolutely *valid in itself;* that it constituted its own end, having no other result than to insure to good men the final dominion of evil men, and so array heaven and hell in mere chronic or fossil antagonism. The truth is he had no idea but of a carnal or literal rectitude in human nature, — a rectitude secured by an unflinching inward submission to some commanding *outward* or *personal* authority. The law, not the gospel, was for him the true bond of intercourse between God and man, and between man and man as well. That is to say, he believed in our moral instincts, not as constituting the mere carnal body or rude husk of our spiritual manhood, but its inmost kernel or soul; and hence he habitually browsed upon *the tree of the knowledge of good and evil*, as if it had been divinely commended to us for that purpose, or been always regarded as the undisputed tree of life, not of death. He was mother Eve's own darling cantankerous Thomas, in short, the child of her dreariest, most melancholy old age, and he used to bury his worn, dejected face in her penurious lap, in a way so determined as forever to shut out all sight of God's new and better creation.

Of course this is only saying in other words that Carlyle was without any sense of a *universal* providence in human affairs. He supposed that God Almighty literally saw with our eyes, and had therefore the same sympathy for strong men that we ourselves have, and the same disregard for feeble men. And he conceived that the world was governed upon the obvious plan of giving strong men sway, and hustling weak men out of sight. In the teeth of all the prophets who have ever prophesied, he held that the race *is* always to the swift, the battle always to the strong. Long before Mr. Darwin had thought of applying the principle of natural selection to the animal kingdom, Carlyle, not in words but in fact, had applied it to the spiritual kingdom, proclaiming as fundamental axioms of the divine administration, *Might makes right* and *Devil take the hindmost.* He thought the divine activity in the world exceptional, not normal, occasional, not constant; that God worked one day out of seven, and rested the remaining six; thus, that he had a much nearer relation to holiday persons like Plato, or Shakespeare, or Goethe, than he has to every-day people like the negro, the prison convict, the street-walker. In this shallow way the great mystery of godliness, which the angels desire to look into, became to his eyes as flat as any pancake; Deity himself being an incomparable athlete, or having an enormous weight of selfhood, so that all his legitimate children are born to rule. Ruler of men, this was Carlyle's most rustical ideal of human greatness; rule on the one hand, obedience on the other, this was his most provincial ideal of human society or fellowship, and he never dreamt of any profounder key to the interpretation of our earthly destiny. The strong man to grow ever more strong, the feeble man to grow ever more feeble, until he is finally extinguished, that was his very pedantic and puerile conception of the rest that remains to the people of God. The glorification of force, ability, genius, "that is the one condition," he always said, "in my poor opinion, of any much-talked-of millennial felicity for this poor planet, — the only thing which will ever rescue it from being the devil's churchyard and miserable donkey pasture it now for the most part turns out to be."

The divine hieroglyphics in human nature are never going to be deciphered in this sensuous, childish way. The divine gait is not lop-sided. As His spe-

cial glory is to bring good *out of evil*, one can easily see that He has never had a thought of exalting one style of man outwardly or personally above another style, but only of reducing both styles to a just humility. *The tree of knowledge of good and evil* is a tree which belongs exclusively to the garden of *our* immature, sensuous, or scientific intelligence, and it will not bear transplantation to a subtler spiritual soil. Our moral experience has always been, in purpose, intellectually educative. It is adapted, in literal or outward form, to our rude and crude, or nascent scientific, intelligence, and was intended to afford us, in the absence of any positive conceptions of infinitude, at least a negative spiritual conception, that so we might learn betimes a modest or humble conceit of ourselves. Now Carlyle's precise intellectual weakness was that he never had a glimpse of any distinctively divine ends in human *nature*, but only in the more or less conflicting *persons* of that nature; and hence he was even childishly unable to justify the advance of the *social* sentiment in humanity, the sanest, deepest, most reconciling sentiment ever known to man's bosom. To escape Carlyle's fatuity, then, and avoid the just reproach which he is fated to incur in the future, we must give up our hero-worship, or sentimental reverence for great men, and put ourselves in the frankest practical harmony with the Providence that governs the world. Nor is this half so difficult a task as our leading lazy-bones in church and state would have us believe. Our leaders should be called our misleaders, in fact, so often do they betray us as to the principles of the divine administration. The world is not administered, as Carlyle and Louis Napoleon would have us fancy, upon the principle of making everything bend to the will of the strongest. On the contrary, the true will of the Strongest is, and always has been, to efface Himself before every the meanest creature He has made, and his profoundest joy, not to have His own way, but to give way to every such creature, provided, first of all, there be nothing in that way injurious to the common weal. In fact, the one principle of divine administration in human affairs, as we learn from Christianity, is to disregard high things, and mind only low things; to contemn whatsoever is highly esteemed among men, and exalt or utilize whatsoever they despise and reject. Henry Carey has been long and vainly showing us that a proper economy of the world's waste is all we need to inaugurate in the material sphere the long-promised millennium. And Liebig published, not many years ago, what he calls a legacy to his fellows, in which he proves: *first*, that European agriculture is fast becoming so fruitless, by the exhaustion of soils, that unless some remedy be provided Europe must soon go into hopeless physical decrepitude; and, *secondly*, that men have the amplest remedy against this contingency in their own hands, by simply economizing the sewage of large towns, and restoring to the land the mineral wealth their food robs it of. Only think of this: Europe actually depends for her material salvation upon a divine redemption mercifully stored up for her in substances which her most pious churchmen and wisest statesmen have always disdained as an unmitigated nuisance! If any one thing be more abhorrent than another to our dainty sensual pride, if one thing more than another has been permitted to fill our selfish, stupid life with disgust and disease, it is this waste material of the world, which we, in our insanity, would gladly hurry into the abyss of oblivion! And yet in God's munificent wisdom this self-same odious waste teems with incomparably greater renovation to human society than all the gold, silver, and precious stones ever dug from earth to madden human lust and enslave human weakness!

Now, what is the philosophic lesson of this surprising scientific gospel? When science thus teaches us, beyond all possibility of cavil, that the abject waste and offscouring of the planet, which we ourselves are too fastidious even to name, is fuller of God's redeeming virtue, of his intimate presence, than all its pomp of living loveliness, than all its vivid garniture of mineral, vegetable, and animal beauty, what philosophic bearing does the lesson exert? It is the very gospel of Christ, mind you, reduced to the level of sense, or turned into a scientific verity. What, then, is its urgent message to men's spiritual understanding? Evidently this, and nothing else, namely: that human life is now so full of want, so full of sorrow, so full of vice — that human intercourse is now so full of fraud, rapacity, and violence — only because the truth of human society, human fellowship, human equality, which alone reveals the infinitude of God's love, enjoys as yet so stinted a recognition, while race continues to war with race, and sect with sect. Society has as yet achieved only a typical or provisional existence, by no means a real or final one. Every clergyman is the professional fellow or equal of every other; every lawyer or physician enjoys the equal countenance of his professional brethren. But no man is yet sacred to his brother man by virtue of his manhood simply, but only by virtue of some conventional or accidental advantage. The vast majority of our Christian population are supposed to be properly excluded from an equal public consideration with their more fortunate compeers by the fact of their poverty or enforced subjection to natural want, and the personal limitations which such want imposes; while outside of Christendom the entire mass of mankind is shut out of our respect and sympathy, if not exposed to the incursions of our ravenous cupidity, because they do not profess the exact faith we profess, nor practice the literal maxims we practice. Thus, the righteousness of the letter prevails everywhere over that of the spirit, everywhere betrays and condemns our divinest natural manhood to dishonor and death; the inevitable consequence being, that God's living energy in our nature, disdaining, as it does, anything but a universal operation, is shut up to the narrowest, most personal and penurious dimensions, — is associated, in fact, with the meanest, most meagre, bosoms of the race, — while the great mass of men, in whose hearts and brains its infinite splendors lie seething and tumultuous for an outlet, are cast out of our Christian fellowship, are dishonored and reviled as so much worthless rubbish or noisome excrement.

It is quite time, then, in my opinion, that we should cease minding Carlyle's rococo airs and affectations; his antiquated strut and heroics, reminding us now of John Knox and now of Don Quixote; his owlish, obscene hootings at the endless divine day which is breaking over all the earth of our regenerate nature. We have no need that he or any other literary desperado should enlighten us as to the principles of God's administration, for we have a more sure word of prophecy in our own hearts, — a ray of the light which illumines every man who comes into the world, and is ample, if we follow it, to scatter every cloud that rests upon the course of history. We are all of us parents, potentially or actually, and although we represent the infinite paternity most imperfectly, we do, nevertheless, represent it. And how do we administer our families? Do we bestow our chief solicitude upon those of our children who need it least, or upon those who need it most; upon those who are most up to the world's remorseless demands upon them, or those who fall short of those demands? I need not wait for an answer. All our base, egotistic pride may go to the former,

but we reserve all our care and tenderness for those whom an unkind nature, as we say, consigns to comparative indigence and ignominy. Now God has absolutely no pride and no egotism, being infinitely inferior to us in both those respects. But then, for that very reason, he is infinitely our superior in point of love or tenderness. I don't believe that the tenderness we bestow upon our prodigals is worthy to be named in the same day with that which he bestows upon his. I don't believe, for my part, that he ever lifts a finger, or casts a glance, to bless those of his offspring who resemble him, or are in sympathy with his perfection, — for such persons need no blessing, are themselves already their own best blessing, — but reserves all his care and tenderness for the unblessed and disorderly, for the unthankful and the evil, for those who are disaffected to his righteousness, and make a mock of his peace. I doubt not, if a celestial visitor should come to us tomorrow in the flesh, we should engage the best rooms for him at the Parker House; supply his table with the fat of the land; place a coach and four at his beck, whisk him off to the State House, introduce him to all the notabilities, ecclesiastic, political, scholastic, financial; give him a public dinner, a box at the opera, the most conspicuous pew in church; in short, do everything our stupidity could invent to persuade *him*, at all events, that we regarded him as an arrival from the most uncelestial corner of the universe. Well, we have in truth at this time, and all the time, no celestial visitant in the flesh among us, but a divine resident in the spirit, whom the heaven of heavens is all unmeet to contain, and who yet dwells — awaiting there his eventual glorious resurrection — a patient, despised, discredited, spiritual form in every fibre of that starved, and maddened, and polluted flesh and blood which feeds our prisons and fattens our hospitals, and which we have yet the sagacity to regard as the indispensable base of our unclean and inhuman civilization. And it is my fixed conviction that unless we speedily consent to recognize His humiliated form in that loathsome sepulchre, and give emancipation to it there, first of all, by bringing this waste life, this corrupt and outcast force of Christendom, into complete social recognition, or clothing it with the equal garments of praise and salvation that hide our own spiritual nakedness, we shall utterly miss our historic justification, and baffle the majestic Providence which is striving through us to inaugurate a free, unforced, and permanent order of human life.

Henry James.

RABBI ISHMAEL.

The Rabbi Ishmael, with the woe and sin
Of the world heavy upon him, entering in
The Holy of Holies, saw an awful Face
With terrible splendor filling all the place.
"O Ishmael Ben Elisha!" said a voice,
"What seekest thou? What blessing is thy choice?"
And, knowing that he stood before the Lord,
Within the shadow of the cherubim
Wide-winged between the blinding light and him

He bowed himself, and uttered not a word,
But in the silence of his soul was prayer:
"O thou Eternal! I am one of all,
And nothing ask that others may not share.
Thou art almighty; we are weak and small,
And yet thy children: let thy mercy spare!"
Trembling he raised his eyes, and, in the place
Of the insufferable glory, lo! a face
Of more than mortal tenderness, that bent
Graciously down in token of assent,
And, smiling, vanished! With strange joy elate,
The wondering Rabbi sought the temple's gate.
Radiant as Moses from the Mount, he stood
And cried aloud unto the multitude:
"O Israel, hear! The Lord our God is good!
Mine eyes have seen his glory and his grace;
Beyond his judgments shall his love endure;
The mercy of the Merciful is sure!"

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE MARTYRDOM OF AN EMPIRE.

"A HAPPY land," observes my confident and enthusiastic interlocutor, by way of peroration to a prolonged eulogy of the distant country from which he knows I have just returned, — "truly a fruitful, plenteous, prosperous land. A sort of 'region in Guiana, all gold and bounty;' wealth in abundance, to aid the course of vigorous progress we all admire; comfort prevailing everywhere; a government resolute in projects of advancement, and encouraged by the sympathy and generous support of the entire civilized world; a people fertile in resource, and united in the pursuit of a vast material development, — what can await this favored race but a future, by no means distant, of substantial power and shining splendor? Who, but that he were an American, would not be a Japanese?"

Having listened to this species of rhapsody on more occasions than I can reckon together, and finding it, finally, a trifle monotonous, I resolved to attempt a remonstrance. Cautiously feeling my way, I remarked, —

"That is really your opinion, I take it."

"Certainly, it is my opinion," comes the spirited answer, — "undoubtedly my opinion; everybody's opinion; your opinion first of all, of course, since you are from the very place, and know all about it."

I conceal the fact that most persons who do me the honor to converse with me upon Japan speak with an air of knowing infinitely more "about it" than a ten years' residence has enabled me to learn, and resume my humble imitation of Socratic inquiry.

"Then you actually believe that Japan is, as you would put it, the home of wealth, plenty, and prosperity; that comfort and content are the portion of every citizen; that vigorous progress is the order of the day, the powers of Europe and America contributing a magnanimous moral support; and that the gov-

ernment is leading the people, by short and easy stages, to a position of national dignity, strength, and grandeur, such as any state might be proud to achieve, even through centuries of toil and endurance."

"Unquestionably. The established truth is not a thing to disbelieve."

"Ah, — the truth" — Here my colloquist evinces a certain disquietude.

"You do not mean — surely, you cannot possibly mean" —

"I mean, my friend, that if you and the others who express themselves with such blind faith in Japan's destiny imagine that country to be the abiding place of all happiness and high fortune, exempt from the pains that harass nations whose physical might is inferior to their ambitious spirit, you cherish as sad a delusion as the courtiers who flattered themselves and their master that Mexico rejoiced and thrived under the imperial rule; or the statesmen who in all times have proclaimed the beatitude of native India under Saxon sway; or, to come nearer the present hour, the political poets who sing the sweet serenity of Irish peasant life under the hard hand of English domination. I have heard all that is in your minds — your wishes, doubtless, being father to your thoughts — too often to misapprehend the common error. What you have to do, if you desire to argue out the true condition of Japan and her prospects, is to accept, at the beginning, a whole series of disagreeable premises. You must know that she is not rich, but poor, — very poor; that many of the inhabitants are suffering bitterly from positive want; that the government is in straits which may almost be called desperate, for lack of funds requisite to the conduct of public business; that progress, in the sense of material development, has been necessarily so curtailed, in the past two or three years, as to be virtually suspended; that even the schools, which are the crowning glory of the Japanese social system, have been alarmingly diminished; that the outlook offers nothing but bankruptcy and national ruin; and that all this is the direct handiwork of the foreign powers, through their accredited agents, some of whom have acted with deliberate purpose in bringing about the calamitous state of affairs, while others have ignorantly or carelessly coöperated, only a small minority striving, and that with indifferent success, to avert the fatal consummation. When you have grasped these fundamental facts, you may begin to build upon them a new and more trustworthy set of speculations concerning the fate of the most interesting of Asian empires."

The effect of this conversation upon my companion — a fair representative of the pleasantly disposed class of Eastern connoisseurs — suggested to me the expediency of submitting a brief statement of what Japan really is at this day, describing her misfortunes and the causes thereof, and leaving for easy discovery the means by which she may be lifted from undeserved distress and humiliation. The narrative of her griefs cannot be an agreeable one, and no reader of this paper must expect to be entertained by those fanciful flights and decorative artifices which usually accompany records of Oriental experience. There is little light to the shadow of the story, unless it be found in the hope that America may be induced to stretch a helping hand across the Pacific, and tear away some of the injustice that has planted itself, in the name of the United States, upon Japanese soil. But that result must come hereafter, if it come at all. The present gloom seems unrelieved by a single ray.

It should perhaps be admitted, in the first place, that the sanguine views of unreflecting observers were not always as groundless as they now are. There was a period, not very remote, when Japan seemed likely to justify the brightest expectation. She took her place in the

line of civilization, and held it with an intelligent firmness and a comprehension of her responsibilities that excited warm admiration. Every successive disclosure of her policy was marked by singular sagacity and propriety. Her domestic reforms, radical though they were, produced no convulsion, but resulted in an increased social stability. Her measures and manifestations of internal improvement extorted approving acknowledgment from those who were most reluctant to praise. Her external relations were regulated on principles which, for liberality and integrity, could not be surpassed; and if the convenience of strangers was allowed too large a share in dictating the system of intercourse, the fault was easily excusable on the part of an administration oppressed with a world of unfamiliar cares and embarrassments. Undoubtedly, Japan appeared to be solving the great problems of government with a facility calculated to astonish as well as gratify her friends, whom, after all, it is impossible to blame severely for neglecting to look beneath so satisfactory a surface. But the time has come when the surface is stripped away, and the interior tribulations reveal themselves too prominently to be overlooked. The impetus which kept the empire in motion from the days of the restoration, in 1868, has failed. The vital force which animated the whole machinery of government and society, so far as their practical operations were concerned, has waned. In the plainest words, the nation is destitute of money, — as nearly penniless as a nation can be and yet preserve the outward decencies of existence. How this has come about, by what oversights of the unwary, and what malignant machinations of the unfriendly, as well as to what utter consternation of those most deeply concerned, — the rulers of the empire, — I shall undertake to explain.

The opening of Japan, as every one is aware, was effected by the United States of America. Precisely what this country intended to accomplish by that imposing deed it would be difficult to say. What it did accomplish was to open a clear way for the realization of one of Great Britain's most ardent hopes. Our commercial needs have never been pressing, but the extension of English trade began to be, a quarter of a century ago, a matter of extremest importance to the merchants and manufacturers of that kingdom. It was supposed that Japan would prove a superb market for British products; and she was, indeed, and always has been, a considerable purchaser, though not to the extent originally anticipated. How complacently we played England's hand, in the early proceedings, is shown by the events that followed the diplomatic successes of our first official representative there, Mr. Townsend Harris. This gentleman was peculiarly well qualified to perform the duties confided to him, and, with the exception of one error of detail, — an error of most disastrous consequences in the sequel, though intended to be remedied by his own hand, — he laid the ground-work of foreign intercourse with as just and honorable a regard for Japanese rights as for the interests of his own countrymen. The first effective commercial treaty with Japan was draughted by him in 1858, upon terms which, in general, were not disadvantageous to the unsophisticated people with whom he was dealing. It required two years of constant and weary struggle on his part to overcome their repugnance to an agreement of any sort; but within a few weeks of its negotiation, an English envoy, Lord Elgin, visited Yeddo, and executed a compact virtually identical in form and substance, and differing only in the reduction of the impost on particular English fabrics from a reasonable to a merely nominal charge.[1] Thus England strolled com-

[1] The articles were manufactured woolen and cotton goods. Our consul-general fixed the duty for

fortably over the course which had been laid out with severe labor by the United States, and which could not have been peaceably prepared by English agencies in less than double the time employed by Mr. Harris. Everything that could be done to facilitate Lord Elgin's plans was done by our representative. He gave the new-comer a copy of the American treaty, instructed him in the methods of transacting business in the unfamiliar field, and lent him a Dutch interpreter, without whose aid he could not have communicated an intelligible idea. All this was in accordance with the demands of high courtesy, and in due time Mr. Harris received an inestimable token of recognition in the shape of a royal snuff-box; but if he had foreseen what was to follow in after-years, he never would have moved a hand in aid of British ingress to Japan. The discrepancy in customs duty above mentioned was the first manifestation of a determined resolve to break down every obstacle to the untaxed admission of English goods, no matter at what cost or injury to the freshly opened nation.

It is here necessary to describe with precision the unfortunate mistake in Mr. Harris's convention of 1858, — that mistake which, in spite of his good intentions throughout, has been to Japan "the direful spring of woes unnumbered." As he has frequently declared, he never intended nor expected that the treaty should represent anything but a temporary arrangement. It was intended to cover the term of fourteen years in its political provisions, and five years in its tariff stipulations. It did, indeed, provide for a readjustment of the customs duties in 1863, in case the Japanese government should desire it. But the date of a general revision was fixed at 1872. This revision was to take place upon the demand of either of the contracting parties. Contrary to the common rule, no limit was assigned to the operation of the treaty. It was, in fact, interminable, unless a revision could be agreed upon in 1872 or later. If its terms had been mutually beneficial, or the reverse, there would probably have been no objection to a partial or a thorough reconstruction, as the case might be. It is easy to understand, however, that if it were strongly to the disadvantage of one side the other side would have a powerful interest in opposing any change. And so it has been. The working of the treaty has proved flagrantly injurious to Japan, and proportionately favorable to the foreign powers, — exceptionally favorable to England, that country having the most extensive trade connection. Under these circumstances, the English representative has always met the appeals of the Japanese for revision with evasion, or with counter-proposals so monstrous as to destroy all hope of a just negotiation. The weaker party has had no choice but to submit to the prolonged infliction of a cruel burden; the only alternative — unless some nation be led, in the name of international honor, to speak a rescuing word on her behalf — being a downright renunciation of the oppressive enactment, which might entail the perils of an unequal war.[1]

Mr. Harris has more than once stated what was in his mind when he arranged for "revision" at specified dates. The explanation, I regret to say, is not suf-

these commodities at twenty per cent. *ad valorem*. The English negotiator reduced it to five per cent.; not more than enough to pay the cost of collection. Mr. Harris at once warned the Japanese of the false step they were taking, but the document had been signed, and it was too late to repair the evil.

[1] The late Mr. Henry C. Carey, of Philadelphia, whose appreciation of the Japanese situation was always keen, wrote as follows respecting the painful condition of that country and its rulers: "The Japanese government has stood in the position of being compelled to submit to all the provisions of a treaty whose maintenance cannot fail to result in utter ruin; or, on the other hand, risk being involved in a war with a nation that has always in the Eastern seas more vessels of war than would be required at once to close all that great domestic commerce now carried on by means of boats and ships between the various towns and cities, islands and provinces, of the empire."

ficient to excuse his deplorable oversight, though it shows his purpose to have been considerate and upright. In a letter written to me, some years before his death, he thus reviewed his own action: —

"The tariff appended to the treaty of Yeddo (1858) was made entirely by me. Not one of its provisions was the subject of discussion, nor were any amendments to it offered by the Japanese commissioners. This unprecedented proceeding arose from the necessities growing out of the ignorance of the Japanese of a tariff of duties on imports, and of the manner in which customs should be collected. They frankly avowed their want of knowledge in the matter, and placed themselves in my hands, relying, as they said, on my doing them justice. . . . In fixing the rates of duties, I desired, on the one hand, to give such a revenue as would substantially show the Japanese the benefits of foreign trade, and, on the other, to avoid such excessive taxation as would amount to prohibition. I constantly told the Japanese commissioners that before the time came around for revising the treaties they would have gained such experience as would enable them intelligently to deal with this matter themselves; remarking that, while ten years was an important part of a man's life, it was as nothing in the life of a nation. I never for a moment claimed a right to interfere in matters which purely belong to the municipal affairs of every nation. Such interference is the result of absolute conquest, and not of any international right."

It is thus apparent that there was no design to exercise control over the tariff for more than a few years. In fact, the rates of impost would not have been designated by the American consul-general, but for the inability of the native authorities to regulate that part of the business. If he had taken the precaution to insure the absolute expiration of the treaty and its appendages at a proper date, all would have resulted as he desired. But the word "revision" spoiled the whole. He probably thought he had done everything essential to the convenience and security of all parties, and perhaps imagined he was serving the Japanese by averting the need of preparing an entirely new document, and going over the same ground again, within so short a time. We may assume it did not occur to him that any one would resist a call for revision. He knew that he would himself have accepted such a call in the right spirit, and believed others would do likewise. Yet, granting that to have been his conviction, he was strangely at fault. All the treaty makers that followed him, English, French, Dutch, German, and the rest, adopted his phraseology, and their governments have systematically adhered to the letter of it. There has been no disposition, on their part, to allow an interpretation favorable to Japan, on the basis of what was meant by the original compact. The treaty is therefore held to be interminable by those who are interested in so regarding it, notwithstanding that such a view is totally without precedent, and untenable on any principle of the law of nations; or, if not interminable in fact, it is made so in effect, by the crafty expedient of proposing terms of revision which are known to be inadmissible by Japan. That country is consequently chained down to a set of arbitrary and intolerable regulations, the nature of which was never comprehended by those who first subscribed to them, and which are not only offensive and degrading to the sovereign and his advisers, but are also inconsistent with the true independence of the state, harassing to the government, destructive to all enterprise, and subversive of every hope of national prosperity.

The determination to hold Japan rigidly to her bargain is most emphatically

proclaimed by England, since England has, as I have said, the largest concern in maintaining the present system. It was England, moreover, that gradually introduced alterations into the tariff drawn up by Mr. Harris, until finally, in 1866, the comparatively fair rates of duty were crowded down to five per cent. *ad valorem*, or its equivalent, upon every article of commerce. This five per cent. duty, let it here be said, barely suffices to pay the expense of the customs machinery. Even in 1866 the native officials were quite unenlightened as to their country's real needs. It was not until after the restoration, in 1868, that a correct apprehension of affairs displayed itself; but the decree of financial doom had been passed under the previous *régime*. A few significant figures will tell the truth respecting England's preponderating material interest. The yearly imports from that country into Japan are valued at about twenty millions of dollars, nearly double the amount of what is sent from all other countries combined; the United States, for example, supplying the worth of only about three millions. The duties paid by English merchants, under existing rates, do not aggregate one million; whereas, if the tariff were, let us say, one fourth of what our own is, they would amount to eight or ten millions. But the desire to get English wares admitted upon easy terms is not the only reason for keeping the imposts low. There is another and a far more insidious motive. The Japanese must be prevented from developing their own industries, and competing with the products which England pours into her ports. Nay, more: the markets must be so manipulated as to crush out existing industries, as far as possible. It is needless to state that, before the advent of foreigners, Japan found no difficulty in supplying her own wants. Her cotton fabrics, for one thing, were ample in quantity and excellent in quality. Now, England sells her four millions' worth of raw cotton and three millions' worth of manufactured, annually. A huge proportion of the native commodity has been driven out of the field of competition. How it has been driven out no one needs to be told who is acquainted with the methods employed by Great Britain for enlarging the area of her commercial tributary possessions. But who shall answer the melancholy question, What has become of the army of cotton growers, spinners, sellers, and the multitudes directly and indirectly dependent on them? As it is with cotton, so, in a less degree, it is with other articles. The domestic producer cannot stand against the capital of the British merchant, and, with a tariff that anybody can override at pleasure, every attempt at home encouragement by the government would be futile, even if the government were possessed of funds to apply to that purpose.

The government! Let us see how it sustains the financial pressure which the treaties have put upon it. The several critics, to begin with, unite in acknowledgments of its frugality; and, indeed, no external testimony to its economy is needed when the treasury reports exhibit an annual expenditure of less than sixty millions of dollars. The amount is certainly not large for a nation of nearly thirty-five millions of inhabitants, but, small as it is, it must be regularly collected, from some source. Whence does it come? In the United States, the entire cost of carrying on the government business is defrayed by the customs; in England, the customs supply nearly one half; and in all countries where commerce has any hold at all, they contribute a considerable share. But in Japan they yield less than one seventeenth part, and of the total national expenditure only about one thirtieth part. The great burden of taxation falls directly upon the farmers, — the very class that should be as nearly

as possible exempt, — who are assessed close upon four fifths of the whole. The government has been unsparing in its efforts to relieve them. Five years ago, a revenue of sixty-eight millions was required, and of this amount fifty-one millions were taken from the tillers of the soil. In the anxiety to lighten this weight, the authorities retrenched in every direction, and within two years succeeded in reducing the land tax to thirty-eight millions, — the total income being fifty-one millions. But the strain was too severe, and it was found that no degree of care and circumspection could keep the disbursements at that figure. They rose first to fifty-three and then to fifty-five millions, agriculture furnishing, in the latest instance, forty-one millions, while the duties on imports were only twelve hundred thousand dollars. What a state of things is this! And yet no shadow of blame can be fastened on the government. The inevitable expenses of the nation have been immensely augmented by foreign intercourse. These expenses cannot be curtailed; the intercourse cannot be checked. At the same time, the treaties forbid that the external commerce shall bear its due proportion of the very outlay it causes. If the government had foreseen the resolution of the European powers to deny forever (through the diplomatic agents) its right to change the treaties and raise the tariff, it would have refrained from diminishing the land tax, and kept the few millions it so sorely needs. But a step of that kind cannot be retraced without serious difficulty, and it is unlikely that any further reimposition than that just alluded to will be made. It is easy, now, to see that the authorities were over-confident, and to say that they should have estimated more exactly the temper of the foreign ministers. Yet who can reproach them for failing to guard against so improbable a contingency as the deliberate design of one or more great European powers to withhold from them the means of meeting their engagements, sustaining their country's credit, and even preserving its independent existence among the nations of the earth?

For that is what it must come to, if the means of relief be not soon provided. The plainest evidence indicates a settled purpose to impoverish the country, render it incapable of maintaining its own industries, make it dependent upon England for supplies, and so hamper the public finances as to compel, if possible the negotiation of British loans which, again, shall be used as new instruments of oppression, until, while preserving the outward aspect of autonomy, it shall be virtually degraded into the condition of India. It is startling to discover, as may be done by minute scrutiny, to what extent this precious design has already been wrought out. Nothing but the fact that beneath the easy and docile bearing of the populace there exists a spirit — predominantly among the cultivated classes — of sturdy self-respect and intense pride of race saves the outlook from desperation. There is not upon the earth a more passionately patriotic community than the *samurai*, or gentry of Japan. Pride, however, is anything but a protection against humiliation, and patriotism does not afford a refuge from grinding want. Many of the people are bitterly and miserably poor, — a thing almost unknown before the advent of strangers, — and the deprivations of poverty are on the increase. One of the numerous baleful results of foreign machinations is a heavy depreciation of the domestic currency, brought about, presumably, with the view of weakening the national credit; the immediate effect of which is to destroy the government's power of succoring the distressed by direct bounty, or building up safeguards against pauperism by promoting industrial enterprises. All it can do is to sustain its high character for integrity, by meeting every engagement with honorable

promptness; and this it will do to its last hour. Meanwhile, it looks among those who have brought these sorrows upon the country for some token of sympathy or consolation, and sees no sign.[1] If it turn to England's agents, feebly hoping against hope defeated a hundred times, the most it gets is a cheerful discourse upon the blessings of "free trade," which the great island kingdom of the West would fain implant in the little island empire of the East. So long as Japan is tending toward that blissful consummation, an absolutely unrestricted commerce, it is impossible that its political machinery can work otherwise than happily and well. The ruin of a mass of cotton producers, the suffering of millions concerned in the manufacture and sale of that staple, the paralysis of a dozen, or a hundred, domestic industries, and the slow starvation of the helpless victims to alien greed, — these are trifles to which the promoters of a lofty economic principle can give no heed. But what have the Japanese to say upon this head? To them the idea of one nation, whose annual customs revenue is a hundred millions, prating about perfect freedom of trade to another, which collects only two millions, and has no intention of collecting more than eight or ten, is the extremity of impudence and absurdity. England undoubtedly has greater needs than Japan, but Japan assuredly has some. What covers the English pretense of untrammeled commercial intercourse with overwhelming mockery, in their eyes, is the circumstance that Great Britain imposes a tax of larger amount upon its imports from Japan than the entire customs revenue of Japan from every source. More than this, the income to the British treasury proceeding from duty upon a single Japanese product is greater than all the customs receipts of Japan put together.[2]

[1] It is true that private expressions of profound commiseration and of intense indignation against the authors of Japan's misfortunes have not been wanting, but these have been of but slight practical avail, owing to their unofficial character, notwithstanding that they have frequently proceeded from high personal authority. General Grant, for example, during his recent visit there, was outspoken and emphatic in his condemnation of the inhuman practices of certain diplomatic agents, and on one occasion plainly declared that the government would have been justified in sinking a German ship which broke through a cholera quarantine in Yokohama Harbor, under singularly aggravated circumstances, and by the express order of the German envoy. General Grant did not hesitate to say that the judgment of the civilized world would have sustained such action on Japan's part. Again, the governor of Hong Kong, Sir John Pope Hennessy, whose whole public life has been a noble protest against the infliction of wrongs upon the feeble, has placed on record his abhorrence of the methods employed by the majority of foreign representatives in Japan; but Japan is apart from his jurisdiction, and even in his own colony the wise and humane policy he has established is often bitterly contested by the large trading class which seeks only for immediate gain, reckless of what the future has in store. Yet the mere presence in the East of a man like Hennessy is of more value to his country's true interests than the extravagant exertions of a score of average envoys would be, — even if not misdirected, as they commonly are.

[2] The relations of the two countries, so far as their customs receipts of the latest recorded year are concerned, and the difference between the burdens imposed by each upon the other's trade, may be concisely set down as follows: —

English duty upon Japanese tobacco	$2,600,000
English duty upon Japanese tea	60,000
	$2,660,000
Japanese duty upon all English imports	960,000
Gain of English over that of Japanese treasury	$1,700,000

It is furthermore apparent that, in the same year, the sum gathered in England upon Japanese products was larger than that secured in Japan, not only from foreign goods, but even from total collections, both on imports and exports: —

English duty on Japanese products		$2,660,000
Total Japanese duty upon imports,	$1,379,824	
Total Japanese duty upon exports,	939,564	
		$2,319,388
Excess of English duties upon Japanese goods over total Japanese duties		$340,612

This calculation is based upon an English to bacco duty of only three shillings per pound. It has since been raised to three shillings and sixpence for unmanufactured, and four shillings and fourpence for manufactured, tobacco.

The knowledge of this is sufficient to outweigh all the financial theories that the English legation can bring forward. But the English legation has a "might" behind it, against which Japan's assertion of indisputable "right" never can prevail.

If the experiment is tried, at times, of appealing to the honorable instincts of other Western representatives, the result is equally disheartening. French diplomacy in the far East is simply a reflection of English diplomacy. The system of imitation is probably a relic of the Napoleonic policy, which the republic has not found opportunity to rectify. For years past, the French minister has really had no duty to fulfill except that of implicitly following the lead of his British colleague. The German envoy, who might be supposed to act more independently, and who in earlier times has done so, has placed himself so thoroughly under the guidance of the English as to have been recently incited by the latter to the commission of a sheer outrage upon civilization and humanity, namely: the breaking through of a quarantine, established during a cholera epidemic, by a German ship which came directly from an infected port. This and other like proceedings having been traced to the same inimical source, little expectation of fair treatment is cherished in that quarter. Russia is not unfriendly, but she has projects of her own in Asia, and declines openly to manifest the commiseration which her plenipotentiary does not hesitate to declare. Italy is well disposed, and shows it, but the position of Italy is not such as to enable her to support a struggling country against the determined onslaughts of greater powers. The lesser European states sail in England's wake, as a matter of commercial instinct. There is one nation which might do all that is required for the legitimate relief of Japan without a serious effort, whose duty, indeed, it is to make some reparation for the wrongs that have followed its original action, and which, in serving the cause of justice, would, as it happens, be also serving its own material interests; but when the United States is called upon, even by its own diplomatic officers, to perform its share in the work of reinstatement, the plea is either rejected, or is evaded by some rigmarole of fictitious negotiation, which results solely in shattering anew a timid, half-grown faith, covering with fresh contempt the pretense of republican magnanimity, and conferring unspeakable aid and comfort upon those who aim at the destruction of Japan's sovereignty.

As if the conditions of the treaties were not of themselves severe enough, they have been singularly aggravated by accidents which have determined the personality of the foreign representation in Japan. By an untoward fate, the United States, which should have been the prop and stay of the inexperienced government in time of trouble, was deprived at an early date of the services of a most worthy minister, all of whose successors, save the latest, were, to speak leniently, incapable of appreciating the magnitude and gravity of their duties; while Great Britain, which under any circumstances would almost necessarily have exercised a hurtful influence, has sent out a series of envoys, most of whom, and conspicuously the present incumbent, have undertaken to wield the authority of tyrants over a vanquished nation. Townsend Harris, acting under a mistaken sense of his obligations, resigned his post on the incoming of the first republican administration, in 1861. Had he not done so, he would probably never have been removed, and the defects of his convention of 1858 would have been repaired; while his sagacity and stern probity would have been exerted for the protection of those who needed it, against all oppressors. A few years after his retirement arrived the Englishman who, if search had been

made for the purpose, would have been chosen, above all others, as the one who could keep in constant irritation the sores of foreign aggression, and whose nature and training would lead him to maintain a course of relentless persecution, and whose controlling principle would be to add to the injury of persistent invasion of Japan's rights the insult of offensive brutality, frequently extending to physical violence, in his treatment of her rulers and statesmen. The career of this official has been so amazing in its extravagance as to call for a brief description. Without a formal statement of his phenomenal performances, no notion of their character, or of his own, could be conveyed.

Harry Smith Parkes went to the East as a civil-service attaché, some forty years ago. By energy and activity he rose, while still a young man, to the important position of British consul at Canton. There, in 1856, he first sought and found distinction in the line of occupation which he seems never to have abandoned. He was one of the chief movers, if not the principal instrument, in bringing about the war which grew out of the still memorable "Arrow" affair, — a war which, with its authors, was denounced in Parliament with an unparalleled force and unanimity of invective. Nobody denied that Parkes and his associates had provoked hostilities for which there was no tenable ground, but the defense was that it was done for the purpose of breaking down Chinese isolation and extending British trade. The scheme was in a measure successful. Manchester goods penetrated the walls of Canton, and perhaps served to shroud some of the odd thousand corpses with which British cannon had strewn the soil. But the blood of these innocent murdered men was too much for the conscience of England at home. It is not necessary to repeat the language in which parliamentary leaders of all parties, excepting the heads of the ministry, stigmatized the transaction. It nearly caused the overthrow of the cabinet, and nothing but the vast popularity of Lord Palmerston enabled him to keep his place, after a dissolution, and to protect the originator of the mischief. When Lord Elgin was sent out to close up the business, he expressed himself with contemptuous frankness as to the fraudulent quarrel that had been forced upon China; but Parkes was just then a valuable man, owing to his knowledge of the native tongue, and his services were in request at Peking, where, by the bye, he was captured, and nearly met his death at the hands of the exasperated mandarins. For this mishap he was supposed to be entitled to compensation, and he was kept employed in China, retaining always his reputation for irascibility and hatred of Asiatics, until 1864, when a vacancy occurred at Tokio, then Yeddo,[1] which he was appointed to fill. It was at that time thought that Japanese turbulence might require to be treated with a heavy hand, and that Parkes was by inclination and experience eminently qualified for such a task. It is on record that the first thing he did, after landing, was to fly into a rage — no earthly being knows why — with the governor of Nagasaki, and to commit an assault on that poor trembling creature which nearly frightened his spirit out of its body. His second formal act was to indite a dispatch to

[1] This incidental allusion to the former name of the Japanese capital recalls one of Parkes's most characteristic manifestations of spite. At the time of the imperial restoration, thirteen years ago, the use of the word "Yeddo" was formally forbidden, on account of its association with the long supremacy of the usurping house of Tokugawa, and "Tokio" was substituted therefor. But the British legation has never recognized the change, and persists in adhering to Yeddo, to this day, notwithstanding the government's declared dislike of the title. To harass and mortify the authorities by all methods, great and small, is a prominent feature of the policy which this minister deems requisite for maintaining the supremacy of British influence.

the foreign office, in which was given the key-note to all his after-utterances, — a cry of defiance, wrath, and menace, launched with a liberal and comprehensive vindictiveness against the whole Japanese race.

From that moment the attitude of Parkes — who had been made a K. C. B. — was unswerving in hostility to the people among whom he dwelt and the government to which he was accredited. What he has done he has declared to be for the glory of England generally, and more especially for the benefit of its trade. There is no reason why that claim should not be allowed him. If he has believed all along that the interests of his mercantile countrymen are advanced by the devices he has practiced, he must have whatever credit belongs to him. Perhaps it is true that the terror he long inspired prevented all attempts to readjust the conditions of foreign commerce, and left the traders in possession of the advantages bestowed by the treaties. But it is difficult not to suppose that he must sometimes have contemplated the possibility of Japan's regaining her natural privileges, and calculated the consequences of inevitable reaction. For it cannot be believed, even by him, that his long catalogue of enormities will be forgotten. Can he imagine they will be forgiven? Governments do not forgive, for example, the furious smashing of a glass, on a public occasion, with the assurance that their nation can be as easily dashed in pieces. Nor are they likely to condone a formal threat to occupy the shore line of their principal port with alien troops, avowedly to protect Englishmen in landing from their ships wherever they choose, instead of at the appointed customs stations, as required by Japanese law. They will not readily overlook the habit, of a dozen years' continuance, of emphasizing arguments in diplomatic debate by fist-shakings in the faces of cabinet ministers, and beatings of tables with rulers, inkstands, and other available implements. They can hardly reconcile themselves to having been compelled, by dire menaces, to dismiss in disgrace a prominent official, the superintendent of customs in Yokohama, solely because he called the queen of England a queen, instead of applying to her the identical title belonging to the Mikado. The recollection will not glide pleasantly away that Japanese dignitaries, while traveling in Europe, were called upon to discharge their private servants, because one of these latter, not knowing his English excellency, refused to carry his trunk up the staircase of a hotel, and another, knowing him, inadvertently addressed him as "Mr." instead of "Sir Harry." The affront of sending threatening letters direct to the prime minister, in violation of personal decency and universal established usage, which requires that the foreign office shall be the channel of all communications to and from a foreign envoy, is not a thing to drop into genial oblivion. The emperor himself will be slow to pardon a harangue which, in the ostensible form of a New Year's address from the combined diplomatic corps, was really a lecture on his sovereign duties, so grossly impertinent that other envoys were compelled to disavow it. The record of a high-handed attempt to annul the treaty clause forbidding the importation of opium, and to allow English merchants to ply the same extirpating vocation in Japan that renders them infamous in China, cannot be blotted out; nor can the memory of the more successful scheme for permitting English traders to evade the export duty on coal, which was accomplished by the mere issuing of a decree, twelve years ago, falsely declaring that the native authorities had agreed to such an arrangement, and resulting in a loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars to the Japanese treasury. The terrible devastations of cholera, in recent years, which would in all human probability have been warded off but for the refusal

to submit English ships to quarantine regulations, will be a lasting and unanswerable reproach. Physical assaults, such as knocking down an officer, who is now one of the highest ministers of state, on the beach of an open port, and rubbing his face in the sand, linger with rankling persistence in the minds of those who have endured them. Announcements that the government shall pass no laws in any way affecting British subjects, without approval and indorsement from the legation, likewise belong to the class of inexpiable offenses. So does the prolonged struggle to prevent the Japanese from taking full control of their post-office, which they manage excellently well. It is needless to continue the recital. All these inflictions, and more, have been practiced upon the long-suffering Japanese by the representative of the most civilized country of Europe. The list might be indefinitely extended, and even the few instances above related — which are set down at random, without reference or reflection — might be presented far more impressively, if the object were other than to give a plain and uncolored statement of what a spirited but helpless people are compelled to endure. The fact that they are helpless, or believe themselves to be so, is the sufficient explanation of their silent submission. Resistance on the part of the government would entail worse evils, it is feared, than any yet encountered. Too much weight is probably given to this apprehension, and the unconcerned spectator of events may easily convince himself that England would not venture to prosecute a war for the upholding of a heartless bully, or the enforcement of a cruelly unjust and oppressive treaty; but the statesmen of Japan are novices, and perhaps ignorant of their own reserves of strength. At any rate, they shrink from risking the sacrifice of their remaining privileges. They have too much cause to feel that they stand alone and friendless in their grief. Europe, as has been said, mocks at their sorrows. America listens, holds out fair promises, and at the expected moment of action escapes from the fulfillment by a paltry subterfuge. Three years ago, through the exertions of persons acquainted with the situation, a new treaty for the United States and Japan was drawn up, and transmitted, with the cordial and earnest approbation of Mr. Bingham, our minister, to the state department at Washington. It did not provide for restitution of all, nor yet one half, of what we had taken from Japan, but it loosened our grip upon her tariff, and recognized her exclusive right to control the coastwise trade. To that extent it was a fair contract. After a little delay, information was vouchsafed that it was satisfactory to the president, and that, with a trifling emendation or two, it would be submitted to the senate. There was great rejoicing in Tokio, as may be conceived; but when the document was returned, the trifling emendation turned out an absolute invalidation of the whole transaction. It consisted of an additional clause, making the treaty inoperative until all the other powers should conclude a similar agreement! Inasmuch as England would never, under any circumstances, willingly consent to a similar agreement, and could be brought to it only by the pressure of an example from the United States, it would have been more straightforward, though not quite so polite, to tear up the original draught, and send back the pieces. Since that rebuff, the Japanese government has seemed to abandon all hope of relief from any outside direction.

Enough has been said to show how disastrously the treaties have affected the direct revenues of the empire, but something remains to be explained respecting their indirect hostile influence. If the relations of Japan to foreigners were the same as those which prevail in Europe and America, neither the poverty of the people nor the straitened

circumstances of the government would necessarily stand in the way of enterprise and prosperity. The resources of the soil could be developed by capital from abroad, which, indeed, has long been clamoring for admission. To sanction this, however, under existing circumstances, would be an act of suicide. The tariff incubus was not the only adverse feature in Mr. Harris's first compact. There was also a provision for what is clumsily called "extra-territorial jurisdiction," by virtue of which no alien is amenable to the tribunals of the country, but may be tried only by the consuls or other officials of his own land. It is, indeed, insolently claimed by every power except the United States that foreigners are not bound to observe or respect the laws of Japan. What Mr. Harris thought of his own handiwork, in this particular, may be judged by the following extract from one of his letters to the present writer: —

"The provision of the treaty giving the right of ex-territoriality to all Americans in Japan was against my conscience. In a conversation with Governor Marcy, the secretary of state, in 1855, he strongly condemned it as an unjust interference with the municipal law of a country which no Western nation would tolerate for a moment; but he said that it would be impossible to have a treaty with any Oriental nation unless it contained that provision. The examples of our treaties with Turkey, Persia, and the Barbary States gave precedents that the senate would not overlook. I fear that I shall not live to see this unjust provision struck out of our treaties, but I fondly hope that you may see it fully abrogated."

Like the tariff infliction, this harsh regulation was copied by the framers of other conventions, but not with regret, nor with a desire for its ultimate suspension. It is in complete force at this day, and the consequence which we have to consider in connection with the question of employing outside capital is that no foreign participant in an internal enterprise could ever be held to account for his deeds before a court in which the Japanese could place confidence. He might cheat or rob his native partner to any extent, and redress could be sought nowhere but from a judge who would almost certainly be ignorant of law, who would probably be swayed by partiality, and might very possibly have a direct interest in defeating justice. Under the American system of appointments, there is never a guaranty that capable men, not to say honest men, will be chosen consuls. The English plan is theoretically better, but experience has not taught the Japanese to trust the British courts too implicitly. As for the consular delegates from the majority of European states, their procedure would invariably be open to suspicion; for they are traders and speculators almost without exception, and would inevitably be mixed up in all sorts of undertakings the moment that the funds of strangers should be allowed ingress. Their official position would give them unusual advantages, without imposing upon them any restraints; and, no matter what they might be guilty of, they could be arraigned only before themselves, so to speak. That settles, in the negative, the whole question of using foreign capital, and destroys the last chance of Japan's pecuniary redemption except by measures apart from and remedial to those embodied in the treaties.

I have now told all that is requisite, I trust, to dispel the prevalent illusion concerning the condition of a country which has shown itself deserving of immunity from more than the ordinary cares and trials of aspirants to the comity of states, but which has been made to suffer to an extent exceeding that which would commonly be awarded to a flagrant offender against the law of nations. While doing her best to win the

applause of the civilized world, and actually gaining it in no usual degree, she has, unknown to the mass of her admirers, been enduring all the torments of wretchedness and despair. Whether the bitterness of her experience, together with her gallant struggle against adversity, does or does not constitute a claim upon the commiseration and forbearance of the powerful, I shall not pretend to say. That question is for others to decide, as is also the proper method of affording redress for past injuries, should redress be deemed due. My purpose has been simply to upset a popular fallacy, and to reveal the darker side of a picture which represents, to most eyes, the fairest ideal of a nation's happiness. I shall be content if I can persuade the intelligent reader to take a serious view of what has hitherto attracted him only as an amusing field for the play of his gayer fancy. When that is done, with hearty and general consent the decree of justice will follow in rapid sequence.

E. H. House.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

XXV.

Gilbert Osmond came to see Isabel again; that is, he came to the Palazzo Crescentini. He had other friends there as well, and to Mrs. Touchett and Madame Merle he was always impartially civil; but the former of these ladies noted the fact that in the course of a fortnight he called five times, and compared it with another fact that she found no difficulty in remembering. Two visits a year had hitherto constituted his regular tribute to Mrs. Touchett's charms, and she had never observed that he selected for such visits those moments, of almost periodical recurrence, when Madame Merle was under her roof. It was not for Madame Merle that he came. These two were old friends, and he never put himself out for her. He was not fond of Ralph, — Ralph had told her so, — and it was not supposable that Mr. Osmond had suddenly taken a fancy to her son. Ralph was imperturbable; Ralph had a kind of loose-fitting urbanity that wrapped him about like an ill-made overcoat, but of which he never divested himself; he thought Mr. Osmond very good company, and would have been willing at any time to take the hospitable view of his idiosyncrasies. But he did not flatter himself that the desire to repair a past injustice was the motive of their visitor's calls; he read the situation more clearly. Isabel was the attraction, and in all conscience a sufficient one. Osmond was a critic, a student of the exquisite, and it was natural he should admire an admirable person. So when his mother said to him that it was very plain what Mr. Osmond was thinking of, Ralph replied that he was quite of her opinion. Mrs. Touchett had always liked Mr. Osmond; she thought him so much of a gentleman. As he had never been an importunate visitor he had had no chance to be offensive, and he was recommended to Mrs. Touchett by his appearance of being as well able to do without her as she was to do without him, — a quality that always excited her esteem. It gave her no satisfaction, however, to think that he had taken it into his head to marry her niece. Such an alliance, on Isabel's part, would have an air of almost morbid perversity. Mrs. Touchett easily remembered that the girl had refused an English peer; and

that a young lady for whom Lord Warburton had not been up to the mark should content herself with an obscure American dilettante, a middle-aged wid ower with an overgrown daughter and an income of nothing, — this answered to nothing in Mrs. Touchett's conception of success. She took, it will be observed, not the sentimental, but the political, view of matrimony, — a view which has always had much to recommend it. "I trust she won't have the folly to listen to him," she said to her son; to which Ralph replied that Isabel's listening was one thing, and her answering quite another. He knew that she had listened to others, but that she had made them listen to her in return; and he found much entertainment in the idea that, in these few months that he had known her, he should see a third suitor at her gate. She had wanted to see life, and fortune was serving her to her taste; a succession of gentlemen going down on their knees to her was by itself a respectable chapter of experience. Ralph looked forward to a fourth and a fifth *soupirant;* he had no conviction that she would stop at a third. She would keep the gate ajar and open a parley; she would certainly not allow number three to come in. He expressed this view, somewhat after this fashion, to his mother, who looked at him as if he had been dancing a jig. He had such a fanciful, pictorial way of saying things that he might as well address her in the deaf-mute's alphabet.

"I don't think I know what you mean," she said; "you use too many metaphors; I could never understand allegories. The two words in the language I most respect are Yes and No. If Isabel wants to marry Mr. Osmond, she will do so in spite of all your similes. Let her alone to find a favorable comparison for anything she undertakes. I know very little about the young man in America; I don't think she spends much of her time in thinking of him, and I suspect he has got tired of waiting for her. There is nothing in life to prevent her marrying Mr. Osmond if she only looks at him in a certain way. That is all very well; no one approves more than I of one's pleasing one's self. But she takes her pleasure in such odd things; she is capable of marrying Mr. Osmond for his opinions. She wants to be disinterested; as if she were the only person who is in danger of not being so! Will he be so disinterested when he has the spending of her money? That was her idea before your father's death, and it has acquired new charms for her since. She ought to marry some one of whose disinterestedness she should be sure, herself; and there would be no such proof of that as his having a fortune of his own."

"My dear mother, I am not afraid," Ralph answered; "she is making fools of us all. She will please herself, of course; but she will do so by studying human nature and retaining her liberty. She has started on an exploring expedition, and I don't think she will change her course, at the outset, at a signal from Gilbert Osmond. She may have slackened speed for an hour, but before we know it she will be steaming away again. Excuse another metaphor."

Mrs. Touchett excused it, perhaps, but she was not so much reassured as to withhold from Madame Merle the expression of her fears. "You who know everything," she said, "you must know this: whether that man is making love to my niece."

Madame Merle opened her expressive eyes, and with a brilliant smile, "Heaven help us!" she exclaimed; "that's an idea!"

"Has it never occurred to you?"

"You make me feel like a fool, — but I confess it has n't. I wonder," added Madame Merle, "whether it has occurred to her."

"I think I will ask her," said Mrs. Touchett.

Madame Merle reflected a moment. "Don't put it into her head. The thing would be to ask Mr. Osmond."

"I can't do that," said Mrs. Touchett; "it 's none of my business."

"I will ask him myself," Madame Merle declared, bravely.

"It 's none of yours, either."

"That 's precisely why I can afford to ask him; it is so much less my business than any one's else that in me the question will not seem to him embarrassing."

"Pray let me know on the first day, then," said Mrs. Touchett. "If I can't speak to him, at least I can speak to her."

"Don't be too quick with her; don't inflame her imagination."

"I never did anything to any one's imagination. But I am always sure she will do something I don't like."

"You would n't like this," Madame Merle observed, without the point of interrogation.

"Why should I, pray? Mr. Osmond has nothing to offer."

Again Madame Merle was silent, while her thoughtful smile drew up her mouth more than usual toward the left corner. "Let us distinguish. Gilbert Osmond is certainly not the first comer. He is a man who under favorable circumstances might very well make an impression. He has made an impression, to my knowledge, more than once."

"Don't tell me about his love affairs; they are nothing to me!" Mrs. Touchett cried. "What you say is precisely why I wish he would cease his visits. He has nothing in the world that I know of but a dozen or two of early masters and a grown-up daughter."

"The early masters are worth a good deal of money," said Madame Merle, "and the daughter is a very young and very harmless person."

"In other words, she is an insipid school-girl. Is that what you mean? Having no fortune, she can't hope to marry, as they marry here; so that Isabel will have to furnish her either with a maintenance or with a dowry."

"Isabel probably would not object to being kind to her. I think she likes the child."

"Another reason for Mr. Osmond stopping at home! Otherwise, a week hence, we shall have Isabel arriving at the conviction that her mission in life is to prove that a step-mother may sacrifice herself; and that, to prove it, she must first become one."

"She would make a charming step-mother," said Madame Merle, smiling; "but I quite agree with you that she had better not decide upon her mission too hastily. Changing one's mission is often awkward! I will investigate, and report to you."

All this went on quite over Isabel's head; she had no suspicion that her relations with Mr. Osmond were being discussed. Madame Merle had said nothing to put her on her guard; she alluded no more pointedly to Mr. Osmond than to the other gentlemen of Florence, native and foreign, who came in considerable numbers to pay their respects to Miss Archer's aunt. Isabel thought him very pleasant; she liked to think of him. She had carried away an image from her visit to his hill-top which her subsequent knowledge of him did nothing to efface, and which happened to take her fancy particularly, — the image of a quiet, clever, sensitive, distinguished man, strolling on a moss-grown terrace above the sweet Val d'Arno, and holding by the hand a little girl, whose sympathetic docility gave a new aspect to childhood. The picture was not brilliant, but she liked its lowness of tone, and the atmosphere of summer twilight that pervaded it. It seemed to tell a story, a story of the sort that touched her most easily; to speak of a serious choice, a choice between things of shallow and things of deep interest; of a lonely, studious life in a lovely land;

of an old sorrow that sometimes ached to-day; a feeling of pride that was perhaps exaggerated, but that had an element of nobleness; a care for beauty and perfection, so natural and so cultivated together that it had been the main occupation of a life-time, of which the arid places were watered with the sweet sense of a quaint, half-anxious, half-helpless fatherhood. At the Palazzo Crescentini Mr. Osmond's manner remained the same: shy at first, and full of the effort (visible only to a sympathetic eye) to overcome this disadvantage, — an effort which usually resulted in a great deal of easy, lively, very positive, rather aggressive, and always effective talk. Mr. Osmond's talk was not injured by the indication of an eagerness to shine; Isabel found no difficulty in believing that a person was sincere who had so many of the signs of strong conviction; as, for instance, an explicit and graceful appreciation of anything that might be said on his own side, said, perhaps, by Miss Archer in particular. What continued to please this young lady was his extraordinary subtlety. There was such a fine intellectual intention in what he said, and the movement of his wit was like that of a quick-flashing blade. One day he brought his little daughter with him, and Isabel was delighted to renew acquaintance with the child, who, as she presented her forehead to be kissed by every member of the circle, reminded her vividly of an *ingénue* in a French play. Isabel had never seen a young girl of this pattern; American girls were very different; different, too, were the daughters of England. This young lady was so neat, so complete in her manner; and yet in character, as one could see, so innocent and infantine. She sat on the sofa, by Isabel; she wore a small grenadine mantle and a pair of the useful gloves that Madame Merle had given her, — little gray gloves, with a single button. She was like a sheet of blank paper, — the ideal *jeune fille* of foreign fiction. Isabel hoped that so fair and smooth a page would be covered with an edifying text.

The Countess Gemini also came to call upon her; but the countess was quite another affair. She was by no means a blank sheet; she had been written over in a variety of hands, and Mrs. Touchett, who felt by no means honored by her visit, declared that a number of unmistakable blots were to be seen upon her surface. The Countess Gemini was indeed the occasion of a slight discussion between the mistress of the house and the visitor from Rome, in which Madame Merle (who was not such a fool as to irritate people by always agreeing with them) availed herself humorously of that large license of dissent which her hostess permitted as freely as she practiced it. Mrs. Touchett had pronounced it a piece of audacity that the Countess Gemini should have presented herself at this time of day at the door of a house in which she was esteemed so little as she must long have known herself to be at the Palazzo Crescentini. Isabel had been made acquainted with the estimate which prevailed under this roof; it represented Mr. Osmond's sister as a kind of flighty reprobate. She had been married by her mother — a heartless featherhead like herself, with an appreciation of foreign titles which the daughter, to do her justice, had probably by this time thrown off — to an Italian nobleman, who had perhaps given her some excuse for attempting to quench the consciousness of neglect. The countess, however, had consoled herself too well, and it was notorious in Florence that she had consoled others also. Mrs. Touchett had never consented to receive her, though the countess had made overtures of old. Florence was not an austere city; but, as Mrs. Touchett said, she had to draw the line somewhere.

Madame Merle defended the unhappy

lady with a great deal of zeal and wit. She could not see why Mrs. Touchett should make a scapegoat of that poor countess, who had really done no harm, who had only done good in the wrong way. One must certainly draw the line, but while one was about it one should draw it straight; it was a very crooked chalk-mark that would exclude the Countess Gemini. In that case Mrs. Touchett had better shut up her house; this, perhaps, would be the best course so long as she remained in Florence. One must be fair, and not make arbitrary differences. The countess had doubtless been imprudent; she had not been so clever as other women. She was a good creature, not clever at all; but since when had that been a ground of exclusion from the best society? It was a long time since one had heard anything about her, and there could be no better proof of her having renounced the error of her ways than her desire to become a member of Mrs. Touchett's circle. Isabel could contribute nothing to this interesting dispute, not even a patient attention; she contented herself with having given a friendly welcome to the Countess Gemini, who, whatever her defects, had at least the merit of being Mr. Osmond's sister. As she liked the brother, Isabel thought it proper to try and like the sister; in spite of the growing perplexity of things, she was still perfectly capable of these rather primitive sequences of feeling. She had not received the happiest impression of the countess on meeting her at the villa, but she was thankful for an opportunity to repair this accident. Had not Mr. Osmond declared that she was a good woman? To have proceeded from Gilbert Osmond, this was rather a rough statement; but Madame Merle bestowed upon it a certain improving polish. She told Isabel more about the poor countess than Mr. Osmond had done, and related the history of her marriage and its consequences. The count was a member of an ancient Tuscan family, but so poor that he had been glad to accept Amy Osmond, in spite of her being no beauty, with the modest dowry her mother was able to offer, — a sum about equivalent to that which had already formed her brother's share of their patrimony. Count Gemini, since then, however, had inherited money, and now they were well enough off, as Italians went, though Amy was horribly extravagant. The count was a low-lived brute; he had given his wife every excuse. She had no children; she had lost three within a year of their birth. Her mother, who had pretensions to "culture," wrote descriptive poems, and corresponded on Italian subjects with the English weekly journals; her mother had died three years after the countess' marriage, the father having died long before. One could see this in Gilbert Osmond, Madame Merle thought, — see that he had been brought up by a woman; though, to do him justice, one would suppose it had been by a more sensible woman than the American Corinne, as Mrs. Osmond liked to be called. She had brought her children to Italy, after her husband's death, and Mrs. Touchett remembered her during the years that followed her arrival. She thought her a horrible snob; but this was an irregularity of judgment on Mrs. Touchett's part, for she, like Mr. Osmond, approved of political marriages. The countess was very good company, and not such a fool as she seemed; one got on with her perfectly if one observed a single simple condition, — that of not believing a word she said. Madame Merle had always made the best of her for her brother's sake; he always appreciated any kindness shown to Amy, because (if it had to be confessed for him) he was rather ashamed of her. Naturally, he could n't like her style, her loudness, her want of repose. She displeased him; she acted on his nerves; she was not *his* sort of woman. What was his

sort of woman? Oh, the opposite of the countess, — a woman who should always speak the truth. Isabel was unable to estimate the number of fibs her visitor had told her; the countess, indeed, had given her an impression of rather silly sincerity. She had talked almost exclusively about herself: how much she should like to know Miss Archer; how thankful she should be for a real friend; how nasty the people in Florence were; how tired she was of the place; how much she should like to live somewhere else, — in Paris, or London, or St. Petersburg; how impossible it was to get anything nice to wear in Italy, except a little old lace; how dear the world was growing everywhere; what a life of suffering and privation she had led. Madame Merle listened with interest to Isabel's account of her conversation with this plaintive butterfly; but she had not needed it, to feel exempt from anxiety. On the whole, she was not afraid of the countess, and she could afford to do what was altogether best, — not to appear so.

Isabel had another visitor, whom it was not, even behind her back, so easy a matter to patronize. Henrietta Stackpole, who had left Paris after Mrs. Touchett's departure for San Remo, and had worked her way down, as she said, through the cities of North Italy, arrived in Florence about the middle of May. Madame Merle surveyed her with a single glance, comprehended her, and, after a moment's concentrated reflection, determined to like her. She determined, indeed, to delight in her. To like her was impossible; but the intenser sentiment might be managed. Madame Merle managed it beautifully, and Isabel felt that in foreseeing this event she had done justice to her friend's breadth of mind. Henrietta's arrival had been announced by Mr. Bantling, who, coming down from Nice while she was at Venice, and expecting to find her in Florence, which she had not yet reached, came to the Palazzo Crescentini to express his disappointment. Henrietta's own advent occurred two days later, and produced in Mr. Bantling an emotion amply accounted for by the fact that he had not seen her since the termination of the episode at Versailles. The humorous view of his situation was generally taken, but it was openly expressed only by Ralph Touchett, who, in the privacy of his own apartment, when Bantling smoked a cigar there, indulged in Heaven knows what genial pleasantries on the subject of the incisive Miss Stackpole and her British ally. This gentleman took the joke in perfectly good part, and artlessly confessed that he regarded the affair as an intellectual flirtation. He liked Miss Stackpole extremely; he thought she had a wonderful head on her shoulders, and found great comfort in the society of a woman who was not perpetually thinking about what would be said and how it would look. Miss Stackpole never cared how it looked, and, if she did n't care, pray, why should he? But his curiosity had been aroused; he wanted awfully to see whether she ever would care. He was prepared to go as far as she; he did not see why he should stop first.

Henrietta showed no signs of stopping at all. Her prospects, as we know, had brightened upon her leaving England, and she was now in the full enjoyment of her copious resources. She had indeed been obliged to sacrifice her hopes with regard to the inner life; the social question, on the Continent, bristled with difficulties even more numerous than those she had encountered in England. But on the Continent there was the outer life, which was palpable and visible at every turn, and more easily convertible to literary uses than the customs of those opaque islanders. Out-of-doors, in foreign lands, as Miss Stackpole ingeniously remarked, one seemed to see the right side of the tapestry;

out-of-doors, in England, one seemed to see the wrong side, which gave one no notion of the figure. It is mortifying to be obliged to confess it, but Henrietta, despairing of more occult things, was now paying much attention to the outer life. She had been studying it for two months at Venice, from which city she sent to the Interviewer a conscientious account of the gondolas, the Piazza, the Bridge of Sighs, the pigeons, and the young boatman who chanted Tasso. The Interviewer was perhaps disappointed, but Henrietta was at least seeing Europe. Her present purpose was to get down to Rome before the malaria should come on, — she apparently supposed that it began on a fixed day; and with this design she was to spend at present but few days in Florence. Mr. Bantling was to go with her to Rome, and she pointed out to Isabel that, as he had been there before, as he was a military man, and as he had had a classical education, — he was brought up at Eton, where they study nothing but Latin, said Miss Stackpole, — he would be a most useful companion in the city of the Cæsars. At this juncture Ralph had the happy idea of proposing to Isabel that she also, under his own escort, should make a pilgrimage to Rome. She expected to pass a portion of the next winter there, — that was very well; but meantime there was no harm in surveying the field. There were ten days left of the beautiful month of May, — the most precious month of all to the true Rome-lover. Isabel would become a Rome-lover; that was a foregone conclusion. She was provided with a well-tested companion of her own sex, whose society, thanks to the fact that she had other calls upon her sympathy, would probably not be oppressive. Madame Merle would remain with Mrs. Touchett; she had left Rome for the summer, and would not care to return. This lady professed herself delighted to be left at peace in Florence; she had locked up her apartment, and sent her cook home to Palestrina. She urged Isabel, however, to assent to Ralph's proposal, and assured her that a good introduction to Rome was not a thing to be despised. Isabel, in truth, needed no urging, and the party of four arranged its little journey. Mrs. Touchett, on this occasion, had resigned herself to the absence of a duenna; we have seen that she now inclined to the belief that her niece should stand alone.

Isabel saw Gilbert Osmond before she started, and mentioned her intention to him.

"I should like to be in Rome with you," he said; "I should like to see you there."

She hesitated a moment.

"You might come, then."

"But you'll have a lot of people with you."

"Ah," Isabel admitted, "of course I shall not be alone."

For a moment he said nothing more.

"You'll like it," he went on, at last. "They have spoiled it, but you'll like it."

"Ought I to dislike it, because it's spoiled?" she asked.

"No, I think not. It has been spoiled so often. If I were to go, what should I do with my little girl?"

"Can't you leave her at the villa?"

"I don't know that I like that, though there is a very good old woman who looks after her. I can't afford a governess."

"Bring her with you, then," said Isabel, smiling.

Mr. Osmond looked grave.

"She has been in Rome all winter, at her convent; and she is too young to make journeys of pleasure."

"You don't like bringing her forward?" Isabel suggested.

"No, I think young girls should be kept out of the world."

"I was brought up on a different system."

"You? Oh, with you it succeeded, because you — you were exceptional."

"I don't see why," said Isabel, who, however, was not sure there was not some truth in the speech.

Mr. Osmond did not explain; he simply went on: "If I thought it would make her resemble you to join a social group in Rome, I would take her there to-morrow."

"Don't make her resemble me," said Isabel; "keep her like herself."

"I might send her to my sister," Mr. Osmond suggested. He had almost the air of asking advice; he seemed to like to talk over his domestic matters with Isabel.

"Yes," said the girl; "I think that would not do much towards making her resemble me!"

After she had left Florence, Gilbert Osmond met Madame Merle at the Countess Gemini's. There were other people present, — the countess' drawing-room was usually well filled, — and the talk had been general; but after a while Osmond left his place, and came and sat on an ottoman half behind, half beside, Madame Merle's chair.

"She wants me to go to Rome with her," he announced, in a low tone of voice.

"To go with her?"

"To be there while she is there. She proposed it."

"I suppose you mean that you proposed it, and that she assented."

"Of course I gave her a chance. But she is encouraging, — she is very encouraging."

"I am glad to hear it; but don't cry victory too soon. Of course you will go to Rome."

"Ah," said Osmond, "it makes one work, this idea of yours!"

"Don't pretend you don't enjoy it; you are very ungrateful. You have not been so well occupied these many years."

"The way you take it is beautiful," said Osmond. "I ought to be grateful for that."

"Not too much so, however," Madame Merle answered. She talked with her usual smile, leaning back in her chair, and looking round the room. "You have made a very good impression, and I have seen for myself that you have received one. You have not come to Mrs. Touchett's seven times to oblige me."

"The girl is not disagreeable," Osmond quietly remarked.

Madame Merle dropped her eye on him a moment, during which her lips closed with a certain firmness.

"Is that all you can find to say about that fine creature?"

"All? Is n't it enough? Of how many people have you heard me say more?"

She made no answer to this, but still presented her conversational smile to the room.

"You 're unfathomable," she murmured at last. "I am frightened at the abyss I shall have dropped her into!"

Osmond gave a laugh.

"You can't draw back, — you have gone too far."

"Very good; but you must do the rest yourself."

"I shall do it," said Osmond.

Madame Merle remained silent, and he changed his place again; but when she rose to go he also took leave. Mrs. Touchett's victoria was awaiting her in the court, and after he had helped Madame Merle into it he stood there detaining her.

"You are very indiscreet," she said, rather wearily; "you should not have moved when I did."

He had taken off his hat; he passed his hand over his forehead.

"I always forget; I am out of the habit."

"You are quite unfathomable," she repeated, glancing up at the windows

of the house, — a modern structure in the new part of the town.

He paid no heed to this remark, but said to Madame Merle, with a considerable appearance of earnestness —

"She is really very charming; I have scarcely known any one more graceful."

"I like to hear you say that. The better you like her, the better for me."

"I like her very much. She is all you said, and into the bargain she is capable of great devotion. She has only one fault."

"What is that?"

"She has too many ideas."

"I warned you she was clever."

"Fortunately they are very bad ones," said Osmond.

"Why is that fortunate?"

"*Dame*, if they must be sacrificed!"

Madame Merle leaned back, looking straight before her; then she spoke to the coachman. But Osmond again detained her.

"If I go to Rome, what shall I do with Pansy?"

"I will go and see her," said Madame Merle.

XXVI.

I shall not undertake to give an account of Isabel's impressions of Rome, to analyze her feelings as she trod the ancient pavement of the Forum, or to number her pulsations as she crossed the threshold of St. Peter's. It is enough to say that her perception of the endless interest of the place was such as might have been expected in a young woman of her intelligence and culture. She had always been fond of history, and here was history in the stones of the street and the atoms of the sunshine. She had an imagination that kindled at the mention of great deeds, and wherever she turned some great deed had been acted. These things excited her, but she was quietly excited. It seemed to her companions that she spoke less than usual, and Ralph Touchett, when he appeared to be looking listlessly and awkwardly over her head, was really dropping an eye of observation upon her. To her own knowledge she was very happy; she would even have been willing to believe that these were to be, on the whole, the happiest hours of her life. The sense of the mighty human past was heavy upon her, but it was interfused in the strangest, suddenest, most capricious way with the fresh, cool breath of the future. Her feelings were so mingled that she scarcely knew whither any of them would lead her, and she went about in a kind of repressed ecstasy of contemplation, seeing often in the things she looked at a great deal more than was there, and yet not seeing many of the items enumerated in Murray. Rome, as Ralph said, was in capital condition. The herd of reëchoing tourists had departed, and most of the solemn places had relapsed into solemnity. The sky was a blaze of blue, and the plash of the fountains in their mossy niches had lost its chill and doubled its music. On the corners of the warm, bright streets one stumbled upon bundles of flowers.

Our friends had gone one afternoon — it was the third of their stay — to look at the latest excavations in the Forum; these labors having been for some time previous largely extended. They had gone down from the modern street to the level of the Sacred Way, along which they wandered with a reverence of step which was not the same on the part of each. Henrietta Stackpole was struck with the fact that ancient Rome had been paved a good deal like New York, and even found an analogy between the deep chariot ruts which are traceable in the antique street and the iron grooves which mark the course of the American horse-car. The sun had begun to sink, the air was filled with a golden haze, and the long

shadows of broken column and formless pedestal were thrown across the field of ruin. Henrietta wandered away with Mr. Bantling, in whose Latin reminiscences she was apparently much engrossed, and Ralph addressed such elucidations as he was prepared to offer to the attentive ear of our heroine. One of the humbler archæologists who hover about the place had put himself at the disposal of the two, and repeated his lesson with a fluency which the decline of the season had done nothing to impair. Some digging was going on in a remote corner of the Forum, and he presently remarked that if it should please the *signori* to go and watch it a little they might see something interesting. The proposal commended itself more to Ralph than to Isabel, who was weary with much wandering; so that she charged her companion to satisfy his curiosity, while she patiently awaited his return. The hour and the place were much to her taste, and she should enjoy being alone. Ralph accordingly went off with the cicerone, while Isabel sat down on a prostrate column near the foundations of the Capitol. She desired a quarter of an hour's solitude, but she was not long to enjoy it. Keen as was her interest in the rugged relics of the Roman past that lay scattered around her, and in which the corrosion of centuries had still left so much of individual life, her thoughts, after resting a while on these things, had wandered, by a concatenation of stages it might require some subtlety to trace, to regions and objects more contemporaneous. From the Roman past to Isabel Archer's future was a long stride, but her imagination had taken it in a single flight, and now hovered in slow circles over the nearer and richer field. She was so absorbed in her thoughts, as she bent her eyes upon a row of cracked but not dislocated slabs covering the ground at her feet, that she had not heard the sound of approaching footsteps before a shadow was thrown across the line of her vision. She looked up, and saw a gentleman, — a gentleman who was not Ralph come back to say that the excavations were a bore. This personage was startled, as she was startled; he stood there, smiling a little, blushing a good deal, and raising his hat.

"Lord Warburton!" Isabel exclaimed, getting up.

"I had no idea it was you," he said. "I turned that corner and came upon you."

Isabel looked about her.

"I am alone, but my companions have just left me. My cousin is gone to look at the digging over there."

"Ah, yes; I see." And Lord Warburton's eyes wandered vaguely in the direction Isabel had indicated. He stood firmly before her; he had stopped smiling; he folded his arms with a kind of deliberation. "Don't let me disturb you," he went on, looking at her dejected pillar. "I am afraid you are tired."

"Yes, I am rather tired." She hesitated a moment, and then she sat down. "But don't let me interrupt you," she added.

"Oh, dear, I am quite alone; I have nothing on earth to do. I had no idea you were in Rome. I have just come from the East. I am only passing through."

"You have been making a long journey," said Isabel, who had learned from Ralph that Lord Warburton was absent from England.

"Yes, I came abroad for six months — soon after I saw you last. I have been in Turkey and Asia Minor; I came the other day from Athens." He spoke with visible embarrassment; this unexpected meeting caused him an emotion that he was unable to conceal. He looked at Isabel a moment, and then he said, abruptly, "Do you wish me to leave you, or will you let me stay a little?"

She looked up at him, gently. "I don't wish you to leave me, Lord Warburton; I am very glad to see you."

"Thank you for saying that. May I sit down?"

The fluted shaft on which Isabel had taken her seat would have afforded a resting-place to several persons, and there was plenty of room even for a highly-developed Englishman. This fine specimen of that great class seated himself near our young lady, and in the course of five minutes he had asked her several questions, taken rather at random, and of which, as he asked some of them twice over, he apparently did not always heed the answer; had given her, too, some information about himself, which was not wasted upon her calmer feminine sense. Lord Warburton, though he tried hard to seem easy, was agitated; he repeated more than once that he had not expected to meet her, and it was evident that the encounter touched him in a way that would have made preparation advisable. He had abrupt alternations of gayety and gravity; he appeared at one moment to seek his neighbor's eye, and at the next to avoid it. He was splendidly sunburnt; even his multitudinous beard seemed to have been burnished by the fire of Asia. He was dressed in the loose-fitting, heterogeneous garments in which the English traveler in foreign lands is wont to consult his comfort and affirm his nationality; and with his clear gray eye, his bronzed complexion, fresh beneath its brownness, his manly figure, his modest manner, and his general air of being a gentleman and an explorer, he was such a representative of the British race as need not in any clime have been disavowed by those who have a kindness for it. Isabel noted these things, and was glad she had always liked Lord Warburton. He was evidently as likeable as before, and the tone of his voice, which she had formerly thought delightful, was as good as an assurance that he would never change for the worse. They talked about the matters that were naturally in order: her uncle's death, Ralph's state of health, the way she had passed her winter, her visit to Rome, her return to Florence, her plans for the summer, the hotel she was staying at; and then Lord Warburton's own adventures, movements, intentions, impressions, and present domicile. At last there was a silence, and she knew what he was thinking of. His eyes were fixed on the ground; but at last he raised them, and said gravely, "I have written to you several times."

"Written to me? I have never got your letters."

"I never sent them. I burned them up."

"Ah," said Isabel, with a laugh, "it was better that you should do that than I!"

"I thought you would n't care about them," he went on, with a simplicity that might have touched her. "It seemed to me that after all I had no right to trouble you with letters."

"I should have been very glad to have news of you. You know that I hoped that — that" — Isabel stopped; it seemed to her there would be a certain flatness in the utterance of her thought.

"I know what you are going to say. You hoped we should always remain good friends." This formula, as Lord Warburton uttered it, was certainly flat enough; but then he was interested in making it appear so.

Isabel found herself reduced simply to saying, "Please don't talk of all that," — a speech which hardly seemed to her an improvement on the other.

"It 's a small consolation to allow me!" Lord Warburton exclaimed, with force.

"I can't pretend to console you," said the girl, who, as she sat there, found it good to think that she had given him the answer that had satisfied him so little six months before. He was pleas-

ant, he was powerful, he was gallant; there was no better man than he. But her answer remained.

"It 's very well you don't try to console me; it would not be in your power," she heard him say, through the medium of her quickened reflections.

"I hoped we should meet again, because I had no fear you would attempt to make me feel I had wronged you. But when you do that — the pain is greater than the pleasure." And Isabel got up, looking for her companions.

"I don't want to make you feel that; of course I can't say that. I only just want you to know one or two things, in fairness to myself, as it were. I won't return to the subject again. I felt very strongly what I expressed to you last year; I could n't think of anything else. I tried to forget, energetically, systematically. I tried to take an interest in some one else. I tell you this because I want you to know I did my duty. I did n't succeed. It was for the same purpose I went abroad, — as far away as possible. They say traveling distracts the mind; but it did n't distract mine. I have thought of you perpetually, ever since I last saw you. I feel exactly the same. I love you just as much, and everything I said to you then is just as true. However, I don't mean to trouble you now; it 's only for a moment. I may add that when I came upon you, a moment since, without the smallest idea of seeing you, I was in the very act of wishing I knew where you were."

He had recovered his self-control, as I say, and while he spoke it became complete. He spoke plainly and simply, in a low tone of voice, in a matter-of-fact way. There might have been something impressive, even to a woman of less imagination than the one he addressed, in hearing this powerful, brave-looking gentleman express himself so modestly and reasonably.

"I have often thought of you, Lord Warburton," Isabel answered. "You may be sure I shall always do that." And then she added, with a smile, "There is no harm in that, on either side."

They walked along together, and she asked kindly about his sisters, and requested him to let them know she had done so. He said nothing more about his own feelings, but returned to those more objective topics they had already touched upon. Presently he asked her when she was to leave Rome, and on her mentioning the limit of her stay declared he was glad it was still so distant.

"Why do you say that, if you yourself are only passing through?" she inquired, with some anxiety.

"Ah, when I said I was passing through, I did n't mean that one would treat Rome as if it were Clapham Junction. To pass through Rome is to stop a week or two."

"Say frankly that you mean to stay as long as I do!"

Lord Warburton looked at her a moment, with an uncomfortable smile. "You won't like that. You are afraid you will see too much of me."

"It does n't matter what I like. I certainly can't expect you to leave this delightful place on my account. But I confess I am afraid of you."

"Afraid I will begin again? I promise to be very careful."

They had gradually stopped, and they stood a moment face to face. "Poor Lord Warburton!" said Isabel, with a melancholy smile.

"Poor Lord Warburton, indeed! But I will be careful."

"You may be unhappy, but you shall not make me so. That I cannot allow."

"If I believed I *could* make you unhappy, I think I should try it." At this she walked on again, and he also proceeded. "I will never say a word to displease you," he promised, very gently.

"Very good. If you do, our friendship 's at an end."

"Perhaps some day — after a while — you will give me leave," he suggested.

"Give you leave — to make me unhappy?"

He hesitated. "To tell you again"— But he checked himself. "I will be silent," he said, — "silent always."

Ralph Touchett had been joined, in his visit to the excavation, by Miss Stackpole and her attendant, and these three now emerged from among the mounds of earth and stone collected round the aperture, and came into sight of Isabel and her companion. Ralph Touchett gave signs of greeting to Lord Warburton, and Henrietta exclaimed in a high voice, "Gracious! there 's that lord!" Ralph and his friend met each other with undemonstrative cordiality, and Miss Stackpole rested her large intellectual gaze upon the sunburnt traveler.

"I don't suppose you remember me, sir," she soon remarked.

"Indeed, I do remember you," said Lord Warburton. "I asked you to come and see me, and you never came."

"I don't go everywhere I am asked," Miss Stackpole answered, coldly.

"Ah, well, I won't ask you again," said Warburton, good-humoredly.

"If you do I will go; so be sure!"

Lord Warburton, for all his good-humor, seemed sure enough. Mr. Bantling had stood by, without claiming a recognition, but he now took occasion to nod to his lordship, who answered him with a friendly "Oh, you here, Bantling?" and a hand-shake.

"Well," said Henrietta, "I did n't know you knew him!"

"I guess you don't know every one I know," Mr. Bantling rejoined, facetiously.

"I thought that when an Englishman knew a lord he always told you."

"Ah, I am afraid Bantling was ashamed of me!" said Lord Warburton, laughing. Isabel was glad to hear him laugh; she gave a little sigh of relief as they took their way homeward.

The next day was Sunday. She spent her morning writing two long letters, — one to her sister Lily, the other to Madame Merle; but in neither of these epistles did she mention the fact that a rejected suitor had threatened her with another appeal. Of a Sunday afternoon all good Romans (and the best Romans are often the northern barbarians) follow the custom of going to hear vespers at St. Peter's; and it had been agreed among our friends that they would drive together to the great church. After lunch, an hour before the carriage came, Lord Warburton presented himself at the Hotel de Paris and paid a visit to the two ladies, Ralph Touchett and Mr. Bantling having gone out together. The visitor seemed to have wished to give Isabel an example of his intention to keep the promise he had made her the evening before: he was both discreet and frank; he made not even a tacit appeal, but left it for her to judge what a mere good friend he could be. He talked about his travels, about Persia, about Turkey; and when Miss Stackpole asked him whether it would "pay" for her to visit those countries he assured her that they offered a great field to female enterprise. Isabel did him justice, but she wondered what his purpose was, and what he expected to gain even by behaving heroically. If he expected to melt her by showing what a good fellow he was, he might spare himself the trouble. She knew already he was a good fellow, and nothing he could do would add to this conviction. Moreover, his being in Rome at all made her vaguely uneasy. Nevertheless, when, on bringing his call to a close, he said that he too should be at St. Peter's, and should look out for Isabel and her friends, she was obliged to reply that it would be a pleasure to see him again.

In the church, as she strolled over its tessellated acres, he was the first person she encountered. She had not been one of the superior tourists who are "disappointed" in St. Peter's, and find it smaller than its fame; the first time she passed beneath the huge leathern curtain that strains and bangs at the entrance, the first time she found herself beneath the far-arching dome, and saw the light drizzle down through the air thickened with incense, and with the reflections of marble and gilt, of mosaic and bronze, her conception of greatness received an extension. After this it never lacked space to soar. She gazed and wondered, like a child or a peasant, and paid her silent tribute to visible grandeur. Lord Warburton walked beside her, and talked of Saint Sophia of Constantinople; she was afraid that he would end by calling attention to his exemplary conduct. The service had not yet begun, but at St. Peter's there is much to observe, and as there is something almost profane in the vastness of the place, which seems meant as much for physical as for spiritual exercise, the different figures and groups, the mingled worshipers and spectators, may follow their various intentions without mutual scandal. In that splendid immensity individual indiscretion carries but a short distance. Isabel and her companions, however, were guilty of none; for though Henrietta was obliged to declare that Michael Angelo's dome suffered by comparison with that of the Capitol at Washington, she addressed her protest chiefly to Mr. Bantling's ear, and reserved it, in its more accentuated form, for the columns of the Interviewer. Isabel made the circuit of the church with Lord Warburton, and as they drew near the choir, on the left of the entrance, the voices of the Pope's singers were borne towards them over the heads of the large number of persons clustered outside of the doors. They paused awhile on the skirts of this crowd, composed in equal measure of Roman cockneys and inquisitive strangers, and while they stood there the sacred concert went forward. Ralph, with Henrietta and Mr. Bantling, was apparently within, where Isabel, above the heads of the dense group in front of her, saw the afternoon light, silvered by clouds of incense that seemed to mingle with the splendid chant, sloping through the embossed recesses of high windows. After a while the singing stopped, and then Lord Warburton seemed disposed to turn away again. Isabel for a moment did the same; whereupon she found herself confronted with Gilbert Osmond, who appeared to have been standing at a short distance behind her. He now approached with a formal salutation.

"So you decided to come?" she said, putting out her hand.

"Yes, I came last night, and called this afternoon at your hotel. They told me you had come here, and I looked about for you."

"The others are inside," said Isabel.

"I didn't come for the others," Gilbert Osmond murmured, smiling.

She turned away; Lord Warburton was looking at them; perhaps he had heard this. Suddenly she remembered that it was just what he had said to her the morning he came to Gardencourt to ask her to marry him. Mr. Osmond's words had brought the color to her cheek, and this reminiscence had not the effect of dispelling it. Isabel sought refuge from her slight agitation in mentioning to each gentleman the name of the other, and fortunately at this moment Mr. Bantling made his way out of the choir, cleaving the crowd with British valor, and followed by Miss Stackpole and Ralph Touchett. I say fortunately, but this is perhaps a superficial view of the matter; for, on perceiving the gentleman from Florence, Ralph Touchett exhibited symptoms of surprise which might not, perhaps, have seemed flattering to Mr. Osmond. It

must be added, however, that these manifestations were momentary, and Ralph was presently able to say to his cousin, with due jocularity, that she would soon have all her friends about her. His greeting to Mr. Osmond was apparently frank; that is, the two men shook hands and looked at each other. Miss Stackpole had met the new-comer in Florence, but she had already found occasion to say to Isabel that she liked him no better than her other admirers, — than Mr. Touchett, Lord Warburton, and little Mr. Rosier, in Paris. "I don't know what it is in you," she had been pleased to remark, "but for a nice girl you do attract the most unpleasant people. Mr. Goodwood is the only one I have any respect for, and he 's just the one you don't appreciate."

"What 's your opinion of St. Peter's?" Mr. Osmond asked of Isabel.

"It 's very large and very bright," said the girl.

"It 's too large; it makes one feel like an atom."

"Is not that the right way to feel — in a church?" Isabel asked, with a faint but interested smile.

"I suppose it 's the right way to feel everywhere, when one *is* nobody. But I like it in a church as little as anywhere else."

"You ought, indeed, to be a Pope!" Isabel exclaimed, remembering something he had said to her in Florence.

"Ah, I should have enjoyed that!" said Gilbert Osmond.

Lord Warburton, meanwhile, had joined Ralph Touchett, and the two strolled away together.

"Who is the gentleman speaking to Miss Archer?" his lordship inquired.

"His name is Gilbert Osmond; he lives in Florence," Ralph said.

"What is he besides?"

"Nothing at all. Oh, yes, he is an American; but one forgets that, he is so little of one."

"Has he known Miss Archer long?"

"No, about a fortnight."

"Does she like him?"

"Yes, I think she does."

"Is he a good fellow?"

Ralph hesitated a moment. "No, he 's not," he said at last.

"Why, then, does she like him?" pursued Lord Warburton, with noble *naïveté*.

"Because she 's a woman."

Lord Warburton was silent a moment. "There are other men who *are* good fellows," he presently said, "and them — and them" —

"And them she likes also!" Ralph interrupted, smiling.

"Oh, if you mean she likes him in that way!" And Lord Warburton turned round again. As far as he was concerned, however, the party was broken up. Isabel remained in conversation with the gentleman from Florence till they left the church, and her English lover consoled himself by lending such attention as he might to the strains which continued to proceed from the choir.

XXVII.

On the morrow, in the evening, Lord Warburton went again to see his friends at their hotel, and at this establishment he learned that they had gone to the opera. He drove to the opera, with the idea of paying them a visit in their box, in accordance with the time-honored Italian custom; and after he had obtained his admittance — it was one of the secondary theatres — looked about the large, bare, ill-lighted house. An act had just terminated, and he was at liberty to pursue his quest. After scanning two or three tiers of boxes, he perceived in one of the largest of these receptacles a lady whom he easily recognized. Miss Archer was seated facing the stage, and partly screened by the curtain of the box; and beside her,

leaning back in his chair, was Mr. Gilbert Osmond. They appeared to have the place to themselves, and Warburton supposed that their companions had taken advantage of the *entr'acte* to enjoy the relative coolness of the lobby. He stood a while watching the interesting pair in the box, and asking himself whether he should go up and interrupt their harmonious colloquy. At last it became apparent that Isabel had seen him, and this accident determined him. He took his way to the upper regions, and on the staircase he met Ralph Touchett, slowly descending, with his hat in the attitude of ennui and his hands where they usually were.

"I saw you below, a moment since, and was going down to you. I feel lonely and want company," Ralph remarked.

"You have some that is very good that you have deserted."

"Do you mean my cousin? Oh, she has got a visitor, and does n't want me. Then Miss Stackpole and Bantling have gone out to a café to eat an ice, — Miss Stackpole delights in an ice. I did n't think they wanted me, either. The opera is very bad; the women look like laundresses and sing like peacocks. I feel very low."

"You had better go home," Lord Warburton said, without affectation.

"And leave my young lady in this sad place? Ah, no; I must watch over her."

"She seems to have plenty of friends."

"Yes, that 's why I must watch," said Ralph, with the same low-voiced mock-melancholy.

"If she does n't want you, it 's probable she does n't want me."

"No, you are different. Go to the box and stay there while I walk about."

Lord Warburton went to the box, where he received a very gracious welcome from the more attractive of its occupants. He exchanged greetings with Mr. Osmond, to whom he had been introduced the day before, and who, after he came in, sat very quietly, scarcely mingling in the somewhat disjointed talk in which Lord Warburton engaged with Isabel. It seemed to the latter gentleman that Miss Archer looked very pretty; he even thought she looked excited; as she was, however, at all times a keenly-glancing, quickly-moving, completely animated young woman, he may have been mistaken on this point. Her talk with him betrayed little agitation; it expressed a kindness so ingenious and deliberate as to indicate that she was in undisturbed possession of her faculties. Poor Lord Warburton had moments of bewilderment. She had discouraged him, formally, as much as a woman could; what business had she, then, to have such soft, reassuring tones in her voice? The others came back; the bare, familiar, trivial opera began again. The box was large, and there was room for Lord Warburton to remain, if he would sit a little behind, in the dark. He did so for half an hour, while Mr. Osmond sat in front, leaning forward, with his elbows on his knees, just behind Isabel. Lord Warburton heard nothing, and from his gloomy corner saw nothing but the clear profile of this young lady, defined against the dim illumination of the house. When there was another interval no one moved. Mr. Osmond talked to Isabel, and Lord Warburton remained in his corner. He did so but for a short time, however; after which he got up and bade good-night to the ladies. Isabel said nothing to detain him, and then he was puzzled again. Why had she so sweet a voice, such a friendly accent? He was angry with himself for being puzzled, and then angry for being angry. Verdi's music did little to comfort him, and he left the theatre and walked homeward, without knowing his way, through the tortuous, tragical streets of Rome, where heavier sorrows than his had been carried under the stars.

"What is the character of that gentleman?" Osmond asked of Isabel, after the visitor had gone.

"Irreproachable; don't you see it?"

"He owns about half England; that's his character," Henrietta remarked. "That's what they call a free country!"

"Ah, he is a great proprietor? Happy man!" said Gilbert Osmond.

"Do you call that happiness, — the ownership of human beings?" cried Miss Stackpole. "He owns his tenants, and he has thousands of them. It is pleasant to own something, but inanimate objects are enough for me. I don't insist on flesh and blood, and minds and consciences."

"It seems to me you own a human being or two," Mr. Bantling suggested, jocosely. "I wonder if Warburton orders his tenants about as you do me."

"Lord Warburton is a great radical," Isabel said. "He has very advanced opinions."

"He has very advanced stone walls. His park is inclosed by a gigantic iron fence, some thirty miles round," Henrietta announced for the information of Mr. Osmond. "I should like him to converse with a few of our Boston radicals."

"Don't they approve of iron fences?" asked Mr. Bantling.

"Only to shut up wicked conservatives. I always feel as if I were talking to you over a fence!"

"Do you know him well, this unreformed reformer?" Osmond went on, questioning Isabel.

"Well enough."

"Do you like him?"

"Very much."

"Is he a man of ability?"

"Of excellent ability, and as good as he looks."

"As good as he is good-looking, do you mean? He is very good-looking. How detestably fortunate! — to be a great English magnate, to be clever and handsome into the bargain, and, by way of finishing off, to win your admiration! That's a man I could envy."

Isabel gave a serious smile.

"You seem to me to be always envying some one. Yesterday it was the Pope; to-day it's poor Lord Warburton."

"My envy is not dangerous; it is very platonic. Why do you call him poor?"

"Women usually pity men after they have hurt them; that is their great way of showing kindness," said Ralph, joining in the conversation for the first time, with a cynicism so transparently ingenious as to be virtually innocent.

"Pray, have I hurt Lord Warburton?" Isabel asked, raising her eyebrows, as if the idea were perfectly novel.

"It serves him right, if you have," said Henrietta, while the curtain rose for the ballet.

Isabel saw no more of her attributive victim for the next twenty-four hours, but on the second day after the visit to the opera she encountered him in the gallery of the Capitol, where he was standing before the lion of the collection, the statue of the Dying Gladiator. She had come in with her companions, among whom, on this occasion again, Gilbert Osmond was numbered, and the party, having ascended the staircase, entered the first and finest of the rooms. Lord Warburton spoke to her with all his usual geniality, but said in a moment that he was leaving the gallery.

"And I am leaving Rome," he added. "I should bid you good-by."

I shall not undertake to explain why, but Isabel was sorry to hear it. It was, perhaps, because she had ceased to be afraid of his renewing his suit; she was thinking of something else. She was on the point of saying she was sorry, but she checked herself, and simply wished him a happy journey.

He looked at her with a somewhat heavy eye.

"I am afraid you think me rather inconsistent," he said. "I told you the other day that I wanted so much to stay a while."

"Oh, no; you could easily change your mind."

"That 's what I have done."

"*Bon voyage*, then."

"You 're in a great hurry to get rid of me," said his lordship, rather dismally.

"Not in the least. But I hate partings."

"You don't care what I do," he went on, pitifully.

Isabel looked at him for a moment.

"Ah," she said, "you are not keeping your promise!"

He colored like a boy of fifteen.

"If I am not, then it 's because I can't; and that 's why I am going."

"Good-by, then."

"Good-by." He lingered still, however. "When shall I see you again?"

Isabel hesitated, and then, as if she had had a happy inspiration, "Some day after you are married."

"That will never be. It will be after you are."

"That will do as well," said Isabel, smiling.

"Yes, quite as well. Good-by."

They shook hands, and he left her alone in the beautiful room, among the shining antique marbles. She sat down in the middle of the circle of statues, looking at them vaguely, resting her eyes on their beautiful blank faces; listening, as it were, to their eternal silence. It is impossible, in Rome at least, to look long at a great company of Greek sculptures without feeling the effect of their noble quietude. It soothes and moderates the spirit, it purifies the imagination. I say in Rome especially, because the Roman air is an exquisite medium for such impressions. The golden sunshine mingles with them; the great stillness of the past, so vivid yet, though it is nothing but a void full of names, seems to throw a solemn spell upon them. The blinds were partly closed in the windows of the Capitol, and a clear, warm shadow rested on the figures and made them more perfectly human. Isabel sat there a long time, under the charm of their motionless grace, seeing life between their gazing eyelids and purpose in their marble lips. The dark red walls of the room threw them into relief; the polished marble floor reflected their beauty. She had seen them all before, but her enjoyment repeated itself, and it was all the greater because she was glad, for the time, to be alone. At the last her thoughts wandered away from them, solicited by images of a vitality more complete. An occasional tourist came into the room, stopped and stared a moment at the Dying Gladiator, and then passed out of the outer door, creaking over the brilliant pavement. At the end of half an hour Gilbert Osmond reappeared, apparently in advance of his companions. He strolled towards her slowly, with his hands behind him, and with his usual keen, pleasant, inquiring, yet not appealing smile.

"I am surprised to find you alone," he said. "I thought you had company."

"So I have, — the best." And Isabel glanced at the circle of sculpture.

"Do you call that better company than an English peer?"

"Ah, my English peer left me some time ago," said Isabel, getting up. She spoke, with intention, a little dryly.

Mr. Osmond noted her dryness, but it did not prevent him from giving a laugh.

"I am afraid that what I heard the other evening is true; you are rather cruel to that nobleman."

Isabel looked a moment at the Lycian Apollo.

"It is not true. I am scrupulously kind."

"That 's exactly what I mean!" Gilbert Osmond exclaimed, so humorously that his joke needs to be explained.

We knew that he was fond of originals, of rarities, of the superior, the exquisite; and now that he had seen Lord Warburton, whom he thought a very fine example of his race and order, he perceived a new attraction in the idea of taking to himself a young lady who had qualified herself to figure in his collection of choice objects by rejecting the splendid offer of a British aristocrat. Gilbert Osmond had a high appreciation of the British aristocracy, — he had never forgiven Providence for not making him an English duke, — and could measure the unexpectedness of this conduct. It would be proper that the woman he should marry should have done something of that sort.

XXVIII.

Ralph Touchett, for reasons best known to himself, had seen fit to say that Gilbert Osmond was not a good fellow; but this assertion was not borne out by the gentleman's conduct during the rest of the visit to Rome. He spent a portion of each day with Isabel and her companions, and gave every indication of being an easy man to live with. It was impossible not to feel that he had excellent points, and indeed this is perhaps why Ralph Touchett made his want of good fellowship a reproach to him. Even Ralph was obliged to admit that just now he was a delightful companion. His good-humor was imperturbable, his knowledge universal; his manners were the gentlest in the world. His spirits were not visibly high; it was difficult to think of Gilbert Osmond as boisterous; he had a mortal dislike to loudness or eagerness. He thought Miss Archer sometimes too eager, too pronounced. It was a pity she had that fault; because if she had not had it she would really have had none; she would have been as bright and soft as an April cloud. If Osmond was not loud, however, he was deep, and during these closing days of the Roman May he had a gayety that matched with slow, irregular walks under the pines of the Villa Borghese, among the small sweet meadow flowers and the mossy marbles. He was pleased with everything; he had never before been pleased with so many things at once. Old impressions, old enjoyments, renewed themselves; one evening, going home to his room at the inn, he wrote down a little sonnet, to which he prefixed the title of Rome Revisited. A day or two later he showed this piece of correct and ingenious verse to Isabel, explaining to her that it was an Italian fashion to commemorate the pleasant occasions of life by a tribute to the muse. In general Osmond took his pleasures singly; he was usually disgusted with something that seemed to him ugly or offensive; his mind was rarely visited with moods of comprehensive satisfaction. But at present he was happy, — happier than he had perhaps ever been in his life; and the feeling had a large foundation. This was simply the sense of success, — the most agreeable emotion of the human heart. Osmond had never had too much of it; in this respect he had never been spoiled, as he knew perfectly well, and often reminded himself. "Ah, no, I have not been spoiled; certainly I have not been spoiled," he used to repeat to himself. "If I do succeed before I die, I shall have earned it well." Absolutely void of success his career had not been; a very moderate amount of reflection would have assured him of this. But his triumphs were, some of them, now too old; others had been too easy. The present one had been less difficult than might have been expected; but it had been easy — that is, it had been rapid — only because he had made an altogether exceptional effort, a greater effort than he had believed it was in him to make. The desire to succeed greatly, in something or other, had been the

dream of his youth; but as the years went on, the conditions attached to success became so various and repulsive that the idea of making an effort gradually lost its charm. It was not dead, however; it only slept; it revived after he had made the acquaintance of Isabel Archer. Osmond had felt that any enterprise in which the chance of failure was at all considerable would never have an attraction for him; to fail would have been unspeakably odious, would have left an ineffaceable stain upon his life. Success was to seem in advance definitely certain, — certain, that is, on this one condition, that the effort should be an agreeable one to make. That of exciting an interest on the part of Isabel Archer corresponded to this description, for the girl had pleased him from the first of his seeing her. We have seen that she thought him "fine;" and Gilbert Osmond returned the compliment. We have also seen (or heard) that he had a great dread of vulgarity, and on this score his mind was at rest with regard to our young lady. He was not afraid that she would disgust him or irritate him; he had no fear that she would even, in the more special sense of the word, displease him. If she were too eager, she could be taught to be less so; that was a fault which diminished with growing knowledge. She might defy him, she might anger him; this was another matter from displeasing him, and on the whole a less serious one. If a woman were ungraceful and common, her whole quality was vitiated, and one could take no precautions against that; one's own delicacy would avail little. If, however, she were only willful and high-tempered, the defect might be managed with comparative ease; for had one not a will of one's own that one had been keeping for years in the best condition, as pure and keen as a sword protected by its sheath?

Though I have tried to speak with extreme discretion, the reader may have gathered a suspicion that Gilbert Osmond was not untainted by selfishness. This is rather a coarse imputation to put upon a man of his refinement; and it behooves us at all times to remember the familiar proverb about those who live in glass houses. If Mr. Osmond was more selfish than most of his fellows, the fact will still establish itself. Lest it should fail to do so, I must decline to commit myself to an accusation so gross; the more especially as several of the items of our story would seem to point the other way. It is well known that there few indications of selfishness more conclusive (on the part of a gentleman, at least) than the preference for a single life. Gilbert Osmond, after having tasted of matrimony, had spent a succession of years in the full enjoyment of recovered singleness. He was familiar with the simplicity of purpose, the lonely liberties, of bachelorhood. He had reached that period of life when it is supposed to be doubly difficult to renounce these liberties, endeared as they are by long association; and yet he was prepared to make the generous sacrifice. It would seem that this might fairly be set down to the credit of the noblest of our qualities, the faculty of self-devotion. Certain it is that Osmond's desire to marry had been deep and distinct. It had not been notorious; he had not gone about asking people whether they knew a nice girl with a little money. Money was an object; but this was not his manner of proceeding, and no one knew — or even greatly cared — whether he wished to marry or not. Madame Merle knew; that we have already perceived. It was not that he had told her; on the whole, he would not have cared to tell her. But there were things of which she had no need to be told, — things as to which she had a sort of creative intuition. She had recognized a truth that was none the less pertinent for being very subtle: the truth that there was something very im-

perfect in Osmond's situation as it stood. He was a failure, of course, — that was an old story ; to Madame Merle's perception he would always be a failure. But there were degrees of ineffectiveness, and there was no need of taking one of the highest. Success, for Gilbert Osmond, would be to make himself felt ; that was the only success to which he could now pretend. It is not a kind of distinction that is officially recognized, unless indeed the operation be performed upon multitudes of men. Osmond's line would be to impress himself not largely, but deeply ; a distinction of the most private sort. A single character might offer the whole measure of it ; the clear and sensitive nature of a generous girl would make space for the record. The record, of course, would be complete if the young lady should have a fortune, and Madame Merle would have taken no pains to make Mr. Osmond acquainted with Mrs. Touchett's niece if Isabel had been as scantily dowered as when first she met her. He had waited all these years because he wanted only the best, and a portionless bride naturally would not have been the best. He had waited so long in vain that he finally almost lost his interest in the subject, not having kept it up by venturesome experiments. It had become improbable that the best was now to be had, and if he wished to make himself felt, there was soft and supple little Pansy, who would evidently respond to the slightest pressure. When at last the best did present itself, Osmond recognized it like a gentleman. There was therefore no incongruity in his wishing to marry ; it was his own idea of success, as well as that which Madame Merle, with her old-time interest in his affairs, entertained for him. Let it not, however, be supposed that he was guilty of the error of believing that Isabel's character was of that passive sort which offers a free field for domination. He was sure that she would constantly act, — act in the sense of enthusiastic concession.

Shortly before the time which had been fixed in advance for her return to Florence, this young lady received from Mrs. Touchett a telegram, which ran as follows : " Leave Florence 4th June, Bellaggio, and take you if you have not other views. But can't wait if you dawdle in Rome." The dawdling in Rome was very pleasant, but Isabel had no other views, and she wrote to her aunt that she would immediately join her. She told Gilbert Osmond that she had done so, and he replied that, spending his summers as well as his winters in Italy, he himself would loiter a little longer among the Seven Hills. He would not return to Florence for ten days more, and in that time she would have started for Bellaggio. It might be long, in this case, before he should see her again. This conversation took place in the large decorated sitting-room which our friends occupied at the hotel ; it was late in the evening, and Ralph Touchett was to take his cousin back to Florence on the morrow. Osmond had found the girl alone ; Miss Stackpole had contracted a friendship with a delightful American family on the fourth floor, and had mounted the interminable staircase to pay them a visit. Miss Stackpole contracted friendships, in traveling, with great freedom, and had formed several in railway-carriages, which were among her most valued ties. Ralph was making arrangements for the morrow's journey, and Isabel sat alone in a wilderness of yellow upholstery, — the chairs and sofas were orange ; the walls and windows were draped in purple and gilt. The mirrors, the pictures, had great flamboyant frames ; the ceiling was deeply vaulted and painted over with naked muses and cherubs. To Osmond the place was painfully ugly ; the false colors, the sham splendor, made him suffer. Isabel had taken in hand a volume of Ampère, presented, on their arrival in

Rome, by Ralph; but though she held it in her lap with her finger vaguely kept in the place, she was not impatient to go on with her reading. A lamp covered with a drooping veil of pink tissue paper burned on the table beside her, and diffused a strange, pale rosiness over the scene.

"You say you will come back; but who knows?" Gilbert Osmond said. "I think you are much more likely to start on your voyage round the world. You are under no obligation to come back; you can do exactly what you choose; you can roam through space."

"Well, Italy is a part of space," Isabel answered; "I can take it on the way."

"On the way round the world? No, don't do that. Don't put us into a parenthesis; give us a chapter to ourselves. I don't want to see you on your travels. I would rather see you when they are over. I should like to see you when you are tired and satiated," Osmond added, in a moment. "I shall prefer you in that state."

Isabel, with her eyes bent down, fingered her volume of M. Ampère.

"You turn things into ridicule without seeming to do it, though not, I think, without intending it," she said at last. "You have no respect for my travels, — you think them ridiculous."

"Where do you find that?"

Isabel went on in the same tone, fretting the edge of her book with the paper-knife.

"You see my ignorance, my blunders, the way I wander about as if the world belonged to me, simply because — because it has been put into my power to do so. You don't think a woman ought to do that. You think it bold and ungraceful."

"I think it beautiful," said Osmond. "You know my opinions, — I have treated you to enough of them. Don't you remember my telling you that one ought to make one's life a work of art? You looked rather shocked at first; but then I told you that it was exactly what you seemed to me to be trying to do with your own life."

Isabel looked up from her book.

"What you despise most in the world is bad art."

"Possibly. But yours seems to me very good."

"If I were to go to Japan next winter, you would laugh at me," Isabel continued.

Osmond gave a smile, a broad one, but not a laugh, for the tone of their conversation was not jocular. Isabel was almost tremulously serious; he had seen her so before.

"You have an imagination that startles one!"

"That is exactly what I say. You think such an idea absurd."

"I would give my little finger to go to Japan; it is one of the countries I want most to see. Can't you believe that, with my taste for old lacquer?"

"I have n't a taste for old lacquer to excuse me," said Isabel.

"You have a better excuse, — the means of going. You are quite wrong in your theory that I laugh at you. I don't know what put it into your head."

"It would n't be remarkable if you did think it ridiculous that I should have the means to travel, when you have not; for you know everything, and I know nothing."

"The more reason why you should travel and learn," said Osmond, smiling. "Besides," he added, more gravely, "I don't know everything."

Isabel was not struck with the oddity of his saying this gravely; she was thinking that the pleasantest incident of her life — so it pleased her to qualify her little visit to Rome — was coming to an end. That most of the interest of this episode had been owing to Mr. Osmond, — this reflection she was not just now at pains to make; she had already done the point abundant justice. But

she said to herself that if there were a danger that they should not meet again, perhaps, after all, it would be as well. Happy things do not repeat themselves, and these few days had been interfused with the element of success. She might come back to Italy and find him different, — this strange man who pleased her just as he was; and it would be better not to come than run the risk of that. But if she was not to come, the greater was the pity that this happy week was over; for a moment she felt her heart throb with a kind of delicious pain. The sensation kept her silent, and Gilbert Osmond was silent, too; he was looking at her.

"Go everywhere," he said at last, in a low, kind voice; "do everything; get everything out of life. Be happy, be triumphant."

"What do you mean by being triumphant?"

"Doing what you like."

"To triumph, then, it seems to me, is to fail! Doing what we like is often very tiresome."

"Exactly," said Osmond, with his quick responsiveness. "As I intimated just now, you will be tired some day." He paused a moment, and then he went on: "I don't know whether I had better not wait till then for something I wish to say to you."

"Ah, I can't advise you without knowing what it is. But I am horrid when I am tired," Isabel added, with due inconsequence.

"I don't believe that. You are angry, sometimes, — that I can believe, though I have never seen it. But I am sure you are never disagreeable."

"Not even when I lose my temper?"

"You don't lose it; you find it, and that must be beautiful." Osmond spoke very simply, almost solemnly. "There must be something very noble about that."

"If I could only find it now!" the girl exclaimed, laughing, yet frowning.

"I am not afraid; I should fold my arms and admire you. I am speaking very seriously." He was leaning forward, with a hand on each knee; for some moments he bent his eyes on the floor. "What I wish to say to you," he went on at last, looking up, "is that I find I am in love with you."

Isabel instantly rose from her chair.

"Ah, keep that till I am tired!" she murmured.

"Tired of hearing it from others?" And Osmond sat there, looking up at her. "No, you may heed it now, or never, as you please. But, after all, I must say it now."

She had turned away, but in the movement she had stopped herself and dropped her gaze upon him. The two remained a moment in this situation, exchanging a long look, — the large, clear look of the critical hours of life. Then he got up and came near her, deeply respectful, as if he were afraid he had been too familiar.

"I am completely in love with you."

He repeated the announcement in a tone of almost impersonal discretion; like a man who expected very little from it, but spoke for his own relief.

The tears came into Isabel's eyes; they were caused by an intenser throb of that pleasant pain I spoke of a moment ago. There was an immense sweetness in the words he had uttered; but, morally speaking, she retreated before them, — facing him still, — as she had retreated in two or three cases that we know of in which the same words had been spoken.

"Oh, don't say that, please!" she answered at last, in a tone of entreaty, which had nothing of conventional modesty, but which expressed the dread of having, in this case too, to choose and decide.

What made her dread great was precisely the force which, as it would seem, ought to have banished all dread, — the consciousness of what was in her own

heart. It was terrible to have to surrender herself to that.

"I have n't the idea that it will matter much to you," said Osmond. "I have too little to offer you. What I have, — it 's enough for me; but it 's not enough for you. I have neither fortune, nor fame, nor extrinsic advantages of any kind. So I offer nothing. I only tell you because I think it can't offend you, and some day or other it may give you pleasure. It gives me pleasure, I assure you," he went on, standing there before her, bending forward a little, turning his hat, which he had taken up, slowly round, with a movement which had all the decent tremor of awkwardness and none of its oddity, and presenting to her his keen, expressive, emphatic face. "It gives me no pain, because it is perfectly simple. For me you will always be the most important woman in the world."

Isabel looked at herself in this character, — looked intently, and thought that she filled it with a certain grace. But what she said was not an expression of this complacency: "You don't offend me; but you ought to remember that, without being offended, one may be incommoded, troubled." "Incommoded," — she heard herself saying that, and thought it a ridiculous word. But it was the word that came to her.

"I remember, perfectly. Of course you are surprised and startled. But if it is nothing but that, it will pass away. And it will perhaps leave something that I may not be ashamed of."

"I don't know what it may leave. You see, at all events, that I am not overwhelmed," said Isabel, with rather a pale smile. "I am not too troubled to think. And I think that I am glad we are separating, — that I leave Rome to-morrow."

"Of course I don't agree with you there."

"I don't know you," said Isabel, abruptly; and then she colored, as she heard herself saying what she had said almost a year before to Lord Warburton.

"If you were not going away you would know me better."

"I shall do that some other time."

"I hope so. I am very easy to know."

"No, no," said the girl, with a flash of bright eagerness; "there you are not sincere. You are not easy to know; no one could be less so."

"Well," Osmond answered, with a laugh, "I said that because I know myself. That may be a boast, but I do."

"Very likely; but you are very wise."

"So are you, Miss Archer!" Osmond exclaimed.

"I don't feel so just now. Still, I am wise enough to think you had better go. Good-night."

"God bless you!" said Gilbert Osmond, taking the hand which she failed to surrender to him. And then, in a moment, he added, "If we meet again, you will find me as you leave me. If we don't, I shall be so, all the same."

"Thank you very much. Good-by."

There was something quietly firm about Isabel's visitor; he might go of his own movement, but he would not be dismissed. "There is one thing more," he said. "I have n't asked anything of you, — not even a thought in the future; you must do me that justice. But there is a little service I should like to ask. I shall not return home for several days; Rome is delightful, and it is a good place for a man in my state of mind. Oh, I know you are sorry to leave it; but you are right to do what your aunt wishes."

"She does n't even wish it!" Isabel broke out strangely.

Osmond for a moment was apparently on the point of saying something that would match these words. But he changed his mind, and rejoined, simply, "Ah, well, it 's proper you should go with her, all the same. Do everything

that 's proper; I go in for that. Excuse my being so patronizing. You say you don't know me; but when you do you will discover what a worship I have for propriety."

"You are not conventional?" said Isabel, very gravely.

"I like the way you utter that word! No, I am not conventional: I am convention itself. You don't understand that?" And Osmond paused a moment, smiling. "I should like to explain it." Then, with a sudden, quick, bright naturalness, "Do come back again!" he cried. "There are so many things we might talk about."

Isabel stood there with lowered eyes. "What service did you speak of just now?"

"Go and see my little daughter before you leave Florence. She is alone at the villa; I decided not to send her to my sister, who has n't my ideas. Tell her she must love her poor father very much," said Gilbert Osmond gently.

"It will be a great pleasure to me to go," Isabel answered. "I will tell her what you say. Once more, good-by."

On this he took a rapid, respectful leave. When he had gone, she stood a moment, looking about her, and then she seated herself, slowly, with an air of deliberation. She sat there till her companions came back, with folded hands, gazing at the ugly carpet. Her agitation — for it had not diminished — was very still, very deep. That which had happened was something that for a week past her imagination had been going forward to meet; but here, when it had come, she stopped, — her imagination halted. The working of this young lady's spirit was strange, and I can only give it to you as I see it, not hoping to make it seem altogether natural. Her imagination stopped, as I say; there was a last vague space it could not cross — a dusky, uncertain tract, which looked ambiguous, and even slightly treacherous, like a moorland seen in the winter twilight. But she was to cross it yet.

Henry James, Jr.

THREE SONNETS.

I.

Nativity.

THISTLE and serpent we exterminate,
  Yet blame them not; and righteously abhor
  The crimes of men with all their kind at war,
Whom we may stay or slay, but not in hate.
By blood and brain we are predestinate
  Each to his course; and unawares therefor
  The heart's blind wish and inmost counselor
Makes times and tides; for man is his own fate.
Nativity is horoscope and star!
  One innocent egg incloses song and wings;
    One, deadly fangs and rattles set to warn.
Our days, our deeds, all we achieve or are,
  Lay folded in our infancy; the things
    Of good or ill we choose while yet unborn.

II.

Circumstance.

STALKING before the lords of life, one came,
A Titan shape! But often he will crawl,
Their most subservient, helpful, humble thrall;
Swift as the light, or sluggish, laggard, lame;
Stony-eyed archer, launching without aim
Arrows and lightnings, heedless how they fall, —
Blind Circumstance, that makes or baffles all,
Happiness, length of days, power, riches, fame.
Could we but take each wingèd chance aright!
A timely word let fall, a wind-blown germ,
May crown our glebe with many a golden sheaf;
A thought may touch and edge our life with light,
Fill all its sphere, as yonder crescent worm
Brightens upon the old moon's dusky leaf.

III.

Providence.

WEARY with pondering many a weighty theme,
I slept; and in the realm of vision saw
A mighty Angel reverently updraw
The cords of earth, all woven of gloom and gleam,
Wiles, woes, and many a silver-threaded stream
Of sighs and prayers, and golden bands of law,
And ties of faith and love, with many a flaw
Riven, but reunited in my dream.
These the great Angel, gathering, lifted high,
Like mingled lines of rain and radiance, all
In one bright, awful braid divinely blended,
That reached the beams of heaven, — a chain whereby
This dimly glorious, shadow-brooding ball
And home of man hung wondrously suspended.

J. T. Trowbridge.

STUDY OF AN OLD SOUTHERN BOROUGH.

NOWHERE are the elements of two distinct civilizations seen more plainly side by side than in an old Southern borough.

Almost any old town of Northern Europe presents to the eye the union of two civilizations. The mediæval *alt Stadt* has its ancient stone buildings, among which, in no regular way, wind the narrow passages that served and serve yet as streets. They are just wide enough from house to house for a cart to pass, and there are

no sidewalks. The architecture of the houses as well as the plan of the streets dates back to the earliest period of settled Germanic life. Then, immediately adjoining, is the *neu Stadt*, built as towns are now built the world over, with wider streets, with sidewalks, and with some reference to a plan. In going from one part of the town to the other, one steps backward or forward some half a dozen centuries. The difference that the eye sees in these two parts of an old European town corresponds precisely with that which the mind discerns between the old element and the new in an old Southern borough. The difference is not architectural, but social; there are two elements in life and in thought. But this is not discernible by a stranger. In fact, very frequently a residence of some time is necessary to discover it. It lies in the very heart of the people, and comes to view only after a study of their history and their social life. But there is no society wherein, after a certain intimacy of acquaintance, the typical individuals are more strongly marked.

The most notable personage and the most interesting as a study is the *ante-bellum* gentleman. He is now an old man, for he was in the prime of life before the war. He inherited his broad acres, and by his slaves he accumulated something of a fortune. This type of the old Southerner is familiar; for, with certain exaggerations, he is supposed to typify all Southerners except the meaner class of the *post-bellum* generation. His house is the same that he occupied in former times. His grounds are changed somewhat, but not a great deal; in parts they have fallen into decay. But always the drive that leads up to the front door has precisely its old appearance, and it is cared for with the neatness that the approach to the premises demands. It will be kept clean and graveled, at any cost. The house is now found much too large for the same number of inmates who filled it formerly, and the family of one of the old gentleman's sons lives with him.

The old gentleman has no occupation now further than a sort of general and useless supervision over his farm, and over the business that his sons and his sons-in-law may have in the town; but, in his eyes, this supervision is of the utmost importance. He goes very frequently to the city, some fifty miles away, to sit a day or two in the back office of the bank of which he is one of the directors. The rest of his time he spends at home and in driving about his farm. Whenever he goes out, he has his carriage brought up to his door, and a negro boy drives him. His handsome span and his liveried outfit of the old time are now reduced to a sort of rockaway with a single horse. But, although his employment of his time is useless, except in his own estimation, he is awake to every public interest that meets with his approval. But such schemes as he does not at first sight approve can never be made plain or practicable to him. In the main, whatever is a perpetuation of an ante-bellum institution he will think highly of and help most heartily. But he conceives, and will give you to understand, that the greatest aid that can be rendered is his favor. He considers the influence of his opinion either *pro* or *con* on a given subject of the greatest importance, and he looks to its finally conquering all opposition. For example, he will repudiate the system of public schools, and no number or strength of arguments can change his mind. Whatever favor such a system may meet with now, the time will come, he will tell you, when, for the lack of the support of the best people of the land, it must die. He will wish also for the revival of the old state banks.

In a certain way, he is widely acquainted with men, has read a great deal and very thoroughly such literature as was current twenty-five or forty years ago, and he reads very nearly the same

now. Of the new day of thought, of the all-revolutionizing comparative method, of the new sciences, of the new literature, he knows nothing, nor cares to know. He reads French, perhaps, but not German, surely; and that fact fixes the date of his thinking and reading. History, especially English and Roman history, is his chief study; but even in history he knows nothing of the thousands of new books that the press is giving out yearly. Hume and Gibbon are fresher than Macaulay, and of Freeman and Arnold and Froude he never heard. Scott is more familiar than Dickens, and almost the only American author that he knows is Washington Irving. At long intervals, even now, he reads Cicero and Horace, and he has long passages of Virgil committed to memory. He reads regularly one of the New York papers, the organ of his political party in his State, and the organ of his church. The church paper, however, his wife and daughters read more diligently than he.

Yet not in reading is his chief delight now, but rather in talking. He will not often go out of his way to find a listener, but when a visitor comes whose opinions are congenial to him and whom he considers his social equal, he will talk incessantly. In fact, there are not now anywhere else in the world such talkers as these old gentlemen. Almost every borough has a story of some of its old men, how they talked on one occasion ten hours without interruption; and even a twenty-hour conversation has been heard of. There are no other men who talk so much, no other men who love to talk so well, and in many instances few men who are able to talk so well. To sit on the piazza of a country place after tea, the invariable place of gathering in summer, when the night-breeze even in the warmest weather is fresh, and when it comes over several acres of lawn and through a grove of large oaks, reminding one much of a mild sea-breeze, — to sit and listen to endless reminiscences is to the listener as well as to the talker one of the most delightful things in the world. The old gentleman's opinions are his own, — in fact, the very same opinions that he formed years ago. And, although by this time the world at large may have concluded differently about very many subjects, he is not a whit less confident of the truth of his own convictions. He has been saying the same things over for years, until everybody of his acquaintance is perfectly familiar with all his ideas. But what matter? His tone betrays the feeling that he has already lived his life; and he cannot conceive why his opinions and conclusions should not be as interesting to everybody else as to himself. These old heroes are thus their own bards; and, as they become fewer and fewer in the land, each one looks upon himself as a more and more important survivor of a race that can never be reproduced. Our old gentleman's talk runs wild over men who were his contemporaries, men who distinguished themselves no matter where, — in the legislature (nine tenths of them were politicians, great or small), on the field, in the professions, or even in society. The achievements of these, whether brave deeds, or great speeches, or notable *bon mots* on a grand social occasion, are told over and over again, with the same warm praise the thousandth time. Neither has he any hesitation in bringing into the narrative his own deeds and his own sayings. The great speeches made at some political crisis (he himself made a great effort), the memorable administrative policy of some forgotten governor or president (he himself was intimately associated with him), — how exceedingly fertile such a subject is! He has been heard to tell of a great speech of Mr. Clay a hundred times; and invariably thereafter follows a long account of an important financial transaction of his own doing, when he was treasurer of his State. Mr. Clay had nothing more to do with

the financial management of the state bonds than the fact that Mr. Clay's speech was made in the same year in which our honorable treasurer went to New York and made the aforesaid great transaction. Time, however, is a link in narration stronger than logic. It may seem strange, by the way, that our honorable treasurer hardly knows the present value, or lack of value, of his State's bonds. If their value were quoted to him, "Badly managed, sir, badly managed," he would reply; and after a preliminary clearing of his throat you might hear the account of Mr. Clay's speech and its invariable accompaniment.

The conversation is more apt to turn to contemporaneous things, if you ride with him through the town. "These shanties," he will say, pointing to the principal stores on the main thoroughfare, "have been built here since the war, by men who were too lazy to earn their living in the country. They are the ruin of our country, sir, — the ruin of our country. They impose upon the ignorance of negroes and countrymen to make their small merchandise yield a large profit. I have never entered one of their shops. The ruin of our country, sir." If you were to inquire where our old gentleman's steward deals, — for even yet an old servant has almost the entire charge of supplying the storeroom under the kitchen, — you would find that he patronizes a grocery that has quite as shabby an appearance as any in the town. The grocer is likewise the keeper of a "shanty," but as his trade antedates the war he is accounted not an idle peddler, but a royal merchant. "That, sir," pointing to a small wooden building of a single story, "was for forty years the law-office of Governor Stanhope, — one of the greatest men of our State, sir, and of his time." Thereupon will follow long reminiscences of political quarrels and of political victories. He will stop at the office and urge you in, and force you to sit an hour or two. You will find out that it is now occupied by the great Governor Stanhope's son, our old gentleman's son-in-law. It is at this office that he spends most of his time in town. If a man whom he would scarcely know elsewhere meets him here, the old gentleman is sure to draw him into conversation. He will question him kindly about his affairs, and advise him in a patronizing way. Another peculiarity of his shows itself mostly in conversation with the townsmen at his son-in-law's office. He is not a profane man; he believes in his church as strongly as he believes in his political creed. But when he becomes excited in telling of old times and of old men, he will often emphasize a statement by "D——n it, sir!" or, "By G—d, sir!" And he is totally unconscious of this.

If now you go through the borough in company with one of the *novi homines*, you will see the town from a totally different point of view. Your companion is a successful merchant, — the largest, in fact, in the town. He is a man of pleasant address, and of much quicker movements than the old gentleman. His father was an "overseer" for the lordly owner of a large plantation in a neighboring county. The son, therefore, did not fall heir to a large estate, nor was he bred to a profession. Several years after the war he came to the town and began to "merchandise." Now he goes annually to Baltimore or to New York, to lay in his little stock of goods and to see the world. Thus he has acquired a sort of business air, but you can easily discover that it is not native. He puts it on when he encounters a stranger, much as his country cousins would put on their best garments to receive a visitor. But he has a fresher tone of voice, a more energetic step, a readier wit for a bargain, than any other man in the borough. He will point to his small stock of goods, and tell you that although in his little way

he has made a good business, still the commercial possibilities of the town are by no means exhausted. "Our trade is almost entirely with country people, who come here in wagons, and who buy the necessities of life only in such small quantities as will last them a week at a time. And often for that their crops are mortgaged in advance. If we had men of capital to build here, we could grow to be of some commercial importance. Here is water-power enough to spin and weave all the cotton grown in the State, and our facilities for shipping would enable us to become also a great tobacco-manufacturing people. The only trouble is that men of means cannot be induced to come among us. The commercial depression of the State offers no inducements to Northern capitalists, and the men among us that have money will not open their eyes to the chances of such investments; for they prefer to keep their property in nearly the same shape as they had it before the war. We need a more spirited public, — more *push*. Indeed, the very worst lingering effect of the war upon our society is this narrow way of looking upon the State's advancement and this immovable prejudice in favor of old institutions. Men who were formerly wealthy feel so keenly the loss of a great part of their wealth that they fear to use what they now have in an adventurous way. They would rather keep it safe than run the very best chance of increasing it. The enterprises in the South that have the greatest hope of enriching and developing the country have been inaugurated and are conducted by men who have earned their money within the last ten years, and have been educated entirely under the new condition of things."

The street of "shanties" receives also his comment, if you walk about the town with him; but it is somewhat different from the comment of the old gentleman. "They are too numerous, and consequently too small. If a dozen of them were merged into one, it would be of some importance. As it is, every merchant spends the most of his time in idleness in front of his door, with no sort of eagerness or aptness to enlarge his trade, but satisfied if he manages to keep his own family supplied with the mere necessities of life. This retail business is all that is here. There is no manufacturing. The vast water-power turns nothing but a grist-mill that grinds merely for the people in the country."

If you go out of the town, and come in view of the home of our honorable ex-treasurer, "That is the place of old Mr. Wilson," your companion will say, "a gentleman of the old school. He lives there as nearly as possible in the same style as when he had a score of slaves about his house. He spends his time now in entertaining such of his old friends and their descendants as come to visit him. Towards them his hospitality is unbounded. Nearly every pleasant afternoon you can see him sitting under the trees, with his pipe and his newspaper, most generally asleep in his chair. He has little to do now with the town, its business, or its people. Almost the only places that he frequents are the law-office of his son-in-law and the newspaper office of his son. In the summer he goes with his daughters to the springs of Virginia. A good old citizen, but of little use now."

The whole town has a languid and self-satisfied appearance. There is little animation in man or beast. The very dogs look lazy. It would require twice the energy to put forth the same effort that it would cost in New England. The streets are neglected, and in places almost impassable; the paint is worn from most of the houses; the people are slow in their movements. In the afternoon, an hour before the mail arrives, a crowd begins to gather about the post-office. They sit on chairs that have been half whittled away, on boxes, and on the steps of the porch. If any one

approaches and desires to enter, some fellow that is lazily seated in the door will look up mildly and ask, "Want to come in?" Then, after a minute of preparation, and a good-natured word about "disturbing a fellow" (at which the more energetic laugh just a little), he will slip aside far enough to allow entrance. The conversation in this company begins usually about the dry weather, or about the wet weather, and then some weather prophet will enumerate his signs of rain or of "its clearing up." It was at such a meeting that an old countryman declared that "a wet drought was mighty nigh as bad as a dry drought." After a while the conversation turns on the political situation (for everybody is a politician). Then the chances of the favorite candidate for the legislature are talked over, and his opponent is unmercifully "run down." If a stranger has come to the inn (for *inn* is a better word in this connection than *hotel*), they wonder, every man in turn, what his business can be, and talk an hour about him; for it is not every day that they have such a person to talk of. Visitors, except "drummers" from the Northern cities, are very few.

Every one of these men has what he calls his "business." Frequently two of them are associated in a little grocery, the work of which is not half enough to keep one man employed. While one of the firm is out, "gone after the mail," — that is, engaged for two or three hours in a discussion at the post-office, — the other is seated in the cool part of his store-room, smoking. His quiet is disturbed only now and then by a customer, who is in no hurry to be waited on. So they, too, engage in a discussion, that may last ten minutes or an hour. These men also are fond of talking; but the range of their subjects is very narrow. They could be informed of what is going on in the world, but they do not care for such information. They talk almost entirely about their private and local affairs. Every one of them knows all about every other one, both in business and at home. Around two subjects, chiefly, their conversation centres, — the church and politics. They are orthodox in their creed, and good citizens (save in the matter of sins of omission) in their practice. They are moral in their lives, and the most of them are active supporters of one of the Protestant churches. If there happens to be a man among them who denies in the least the literal interpretation of the Scriptures after the manner of their churches, he is considered a dangerous man in their society, however upright his conduct may be. When the season of political discussion is on the wane, two of the best informed among them will begin a fierce discussion of some very abstruse theological question; for example, the efficacy of the different modes of baptism. It will be taken up at the post-office, and the whole town will take one side or the other. Rarely does such a controversy end in less than a week. But no original arguments, or even phrases, are brought forth: ideas and words alike bear the stamp of the politician or of the preacher.

No one could guess the nature of the home-life of these men; nor form a correct opinion from them of their wives and daughters. In the homes of these inert and stagnant men you would expect to find inert and stagnant women. But it is not so with such as are of the best descent and have comfortable homes. The manners of the women are such as any society might be proud of; and in many instances their intelligence and information are matter of surprise, when we consider their surroundings. From their very infancy, a very wide distinction is made between the boys and the girls. The boys may be sent to college, if there happens just at the time to be spare money sufficient to defray their expenses; but seldom is any great effort made to give a

boy such advantages, and when the effort is made it almost invariably proceeds from the mother. After their education is "finished," as the phrase for graduation is, it is finished indeed. The boy enters one of the professions, or business, and he follows in the very footsteps of his father in life, — in life and in thought. Sometimes a lad from an old borough, in the first dawning of his thought, discovers for himself the mental stagnation of his surroundings, sees the stupid way that is open for him at home, and rebels against it. The only successful rebellion, however, is an immediate departure. For, if he begins to deliberate, he is apt to be caught by the spell of inertness, and live out his life and die before he decides whether to go away or not. Thus it has happened that the over-conservative spirit of these old towns has driven many of the best men away. The statistics will show that a very large part of the men of this generation who are rising to distinction in the West were born in these old boroughs. Very few Southerners go away from newer towns or larger cities. If a young man leaves his old borough, his friends blame him very harshly for his lack of patriotism; but, if he rises to any sort of prominence in any of the Western States, his old borough newspaper will praise him mightily, and, reminding him of his birthplace, will declare that his being born there is the cause of all his greatness.

But, however the boys may be left to circumstances to develop or to become inert, every effort is made to give to the girls all the current accomplishments of the society in which they move. The intellectual training that they receive is indeed insignificant and in the main worthless. They are never trained to think in good earnest, and they learn nothing thoroughly in literature, in art, or in science. The whole structure of society is opposed to their being made able to support themselves. They are taught exclusively to look to doing the offices of wifehood. So it happens that more lazy and worthless men have happy homes in these old towns than anywhere else. In many communities there has for these hundred years occurred no case of domestic infelicity that the public has become aware of. A divorce is a thing unknown in the annals of the borough. But the training of the girls is so exclusively of a domestic kind that an unmarried woman or a widow who chances to be thrown upon her own resources is a most pitiably helpless creature. If she belongs to the more respectable class, there is but one occupation that she can have, and that is teaching. Very few have had sufficient training to be very efficient teachers; and thus the general educational advancement is hindered. The most become governesses, and, living in private families, teach the children of a single household. Thus, too, the prejudice against a universal and uniform system of schools is kept alive.

Almost from infancy, the girls are paid by their fathers and brothers that deferential respect that can but make them modest and good-mannered women. The charge of ignorance that is made against them in all matters of learning is just; but it must not be interpreted as meaning many qualities that are usually associated with ignorance. For, as useless as they are abroad, at home, having only their social and domestic duties in charge, they are in their way matchless. Their homes are their entire world. The large earth may stretch away far beyond their ken; learning and art may bring gladdening recreation and healthful food for others; but their pleasure is of another sort. Their houses are to be kept clean and their households orderly. And ready-witted and quick to catch ideas, they become in everything, except in business and in politics, the leaders of their husbands. The magazines and a few new books find

their way to their firesides. They keep a glow, a sort of intellectual life, — a life that never waxes strong, nor that ever leaves humility far enough to become enthusiastic, but a life that never wholly dies. In this society there is no retrograde motion, and forever the women dream that they are on the eve of a progression. They hear of men achieving wonderful things in learning away somewhere in the great world, which seems so far off from their quiet life; and they dream at once of a brother's or of a son's going to form a part in the wonderful achievement. Thus many a brother and son are induced unconsciously to leave their native borough and its legendary life. The women are the power and the hope of this society.

There are no people that think more highly of themselves than the citizens of an ancient Southern town. Their self-praise is unbounded and unceasing. But their vainglory is not so much a personal as a communistic vainglory. Personally, perhaps, they think not more highly of themselves than other people: in the main, every individual will set a very modest estimate upon his own attainments and his own worth. But to them their old borough is the most highly favored place under heaven. They are proud of it even to bigotry. It is the most healthful place in an area of a hundred miles around. The water is better than any other water. You would think that the healthfulness and the water were things of their own manufacture. The history of the borough is a matter of pride. The long annals of men and of deeds are known to every child; for has it all not been told over a thousand times? The ancestry of the oldest families can be traced back by the most inert lounger to the Revolution, and often to colonial times. Thus they have no desire for any change. They wish no better life, no higher attainments. But their conservatism is so strong that it is as hard for them to go backward as to go forward. They are absolutely stationary. It is this, rather than their idleness and dullness, to which their stagnation is most frequently attributed; that causes them to be so far behind the rest of the world, and often even far behind communities adjacent to them. They have for generations been in an immovable equipoise, while the rest of the world has been rapidly changing.

With a quiet home, where wants indeed are not very numerous nor very large, but where every want is satisfied, — in a society wherein the men are honest if inert, and the women virtuous if helpless, with few rich men, but fewer paupers, — what need of a more complicated society, which along with benefits brings also evils? Why travel, when one occupies the garden spot of the world? Why worry over the world's great questions, so long as thinking only brings doubt? Even the neighboring towns, that have grown up in the present generation to be of some importance, they regard with contempt. The energetic citizens of such places are but money-changers in the temple of a fair land, where traffic has always had something of the meanness of peddling. It is better to remain in idleness, so long as you are allowed by the community to talk and to remain in idleness without its condemnation (and its condemnation is not very active towards a well-born man), than to wear away the life which God has given in a vulgar endeavor to accumulate wealth, or to advance some large interest; better to abide in quiet contentment, at least while you hold a sound political creed and an orthodox religious faith.

Yet, holding such doctrine as this for their own conduct, many of these men are well informed on matters of large enterprise and of national importance. Hear them talk of a gigantic enterprise in commerce, of a great system of internal improvement, of a grand plan for

developing their country, and you would think that they must give their whole energy to carrying out some of their gigantic ideas. But they are the hardest men in the world to move to put forth an effort, even for their own improvement. "If they would do so and so," is a favorite phrase with them. "If they would build mills and advertise, we should become a great manufacturing centre in a few years." "*They*" — whoever their mysterious "they" may mean — must build the mills; *we* should become a rich people, — *we*, the community, post-office and all.

Thus it is not dullness, but immobility, that is their death. The people themselves have as limitless possibilities of development as their territory. They are very quick to perceive such ideas as come within the range of their habit of thought. On such subjects as they choose to think, they think well. For whatever their society makes a demand they supply, and supply well. They have able lawyers; and their old court-houses (every old borough is a county-seat) many a time hear bursts of eloquence that might dimly remind one of Patrick Henry. Their political campaigns sometimes afford occasions for oratorical display. And if nowadays such a display would bring nothing but a smile from a colder audience, it not unfrequently among them gains votes, and sometimes tears as well, and always an old-fashioned "Hip, hip, hurrah!" Thus society tyrannically leads individuals, but no individual can lead the society. As they are yet the most susceptible people in the world to eloquence, so too they have a fine discerning of the eloquent and touching in literature, — at least for people of such narrow reading. You will find old gentlemen who know Shakespeare and Milton; but not one in a thousand knows anything of Longfellow and Tennyson. Not unfrequently, much to your surprise, you may learn that one of the guardians of the post-office has read Byron and Burns entire annually for the last ten years; and he is perfectly familiar with every character in Scott. When he writes or makes a speech, he leaves his inert conversational tone entirely, and employs a diction and manner that have an antique Addisonian dignity and profusion.

In the very walk and bearing of the older inhabitants you can discover remnants of obsolete manners. The bow and tone of voice of an old gentleman will remind one of knee-breeches and powdered wigs. An old citizen will speak politely to every man whom he meets on the street, whether he be an acquaintance or not; very frequently, in bowing, he will take off his hat to a gentleman whom he does not know. Much, too, remains of the old hospitality. If you are a guest, no kind of entertainment is considered so complimentary or so pleasant as a continual conversation. A gentleman will often allow his business to be suspended, if it depend on his personal supervision, during your whole visit; and he will keep by your side for days, talking incessantly. For what business can be half so important as a twelve hours' conversation with a friend? Many of the twelve hours are spent in talking of genealogies. If you are of a family of whom your host has heard little for several years, you will have to begin with your great-grandfather, and give a continuous narrative of every individual's career, laying especial emphasis upon all weddings and deaths. "And whom did Lucy marry?" comes from beneath the spectacles and the white cap of the old lady. "Yes, yes, I had forgotten. She was a beautiful woman when I saw her. How many children have they?" In fact, as politics and theology are the subjects of four fifths of the conversation of the men, so marriages and deaths are the subjects of more nearly five fifths of the conversation of the old ladies.

Even the bearing of the older negroes in these towns is peculiar and illustrative of a dignified conservatism. In the newer towns and the larger cities, the negroes have by this time forgotten their old masters and their old homes, or do not care for them. But in an old borough there are always some who have passed their whole lives there. There they were slaves, and there they have lived since their emancipation. Their old masters they always address as "old marser," and his sons as "Mars' James," or "Mars' Thomas," or whatever their Christian name may be. At their old home they feel that they enjoy no slight privilege, and even that they have a sort of right to see that everything about the household goes on well. These old negroes have a sort of contempt for those who have no such old attachment. It is a common phrase among them, in speaking of a negro who did not belong to an aristocratic family: "Dat nigger ain't got no manners, nebber had no raisin,' — poor folks' nigger." Sometimes these old negro men preserve the lordly manners of their masters. Their negro dialect does not seem to detract from their gentility, and they are noticeable as men of particularly fine manners.

A Virginia lady in Louisville had employed a genteel old negro man to nurse her son, who was suffering with a broken limb. She noticed at once the dignified bearing of the negro; and one day she asked him, "Uncle Ned, where were you reared?"

"In old Virginny, madam," with a polite bow.

"I am a Virginian myself," she continued.

"From what part of de State, madam?"

"From Fairfax, Uncle Ned. My maiden name was Morson."

"I knowed dat we was related, madam. I b'longed to old Mars' Hugh Morson. I know'd dat we was related."

As easy as life in the newer Southern towns and in the business centres is to see and comprehend, a stranger often finds this old borough life apparently very contradictory. Its open-handed hospitality is proverbial; but to a stranger the society seems absolutely exclusive. The contradiction is made clear by the manner of approach. If a stranger have merely a casual or a business acquaintance with these old citizens, no matter how pleasing may be his address, he will not therefore be taken into their confidence, or enjoy their hospitality. A residence of some time is necessary for an entire stranger to make any sort of an acquaintance. But if he come with a letter of introduction from some of their old friends, or if he happen to be connected, however distantly, with an old family known to them, he will at once be taken into their homes, and he will receive every hospitality. It makes little difference then whether his manner happen to be pleasing or very abrupt; and by this approach he can become in fourteen hours almost as well acquainted as in as many months. For in that time all the long genealogies are discussed, and his position with all its bearings is fully determined; and every succeeding visit for several years would be but a repetition in the main of this one. But every time his health would be asked about very frequently, during his visit, and very closely, as well as the health of all his family and his friends. If he were a young man, the old gentleman would be sure, too, to ask his age, and almost sure to ask his weight.

In these old towns, which now every year are losing their characteristics, there are many customs that are worth serious study. They contain the very last remnants of the old Southern civilization in its pure form. And that civilization, whatever may have been its faults, even its fatal faults, had many virtues that the new South will strive in vain to perpetuate. In England, since

the rise of the people to such power, there has been much said about the decay of good manners; but in the Southern States has been a more rapid and a sadder decay. In the loss of many of the stiff manners of the cavaliers, the world has not lost much; but in one respect the new South would gain in looking more closely to the ways of its courtly ancestry. No civilization ever produced purer or tenderer women; and in the transition from the old to the new the women will be the greatest losers.

The many histories of the South that Southerners have written and are writing will never be of great value further than as expositions of certain political doctrines, and as chronicles of war. But there is need, and the time is already ripe, for a social history of the old civilization. He who writes it will do his country a service beyond all calculation, if he strike a proper mean. He will not need to idolize the cavalier spirit, and bewail its passing away, so much as to portray what was good in it and worth preserving; so that before this old borough life becomes extinct, it may transmit its prime virtues to the younger life about it. The new South cannot build up its possible civilization merely by looking backward and sighing, nor yet by simply pressing blindly forward in the new paths that are now open. With a reverential respect for the past, which unhappily certain communities are too rapidly losing, and by a vigorous work for the future, which many more communities neglect, it has through poverty a chance for greatness that is almost unparalleled in history. The growth of a civilization is always slow. But with the proper fusion of the old and the new, greatness can here be achieved, and that rapidly.

Walter H. Page.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

XII.

THE FILLMORE ADMINISTRATION, 1850–1853.

THE Collins line of ocean steamers applied to Congress for an addition to the subsidy already granted to it. Mr. Collins, a ship-owner, had previously built and run a line of sailing packets between New York and Liverpool, each vessel named after a distinguished actor. This "dramatic line," as it was called, had been profitable, but Mr. Collins found that it was impossible to run his four magnificent steamers without incurring an average loss of seventeen thousand dollars a trip, and he appealed to Congress for aid. The Baltic, which was regarded as the finest steamer, came up the Potomac to Washington, and a succession of brilliant entertainments was given on board. "Passes" for passages across the Atlantic and back were lavishly distributed among congressmen and correspondents, and the subsidy was finally secured.

Several other considerable appropriations were lobbied through Congress by the united efforts of the especial friends of each one, which was called "log-rolling," in allusion to the united action of residents of newly settled parts of the country in rolling together and burning large logs. One of these claims was brought forward by the officers of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, in Virginia. In 1789 the States of Virginia and Maryland had each advanced one hundred and twenty thousand dollars in

aid of the erection of the necessary public buildings, on condition that the seat of government should be located on the Potomac River. No claim was made for this donation until 1850, when the legislature of Virginia was induced to present an application for reimbursement, to aid in the construction of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. There was no evidence that the money donated was a loan, nor had security of any kind been taken. It was also well known that the Federal government had made very liberal appropriations for the benefit of the city of Alexandria, before its retrocession to Virginia, but the claim was "put through" Congress without much debate.

Another venerable claim was presented, from the grandson of General Thomas Sumter, who asked the reimbursement of thirty-two loan-office certificates, amounting in all to about three thousand dollars, issued by the State of South Carolina in 1778 to his illustrious ancestor. Congress had passed laws again and again, calling upon those who held these state certificates of indebtedness to file them for adjustment, until 1825, when by statute the doors of the treasury were finally barred against them. There was no evidence that these claims had not been adjusted, and it was certain that General Sumter, who was a senator in Congress in 1811, had never asserted that either the United States or the State of South Carolina owed him a dollar.

New York had also a claim, which was industriously lobbied, but which was manifestly unjust. One Jethro Wood had obtained, in 1819, letters patent for the construction of cast-iron plows, and they had been extended, in 1832, for an additional period of fourteen years. His heirs, represented by two good-looking, interesting young ladies and by a sharp attorney, sought, before the expiration of this extension, to have the patent again extended for seven years. It was shown that cast-iron plows had been patented in Great Britain in 1742 by a Scotchman named Small, and that Thomas Jefferson had made scientific experiments with iron mould boards soon after the Revolution. But the pertinacious solicitations of the young ladies for congressional support were seconded by the importunities of the lobby, stimulated by pledges of money, to be paid from the quarter of a million of dollars which it was estimated a renewal of the patent would secure to Wood's heirs. It was only after a sharp debate, in which the iniquity of the proposed extension of the patent was developed, that the subject was laid on the table.

One pleasant afternoon in March, Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, delivered a long speech in the house upon the politics of that State, in which he defended the state-rights party, and ridiculed the Union movement as unnecessary, no one then being in favor of either disunion or secession. This one of his colleagues, Mr. Wilcox, denied. "Do you mean," said Mr. Brown, "to assert that what I have said is false?" "If you say," bravely responded Mr. Wilcox, "that there was no party in Mississippi at the recent election in favor of secession or disunion, you say what is false!" The last word was echoed by a ringing slap from Brown's open hand on the right cheek of Wilcox, who promptly returned the blow, and then the two men clinched each other, in a fierce struggle. Many of the members, leaving their seats, crowded around the combatants, while Mr. Seymour, of Connecticut, who temporarily occupied the chair, pounded with his mallet, shouting at the top of his voice, "Order! order!" The sergeant-at-arms was loudly called for, but he was absent, and before he could be found the parties had been separated. The speaker resumed the chair, and in a few moments the contestants, still flushed, apologized to the house, — not to each other. A duel was regarded

as inevitable, but mutual friends intervened, and the next day it was formally announced in the house that the difficulty "had been adjusted in a manner highly creditable to both parties, who again occupied the same position of friendship which had existed between them previous to the unpleasant affair of the day before."

The "mileage" of Congressmen had grown to be a great abuse, each senator, representative, and delegate receiving eight dollars for every twenty miles traveled in going to and returning from Washington. When this rate was fixed, there were no railroads, and it was thought that the price of a day's compensation would be a fair remuneration for a day's journey, — twenty miles. Afterwards, steamboats and railroads quickened and cheapened inland travel, but lengthened the routes, and when the country on the Pacific slope came to be represented, a member of Congress from Oregon was entitled to $3452 mileage; nor was this all. It appeared that at the close of the thirtieth Congress those senators who "held over," and took their seats in the executive session called to ratify the appointments made by President Taylor, received what was called constructive mileage, amounting in the aggregate to nearly forty thousand dollars. Only two senators refused to accept this unearned gratuity, which Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, stigmatized in the house as "a standing degradation."

Mr. Leutze, a talented artist, petitioned Congress to commission him to paint for the Capitol copies of his Washington Crossing the Delaware, and his Washington Rallying his Troops at Monmouth, but without success. Mr. Healey was equally unsuccessful with his proposition to paint two large historical paintings for the stairways of the extensions of the Capitol, one representing the Destruction of the Tea in Boston Harbor, and the other the Battle of Bunker Hill; but subsequently he received an order to paint the portraits of the presidents, which now grace the White House. Mr. Martin, a marine artist of recognized ability, also proposed in vain to paint two large pictures, one representing the famous action between the Constitution and the Guerrière, and the other the night combat between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis. Indeed, there have been scores of meritorious works of art offered to and declined by committees of Congress, which has expended large sums in the purchase of daubs disgraceful to the Capitol of the nation.

So with sculpture. Powers endeavored, without success, to obtain an order for his colossal statue of America, which was highly commended by competent judges, while Mr. Mills was liberally remunerated for his effigy of General Jackson balancing himself on a brass rocking-horse. Powers accepted the situation philosophically, and wrote to a friend, "I do not complain of anything, for I know how the world goes, as the saying is, and I try to take it calmly and patiently; holding out my net, like a fisherman, to catch salmon, shad, or pilchards, as they may come. If salmon, why then we can eat salmon; if shad, why then the shad are good; but if pilchards, why then we can eat them, and bless God that we have a dinner at all."

The public amusements at Washington during the administration of Mr. Fillmore were unusually varied. Jenny Lind sang in concert to a crowded house, Mr. Webster leading in the enthusiastic applause which followed her singing, and Lola Montez danced in her peculiar style to an audience equally large, but containing no ladies. Charlotte Cushman appeared as Meg Merrilies, Parodi and Dempster sang in concerts, Burton and Brougham convulsed their hearers with laughter, and Forrest appeared in tragedy, to the delight of his admirers. Col. John W. Forney tells a

good story about a visit which he paid with Forrest to Henry Clay, soon after the passage of the compromise measure. The colonel unguardedly complimented a speech made by Senator Soulé, which made Mr. Clay's eyes flash, and he proceeded to criticise him very severely, ending by saying, "He is nothing but an actor, sir, — a mere actor!" Then, suddenly recollecting the presence of the tragedian, he dropped his tone, and turning towards Mr. Forrest said, with a graceful gesture, "I mean, my dear sir, a mere French actor!" The visitors soon afterward took their leave, and as they descended the stairs Forrest turned towards Forney and said, "Mr. Clay has proved, by the skill with which he can change his manner, and the grace with which he can make an apology, that he is a better actor than Soulé."

Henry Clay breathed his last on the morning of June 29, 1852, in the room at the National Hotel which he had occupied since his trip to Havana. Unable to return to Ashland, he had sent for his son Thomas, who remained with him until his death. The funeral services were performed at the Capitol, and the remains were then escorted to their last resting-place near Lexington, Kentucky, by a joint committee of Congress. "A noble heart ceased to beat forever, — a long life of brilliant and self-devoted public service was closed."

The honors secured for Colonel Frémont by his father-in-law, Mr. Benton, for his path-findings across the Rocky Mountains inspired other young officers of the army, and some civilians, with a desire to follow his example. Returning to Washington, each one had wonderful tales of adventure to relate. Even the old travelers, who saw the phœnix expire in her odoriferous nest, whence the chick soon flew forth regenerated, or who found dead lions slain by the quills of some "fretful porcupine," or who knew that the stare of the basilisk was death, — even these, who saw unicorns graze and who heard mermaids sing, were veracious when compared with the explorers of railroad routes across the continent. Senator Jefferson Davis did much to encourage them by having their reports published in quarto form, with expensive illustrations, and Cornelius Wendell laid the foundation of his fortune by printing them as "Pub. Docs."

Another printer, the veteran Thomas Ritchie, was less fortunate, and was rescued from bankruptcy only by the passage of a joint resolution granting him additional compensation. He had been the companion and confidant of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, and had always stood by the democratic flag; so Congress refused to act the part of Shylock, and exact the pound of flesh called for by the contract under which he had agreed to do the public printing. Although then seventy-five years of age, Mr. Ritchie was as genial and vivacious in his temperament as a young man of thirty, and he possessed great physical endurance. But his opinion did not suit all of his party, and it was agreed, when the resolution for his relief was passed, that he should retire from the editorial control of The Union, then the democratic organ.

The National Era, edited by Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, was a source of great annoyance to the pro-slavery men, and on one occasion they excited an attack on his house by a drunken mob. Dr. Bailey was a small, slender man, with a noble head, and a countenance on which the beautiful attributes of his character were written. Taking his life in his hands, he went to his door-way, attended by his wife, and bravely faced the infuriated crowd. He denied that he had any agency in a recent attempt to secure the escape of a party of slaves to the North, and then called the attention of his hearers to the fact that at a public meeting of the citizens of Washington, not very long before that night, resolutions had

been passed denouncing the French government for having fettered the press; yet they were proposing to do in his case what their fellow-citizens had condemned when done by others. His remarks produced an effect, but the leaders of the mob raised the cry, "Burn the Era office!" and a movement was made towards that building, when a well-known Washington lawyer, with Southern sympathies, sprang from Dr. Bailey's doorsteps, and made an eloquent appeal in behalf of a free press, concluding with a proposition that the assemblage go to the house of the mayor of Washington and give him three cheers. This was done, and the mob then dispersed peaceably.

The ablest newspaper correspondent at Washington during the Fillmore administration was Mr. Erastus S. Brooks, one of the editors and proprietors of the New York Express. He was then in the prime of life, rather under the average height, with a large, well-balanced head, bright black eyes, and a swarthy complexion. What he did not know about what was going on in political circles, before and behind the scenes, was not worth knowing; his industry was proverbial, and he was one of the first metropolitan correspondents to discard the didactic and pompous style which had been copied from the British essayists, and to write with a vigorous, graphic, and forcible pen. Washington correspondents in those days were neither eavesdroppers nor interviewers, but gentlemen, who had a recognized position in society which they never abused.

The Washington correspondents were always glad to see Major M. M. Noah, a veteran New York editor, who was also warmly welcomed by the politicians from his State, and by his Hebrew friends. Although advanced in years, he retained his portliness of form, activity of limb, vivacity of style, and benevolence of feature. It was better than a comedy to hear the major talk, after he had eaten a good dinner and washed it down with a few glasses of old madeira wine. He remembered Washington, Franklin, and other revolutionary worthies, and it is to be regretted that he never permanently recorded his varied and interesting reminiscences. Notwithstanding his long editorial service, during which he did so much towards advancing the political interests of others, he found himself in the decline of life in straitened circumstances.

Among other occasional correspondents was Aaron A. Sargent, afterwards a senator from California, who was a compositor in the printing-office where the debates of Congress were published. He was on intimate terms with the anti-slavery representatives, and accidentally learned that one of them, Mr. Singerland, of Albany, had got a correspondent named Stevens to write a letter on political matters, which he had signed, and sent home for publication as his own. An allusion in the epistle to the Rev. Mr. Slicer, a ranting pro-slavery Methodist, who was then chaplain of the senate, elicited a bitter reply from that gentleman, which appeared in The Union newspaper. Mr. Stevens, who was a man of ability, wrote an answer for Singerland to sign and publish, but it was so "red hot," to use a phrase of that time, that the congressman was afraid to assume the responsibility of it. While he was endeavoring to have it toned down, Mr. Sargent got hold of Stevens's draught, signed Singerland's name to it, and forwarded it to New York for publication. The second morning afterwards, Stevens went into Singerland's room, and found him in great distress over a copy of the New York Tribune containing the letter over his signature. He upbraided Stevens, but was at last convinced by his protestations of innocence that he had not sent it, and concluded that it was Sargent. Fearing an assault from Parson Slicer, Singerland went that day to the Capitol by a circu-

itous route, and was relieved from his fright only when Giddings and other radicals complimented him on his manly letter.

President Fillmore's receptions were always well attended, and they were the only large social gatherings then held at Washington, with the exception of occasional entertainments given by Mr. Crampton, who so ably represented Queen Victoria, — a noble specimen of the fine old English gentleman, whose hair was prematurely silvered by time. At these receptions one could see near together gallant officers of the army and "colonels" of the "lobby engineer corps;" diplomates whose breasts blazed with decorations and "chevaliers d'industrie" without reputations; exquisites in full evening attire and frontiersmen in buckskin hunting suits; Quakers with their hats on their heads and ladies with their dresses off their shoulders, — old and young, the good and the great, all contributing to make up a kaleidoscopic whirl of silks and broadcloths, epaulets and diamonds, that circled round the East Room to the music of the marine band.

There were "hops" at the hotels, dinner-parties given by lobbyists at Boulanger's restaurant, and many small social entertainments, to which only those who were politically in sympathy with the host were invited. As the time for holding the nominating conventions approached, many of the delegates visited Washington, where they received marked hospitality from the candidates who were there, and from the friends of all. The supporters of Judge Douglas were especially demonstrative, and their "headquarters" was famed for its abundant supply of whisky and cigars, and as a mint where there was a daily coinage of epigrams, witticisms, and quaint sayings which were circulated everywhere in Washington. Their merciless attacks on "ten-cent Jimmy" Buchanan, and on Cass, whose reputation was beyond the C, proved fatal to the hopes of those veteran members of the party who deserved more considerate treatment. The friends of these "old fogies" determined in turn that Douglas should be slaughtered also, and great excitement prevailed at Washington for some weeks before the national democratic convention assembled at Baltimore.

The sessions of the convention were long and stormy, and it was on the thirty-fifth ballot that the name of General Franklin Pierce was brought forward, for the first time, by the Virginia delegation. Some other States voted for the New Hampshire brigadier, but it did not seem possible that he could be nominated, and the next day, on the forty-eighth ballot, Virginia gave her vote for Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York. It was received with great applause, but Mr. Dickinson, who was a delegate pledged to the support of Cass, was too honorable a man to accept what he thought belonged to his friend. Receiving permission to address the convention, he eloquently withdrew his own name, and pleaded so earnestly for the nomination of General Cass that he awakened the enthusiasm of the audience, and received a shower of bouquets from the ladies in the galleries, to which he gracefully alluded "as a rosebud in the wreath of his political destiny."

The convention at last, on the forty-ninth ballot, nominated General Pierce, — Purse, his friends called him, — a gentleman of courteous temper, highly agreeable manners, and convivial nature. He had served in the recent war with Mexico; he had never given a vote or written a sentence that the straightest Southern democrat could wish to blot; and he was identified with the slave power, having denounced its enemies as the enemies of the constitution. William R. King, at that time president *pro tem.* of the senate, was nominated for vice-president, receiving every vote except the eleven given by the delega-

tion from Illinois, which were for Jefferson Davis.

Cass and Douglas were at first much provoked by the action of the convention, but Buchanan gracefully accepted the situation. "You judge me rightly," he wrote to a Southern political friend, "in believing that I have borne defeat with philosophy; it has not cost me a single pang. The support I received from the Old Dominion and her noble sisters of the South will be a source of satisfaction to me so long as I shall live. Still, when I see such a man as Hallett, of Boston, elevated to the rank of high-priest in the democratic church, I cannot avoid mortification. I have long observed him and such Yankees as he, who have never had any principle except the five loaves and two fishes. Rantoul and Hallett were a precious pair of democrats. I have a high opinion of Pierce, and he will make an excellent president, if surrounded by the proper influences; but Heaven save us from the influences of Boston democracy! The South are entitled to very great influence with him, and I hope will assert their rights in a proper manner. I shall aid them all in my power." This was Mr. Buchanan's first bid for the nomination which he secured in 1856.

Mr. Webster, meanwhile, felt and asserted that he was entitled to receive the whig nomination. More than thirty years of public service had made him the ablest and the most conspicuous member of his party then on the stage, and neither Fillmore nor Scott could compare with him in the amount and value of public services rendered. He had worked long, assiduously, and faithfully to deserve the honors of his party, and to qualify himself for the highest distinction that party could bestow upon him. He must receive its nomination now or never, as he was then upwards of sixty years of age, and his vigorous constitution had shown signs of decay. He engaged in the campaign, however, with the hope and the vigor of youth, writing letters to his friends, circulating large pamphlet editions of his speeches, and entertaining at his table those through whose influence he hoped to receive the Southern support necessary to secure his success.

President Fillmore, meanwhile, was quietly but steadily using the patronage of the Federal government to secure the election of delegates to the whig national convention friendly to his nomination. Mr. Webster counted on the support of the president's friends, but he never received from Mr. Fillmore any pledges that it would be given. On the contrary, the leading office-holders asserted, weeks prior to the assembling of the convention, that the contest had already been narrowed down to a question between Fillmore and Scott. Mr. Seward's friends were of the same opinion, and urged the support of Scott as the only way to defeat the nomination of Fillmore.

When the convention was organized, and proceeded to ballot, General Scott had one hundred and thirty-four votes, Mr. Fillmore one hundred and thirty-three, and Mr. Webster twenty-nine, every one of which was cast by a Northern delegate. Not a Southern vote was given to him, despite all the promises made, but Mr. Fillmore received the entire Southern strength. The balloting was continued for several days, without any change, and even the eloquence of Rufus Choate failed to secure the vote of a single Southern delegate for his cherished friend. Mr. Choate then went to Washington, hoping to move Mr. Fillmore; but the president "made no sign," and Mr. Webster saw that the presidency, to which he had so long aspired, was to pass beyond his reach. He was saddened by the disappointment, and especially wounded when he was informed that Mr. Clay had advised the Southern delegates to support Mr. Fillmore.

A nomination was finally made on the fifty-third ballot, when twenty-eight delegates from Pennsylvania changed their votes from Fillmore to General Scott. That evening, a party of enthusiastic whigs at Washington, after serenading President Fillmore, marched to the residence of Mr. Webster. The band performed several patriotic airs, but some time elapsed before Mr. Webster appeared, wearing a long dressing-gown, and looking sad and weary. He said but a few words, making no allusion to General Scott, and when, in conclusion, he said that for one he should sleep well and rise with the lark the next morning, and bade them good-night, the serenaders retired as if they had had a funeral sermon preached to them. Thenceforth Mr. Webster was a disappointed, heart-stricken man, and he retired to Marshfield, profoundly disgusted with the insincerity of politicians.

The nomination of General Scott gave the death-blow to the whig party, which had so long contributed to the peace and the glory of the United States. The name of whigs (derived from the Scotch word whiggamore, one who drives horses) was bestowed, in 1648, on an armed party which marched to Edinburgh to oppose Charles I.; and it was subsequently adopted in England by those who asserted the rights of the people in opposition to the prerogatives of royalty. In due time it crossed the Atlantic to the thirteen colonies which were struggling for their independence, and the defenders of popular rights called themselves whigs, while those who loyally adhered to the crown were denominated tories. Later, the name whig had been adopted by those who desired, while pursuing the paths of peace, justice, and national honor, to develop the industrial resources of the republic, to elevate the national reputation, and to command the respect and admiration of the world through the means of enterprise and honesty, private achievement and public virtue. Had its leaders possessed the courage to grapple with the slavery question and to present some scheme for gradual compensated emancipation, the whig party might have continued to direct our unmatched resources for national greatness, happiness, and glory.

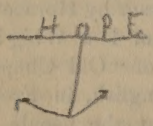
Mr. Buchanan was unusually active in his opposition to the whig ticket. "I should regard Scott's election," he wrote to a friend, "as one of the greatest calamities which could befall the country. I know him well, and do not doubt either his patriotism or his integrity; but he is vain beyond any man I have ever known; and, what is remarkable in a vain man, he is obstinate and self-willed and unyielding. His judgment, except in conducting a campaign in the field, is perverse and unsound; and when, added to all this, we consider that, if elected at all, it will be under the auspices of Seward and his abolition associates, I fear for the fate of this Union."

The whigs were greatly embarrassed by General Scott, who persisted in making campaign speeches, some of which did him great harm. Their mass-meetings proved failures, notably one on the battle-ground of Niagara, but they endeavored to atone for these discouraging events by a profuse distribution of popular literature. Large editions were circulated of a tract by Horace Greeley, entitled Why am I a Whig? and of campaign lives of "Old Chepultepec," published in English, in French, and in German. But the people were no longer to be led by the spirit-stirring strains of the drum and fife, and General Scott received only the electoral votes of Massachusetts, Vermont, Kentucky, and Tennessee; Pierce and King receiving two hundred and fifty-four votes against forty-one votes for Scott and Graham.

The intelligence of Daniel Webster's death at Marshfield, a few days before the presidential election, created a de-

cided sensation at Washington, where he was a general favorite. Those who attended the funeral saw his remains lying in the lower half of an iron coffin, beneath the shade of a large tree before the house. The body was dressed in a blue coat with gilt buttons, white vest, cravat, pantaloons, and gloves, and shoes with dark cloth gaiters. His hands rested upon his breast, and his features wore a sad smile familiar to those who had known him in his later years. The village pastor conducted the services, after which the upper half of the coffin was put on, and it was taken on a low platform car, drawn by two black horses, to the burial-ground on the estate. On either side of the remains walked the pall-bearers selected by the deceased, — six sturdy, weather-bronzed farmer fishermen, who lived in the vicinity, — while General Pierce, the mayor of Boston, Edward Everett, Rufus Choate, and other distinguished personages followed as best they could. There were many evidences of grief among the thousands of Mr. Webster's friends present, and yet death was for him a fortunate escape from trouble. He was painfully aware that he had forfeited the political confidence of the people of Massachusetts, and gained nothing by so doing; he had found that he could not receive a nomination, even from the party which he had so long served, for the presidential office he so much coveted; and his pecuniary embarrassments were very annoying. Neither could he, under the circumstances, have continued to hold an office under Mr. Fillmore, who, after his funeral, appointed Edward Everett as his successor in the department of state.

General Pierce received a severe blow after his election, a railroad accident depriving him of his only child, a promising boy, to whom he was devotedly attached. A week before the inauguration he escorted his sorrow-stricken wife to Baltimore, and then came to Washington, accompanied by his private secretary, Mr. Fletcher Webster. Mr. Fillmore received him cordially, and invited him to dine at the White House, where there was a reception given in his honor. An estimate of the character of the president elect was circulated that evening, as having been given to an itinerant lecturer who was stopping at a New Hampshire village inn by its landlord. "What sort of a man is General Pierce?" "Waal, up here, where everybody knows Frank Pierce, and where Frank Pierce knows everybody, he 's a pretty considerable fellow, I tell you. But come to spread him out over this whole country, I 'm afraid that he 'll be dreadful thin in some places."



FRIENDS: A DUET.

XI.

"I would define a true friend to be one who will serve his companions next to his God." — M. FARADAY.

CHARLES NORDHALL went back to Salem, and took the business train as usual every morning for Boston, and took it again as usual every night for home, and occupied himself with the real-estate business. This being a diversion which came to an end with daylight, he dreaded his evenings and nights. He paced his room (his housekeeper heard him) with habitual restlessness; he became sleepless, and therefore despondent; his case began to seem to him a complicated one.

At first, he busied himself in thinking how he should manage to return her veil. The sight of it sent the blood tingling with brave shame to his fingers' ends. It was as if one looked him in the eye, and said, "You are a dishonorable man!"

He could not remember when in all his clean and gentle life he had betrayed a trust before. The slightness of this offense was small comfort to an offender capable of perceiving its subtlety. At times he thought that if he had speculated with her money he should feel less remorse, and perhaps be no more blameworthy. He dreaded her return, when he must give back that insulted piece of gauze, and invent some decent reason to satisfy her suspicious or hurt surprise.

The more he thought of it, however, the more foolish — nay, impossible — it seemed to give it back now, at all. What could he tell her? That he had ceased to value her keepsake? What could he tell her? That he had kissed it in the Bethlehem hotel?

He took the thing and hid it away in a little old ivory box he had, that was his mother's; he put the box into a desk that stood in one of the great rooms of his empty house; he locked the desk, he locked the room, he put the keys away.

Now, the sensitive fellow breathed freer, and began with more calm, if no less pain, to investigate the position in which he found himself.

He loved her. The holy truth was out at last. He loved her. No mood or phase of feeling retracted, or disguised, or modified this terrible and blessed secret. For it was a secret yet, thank God! — his, and his only. He was glad he had found himself out in time. Sometimes he felt like going down on his knees, as he used to when he was a little boy, and thanking God in outright genuine fashion that he had never yet "made love" to her. No; he had made friendship; that was all. Aside from that matter of the veil, he had no cause to reproach himself yet (so he thought at times) with willful disloyalty to the confidence which she had reposed in him when she had accepted his constant interest in her life, his incessant contributions to her comfort, his deferent, distant tenderness, his help, his strength, his blind and bountiful idealization.

And yet he loved her. There was no return from this accepted consciousness. It was irrevocable in its way, like birth or death, the marriage tie itself, or any of the elemental facts of life. He could not "*un*love," if he would. He was almost terrified to perceive, after he had thought of it a little while, that he would not if he could. . . . He had never loved a woman before. All the purity of boyhood and all the loneliness of maturity fed this feeling which was now the master of him. If he had known affection and touched fancy, he had never experienced a passion. At once it seemed to him the necessary condition of existence. He welcomed this cruel rapture. Better to love her, oh, best, a thousand times, though he put the deserts between them, or called on the mountains to cover him from the lightning of her rebuking eyes!

At times he was elated over her in his secret thought. She would not know it. She could not help it. It was as if the fact of his love gave him a power of possession. No other man could love her as he did, understand her as he did. What other, then, could come so near?

And then he would remember that another had come nearer than he — though he had all eternity to approach her in — could ever hope or dream to be.

And after this he would sit and say to himself, "And John Strong trusted me. I have failed him. I am a disloyal friend."

Nordhall was not, at this crisis in his history, a profoundly religious man; but, as distinguished from what, for want of a better term, we vaguely call in our day "unbelievers," he believed. At least he entertained no more serious doubts than the most of us as to whether what we know as death is in reality birth into another life.

Perhaps no man can be as constantly as he had been, for years now, in the immediate atmosphere of a trustful woman's faith without unconsciously inhaling it. Her unswerving assurance that her husband was alive had not been without its influence upon their friend.

The most important effect of the discovery that he had just made within himself was therefore a profound moral shock. It was as if he loved another man's wife.

More than this, had he not deceived himself and her, if not that dead man? Had he not burned false fires upon the altar of a pure and unsuspecting friendship?

Sometimes this seemed to him the worst of it. He had not only ruined a happiness more exquisite than he deserved, and disturbed a relation which might have illuminated his whole life and hers, but he had done so under what was a kind of disguise that in his most excited moments he called a dishonor, and in his calmer ones a misfortune. He alternately blamed and pitied himself. He passionately regarded that tide of feeling which had tossed him adrift and awreck, now as if he had been an intelligent and unguarded pilot, now as if he were a weed upon the foam of the wave.

In fact, before she had returned to Salem, and long before he had made up his mind what course to pursue in future, the stout fellow was worn sick (he had never been really strong since that blow) with his throes of heart and conscience. He suffered all that a sensitive man could suffer in such a position, and what none but a sensitive man can understand. If you think him a foolish fellow, given to superstitions, obtuse to his own main chance, and morbidly considerate of inconceivable claims, which a healthy good sense, like your own, would dissipate like ghosts at a *séance*, — *este procul profani!* His history is not written for such as you.

Yet this delicate and honorable soul was not without its hearty human essence. Far more keenly than a more imaginative man, who had yet been spun of the same moral texture, Nordhall was awake to the practical sense of his position. He had none of the high fine ardors and illusions of the poetic temperament to sustain him on a ground against which his vigorous and cheerful nature rebelled with all its might. He only wished, with his whole heart, to do what was absolutely right; not right in the make-shift sense which so many of our hard-pressed decisions put into the stem word, but right as right could be, — right in effect, and in motive too; right not in quantity alone, but right in quality. He really wanted to do, not so much what was happiest for himself, as what was best for his two friends, the living and the dead.

Yet if it were possible to eliminate from one's estimate of character such a moral fact as this, we should say that Charles Nordhall was no exceptional nature. He was abundantly and blessedly like other people.

Indeed, he had always thought himself, except, perhaps, in a little fastidiousness of taste about women, like other men, — a conviction which in itself cannot be overestimated as a power of guidance through moral emergencies.

Now, too, he loved a woman, like other men. And now, — God knew! — it might be that like other men —

Oh, no; oh, *no, no!* His soul cried out within him when it came to that. He could have throttled the instinct, as if it had been a flesh-and-blood antago-

nist, met in the dark, which suggested to him that he might ever win that other happiness, more blessed, more bitter, more blind, than friendship; that he might teach her trustful eyes to turn to him, in time, that other look. He had seen it once, — one day when her husband came home unexpectedly in Boston. No man could forget who had ever seen it. Hers was not the "counterfeit" tenderness of what have been called the "pipe-clay" natures. . . . She, too, was a woman like other women; not great, nor wise, nor uncommon, except in this capacity of love. She was made of "rose-red clay." She was dipped and saturated through and through in that divine and eternally fast color, long before she was moulded into this or that form, or fitness to this or that niche of life. She was a woman whose love would *last* a man. If any created tenderness could outlive one world and serve to supply another, Nordhall believed that tenderness was hers. Making the allowance for the lover's emphasis, he was not, perhaps, far wrong.

And now she was coming home again, what should he do? Already the November elegy was in the winds of evening. The November frosts broke in the crisp morning, beneath his restless foot. There would be freezing flowers in the garden when she came home, — in three days, in two, in one, to-morrow. What should he do?

He spent that last night in an agitation which he determined should never shake him again. "I 'm man enough for that yet, I hope," he said. He walked the floor almost all night. Between two and three, he went down into his library to have it out. It was warmer there, and he felt stronger, less deserted, than in the empty second story. The coals were still bright in the grate. He sat by them shivering and bowed, like an old man. He suddenly realized that he had not been very well of late. The strong fellow looked at his hands and muscular arms with a pathetic scorn.

"And she so frail," he said aloud. He held the hand up to the light. It was growing thin.

There must be an end to that.

Should he go away, — to China, Paris, Patagonia? *Coward!*

Should he stay and tell her what had happened? Put spaces and silences and bars and guards and miseries between them? Leave her to mourn and suffer, and break her gentle heart with pity? Leave her to miss him, now that he had taught her to lean on him? Compel her to battle alone, whom he had comraded so bravely and so long, — yes, and so honorably, thank God! The more he thought of it, the more he came to take the icy comfort of this, — that he had been an honorable comrade. He had not meant to turn aside to this treachery. Because he had been cruel enough to love her, must she, therefore, be denied friend, friendliness, all?

God forbid!

Oh, what then? Should he try his chances, like a man? After all, *there are quick, and there are dead.* It was not John Strong who was the live human creature, with life before him, with its famine on him. . . . Suppose he tried, only tried, like any other man, to win her?

He looked about the room. Delirious visions of her possessed it. His eye roved from one piece to another of the old crimson leather-covered furniture. He could see her standing there against all that color. She sank into the deep-elbowed chair. She waited for him, a beautiful phantasm. It seemed to him that if he crossed the room he could touch it. It seemed to him that if he once did that it would all be settled, and he should go out to-morrow, like any other man, and woo his own.

His own? You who had her three years living and five dead, — John Strong! Come from the grave and answer! Can a live man claim his own?

He sank down again, shivering, by the little blaze; he threw on wood; he crouched, and somehow began to get warmer. He would think it all out. He knew now what he meant to do. He would have it quite clear, soon.

He stirred the blaze, and began to chafe his own hands as if he were restoring a person in a faint.

He perceived then that his first duty was to go up-stairs and get some sleep. He started at once with a firm step.

"If there's any manhood left in me, I'll put it to the proof!" he said aloud. "I will not tell her! And she shall not lose her friend."

XII.

"My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me at my end."
TRANSLATION OF DIES IRÆ.

Despite the Bethlehem doughnuts, Madam Strong did not regain her health. It might have been owing to the stone china, but Franconia failed.

While the Indian summer burned the heart out of October, while the haze wrapped the hills in violet, and the leaves fell slowly in scented heaps beneath feeble feet, and the noons kindled gentle fires for invalids creeping out, the State of New Hampshire justified Dr. Bishop's kind opinions, and made it clearer than ever why the best people in Salem employed him.

From the day, from the hour, that advancing November whistled down the mountains (it was the 26th of the month, at three in the afternoon, with the change of the wind from the south), the old lady shivered to the heart, said she was homesick, and must go. They would telegraph the doctor, lest he should think her disobedient.

The next night the breakers cried in their ears, the fog beat into their lungs, the familiar easterly rain blinded their eyes, Kaiser leaped rapturously upon them, and they were at home.

The doctor came to the house in the course of the evening, with that leisurely interest in an old patient which answers all the purpose of anxiety, and costs far less expenditure of sympathy; in a certain class of cases the physician's main capital. He stayed some time, chatting gayly of indifferent matters. Madam Strong felt a little hurt that he did not count her pulse, but would have died sooner than mention the omission. She was not certain if the doctor realized how tired she was. He talked a good deal with Reliance.

"*You* have thrived on Bethlehem," he said, carelessly. Reliance felt her cheeks blaze. Yet it was evident that Dr. Bishop had forgotten his impertinence of that other evening. She knew that it was childish in her to remember it. He looked over her, through her, with his calm, scientific gaze, but not at her, as he did before. She was thankful for this. It did not occur to her that the first duty of science is to know *when* to observe. So she too forgot about that little brush between herself and the doctor, as was fortunate, even though her mother did not call him often, and especially so if she did. When he came down-stairs, his manner changed; he said, —

"Your mother has taken cold. You need not tell her that I am coming in the morning."

"Do you mean" — began Reliance. She turned pale and faint.

"I mean nothing to-night. Follow my directions. Get up where it is warm, and to bed yourself. I will be here at quarter of nine."

Reliance had all the inexperience of illness which youth and health ought to involve, and her mind awakened slowly to the facts. But long before the doctor came she understood that she shared the house with danger. She had gone to bed herself a little while, between midnight and dawn. But at four Janet called her. She held the sufferer in her

arms, upon the great, square Strong pillows. She felt dazed and stunned; not as yet conscious of acute anxiety or distress. Her most distinct thought was a profound gratitude that they were not at Mrs. Brandy's, in that cold corridor, and had not to put medicine into tumblers half an inch thick, with stone-china preserve plates on top to hold the spoon. She had not imagination enough to conceive of the consequences, if her mother had been forced to call that village doctor.

Dr. Bishop testified his anxiety by his punctuality, and, after all, Reliance found that strange form of relief which we gain by setting one misery as foil to another, in exchanging her indistinct alarm for a distinct terror.

"Your mother has pneumonia. If the typhoidal type sets in, she will not, at her age, recover. I do not, however, expect this."

Reliance listened to the doctor very quietly. She was so calm that he regarded her twice, — once with the professional, once with the personal gaze. They were standing in the front hall, at the foot of the stairs. Reliance had her hand on the banister. The doctor was buttoning his heavy coat, bringing his eyebrows together in his intent way.

The bell rang while they stood talking, and Janet admitted Nordhall. He had just heard. He came at once, as was natural, to offer his services and sympathy. The two men regarded each other as the physician, bowing, passed out. Nordhall's whole face was a warrior, and put up a shield.

Reliance stayed down a few minutes and talked with her friend. She was comforted to see him. She looked lovelier (as few woman do) for being tired, and her white wool wrapper heightened her pallor. He blamed himself for thinking of these things at such a time. She told him how kind Dr. Bishop was, and that she hoped everything from such skill and patience. She spoke courageously. She was determined not to yield to her fears. And Dr. Bishop was so much "strength" (she had already caught this phrase from his patients) at such a time.

"Dr. Bishop is a widower," said Nordhall brusquely. He had not meant to say it. He had not meant to let the barbaric, elemental instinct flash out like this. How could he know he should be capable of a feeling so debasing, on an occasion so calculated to bring out the noblest of a man?

Nothing of the kind had ever happened to him before. The worst surprises of our natures overtake us not at our weakest, but at our most thoughtless moments.

When he came in and saw them there, it was as if a mighty hand had taken hold of his heart. It had never occurred to him, in all these years, that any other man could approach her in any way. Now, this fellow who played with life and death, could relieve or create her sufferings, could kill or cure the poor old lady, — stood with her in a world apart. For that instant Nordhall could have hated him and it. He could not conceive that she could be any less of a vision and a despair to another man than she was to himself. So the words leaped.

"And I," she gently said, "am a widow." She gave him a little calm smile. She might have turned him out of the house, he felt; he was almost ashamed to look her in the eye. She lifted her hands with that gesture which always set him beside himself.

"We won't talk of such things. The doctor never *thinks* of them. And I — am pretty tired — and glad, very glad, to see you. But I ought to go. You will come soon again? I thank you — we all thank you for this. It is a comfort to see you."

This was all she had time to say; it was more than enough. Nordhall went away abased, intoxicated, and triumphant.

But Madam Strong grew very ill. And the intense existence which the presence of serious illness creates in the well seized upon every occupant of the calm old house. Even Kaiser had the air of living upon his nerves. Reliance herself was especially confused with a sense of dual life. All this watching and wearying, this loving and longing and praying for the mother of her husband, struck and bared nerves over which the tissues had toughened. When Nordhall called with his ready sympathy, she came out from a world of memories to meet him. She had to adjust her thoughts to him. Yet she went back to her task, her prayer, her watch, nay, to her memory, the stronger for that sympathy.

At the outset of her illness Mrs. Winthrop L. Strong made her will and had a private conversation with her daughter-in-law, in which she discussed many family matters of interest to them both. This was quietly and fearlessly done. Madam Strong did not expect to die, but she knew Dr. Bishop's opinion of pneumonia at sixty-five. None of the Strongs had ever committed the impropriety of leaving the world without a proper disposition of their affairs. It was due to the family that Reliance should be in doubt about nothing. This done, she calmly settled her face, looking now more than ever like frail old porcelain, upon the dignified pillows that death itself would not dare to rumple, and put herself in her doctor's hands.

"And the Lord's," sobbed Reliance, one day, kissing her.

"Oh, yes, and the Lord's, of course," said the old lady, with pious carelessness. The Lord was so evidently a secondary consideration in the case, that it seemed unnecessary to mention him to Dr. Bishop's patients.

There was something fine, after all, poor old soul, in this stately yet abandoned dependence. Madam Strong had always held pronounced views touching the humility of ignorance, especially in the laity, whether ecclesiastical or scientific. Down at the bottom of her placid soul was one spark of fire. She thought it rather grand to know where and whom to trust. All her life she had obeyed reverence and reverenced obedience. This is a habit of mind which makes it easier to have pneumonia at sixty-five. One sends for the clergyman. One summons the family physician. With the rest one has nothing to do.

"Dr. Bishop speaks hopefully, mother, dear," Reliance would say. And then would come the earnest, unvarying whisper, —

"The doctor *knows*."

"He has taken me through very severe diseases," she said one day, most peacefully. "*I 've never died yet.* We trust the bridge that carries us over. I do not expect to die, my dear, in Dr. Bishop's hands."

There grew to be something inexpressibly touching, in the very front of death, in this unquestioning hope; and that little weakness about the doctor, which Reliance used to smile at, now went to her heart. Nay, now the weakness had become strength.

Such, Dr. Bishop said, were the patients a physician could save if he could any. Their chance was doubled. If she fretted or rebelled, she would have no chance. And such were the patients it — to lose — took the life out of a man —

The doctor's fine eyes filled. He held the old lady's hand in both his own, as if she had been his child. She had been his patient a good many years.

"I 'm sorry to suffer so much, doctor," said Madam Strong apologetically. "Don't mind! I 'm sure that last medicine will give relief. I shall be — better" —

She repeated this phrase at intervals, when too weak for connected sentences. "I shall be — better — *The doctor knows.*" It was impossible, however, for

her to talk much. Reliance, as she sat alone with her, especially when it was her turn to watch at night, bent over her sometimes with confused longings to say words for which she never found a safe or fitting time. If her mother died, in spite of Dr. Bishop (and the Lord), she would go to heaven. John was in heaven. It was to be expected, it would be natural (if heaven were a natural place at all), that he would meet his mother immediately. . . . Was there anything in the law or the gospel, in good sense or good Christianity, to prevent her from sending a message to John?

Reliance thought she would do so, by and by.

But by and by her mother rallied, and seemed so much improved that they sent for the doctor in glad haste to witness the important change. This was on the fifteenth day of her illness.

Dr. Bishop came in, filling the room with his alert but quiet presence. His old patient was propped upon the pillows; behind her, the faithful young arms whose every curve and touch were daughterly. Reliance, as the physician entered, glanced keenly up, and looked away.

"You see, doctor," — Madam Strong turned her triumphant smile upon him, — "you see how much better! I told you I could not die in your hands."

To emphasize her words she placed her shadowy hand on his, as if it had been a weight which he must carry; and softly adding, "I shall get well, now. You need not be anxious about me any longer, doctor! I *knew you knew*" — fell asleep, and woke no more where human trust in human weakness can be wounded or disturbed. She died believing in her doctor. Is it impossible that she may (in a state where capacity for faith is the first condition of existence) the more easily, therefore, believe in her Lord?

It was the daughter who had to turn comforter that night. The physician was quite broken down. Reliance got him down-stairs, and had a fire lighted, and made him sit by it. She assured him they were satisfied with everything. She begged him to consider how faithful he had been, and kind. She reminded him how fond of him her mother was, would be, "will always be," she faltered. She leaned over him assuringly. His sensitiveness to that last scene deeply moved her.

"If there 's anything in it," cried the man of science, rebelliously pacing the long, splendid, sorrowful rooms, — "in all this they profess about what comes after (God knows! it 's no more senseless than some other things we believe), — if there 's any truth in it, I say, how do you think she 'll feel to wake up dead and find I had n't saved her, after all that trust? . . . I never had *just* such a case. True. It was her time to die. She had lived her life. She was ripe. But to be trusted like that, and for her to die *telling you so!* It 's fortunate a man does n't have such scenes to go through every day. It would tear him to pieces. You must excuse me. I have been up for four successive nights. I am less strong than usual, and I did not expect so sudden a turn to this case. I pray you to pardon me for forgetting myself, and you, like this."

At this moment Reliance felt, rather than saw, that Nordhall was beside them. He had entered unannounced. There was nothing for him to say. There was nothing for any of them to say. The physician lingered only to take Reliance miserably by the hand, and passed out. He scarcely noticed the other man, whose impressions of himself no more entered his imagination at such a moment than the fluctuations of a case of influenza, or the food that he had ordered for his last baby. His was an experience beside which the vagaries of Platonic friendship would have seemed in deed and truth of less importance than the nature of arrowroot or the strength of

mustard plaster. He might have said that his life was too real for phantasms. Yet with that reservation which his nature and his profession left for interests not directly bearing upon scientific truth, he appreciated Mrs. Strong. When he had no anxious cases in hand he even admired her. But that dead old patient up-stairs touched pulses in his soul finer than any woman's soft young finger-tip could count. He went alone to his temperament. He turned in that solemn hour to his unshared experience. Nordhall and Reliance, who were not scientific, turned to each other.

They turned to each other, like children, with the scathing honesty of grief. One look of hers was all he needed; that other man vanished from his world, too, as if he had been a breath upon a frosty window wiped out by a warm hand. He, *he*, could befriend her. She needed *him*. He comforted her. He leaned above her, and silently thanked God for so much as this. He was glad she could give up and cry now, poor girl, all she would, and that she did not seem to mind it that he was there.

When she lifted her face, wet, warm, and sweet, to try and speak to him, she said, "If it is all true, what we believe, she has *seen* him!"

He really did not understand her at the moment, and he said so. She glanced up towards the room. Already it seemed days that death had been in the house.

It was not without a touch of fear that Reliance answered: —

"Why, mother has seen John!" It comforted her to have some one to say it to.

XIII.

"Happiness is a kind of energy. . . . Now to a solitary person life is burthensome; for it is not easy to energize constantly by one's self."

ARISTOTLE.

We are always surprised at the last, even by expected death, as we are surprised by the lightning-flash for which we have been holding our breath.

The brief illness which had reunited John Strong's mother to her son left his wife, more than might have been, stunned and alone. She was not conscious till it was all over how she had been bound to her past by the daily presence and insistence of ties which gave cohesion to memory and adhesion to duty. Now it seemed almost as if she had been widowed again. There was nothing left of her husband in the world, — nothing but this old home of his (hers now), through which thought traveled like the haunted, and feeling like a prisoner.

Reliance had a healthy way of bearing trouble, and it was with no morbid luxuriousness of grief that her instinct sought solitude. She was surprised when Nordhall came in, one day, and asked her whom she should have to spend the winter with her.

"Why, Janet and Jacobs, and Kaiser, of course."

"No one else?"

"I do not want anybody else. They take excellent care of me."

"I had thought," suggested he, hesitatingly, "that it would be pleasanter if some lady friend" —

"Well?" for he paused. "No; it would not be pleasanter. I said so."

"Better, then," he added firmly. "I think, if I were you, I would send for somebody. I do not like to have you here alone."

"You speak urgently," she said, after some thought. She knitted her brows.

"I at least speak honestly."

"Thank you. I know you do. There is no one but Myrtle. Myrtle might come. I suppose her brother's wife could spare her. I have a cousin Jane somewhere. But I don't like my cousin Jane. I've been separated from what relatives I have, marrying so young; I haven't many. There is no one very near. I was such a little girl when my

father and mother died! But I loved my auntie who took care of me. It was the year we were married that *she* died." Her thoughts had strayed; her eyes had the liquid look that precedes or prevents tears. "There is no one I should quite like to call upon to come and live with me. One does not realize these things till one is truly quite alone. But why should I have some one this winter, more than all winters?"

"It may be that you will want some one every winter," he answered slowly.

"Do you mean that you think it is n't *suitable* for me to live here alone?" asked Reliance, with a flash of feeling, — "a widow of my years, with her servants. You grow incredibly conventional, Mr. Nordhall!"

"I did not say it was unsuitable."

"It might be, for all I should ever have thought of it!" said she nervously.

Now really, at the bottom of Nordhall's mind or heart lay a thought or feeling which he shrank from expressing. He could not have denied that he might consider it preferable for her to be less alone since he frequented the house as much as he did, and would. He could not say this to her. But he could think for her. He could not bear that she should not be sensitive to any little conventionality which was truly deserving of respect, nor, on the other hand, could he bear to have her forced to dwell upon such matters. Perhaps he had never before practically realized the indefiniteness of their position as regarded each other. As he went home that afternoon and thought it over, it seemed to him to be without adjustment to the rest of the world; it missed likenesses and visible precedents, and puzzled him. He perceived with clear sadness why it had not puzzled her. His self-acknowledged feeling was a scorching illuminator to him. His love gave him new senses, with which he grasped unentered conditions. She had no such senses, because she had no such love. The simplicity of her feeling was beautiful, but terrible, to him.

If her simplicity after this conversation was less direct than he supposed, she gave no sign.

She wandered about the house alone that evening, oppressed to suffocation with the solitude of her life. A Platonic friend cannot stay too late, nor be on hand at the exact crisis of one's need. He cannot even come too often.

She sought her mother's room, where the last unfinished baby-sock lay on the light-stand, where the old lady had left it the day she tried in vain to knit, after her illness was begun. The work-basket in half-mourning stood upon the bureau. Those volumes of Scott they carried to Bethlehem were in the yet unpacked trunks. The Heart of Mid-Lothian lay by itself upon the lower shelf of the bookcase, awaiting the annual December reading. It would be December, now, in a very little while. Reliance felt her heart yearn over every weakness or oddity, each household habit or whim, belonging to the gentle life whose close seemed to have left her, somehow, as unprotected as a child. She cried that evening like a child. She looked backwards with dull longing. She looked forwards with dull fear. What world was this she was about to enter? John was not of it, nor John's kin. She seemed to have made a false beginning to a foreign life. She sat down before she went to bed, and wrote inviting Myrtle Snowe to spend the winter.

Janet came in about nine o'clock, and said: "Mrs. Strong, dear?"

There was nobody but Janet to say Good-night to. Oh yes, and Kaiser.

Nordhall sat in the library with the red leather furniture. The housekeeper came in for orders, and went away. He had no dog, and his cigar could not say Good-night. He threw it aside with a faint disgust. He never quite liked to smoke when he was thinking of her.

He blamed himself for having disturbed her with his suggestion that afternoon, as he would have blamed himself if he had not. He was conscious of a new, an urgent, responsibility for her, omnipresent as Deity, and almost as solemn to the lover's thought. It was because his *was* the lover's thought. The nature of his feeling could no more help altering the nature of his relation to her than December or June could help altering the golden lilies in her garden.

And yet, so far as her consciousness or interests were concerned, this indefinite change was now an advantage. Nordhall knew that he had grown graver, calmer. He did not lose poise in her presence. The self-control which his self-knowledge now required of him extended itself to the minutest act. In the quaint old sacred phrase, he was "exercised thereby." He was like the athlete who is a better racer for being able to stand on his head.

"I should like to know if she *is* lonely," thought Nordhall, looking around the library. But he had been there two evenings this week. He must resolutely refrain from an over-mitigation of her solitude. Such was one of the penalties of their anomalous position. He was not her brother. He was not her lover. Society had no code for an absorbed friend.

The winter set in quietly. The flowers froze in the garden, the breakers cried from the shore, the colors chilled upon the sky. But within the house the hearts of great fires opened like yellow blossoms, and restless thoughts, as if they had been summer birds, took shelter by them. Myrtle came, and Reliance welcomed her; and the two ladies pursued, each in her own fashion, the broken-winged ideal of a home. Myrtle was ailing a little; this was partly the effect of too much society, and partly too much sister-in-law; she was glad to be quiet, to have her own way, practice when she felt like it without disturbing babies, and read a good novel of an evening. She fitted with as little jar as was possible to the habits of Mrs. Strong's family. Reliance herself returned with more or less spasmodic success to the philanthropic labors which her mother's illness and death had interrupted. The continuity of her work was interfered with somewhat by business cares consequent upon the settlement of the estate, in which Nordhall's assistance was freely offered and necessarily accepted. This threw them a good deal together, more than Nordhall had intended should be the case. Sometimes she would look up and say, "Am I a burden to you?"

Then, taking but a moment to subdue the mad motion of his heart, he would tell her gently, No; she knew better. And then she would look at him gratefully, and think *how* gentle he was this winter, how controlled and calm, how free from that old impulsive way of his, — liable to break out one never knew when, into gusts of feeling one never understood. Reliance was aware of a change of climate in him. He was more equable. He commanded strength. He had repose. She thought this a tribute to her affliction, and thanked him in her heart. It seemed as if no need of hers arose which this kind friend did not know how to meet. All her bruised youth, shorn of its joy and ruined of its natural atmosphere, leaned upon him.

There is no plot to this story. It is the tale of a not unusual life, and usual life is not plotted against by its Director. Planned we find it, in an always careful, often mysterious, and sometimes intricate sense of the word. Yet there are not apt to be elements of surprise in the histories of women like Reliance Strong more abrupt than those which lie compressed within their own natures, and in the natures which they chemically attract or repel.

There is no plot, I say, to this history,

but it was perhaps a part of its plan that before that uneventful winter was over, Mr. Griggs should be found one night in the streets of Salem as drunk as a "reformed man" could well be.

This took place on an arctic February day, and it was not till the decline of one of the bitterest evenings of the season that Mrs. Strong was made acquainted with the fact. It was Janet's "evening out," and by means of the united protection of Jacobs and that pretty blue veil which crossed behind, she had managed to get over the marshes and home to see her mother and the eleven little Griggses who fed and shared the sisterly sentiment in Janet's heart. Poor little Janet! It is not perhaps so small a bereavement to lose an "evening out" that we need scorn her for the consciousness of weak disappointment that lurked within her sense of grave affliction. For it is true that there were wondrous minstrels in Salem that night, of whom Jacobs, having seen the world, had complimentary opinions, which doubtless would insure any performers a house: and one calls to see one's mother on the way purely as a piece of supererogatory virtue which it was incredible that Providence should punish. It seemed hard to Janet for a moment that her father could not have chosen any other night in the year to get drunk on. But she turned her back on Satan (with whom she bade Jacobs keep his appointment), and loyally returned to her mistress with one of her father's "reformed" friends and the serious news.

Mr. Griggs had been drugged. He had been guilty of the grave imprudence of taking a cup of tea from another man's hand. The day was cold; the tea was hot; Mr. Griggs shivered, trusted, and was betrayed. He was now making wildly from groggery to groggery along the streets of Salem, as insane as any man in Bedlam, and as innocent as any out of it. This was the testimony of the honest fellow whom Janet brought with her (he had the affecting name of Babbs), and it was testimony which Mrs. Strong felt no inclination to doubt. Such deeds come too frequently within the knowledge of those who interest themselves in this especial phase of humanitarian effort, to excite surprise. One learns to observe them with something of the acceptance given to the stab of the bayonet or the groan of the dying by the spectator at a battle.

"We 've sent a committee to watch him," said Mr. Babbs. "We 've been on his tracks ever since he left the house. It was one of that lot up at Cranby's did it. He did it on a bet, and that 's the holy truth and right of the case, ma'am, and there 's none of us can't manage him, not his wife nor none; and if he *ain't* got home he 'll drink himself dead before to-morrow noon. There 's that danger when they 've sworn off so long, and break sudden. And one of the men said, says he, 'I wish the Lady knew it; *she 'd* manage him,' says he; 'I wish the Lady knew.'"

The Lady had never been called upon in an emergency like this before; though she was acquainted with women who had, and to whom the inside of drinking-hells was as familiar and as sacred ground as the locked rooms where they went to say their prayers in their own homes, with their children's voices in their ears. She hesitated an instant, then scorned herself for her hesitation; went up and told Myrtle that some of her poor people were in trouble, ordered the carriage, took Mr. Babbs and Janet and Kaiser into it, and got quietly away as soon as she could. She a little expected Nordhall that evening, and she neither chose to argue the case against him, nor to be seen in company among those men. Her instinct shrank from that. She would go with such protectors as were natural to the extremity, do her duty as God aided her, and get home again as safe and as soon as he permitted.

She managed as wisely as she could. Janet had filled the carriage with half the wraps in the house, and they made such haste as the case admitted of. But it soon became necessary to leave the carriage.

"I would n't resk kerridge-folks about these parts," said Mr. Babbs. "There might be — followin'. I 'd ask your driver to wait here."

Thus it fell out that they walked the length of the dreadful street in the wind. Reliance was scarcely conscious of a chill, and the whole thing did not take fifteen minutes. She kept her hand on Kaiser's head, but was not frightened. She was intensely excited by the sickening scenes through which she passed, by the responsibility of her errand, and by the deadly cold itself. Mr. Babbs walked a little in advance of them; the two women followed him in perfect silence; he glancing in at sights from which he shielded them, passing from saloon-door to saloon-door, with that trained scent for his man which the recovered drunkard possesses, and which may be either a specimen of profound detective's work or of superb Christian enthusiasm. In this good fellow's case it was a little of both.

"There!" he said at last, below his breath. And the Lady, like a private at Balaklava, followed him in. Kaiser moved a pace or two, and preceded her.

Poor Griggs stood in the middle of the place, a maniac and melancholy sight. There were other men, but Reliance forgot the men. She stepped in like a spirit; she was as pale, and seemed to shine. It was all done in a minute. It seemed to her afterwards a very simple thing to do; not at all heroic, nor dangerous, nor dreadful. She only put her ungloved hand upon his arm, and said in her distinct, "pure womanly" voice, —

"Your daughter and I are here. We will take you home. Shall we come now? I think I would, if I were you," she added clearly (for the crazed creature hesitated), in the dead silence which had fallen upon the men and upon all the place.

He obeyed her. She thought he would. It was all over; they got him to the carriage, and so home to his wife and babies. There he fell into delirium tremens.

Only the Lady could control him at first; so, as was natural, having sent word home to Myrtle, and a messenger for Dr. Bishop, who was out of town, she stayed.

At five in the morning, with the thermometer below zero, without food, without sleep, she got out into the deathly cold again, and so home and to bed.

She did not leave it for many weeks. Dr. Bishop did not diagnose the case with his usual decision; though Myrtle, with that readiness of scientific conviction characteristic of the laity, pronounced it neuralgia of the heart. There seemed to be a mysterious surrender of life's forces, — a surrender to sheer excitement, cold, and care.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

EUGÈNE SCRIBE.

Carlyle speaks of Diderot as "successful in criticism, successful in philosophism, — nay, highest of sublunary glories, successful in the theatre." Accepting this last dictum, we may venture the assertion that no writer ever enjoyed so much of the highest of sublunary glories as Eugène Scribe; for no maker of plays, either before or since, was ever so uniformly successful, and over so wide

an area. Æschylus and Aristophanes did not always get the prize they strove for; and even when they did triumph their fame was limited to their own city, or at most to Greece and its chain of colonies. Scribe's luck rarely failed him, and his best pieces were carried not only all over France, but around the world. His fertility was as unfailing as his good fortune. The output of his fiction-factory is enormous. In the year 1823 alone he brought out nearly a score of plays. In the half century of his incessant production he wrote more than four hundred dramatic pieces, of one kind or another, beside a dozen or more novels. In bulk his work is barely equaled by Lope de Vega's or by Hardy's, by De Foe's or by Voltaire's, or, in our own day, by the elder Dumas's. His complete works are now in course of publication; sixty closely printed volumes, of some four hundred pages each, have already appeared, and the end is not yet. He began life with a trifling patrimony; by his pen he made sometimes as much as one hundred and fifty thousand francs a year; for the one long novel he wrote, for serial publication in a newspaper, he received sixty thousand francs; and when he died he left a fortune of quite two millions of francs. To these material gains there was added the honor of a seat among the illustrious forty of the French Academy.

Born in 1791, Scribe began to write for the stage before he was twenty. Like many another dramatist, he was intended for the law, before his success on the stage justified his giving up the bar. Like many another dramatist, moreover, his earlier dramatic attempts proved failures. If we may credit M. Ernest Legouvé, his fellow-craftsman and sometime literary partner, Scribe saw fourteen of his plays miss fire before he made his first hit. Then, turning from the servile imitation of Picard and Duval, he began to look at the life around him, and determined to place on the stage the petty foibles of the day. His first attempt at what an American dramatist has called "contemporaneous human interest" was Une Nuit de la Garde Nationale, a vaudeville in one act, brought out in 1816. It attracted instant attention; the citizen soldiers it made fun of chose to take offense; there was much bluster, and some talk of a challenge to mortal combat. The piece, in the mean time, set everybody laughing, and Scribe saw that, after prospecting vainly, he had found at last the lead he could work to advantage. The vaudeville, when Scribe took it up, was in a middle stage of its evolution. Originally, it had been a sort of satirical ballad or a string of epigrams, telling pointedly an anecdote of the hour or girding sharply at an unpopular official or favorite. This is the vaudeville whereof Boileau speaks when he says, —

"Le Français, né malin, forma le vaudeville."

About the beginning of the last century, this versified anecdote came to be cast into dialogue and sung in public, appropriate action aiding. For the theatre in the fair first, and afterward for the Italian comedians, Lesage and Piron wrote vaudevilles of this type, rudimentary plays, the words of which were all in rhyme, ready for the vocalists. By the end of the century the vaudeville had got a little more dramatic consistence, remaining, however, either the parody of a play or opera popular at another theatre, or a brief and brisk setting on the stage of an anecdote. Such it was when Scribe began to write, and to him was due its final transformation. First he freshened it, as we have seen, by attacking the follies and the fashions of the day; then, as soon as he felt himself secure, he broadened its scope. The versified anecdote, dramatic only by courtesy, gave place to a complete play, which, slight as it might be, had a beginning, a middle, and an end. Traces of the old form survived in the

frequent sets of verses written to well-known airs, and almost meant to be said rather than sung. In these *couplets*, as the snatches of song were called, were put the special points of the dialogue, the best jests, the *jeux d'esprit*. But in Scribe's hands reliance was had on the situation rather than on the dialogue. For the first time a vaudeville was seen with an imbroglio as involved and as full of comic uncertainty as might have sufficed hitherto for a play of far greater pretensions.

In 1820, four years after Scribe's first success, M. Poirson, his collaborator in that play, opened the Gymnase theatre, and at once bound Scribe by contract not to write for any rival house for the space of ten years. This is the decade of Scribe's most copious production. Aided by a host of collaborators, he brought out at the Gymnase a hundred and fifty pieces, nearly all of them vaudevilles. Sure of his public, Scribe gave the vaudeville still greater extension: from one act he enlarged it often to two, and at times to three acts; from a merely jocular and hasty representation of scenes from every-day life, he raised it now into comedy, and again into drama. As he trusted more and more to his plot, to the situations which his marvelous constructive skill enabled him to present to the best advantage, the couplets, although still retained, became of less and less importance; they could even be omitted without great loss. In at least one case this was done. Scribe had written a vaudeville in one act for the Gymnase, intending the chief part for Léontine Fay, who, however, fell sick before the piece was put in rehearsal. The author cut out the couplets, and cut up the play into three acts, changing but one line of his original prose in so doing. Then he took Valérie, a comedy in three acts, to the Théâtre-Français, where it was accepted at once, and where Mademoiselle Mars acted the blind heroine with her usual graceful perfection. This anecdote shows how the vaudeville had grown in Scribe's hands. A vaudeville which a skillful touch or two will turn into a comedy fit for the Comédie-Française is very far from the vaudeville which is only a hastily dramatized anecdote. Of this *comédie-vaudeville*, then, Scribe was really the inventor, as well as its most industrious maker.

The new comédies-vaudevilles varied in range from pretty and semi-sentimental comedy, like Valérie, to light farce, like L'Intérieur d'un Bureau. As fast as they appeared in Paris they were adapted to the London market by Planché, Dance, Poole, or Charles Mathews the younger. As typical as any is Zoé, ou l'Amant Prêté, which Planché turned into the Loan of a Lover. Those who recall that well-worn little comedy can form a not unfair idea of the hundred other plays of its kind which Scribe wrote for the Gymnase. Those who will take the trouble to compare the English play with the French will see that the adaptation is a better bit of work than the original. Planché, having a story ready to his hand, could spend time and give thought to the consistency and coherence of the characters who were to take part in it. To Scribe the situations were of first importance, and no more strength was imparted to the characters than was needed to get them through the ingenious intrigue. There is a sharp contrast between the innate and carefully cultivated tact with which Scribe handled the succeeding situations of these lively little dramas and the careless way he set on their legs the people whom he was to guide through the labyrinth.

I do not pretend to have read all of Scribe's four hundred and more dramatic pieces, or even the half of them, but I have read or seen acted all those which the consensus of criticism has indicated as the most typical and the best; and in all these plays I do not recall one

single character thoroughly thought out and wrought out, breathing the breath of life and moving of its own will. By an effort of memory I can call up a crowd of pretty faces with a strong family likeness, or a lot of young gentlemen who have got themselves into an unpleasant scrape. But that is all. The people who pass through these plays are merely profiles; they are like the plane of the geometricians, — without thickness and impalpable. Scribe had some knowledge of human nature, but it was only skin deep. He had insight enough, but it went just below the surface, and no further: now, nothing is more temporary than superficial human nature. Scribe never got behind the man of the time to find man as he is at all times. His characters are silhouettes into which the scissors have cut also the date. The fifteen years of the Restoration were the years when Scribe wrote the most of his comédies-vaudevilles, and it does not need the title-page to tell us that they were acted before 1830. Scribe had looked around him, and seen the mighty industrial progress of France freed at last from the bondage of the old Bourbon rule, from the uneasiness and ferment of the Revolution, and from the military strain of the empire. Sick of martial glory, all France was trying to make money; and yet in picturesque juxtaposition to the new brood of bankers and merchants and manufacturers stood the survivors of the empire and the Revolution. So these comédies-vaudevilles are full of old soldiers, sergeants and colonels and generals, all singing bits of verse in which *guerriers* rhymes with *lauriers;* and in contrast with these are the money-makers, and the usual young men and pretty dolls of women, more or less witty and wicked. By dint of off-hand sketching of these as they floated by on the current of middle-class society, Scribe had made for himself a full set of the personages which might be needed in any comédie-vaudeville; and having once got a stock of these figures he used them again and again, much as the deviser of one of the old Italian *commedia dell' arte* used the pedant and Brighetta, the captain and the doctor, and the rest of the instantly recognizable masks.

A comparison, not without interest, might be instituted between the comédie-vaudeville of Scribe and the commedia dell' arte as it became naturalized in France by the harlequin Dominique and his fellows, the friends of Molière. In each case it was especially the amusement of the people of Paris, of the shop-keeping class above all; and, as I have said already, in each case characters and dialogue were of less importance than plot and situation. The fecundity of Scribe in providing new subjects far surpassed that of his Italian predecessors. Goethe told Eckermann that Gozzi said that there were only thirty-six tragic situations, and added that Schiller had thought there were more, but could never succeed in finding even so many. Granting that the comic situations outnumber the tragic, there must be an end to them, at length; but Scribe seemed inexhaustible. When one turns out from ten to twenty new plays every year for ten years, there must be some repetition, some use of stale matter, some attempt at a *rechauffée.* But France is not a country with ten religions and only one sauce, and a French play-maker, if he be as skillful as Scribe, can serve you over again any old drama with a new dressing, so deftly disguised that you would scarce know it. Scribe took suggestions everywhere: from Marryat he borrowed Japhet in Search of a Father; from Mrs. Inchbald, A Simple Story; from Hertz, the lovely King René's Daughter; and from Cooper's Lionel Lincoln he got the germ of La Bohémienne, ou l'Amérique en 1775, a highly comic drama of our Revolution, which might have been adapted to advantage during the centen-

nial excitement. Scribe was fond also of doing over again in his more modern manner some of the masterpieces of the past; and so we have Les Nouveaux Jeux de l'Amour et l'Hasard and Le Nouveau Pourceaugnac, — even Molière did not scare him! Then, too, he did his own plays over again. M. Legouvé tells us that he quite forgot his own work, sometimes, and would sit and listen to it, criticising it freely, without recalling it as his own; and I have seen somewhere an anecdote of his saying, as the curtain fell on a piece of his which was an obvious failure, "No matter; I will do it again next year!" He did over not only his own failures, but those of other dramatists, when they bungled a good idea.

Beside all his borrowing from himself and from others, borrowing in which there was no deceit or dishonesty, — a more straightforward and upright man than Scribe never lived, — he had the assistance of the crowd of collaborators who encompassed him about. Scarce a tithe of his earlier plays were written by Scribe alone. First and last, he must have had half a hundred collaborators, most of them unknown now out of France, and well-nigh forgotten even there. Not a few were men of mark on the French stage at that time. Three or four may be known to the world at large: Saintine, for instance, the author of Picciola; and Bayard, the author of the Gamin de Paris; and Saint-Georges, the author of the libretto of Martha and of many another opera; and M. Legouvé, the author of Medée. So many were his partners that he was accused of keeping a play-factory, under the style of Scribe & Co., just as Dumas had been charged with keeping a novel-factory. But Scribe's treatment of his collaborators was in marked contrast with Dumas's. Scribe always did more than his share of the work, and was ready to give them more than their share of the credit. He never tried to grasp all the gold or the glory for himself. His collaborators remained his friends; and it was to them collectively that he dedicated the complete edition of his plays. One brought him a suggestion, another a plot in detail, a third a few couplets; whatever the share in the work, they were always named in the bill of the play and on the title-page, and they always drew a proportion in the profits. The most of the labor was always Scribe's, and sometimes the contribution of the partner was so slight that he could not point it out. M. Dupin once brought Scribe an ill-made two-act vaudeville, from which, however, Scribe got a suggestion that he immediately worked over into a one-act play of his own, Michel et Christine. To the first performance he invited Dupin, who never knew he was seeing his own piece until it had succeeded and the chief actor had announced as its authors MM. Scribe and Dupin. Again, M. Cornu came up from the country with a bag full of melodramas, one of which he begged Scribe to glance at. When he next called, months afterward, Scribe asked him if he had time to listen to a play. M. Cornu was pleased with the compliment, pleased with the vaudeville Scribe read, and astonished as well as pleased when told that he was its author. "I found an idea in your melodrama," said Scribe; "to me an idea is enough." So the Chanoinesse declares itself on its title-page to be by MM. Scribe and Cornu. M. Dupin had not written a line of one play, nor M. Cornu of the other, nor had they even recognized their ideas in Scribe's work; yet he acknowledged his obligation to them and shared his profits with them. But Scribe's delicacy went even farther than this. In 1822 M. de Saint-Georges brought him a piece turning on a game of lansquenet. "You have lost your labor," said Scribe; "your play is impossible. If you want to make dramatic use of a game of cards, you must choose

a game familiar to play-goers now, — écarté, for example." And then he went on showing how such a play might be written, what its plot might be, and what might be done and said. When he paused, Saint-Georges suggested that he had just sketched a play, only needing to be written out. "So I have!" said Scribe, smiling; and in November, 1822, there was acted at the Gymnase a vaudeville called L'Ecarté, by MM. Scribe and Saint-Georges. Now M. Saint-Georges had contributed nothing whatever to the piece, but as his play had been the cause of the talk out of which L'Ecarté sprang, Scribe chose to consider him as a collaborator. Surely delicacy can go no further than this!

Perhaps the making of a vaudeville like Michel et Christine, or the Chanoinesse, or L'Ecarté, was such an easy thing to Scribe that he held it lightly, — although it must not be forgotten that he shared the substantial profits of the play as well as the more immaterial honor. When, however, he took a higher flight, and rose from the comédie-vaudeville, never longer than three acts, to the full-length five-act comedy of manners, meant for the Théâtre Français, he renounced all outside aid, and relied on himself alone. The only fault his collaborators had ever found with him was his insisting on doing more than his share of the work; when he began to write for the Comédie-Française he cast them aside altogether, and did all the work. Dumas, whose assistants were as many, but not as loyally treated, as Scribe's, once defended himself over Scribe's shoulders, and declared that collaboration is a hindrance, and not a help. When Scribe was received at the French Academy one of his dissatisfied colleagues is said to have murmured, "It is not a chair we should give him, but a bench to seat all his collaborators." And there were not wanting those who insinuated that his literary partners supplied all the ideas and deserved all the credit; on these he turned the tables by doing alone and unaided his most important and in many respects his best work.

Fifty years ago the Théâtre-Français, owing to the strict division of styles among the theatres of Paris, and the reservation to it of the masterpieces of classic tragedy and comedy, was an institution more august and of higher dignity than it is even now. Scribe, broken to every ruse and wile of theatrical effectby the experience gained in a hundred plays, and speaking on the stage as one having authority, turned from the Gymnase (though without wholly giving up the comédie-vaudeville), and brought out at the Théâtre-Français a series of comedies of higher pretensions. Valèrie was produced by the Comédie-Française in 1822, half by accident, as we have seen. Five years later, in the midst of his incessant production at the Gymnase, he brought out at the Théâtre-Français his first five-act comedy, the Mariage d'Argent. It failed. "Here, at last," said Villemain, when receiving Scribe into the French Academy, "is a complete comedy, without couplets, without collaborators, sustaining itself by its dramatic complexity, by the unity of its characters, by the truth of the dialogue, and by the vivacity of its moral." But at first the old play-goers, who were wont to meet in the house of Molière, keen to protect its traditions, would not hear of Scribe's comedy; it was the work of a *vaudevilliste* only too obviously, they said, and they sent him back to his couplets and his collaborators. But though the piece failed in Paris, it succeeded amply in the provinces.

Soon the Théâtre-Français was bearing the brunt of the Romanticist onslaught; and soon a more material revolution overthrew the Bourbon throne. Scribe was the only French dramatist of prominence who took no part in the struggle between the Romanticists and the Classicists, who went quietly on in

his own way, and who held his public as firmly after the success of Antony and Hernani as before the publication of the preface to Cromwell. But the revolution of July affected him more closely. The Gymnase had been called the "Théâtre de Madame," and on the withdrawal of the princely protection its future seemed less favorable. Besides, the turn of the political wheel had brought into view subjects for which the stage of the Gymnase was too small. So Scribe went to the Théâtre-Français again, and Bertrand et Raton, ou l'Art de Conspirer, was acted there in November, 1833, nearly six years after the check of the Mariage d'Argent. In the next fifteen years seven other five-act comedies, written by Scribe alone, were acted by the Comédie-Française: L'Ambitieux (1834); La Camaraderie, ou la Courte Echelle (1837); La Calomnie, and Le Verre d'Eau, ou les Effets et les Causes (1840); Une Chaîne (1841); Le Fils de Cromwell, ou une Restauration (1842); and Le Puff, ou Mensonge et Vérité (1848). These comedies, notwithstanding their well-jointed skeletons, are already aging terribly; they show the wrinkles of time; even the young lovers are now gray-haired, and the language is hopelessly rococo. The fancy for sub-titles has died out, and some of Scribe's seem very ridiculous now. His fancy for reflecting fully the changing hues of the hour has given his plays a color now faded and out of fashion forever. What is contemporary is three parts temporary. Language, for one thing, is always shifting. A far-seeing literary artist borrows only as many phrases from the jargon of the day as he may need to give life to his dialogue, and never enough to weight that dialogue down with dead words after they have dropped out of use. Scribe's subordination of everything to the demands of an immediate stage-success makes most of his dialogue now lifeless and wooden. And unfortunately, though Scribe had a very pretty wit of his own, and was capable of writing dialogue of no little sparkle, he was never above making use of the ready-made jests, the commonplaces of joking. Théophile Gautier, to whom picturesqueness was the whole duty of man, somewhere says that, after a witticism had been worn threadbare by hard usage, it was still sure of a freshening up in some one of Scribe's plays. Here again we see Scribe's knowledge of the play-goer: if Scribe made the new jest he was so well capable of making, perhaps the public might not see it, but if he used the old joke, the public could but laugh. On the same principle, the clown in the circus gives us the most obvious and antique wit; and the people needs must laugh at it, just as Diggory had been laughing at the story of the grouse in the gun-room these twenty years. Taught by his experience as a playwright, Scribe distrusted his own higher powers, assuredly capable of further development, and chose instead to rely on his well-tried, and indeed truly wondrous, constructive skill.

To consider in detail the comedies acted at the Théâtre-Français would take too long. Valérie is no doubt much improved by the cutting out of its couplets; it is a simple and touching little story, lacking only in depth and pathos, in the one touch of nature; it is made, not born, and there is no blood in it. The Mariage d'Argent seems to me the least satisfactory in structure of Scribe's long plays, and I do not wonder it failed. The subject might suffice for a comédie-vaudeville in three acts, and the strain of stretching it into a five-act comedy is, unfortunately, only too evident. But in Bertrand et Raton is a great improvement; for the first time Scribe strikes the true note of high comedy. All the characters are cast in worn moulds, and have no sharpness of edge, save Bertrand, the incarnation of the ultimate diplomacy. Here is real observation and the real comic touch. In

Bertrand the world chose to see a portrait of Talleyrand, then ambassador to England; and when the play was acted in London Mr. Farren wore a wig which made him the image of Talleyrand. To the horror of the English authorities, the French ambassador came to the play; but with characteristic shrewdness he refused to see the likeness, and led in applause of the actor. Bertrand is Scribe's one rememberable character. It leavens the whole play, the plot of which, however, is interesting and possible, and not without irony.

What would the great writer who invented Queen Anne have thought of the Verre d'Eau, in which the Duchess of Marlborough and the lady-love of Lieutenant Masham are rivals of the queen for the affection of that inoffensive young man? Scribe takes as many liberties with Queen Anne — who is dead, as we all know, and has no Churchill now to fight her battles — as Hugo took with Queen Mary; but he is never melodramatic, like Hugo. The emotion is rarely tense, and even the shock of surprise evokes no more startling ejaculation than "Oh Heaven!" — a lady-like expletive which recurs half a dozen times in the play. The Verre d'Eau, indeed, is a very lady-like comedy, wherein high affairs of state are shown to hang on the trifles of feminine feeling. While Scribe has no enthusiasm, no poetry, no passion, so also has he no affectation and no false and forced emotion. In Une Chaîne, for instance, which remains the most modern of Scribe's comedies, and which tells a familiar tale, there are no ardent scenes between the lover and the mistress, and no dwelling on the raptures of illicit passion. On the contrary, the play, as the title shows, turns on the lover's struggles to break the toils that bind him to his enchantress. Scribe was a *bourgeois*, a Philistine, if you will, and he worshiped respectability, with its thousand gigs. In Oscar, ou le Mari qui Trompe sa Femme, a three-act comedy done at the Théâtre-Français in 1842, there is abundant sacrifice to decorum, though the subject is disgusting. Outwardly all is proper; inwardly it is of indescribable indelicacy; but so skillfully has Scribe told his story that it is only by taking thought that one sees into it; we are hurried so swiftly over the quaking bog that we scarcely suspect its existence. In Une Chaîne the subject is commonplace enough now, though it was less so in Scribe's day. What is remarkable about it is not only the matter-of-fact treatment of a passionate situation, — this was possibly Scribe's protest against the Romanticist code, which set passion above duty, — but the curious way in which his instinct as a playwright had anticipated the formulas of a quarter of a century later. Une Chaîne, written in 1841 by Scribe, is in construction very much what it would have been had it been written by M. Victorien Sardou in 1881; it has the external aspects of a comedy, but lurking behind, and half out of sight, is a possibility of impending tragedy, — a possibility which stiffens the interest of the comedy and strengthens it. We try a play by a triple test, — for plot, for character, or dialogue. Scribe, who was a born playwright, well knew what so many would-be dramatists do not know, that plot alone, if it be striking enough, will suffice to draw the public. But he either ignored or was ignorant of the fact that character only, that only a true fragment of human nature, can confer immortality: Panurge and Sancho Panza and Bardolph and Mascarille are as alive to-day as when they came into being. Plot and situation and intrigue, however clever, become stale in time; we weary of them, and they are forgotten. Unless a story is kept alive by the immortality of character it soon gets old-fashioned, and drops out of sight till another generation takes it up and dresses it anew to suit the changing fancy. If it then fall into the hands of a true poet,

a real *maker*, and he put into it the human nature it has hitherto lacked, it has a chance of long life; though the first arranger is remembered only as having suggested the story, and the great credit is given to the creator of the character. Thus Shakespeare and Molière have worked over the plots of the Latin comic dramatists and so stamped these with their marks that no one has since dared to question their ownership, or to replevin what after all belonged to the public domain.

Scribe has left his impress on the stage, but it is as the inventor of the comédie-vaudeville, as the improver of grand opera, as a play-maker of consummate skill, — not as the maker of character. He was full of appreciation of a comic situation, and wrung from it the last drop of amusement; it never reacted to the creation of a truly comic character. No one of Scribe's people lives after him. They were in outline only, faint at best, and soon faded; time has had no difficulty in rubbing them out. "Outline" is perhaps scarcely the right word; one may say rather that they are pastels, not sketches in black and white. Indeed, there is little black anywhere in Scribe; he took a rose-colored view of life; and, as M. Octave Feuillet pointed out in the eulogy he delivered as Scribe's successor in the French Academy, nowhere in all Scribe's plays will you find a villain of the deepest dye. Few of his characters are even vicious; they are ridiculous, only. We can laugh at them without any feeling that we ought, perhaps, to weep. His is a benevolent muse; and all 's for the best in the best of worlds.

The most easily recalled of Scribe's characters is one which shows some of the complexity of real life, — Bertrand, the cold and subtle diplomatist, who turns the zeal and the generosity of others to his own account, and makes the rest of his fellow-men serve as his cat's-paws and scapegoats. Here is a figure not all of a piece: he has some life of his own; he could stand on his own legs even if the directing wire of the manager of the show were withdrawn. After Bertrand one can bring up with least effort Michonnet, the old prompter in Adrienne Lecouvreur. Here also is a man with the blood of life coursing through his veins. And of all Scribe's countless women no one has such a glow of human nature, fragile and feminine, as Adrienne herself.

It is hard to have to grudge Scribe the credit of these last two characters, but it is a fact that in writing Adrienne Lecouvreur Scribe had again taken unto himself a partner, this time M. Ernest Legouvé. Scribe was asked by the Comédie-Française to write a comedy for Rachel. He doubted, and wisely, whether the task was not beyond him, and whether Rachel, who was great in tragedy, would in comedy either be easy herself or be accepted by the public. He casually consulted M. Legouvé, who said the task was easier than it seemed. "It will be enough to put into a new frame and another period Rachel's ordinary qualities. The public will believe it a transformation, while it will be only a change of costume." "Will you look up a subject for us to treat together?" said Scribe at once. M. Legouvé sought, and at last he happened on the anecdote of Adrienne Lecouvreur acting Phèdre and throwing into the teeth of the Duchess de Bouillon, who sat in the stage box, these scorching lines of her part: —

> "Je ne suis point de ces femmes hardies
> Qui, goûtant dans le crime une tranquille paix,
> Ont su se faire un front qui ne rougit jamais!"

M. Legouvé hastened to carry his find to Scribe, who fell on his neck in delight, crying, "A hundred performances at six thousand francs!" M. Legouvé kindly tells us that this was not a mercenary outbreak; it was the natural expression of the enthusiasm of a trained playwright who knew that in the box-office receipts are figures that never lie,

or flatter, or disparage, but tell with brutal frankness what the public thinks of his work. M. Legouvé also tells how Rachel refused the piece, and how artfully he persuaded her to play it. Its success tightened the link between Scribe and M. Legouvé, and they wrote three other plays together, of which the best known is Bataille de Dames, turned into sturdy English by Mr. Charles Reade as the Ladies' Battle.

If I had to select one play of Scribe's showing him at his best, I should choose this Bataille de Dames. I can recommend it as agreeable reading and quite harmless. It takes no great study to see that the plot of the play is a wonderful work of art. The neatness with which the successive links of the simple yet ever-changing action are jointed together is beyond all praise. The comedy of intrigue can go no further; this is its last word. And there is not only ingenuity of incident, there is some play of character; not much, to be sure, but a little. Nature in Scribe's plays has as poor a chance as it had at the hands of the French gardeners who bent the yew and the box into shapes of strange animals. But Bataille de Dames is far better in this respect than the Camaraderie of fifteen years before. Ingenious with a Chinese-puzzle ingenuity, all the pieces fit into each other and fill the box exactly, and so completely that there is scant room for the least human nature. In the Camaraderie there is no air at all, and you cannot breathe, but in Bataille de Dames the people show some little will of their own, thanks, possibly, to M. Legouvé. In the plays Scribe wrote with M. Legouvé there is more life and less insufficience of style than in his other pieces. Scribe had little of the literary feeling, and cared as little for the art of writing as M. Zola. It is a rare thing for a Frenchman to attain prominence as an author, and yet write as ill as Scribe; and it is only as a dramatist that he could have done it; on the stage purely literary merit is a secondary consideration. Scribe had far more real ability than M. Legouvé, but he lacked the tincture of literature of the latter; so their conjunction was fertile. Together they made a better play than Legouvé alone, who with no great poetic endowment tried to be a poet, or than Scribe alone, who was satisfied to be theatrically effective. So the Bataille de Dames is the best of Scribe's comic imbroglios, and Adrienne Lecouvreur is the best of his more dramatic attempts.

In his lighter comedies, as in his position in the theatrical world, Scribe recalls Lope de Vega. Each was in his day the chief purveyor of plays; both relied on the ingenuity of plot to sustain the interest; neither left behind him a single memorable character. With due allowance for the differences of time and place, some of Lope de Vega's comedies are very like Scribe's. Take the Perro del Hortelano: is it not in suggestion and handling much what it would have been had Scribe written it? A little more sprawling, may be, not as economical in its effects, but still much the same. The Gardener's Dog is Spanish for the Dog in the Manger. In this case it is a woman, lightly and easily sketched: she loves and she is jealous; and yet she cannot make up her mind to marry the man she loves, because of his lowly birth. Even the nincompoop of a lover is not unlike some of Scribe's uncertain heroes. The art of play-making is constantly improving, and Scribe could have given points to Lope in the game of the stage. The Spanish dramatist, on the other hand, had a Spanish dignity and grandiloquence, and some stirrings of poetry. Scribe's Pegasus had no wings, and so his attempts to rise to the romantic and historical drama did not succeed. He had a telescope rifle unfailing in shooting folly as it flies, but the handling of a siege gun was beyond his power.

In 1819, Scribe had written the Frères

Invisibles, a sufficiently absurd melodrama of the Pixérécourt school. In 1832, in the midst of the Romantic ferment, he tried his hand at Dix Ans de la Vie d'une Femme, — something in the style of Dinaux and Ducange's Trente Ans, ou la Vie d'un Joueur. But the dagger and the bowl were too heavy for him to lift. If any one wants to see a delightful specimen of the competent criticism one dramatist can visit on another, as candid and as cutting as may be, notwithstanding its good nature, he should glance over Scribe's drama, and then read Dumas's analysis of it in his Souvenirs Dramatiques. Perhaps the rattling raillery of Dumas convinced Scribe of his error. It was twenty years later, and only after Adrienne Lecouvreur, a comedy-drama, had succeeded, that he ventured on the Czarine, an historical drama, acted by Rachel in 1855. Scribe could do a dainty pastel or a delicate miniature, but he lacked the robust strength which historical painting calls for. Strange to say, the play is wanting even in the picturesqueness of stage effect when compared with Scribe's own libretto for the Star of the North, or with the beginning of a play sketched by Balzac, both of which have for their heroine the mistress and wife and successor of Peter the Great. A complicated and petty intrigue dwarfs the figure of one who fills so large a place in history and in the imagination as Catherine. Scribe's feebleness in character-drawing is shown in the way his historic figures slip out of mind, in spite of every effort to lay hold on them, and in spite of their pretense to be portraits of Richard Cromwell and Marshal Saxe, of Queen Anne and the Duchess of Marlborough, of Francis the First and Charles the Fifth.

Scribe's device was a pen crossed over pan-pipes, with the motto, *Inde Fortuna et Libertas*, — a proud saying, for all its humility. He owed what he was to his pen, and he acknowledged the debt. The pan-pipes, I take it, are meant to symbolize, more modestly than a lyre, his operatic labors; still they seem somewhat out of place, as no man was ever less given to the warbling of native wood-notes wild. Scribe's share in the development of grand opera and in the maintenance of *opéra-comique*, important as it is, must be dismissed briefly. Nowhere is skillful scaffolding more needed than in an opera-book, and nowhere did Scribe's unequaled genius for the stage show to better advantage than at the Opéra. It was he who constructed the Jewess for Halévy, and Robert the Devil, the Huguenots, the Prophet, and the Africaine for Meyerbeer. It was he, in great measure, who made possible Herr Wagner's art work of the future, by bringing together in unexampled perfection and profusion the contributions of the scene-painter, the ballet-master, the property-man, and the stage-manager, and putting them all at the service of the composer for the embellishing of his work. As the First Player says, in the Rehearsal of his grace the Duke of Buckingham, "And then, for scenes, clothes, and dancing, we put 'em quite down, all that ever went before us; and these are the things, you know, that are essential to a play." They are essential to that passing show we call an opera, and no one handled them more effectively than Scribe.

His operas, ballets, and opéras-comiques fill twenty-six volumes in the new edition of his works; and among them are the librettos of the Bronze Horse, Crown Diamonds, the Sicilian Vespers, the Star of the North, Fra Diavolo, the Dame Blanche, the Domino Noir, the Favorita, Masaniello, and I Martiri, which last he had taken from Corneille's Polyeucte, just as he had taken another opera book from Shakespeare's Tempest. Many of his comédies-vaudevilles he made over as operas; the Comte Ory was set by Rossini, and the Sonnambule was arranged as a ballet. An Italian

librettist afterward took this ballet and used it as the book for Bellini's Sonnambula, just as other foreign librettists have used his plots for the Ballo in Maschera, the Elisire d'Amor, and more recently for Fatinitza.

Consider, for a moment, Scribe's extraordinary dramatic range: he began with the vaudeville, which he improved into the comédie-vaudeville; he rose to the five-act comedy of manners; he invented the comedy drama; he failed in romantic and historical drama, but he succeeded in handling tragic themes in grand opera; he devised the ballet opera; and he gave great variety to the opéra-comique. He was ever on the lookout for new dramatic forms; one of the most curious of those he attempted is to be seen in the three-act play of Avant, Pendant, et Après. The first act, Before the French Revolution, is a comedy; the second act, During the Revolution, is a drama; and the third act, After the Revolution, is a vaudeville. The same impulse to seek new forms led him also to discover a new country, in which he laid the scenes of all his plays. Scribe called this new land England, or France, or Russia, or whatever else he wanted to make it pass for; but the critics called it Scribia. This is a country where the people are all cut and dried, where the jokes are generally old jokes, where everything always comes out right in the end, where waiting-women twist queens around their fingers, where great effects are always the result of little causes, and where, in short, M. Scribe could have everything his own way. This uniformity of local color made Scribe's plays more easily understood in foreign countries, and facilitated the task of the adapter. Beaumarchais and Augier lose fifty per cent. in transport to another land and tongue. Scribe's tare and tret is trifling. Manners are local, but a plot might be used as well in England as in France, and in Germany or Italy as in England; and so the universal borrowing from France began. Before Scribe, the nations had borrowed from each other all round; no one race had a monopoly of the dramatic supply. The Restoration comedy of England was derived from France; but Germany and France were both copying from England toward the end of the last century, and England and France were imitating Germany in the early part of this. Since Scribe's plays began their tour of the world, and since his reorganization of the French Dramatic Authors Society made writing for the stage the most profitable form of literary labor, France has ruled the dramatic market. It is instructive to note that the French playwright who, after Scribe, has had the most foreign popularity is M. Victorien Sardou, who came to the front in 1861, the year of Scribe's death, and who, like Scribe, places his main reliance on his situations. M. Sardou is the direct disciple of Scribe. We have been told that when M. Sardou was learning the trade of play-making he modeled himself on Scribe, seeking to spy out his secret. He would take a play of Scribe's, read one act, and then write the following acts himself; comparing his work with Scribe's, and so learning the tricks of the trade from its greatest master. Proof of this study can be seen by a glance at the list of M. Sardou's works: the Pattes de Mouche is his Bataille de Dames, Rabagas is his Bertrand et Raton, and in Nos Intimes and Fernande we have the formula of Une Chaîne. To M. Sardou, as to Scribe, a play is a complex structure, whose varied incidents fit into each other as exactly as the parts of a machine-made rifle, lacking any one of which the gun will miss fire. M. Sardou is not as rigid in his construction as Scribe was, and he has a broader humor and is more open to the influences of the day, — perhaps too much so. Toward the end of his life Scribe complained that his pieces did not meet the old success, and wondered why it was, sure that he made plays as

well as ever. The fact was that taste had changed, and the public did not ask for well-made plays; or rather it demanded something more than a well-made play, something more than mere workmanship. Fortunately for his own peace of mind, Scribe passed away before the full effect of the change in public taste was apparent.

To sum up, Scribe's qualities are an inexhaustible industry, an unfailing invention, an easy wit, a lively feeling for situation, marvelous cleverness, and supreme technical skill. He paid little attention to human nature: he showed no knowledge that life is more than mere work and play; that there can be grand self-sacrifice, noble sorrow, or any large and liberal sweep of emotion. He had neither depth not breadth. A good man himself, and a generous, in his plays he took a petty, not to say an ignoble, view of life. Even in his comedies there is no great comic force; it is easy to understand how Philarète Chasles came to call him a Marivaux *épicier*. And it is no wonder that Heine, whose eyes were wide open to the iniquities, the sufferings, and the struggles of mankind, should regard Scribe as the arch-Philistine, the guardian of the gates of Gath, and should have risked a dying jest against Scribe. As breath was fast failing him, Heine was asked if he could whistle (in French, *siffler*, meaning also "to hiss"); to which he replied, with an effort, "No, not even a play of M. Scribe's."

J. Brander Matthews.

LAWN PLANTING FOR WINTER EFFECT.

Clearly preconceived effects are contrived for spring and summer, both on parks and lawns. Outline and form, singly and in mass, have a fair degree of attention paid them during these seasons, but combinations of color attract less attention during even the "perfect days of June." Later on, as summer hues fade, still less thought is given to securing renewed beauty of foliage and flower by employing such plants as are specially fine in August and September. Such plants may indeed be set out, but this is seldom done with a conscious intention of prolonging the season of beautiful foliage, or of producing distinct compositions. In autumn, finally, two specially charming objects may be and sometimes are sought in the use of plants. One looks to the retention of a rich, healthy, green foliage as late as possible by means of certain oaks, beeches, elms, and golden and green conifers, while the other employs the wonderful crimson and gold tints of maples, liquid ambers, sumac, etc., to construct the lovely pictures naturally peculiar to the season. I am sorry to say, however, that we find the last essay made in the most tentative manner. Most people who attempt the experiment are satisfied with a scarlet maple or two, or a liquid amber. It seems hardly to have entered their brains that in thus combining on the lawn unrivaled autumnal color they have at hand possible mass effects of the finest character. They look with pleasure in fall at glades of oak, pepperidge, and maple entwined with blood-red Virginia creepers, and never think of analyzing the composition of the charming effect, much less seek to develop the same thing, as it were, on their lawns. It is this apathy in regard to a thousand natural charms that ask for recognition at our very doors that impels me to consider briefly one department of this subject, namely, the production of domestic

winter landscape. I choose it because, after the varied attractions of June, lawn-planting for winter effect seems to me worthy of more distinct treatment than that of either of the other seasons. A portion of the lawn which can be seen as a picture through the frame made by the outline of a certain window should be so planted that it will always be sure to present a delightful scene during the varied changes of winter, when one is necessarily kept within doors more than in summer. Nor need there be any detriment wrought to the general character of the lawn by this limited operation, if only a broad systematic treatment be maintained everywhere on other parts of the place, as well as on that devoted to winter picturesqueness.

Let us, then, look out upon our lawn, and see where and how we can best produce the desired result. I assume that most of us possess lawns of limited dimensions; in the case of the larger lawns, their treatment may be considered by regular experts. The small land-holder, however, with his one or two hundred feet of land must generally bestow such treatment as he can give himself, with the help of inferior labor. Moreover, a thousand are interested in small holdings where one possesses or cares for the grand estate. Most houses have several windows, any one of which may be selected for the frame of our winter picture. Other things being equal, the window should be chosen that looks out on the bleakest part of the lawn, or in some direction where objects would otherwise be visible which it is desirable to screen. In either case, it will be found that evergreens, of which all artificial winter landscapes should be more or less composed, serve to modify and render cosy bleak places, as well as to hide entirely unsightly details. Frequently this point lies in the northwest part of the grounds. Complete unity, however, must exist between the treatment of this and other sections of the lawn; otherwise, everything will have a loose, straggling, semi-detached look, as if the plants had happened together by chance, and were not at all sure that they were worthily treated or comfortably situated.

The general outline of the masses of foliage will naturally be made coincident with the boundary lines of the property, except as glimpses without are desired; so that when we use the larger evergreens they will very properly occupy the background of the picture. In other words, their rich, solid mass will make a bold and suitable foil, both summer and winter, for the more delicate tints and outlines of evergreen and deciduous plants. For this, indeed, is one of the peculiar features of our imaginary lawn: that it uses deciduous plants, plants devoid of foliage, as freely as evergreens in the winter picture.

Nothing in the woods can surpass the sweeping grace of fold on fold of snow swathing the dark, drooping branches of the Norway spruces that make up the mass of the background. Pine and hemlock alternate now and then with Norway spruces, and vary the charm of this background with the bright green or bluish tints of the former and the peculiar light bluish-gray of the latter. The pines, especially those of the Austrian species, stand firm, rugged, and strong, and the long blue needles of the white pine lend just sufficient variety of tone to satisfy the eye. For grace nothing can surpass the hemlock, which readily retains in its folds queenly wreaths of snow or diadems of icicles.

Rich mass, firm outline, and evergreen tints of the greatest variety characterize the view thus far considered from the window. But we have only begun to analyze the many possible and varied effects. Broad spaces of grass slope up to the house in front, and, although not green, serve to establish a sufficient distance to permit the arrangement of a middle-ground as well as a foreground

and background. This middle-ground is always to me the most charming part of any section of the lawn. Elsewhere, mass or extreme detail obscures one's best conception of any beautiful plant. In the middle-ground, the really choice plant offers itself to the eye with the most inviting effect. Its weak points are thus somewhat hidden, and its charms are enhanced twofold by the distance that here just suffices, not only to lend enchantment to the view, but to give an adequate impression of the plant considered as a whole. The plants that stand nearest the evergreen background are evergreen also, both because they are allied by nature, and because they appear most bold and characteristic seen at a little distance from the house. One exception to this arrangement may be effectively made by interspersing among the evergreens white birches, the value of which can hardly be overestimated in any lawn-planting, and in winter, ornamentally considered, they are almost indispensable. Notice the striking effect of the delicate, creamy-white stems placed here and there directly against the dark background of evergreens, and surrounded, perhaps, by fields of snow and ice. See how the contrast brightens the whole scene, and how curiously the white trunks and graceful drooping branches bear snow wreaths or icicles, each in its own characteristic way. A solid background of evergreens presents much variety of rich color, blue, green, and silver, but the whole effect is, as it were, punctuated by these white birches. Nature uses the birches most delightfully in many a woodland winter scene, and our lawn is, we find, greatly improved by the free use of this artistic resource. But our attention is specially claimed by the specimens occupying the middle-ground. Here, too, we find a fair admixture of evergreen-trees advisable. The evergreens disposed near the foreground are of medium, and in some cases of dwarf size, but always of interesting character, well fitted to make single features on the lawn.

First and foremost is the Nordmann's silver fir, broad and massive, with shining silvery leaves, — in every way, a hardy, slow-growing evergreen, of noble outline and special symmetry. Though grand and impressive, it needs intelligent pruning, and, to be transplanted readily, the fibrous condition of roots that must be retained by frequent removal in the nursery and systematic root-pruning. The same remark applies to all silver firs, which are in many senses the finest evergreens for producing winter pictures. There is the silver fir (Picea amabilis), lovely both by name and nature, and the still finer Picea nobilis, of unsurpassed blue tints. Hudson's Bay silver fir, of the same genus, is one of the darkest, hardiest, and most dwarfed species, specially fitted for the outskirts of groups, or for dotting here and there in isolated positions. Parsons' silver fir (Picea concolor) has wonderful leaves, always curling upward, long, and of a delicate bluish-green color. The so-called dwarf silver fir (Picea compacta), an intermediate form between Hudson's Bay silver fir and Nordmann's fir, is especially noteworthy for hardiness, symmetry, and compact elegance. It should be one of the most popular of evergreens.

Then, among the larger forms, we note the Grecian silver fir, very fine and lighter colored. The weeping silver fir is the type, perhaps, of the statuesque in the family. Intelligently pruned, it develops into a solid weeping column of dark green. But here, as with all silver firs, if we are to get a compact growth below, the leading or top shoot must be pinched off from time to time, during May or June. If possible, or, rather, if not incongruous with the remaining part of the composition, it is well to place each of these species, firs, spruces, and the like, by themselves. Spruces we used to make up the mass of the background;

but then there are spruces not only adapted for this purpose, but suitable for general planting in the middle-ground, and even for the most distinguished positions as objects of special interest in the foreground. Any one looking at the dense round or hemispherical shape of the Gregory spruce, and at the taller though slow-growing columnar form of the weeping spruce, would scarcely believe that this and the common Norway spruce are so closely akin. The conical spruce, on the other hand, is such a slow-growing, perfectly symmetrical, dense specimen of the Norway kind that one exclaims immediately at the perfect spruce here presented. There is in this case nothing of the grotesque grace of the down-sweeping branches of some specimens of Norway spruce, for the conical spruce is symmetrical elegance personified, — just the evergreen to please the popular eye. We cannot, therefore, dispense with it, and find it well placed near the foreground on one side. The blue tint of the Colorado spruce (Abies pungens) shows capacity for varying color that is most invaluable for winter effect. Alcock's spruce, from Japan, has also lovely variegations of yellow, silver, and green, and the tiger-tail spruce (Abies polita), from the same country, is rigid, yellow, and characteristic, and hardy and fine in many ways.

The Oriental spruce is perhaps the most desirable of all the spruces for both winter and summer landscape. Its shining dense masses are remarkably hardy and striking. It belongs rather in the background, as somewhat larger in habit than the others. Nor should we neglect the beautiful American white spruce, hardy, dense, and richly colored. It grows more slowly than the common Norway spruce, but eventually attains sufficient size to associate it more or less with that evergreen. The most noteworthy spruces, however, for winter-landscape effects are the weeping hemlock spruce and the weeping Norway spruce. The former is a charming evergreen, graceful and picturesque, with soft curving lines. Its light color and delicate tendrils give it an almost feminine appearance. The rugged, strong outline of the weeping Norway spruce, on the other hand, offers the greatest contrast to the habit of this hemlock, and delights the eye, especially in winter. The long branches of this slow-growing evergreen droop and hug the stem in most persistent fashion, now and then curling up eccentric shoots, which afford convenient lodgment for the snow. Both these striking evergreens should occupy the middle-ground of the picture in specially effective positions.

Among the pines we find, perhaps, our most lovely and refined winter colors, but to establish pines upon the lawn is not always easy. Unless transplanted frequently in the nursery, pines develop naked roots, hard to remove with safety. The spruces and arbor vitæs act better, but silver firs and pines are, to say the least, troublesome in this respect. The most lovely pine, to me, in winter is the Bhotan pine (Pinus excelsa), or, what seems to be a hardier form of the same, the so-called P. ayacuhuite. It presents such picturesque open masses and the leaves are so long and delicately green that the eye dwells on its varied outlines with exceeding pleasure. Then there is the Swiss stone pine (P. cembra), bluish-green, and extremely striking in winter as well as extremely hardy. Among the dwarf pines such forms are noteworthy as the dark Mughus and Mughus compacta, the finely tinted light blue dwarf white pine, and the more yellow and rounder dwarf Scotch. Mughus uncinata is also striking, and, although dwarf, quite erect in habit. The large-growing pines massed in the background among the Norway spruces are peculiarly varied in color and form, and often very beautiful, laden with snow and ice. Dark, massive Austrian pines should have their forms displayed somewhat

more prominently than the rest, while the delicate-hued and more sparsely-branched white pines should be grouped directly with the Norway spruces, for the sake of real artistic breadth combined with interesting variety. Hemlocks also mass well in the background, their lighter colors and more graceful forms relieving the sombre character of the adjoining spruces. In the outskirts of groups and rather in the foreground, we should find choice plants, such as the rare and exquisite golden Japanese or Sun Ray pine (Pinus Massoniana variegata), with its rich and permanent yellow, so striking in fall and winter. Nor should we forget to plant in such positions the lovely Japanese retinosporas, of delicate, fern-like appearance and unexcelled hardiness of habit. Such plants form the intermediate shadings or half tones of the picture, presenting as they do in winter the most delightful tints of brown, green, and gold. It should be remembered that the winter coloring of evergreens is very different from that of summer. In many cases, like that of the arbor vitæ, these winter tints are dull and uninviting, for which reason, in spite of the custom to the contrary, I do not much fancy their employment for winter effects. But the retinosporas are, if anything, more lovely in winter than in summer, especially in their mingling of brown and gold. The really golden retinosporas have a pure yellow color in winter, very delightful from the fresh contrast it affords to the neutral tints of the surrounding scenery. Of like character is the bronze gold of Biota elegantissima aurea, a Chinese golden arbor vitæ. There is a kinship in the appearance of retinosporas and arbor vitæs, in which the former have greatly the advantage in varied beauty; but we will do well to employ the golden bronze of the elegantissima arbor vitæ whenever we can give it a little favoring protection from cold, which is fortunately not needed for the retinosporas. There are exquisite bluish-tinted junipers, also, erect and torch-like in shape, the graceful lines and forms of which can be ill spared from any part of the lawn planted for winter. The regular evergreen shrubs cannot, of course, be neglected. Rhododendron foliage is broad, massive, and shining, one of the most effective features in winter on any lawn. The mahonias, though very different in many ways, have the same general effect, and should be employed, though always with the knowledge that they will frequently winter kill, that is, become deciduous, for they *rarely* die from cold. Masses of these mahonias shine and glisten in winter, and are altogether so fine that we must have them, notwithstanding their weakness. The tree box is also rich, solid, and very attractive during the cold months. It is an old plant, but merits, especially planted singly, the very highest consideration. Cratægus pyracantha fructuentes, the evergreen thorn, whether used for hedges or as a single plant, is always peculiarly beautiful in winter. Its low, dense masses of red bronze leaves, small and regularly formed, present a diversity of contour of the most pleasing character. Sometimes, a large mature plant lives through many winters with its shining, bright green color unreddened by the faintest touch of frost. Such a plant may be seen on the grounds of Mr. Henry Fearing, Newport, R. I., and in winter this plant, a dozen feet high and square, is a sight worth traveling many miles to see.

I have far from exhausted the list of evergreens suitable for our picture, but have mentioned enough to give rich and abundant color and form to a landscape otherwise dead and lifeless. We must take care not to forget, in this analysis of the constituents of charming winter effects on the lawn, to consider the many beautiful forms and even colors of naked stems and bare branches of deciduous trees. It has been already noted how finely white-stemmed birches contrast

with the background of evergreens, not only in color, but in delicate variety of form. In like manner we have effects produced by other deciduous plants standing singly or in groups by themselves, or, under certain circumstances, in the immediate neighborhood and outskirts of evergreens. What can be richer in color, for instance, than the numerous crimson shoots of the red-stemmed dogwood (Cornus sanguinea)? Then we may have intermixed with it, or at least planted in close neighborhood, the golden willow, contrasting yellow stems with crimson ones. The red-twigged linden has fine reddish tints in winter on every portion of its current year's growth of wood, and the golden-barked linden is useful in color as contrast to the golden willow and red-stemmed dogwood.

The trunk of the striped maple (Acer Pennsylvanicum) is also very beautiful in winter for its pink and green. This is not hardy everywhere in the United States, although attractive in all places where it will live. It is unnecessary to press the point on observant lovers of trees that the *forms* of deciduous plants are very attractive in their winter guise. They look cold and poorly clad, it is true, but the broad, solid tints of evergreens readily relieve this bleak effect. And how grand and exquisite they are according to the nature of the tree, whether it be oak or birch, elm or beech! Two of the finest oaks for our purpose are the over-cup and pyramidal, although of the numerous varieties none fail to be effective in their winter habit. But the over-cup oak is specially striking on account of its rugged, grotesque twigs and branches, and the pyramidal for its bold, regular form and rapid growth. Elms, too, with their intersecting Gothic lines, must not be forgotten in planting for winter; neither the cork-barked variety nor wide-reaching ulmus fulva pendula.

The Japan gingko also throws out great arms or branches against a clear blue winter sky in the most eccentric manner. No less eccentric, but far more charming, are the noble masses of curled and drooping branches and twigs of the weeping beech. No tree is more picturesque in winter, and no evergreen more grand and striking. The tossing shapes and forms it assumes are myriad, and the play of color on the icicles it at times supports is a wonder to behold. Its silhouette cut against the sky is positively unequaled for grace. The weeping sophora is also fine in winter, regularly curving downward, more dwarfed and less odd than the weeping beech. Both of these last-named trees merit the choicest and most conspicuous positions on the lawn, and perhaps the middle distance, a little to one side, suits their proper exhibition best. The strange far-reaching branches of the weeping larch, especially when laden with snow, are picturesque in the extreme.

We must be careful always to keep open considerable stretches of turf, endeavoring rather to flank than to cross with plants the direct line of vision through to the background. It should be our object always to compose a pleasing landscape for winter by means of intelligently combined color and form, but never to forget the homely needs of particular plants in the way of shelter and congenial soil. Fifty feet square, or less, will enable one to have a lovely winter picture, provided the composer can give due consideration to each plant's physiology and possible artistic capacity, while fifty acres in the hands of even a genius, who is untutored, can hardly help producing abortive or overgrown effects at any season of the year. All which means, in short, that an artistic eye, sustained by a thorough knowledge and sympathetic management of plants, can make an inexpensive paradise of the smallest home lot even in mid-winter.

Samuel Parsons, Jr.

DEMETER'S SEARCH.

From Enna, from Enna, once fair with the lily and daffodil's bloom,
From Enna I drove through the sea-ways, rolling on tempest and gloom;
Crying, "Who saw her? Who saw the hot wheels glancing fire in their round?
Who saw the black steeds of the night leaping on without hoof-print or sound?"
Calling, "Cora Persephone, hear me! Send cry unto cry!
Lost as thou art, I will find thee, in earth, or the waters, or sky!"

Swift by the ice-springs of Tanais, seeking my daughter, I came;
Swift on the mountains of Ethiope, swart with perpetual flame:
I trod out the oasis grass, the stream shrank away on its bed;
The maddening shepherd looked up and cursed the fierce sun overhead.
I stooped from the pillars of Calpe to search through the gulfs of the west;
I troubled the peace of the heroes who dwell in the islands of rest.
I kindled a torch and descended, — I peered in the face of the dead:
Aghast and unnumbered they rose, afar in the darkness they fled,
Blown with the storm of my coming, scattered like autumn-wan leaves;
Shrill was their voice as the thin voice of insects that spring from the sheaves.
Brightening and glooming, I passed them; I brake through the portals of Dis:
Aha! I shed light on those turrets built up from the moaning abyss!
. . . . . .
There the night hath no stars, but dim beacons that flare in the wind;
Black is the spray of the fountain; many a river runs blind,
Pouring with hoarse lamentation through measureless chasms below;
Bitter the sorrowful fruitage in mouldering orchards arow;
Ill is the growth of the garden, — rank nettle and nightshade and yew;
Bristles the turf like stubble, thick-beaded with poisonous dew.

The portal is guarded by dragons, bred of the Stygian fen;
Thronged are the lintels and rafters with all evil visions of men;
Rich is the throne-chamber, vaulted and paven with thefts from the mine,
Pictured with mystic Saturnian story, forbidden, divine!
There, sole as a star, I beheld her, queen of the night and the dead,
Clothed in a veil of wan fire, with the asphodel flower on her head.
In her hands were the tributes of spirits new come from the ends of the world,
Garlands of bay-leaf and roses, and tresses the Loves themselves curled.
Me, weeping before her, she knew not, nor sprang with glad tears to my arms,
Dull, unremembering, guarded with crafty Plutonian charms.

Cora Persephone, hearken! Till thou return with the year,
No fountain shall flow out of Enna, no flower in the meadows appear.
I have chidden thy sisters to silence; their lips shall be voiceless as thine;
They shall not be fed from the harvest, they shall not be gladdened with wine;
But slumber instead, heavy-lidded, on strait beds of rushes reclined:
None but thy voice shall awake them, none but thy hand shall unbind.

I have punished the earth that engulfed thee with heat and with torrents of rain,
With the worm at the core of the apple, and blight in the ear of the grain;
Lo, I have withholden the morsel from many a famishing mouth,
And stricken the singing-bird on its flight over sea to the south.
I came to a feast of the sylvans: I smote them with coldness and fear;
I broke their sweet reeds and their timbrels, and touched their green garlands with sear.
I have blown out the flame on the altar; I will that all song shall be mute, —
Mute as thou art, O my daughter, unreached by the sound of the lute!

Edith Thomas.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH A BRITISH CRITIC.

Readers of The Atlantic who are not interested in verbal criticism have probably no notion how large the number is of those who are so, nor of the zest with which they give themselves to discussions of this subject. It is not a department of literature which I hold in very high respect, as I have said before. No one can accuse me of magnifying my office in this regard. But I have in the correspondence which it provokes an unfailing test of the degree of interest which is widely felt in this subject. Every writer who has been some years before the public, if he has had the good fortune to win the attention of his readers, receives letters more or less encouraging or discouraging from people who know his name, although he does not know theirs. Now, upon no subject do I receive so many letters as upon language. To say that those which have come to me about my few articles on Americanisms are as twenty to one of those which have come about my many articles on England would be quite within bounds. And the former come not only from all parts of the country, but from all quarters of the earth, — from South America, from India, and from Australia. Most of them are of merely personal interest; a few contain valuable information or suggestions; and a yet smaller number are controversial or censorious. Of the latter sort I shall present one to my readers almost as it was written; changing it in no respect, but omitting a few unimportant passages. I do so because the letter is characteristic of a certain sort of critic and of criticism, and because the writer is evidently a man of education and intelligence, who writes with good feeling and in good faith, — two points upon which I am sorry to say that I have found that verbal critics are not always to be trusted. Another reason of my special attention to this letter is that it is from a British critic, — an Englishman born and bred in Ireland. How much in earnest he is my readers may gather from the fact that he sends me sixteen closely written pages of comment upon one or two of my articles on Americanisms. Here follows the substance of his letter, always in his own words: —

Waterford, *March* 30, 1880.

Dear Sir, — I see The Atlantic Monthly regularly, and am always careful to read your articles. They are interesting; but truth compels me to say that after reading one of them I feel pretty much like a cat whose hair has been stroked violently from the tail to the head. I need scarcely say that I refer mainly to the articles on philology. For myself, I may say that I have al-

ways been a purist in matters of speech and writing, am of middle age, and have been in nearly all the English counties, in half of those in Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, and am familiar with most of the countries of Western Europe. All my acquaintances are of the middle or upper middle class.

Some months ago you wrote a series of articles on a dictionary of Americanisms, — Bartlett's, I think, — in which were some passages I could not agree with. I do not remember that you gave any definition of what an Americanism consists of; and all dialecticians know that no argument can be sound which is not based on a definition. My definition of an Americanism would be this: A word or phrase peculiar to America, or which is used in America in a peculiar sense. If this definition is correct (the subjunctive "*be* correct" sounds pedantic), which you may perhaps dispute, it follows that it is no disproof of a peculiar meaning of a word being American to show that it was once used in that sense in England. The English language is the language now spoken in England. Being a living language, it is constantly changing; and if the Americans choose to retain expressions which the English have dropped, that is their affair. In England the language is managed, so to speak, by a cultivated and educated class, numbering, perhaps, one million out of thirty-five. This class is aware of its responsibility, and though it sometimes speaks slang, rarely allows it to get into literature, even of the most fleeting character. In America, on the other hand, every citizen thinks himself, like Sigismund, *supra grammaticam*, and uses words to express his thoughts, without any thought of derivation or proper meaning. I have never been in America; but I have felt that if a kind Providence were to lead me thither I should be in a constant state of irritation from hearing words misused around me.

Now to descend from the general to the particular. In your remarks on *fix*, in the sense of settle or arrange, you quoted some Englishman as using it in that sense. Did it not strike you that this might be American slang imported into England? That was what struck me, on reading the passage; and I think that to prove that *fix* is habitually used in England in that sense you should go to an earlier date, say 1840 to 1850.

I do not think that anything provoked me more than what you wrote on the question of *railway* vs. *railroad*. Because some few closet philosophers and thoughtless persons use the word *railroad* in England, and some few newly arrived emigrants and others use the word *railway* in America, therefore you say (if I remember rightly) that these words are not distinctive. I am aware that you say, at the end of the passage, that a majority use the word as stated. But this is altogether too weak. The fact is that not one person in one hundred thousand ever speaks of a railroad in these kingdoms. . . .

Now for a few words about jugs and pitchers. I have often heard that what we call "jugs" are called "pitchers" in America. In The Atlantic Monthly for March, page 329, I find the word "cream-jug." The tone of the article is thoroughly American; and the only fact which might cause me to question the nationality of the writer is that she does not follow the American custom (I refrain from an adjective) of putting a lady's Christian name after "Mrs.," instead of her husband's. That *jug* is not used in the Bible is quite true. But it seems to me that this may be due to the fact that neither the children of Israel nor the English in the time of King James had jugs as we now understand the word. I do not write as stating a fact, but rather as suggesting an hypothesis. (The *n* is really necessary, unless you pronounce the *h* violently.)

I think it most likely that our modern jugs were first introduced some time in the last century, after a distinct lodgment had been made on the American coast, and that the two sides used different words to express the new idea, just as in the case of railways all the technicals [1] are differently named. I should be greatly surprised if you could find in the whole range of English literature the word *pitcher* applied to any vessel less than eight inches high. An American lady once told a relative of mine, as a reason for having caught cold while crossing the Atlantic, that she "had a jug of hot water in the berth, and that it had spilled;" to which he replied, "No wonder," thinking a jug of hot water a strange bedfellow. In such a case we should say "jar."

Elsewhere (page 381), you remark on a clergyman pronouncing *e* in *mercy* like that in *error;* I suppose the same as in *pen* or *melt*. I have never heard anything else in England, Ireland, or Scotland. I have known Americans to be laughed at for saying *Amurrika*. I should not think of pronouncing the *e* in *earth* different from the *e* in *plenty;* and if I did I should get laughed at. In the Guardian Angel, by Dr. Holmes, chapter xxiii., you will find this passage, which will show you Dr. Holmes's opinion: "'Don't you think she is *vurry* good lookin'?' said a Boston girl to a New York girl."

Against your description of some peculiarities of English pronunciation I have not a word to say. They are wonderful. I have heard *milk* and *silk* pronounced *myulk* and *syulk*. My experience is that the Irish of English descent pronounce and speak much better English than the average English of the same class. But the accent of the Irish is often detestable; and they have a custom of dropping their voices at the end of their sentences.

[1] The word here is uncertain from obscurity in the manuscript.

I should now like to mention a few words in which I think the Americans are decidedly wrong.

Build. This word is used in a wholly different sense in America from that in England. The tendency of the English language is rather to restrict meanings; that of the American language to extend them. *Build* in England is rarely, if ever, used outside its natural meaning of masonry, except for wheeled vehicles and vessels. The putting together of a fixed steam-engine is not very dissimilar from the construction of a locomotive; but no one would speak of the maker of steam-engines as a builder. The dictionary gives as the derivative meaning of *to build*, to raise a dwelling place or house; and, with the above-mentioned exceptions, I do not remember ever having seen it applied to any work but masonry. Thus we speak of building a viaduct, constructing an embankment, or excavating a tunnel. I believe that *build* would apply to all three in America. I remember that when the Atlantic telegraph cable was first laid Mr. Seward, then secretary of state, sent a message: "I congratulate the builders of the Atlantic telegraph cable." I remember well the feeling of horror that came on me at reading such a misapplication. We should as soon think of building a book, or a shirt, as a cable.

To ride is a verb which is an excellent illustration of the narrowing tendency of the English and the widening tendency of the American language. A century ago *to ride*, in England, meant any kind of land traveling, except on foot. But for the last thirty or forty years, or perhaps longer, there has been a feeling among educated English people that *ride* should be confined to traveling on the back of an animal, and that traveling in a vehicle should be called driving. This rule is now rigidly adhered to amongst the cultivated classes, and seems sensible, corresponding to the German *reiten* and *fahren*. On the other

hand, not only do the Americans use *ride* for railway and coach traveling, but I have read in an American paper of a person "riding" in a ferry-boat! Macaulay uses the word in its old sense; but I doubt if he would do so if writing now.

The verb *to can* occurs to me as another illustration of American widening. *Can* meant originally a vessel made from cane, but has for a century or more meant a vessel made of metal, usually tin. But Americans speak of "canning" fruit, whether the vessel used be tin or earthenware. If the practice were followed here, we should probably speak of potting or preserving fruit.

Now I have liberated my soul, and shall sleep the better for it. Yours faithfully. * * *

In kindly consideration for my correspondent, for whom I have all the respect, and towards whom I have all the good feeling, one can have for a stranger, I do not give even his initials; for I am about to show that, intelligent as he is, and purist as he describes himself, he has, in his criticism, merely given me the opportunity to present his letter to my readers as a characteristic example of the errors and the ignorance of even the better class of British critics of what he so — (like him, I tenderly refrain from using an adverb) calls "the American language."

From beginning to end his communication shows merely his own unfitness to say anything on the subject he has undertaken to treat, — an unfitness not at all peculiar to him among educated Britons, and not at all discreditable to him, if he had not undertaken to teach others what he did not know himself. Nor even in such large undertaking upon such insufficient means is he either peculiar or peculiarly British; for I could point out at least one "American citizen" on his side of the world who busies himself, in his own person and under various disguises, in stigmatizing his fellow-citizens as barbarians in speech, and who like him blunders in the performance of his self-sought task. It is not, however, for the mere purpose of showing the error of my respected and intelligent correspondent, whose motives are manifestly good, that I make his communication public, but because I believe that in doing so I make a contribution of some value and interest to the discussion of a subject which engages the attention of so many of the better class of readers.

First as to himself: he is a purist in matters of speech. Now it seems more than doubtful that purism in language is an altogether admirable quality in a verbal critic. For it would be difficult to give a definition of purism which would not imply an excessive conservatism; and in regard to what this correspondent discreetly remarks is a living language, that quality implies a tendency to an unwholesome, an absurd, and, in the end, even an impossible restraint. Living languages must change; and although it is desirable that their changes should not be fanciful and extravagant in kind, nor greater in number than necessity demands, the mere fact that a word is new, or that a new shade of meaning is attached to an old word, is not a reasonable occasion of fault-finding. What is to be sought in this respect is that novelty should not be inconsistent with reason, nor in violation of good taste, — that change and progress should be on normal lines. It needs hardly be said that change having been made and authorized by general, including good, usage, it must be accepted, whether it is good in itself or not. But if a threatened, but not yet effected, change, or an impending novelty, is not good, it may be reasonably resisted. The humble but honorable task of verbal criticism is to guard language against absurd, pretentious, and vulgar innovation, and to aid towards a simple, clear,

and manly speech.[1] There is this difference, then, between my British censor and me: he is a purist; I am not.

As to what Americanism in language is, he has plainly not seen the definition which I have given of it. But that is of little importance; for I accept his without qualification. An Americanism is a word or phrase which is peculiar to America, or which is used in America in a peculiar sense. But from this definition it follows that words or phrases and senses which are not peculiar to America are not Americanisms, however much they may be open to objection on the score of formation or of taste. All Americanisms are, to a certain degree at least, bad English; but all bad English is not Americanism.

Next we are told that the English language is "the language now spoken in England." Is it, indeed, that, and nothing else? In what language did Spenser write, and Shakespeare, and Bunyan? English, I believe, and of a very good sort. Spenser wrote in an idiom somewhat older than that of his own day; but did he any the less write what even then was English? Did the predecessors of Cicero and Horace and Virgil write any other language than Latin? Those writers used what the taste of the world has pronounced to be the best Latin; but their predecessors and their successors, down to the time when the language of Rome was corrupted and disintegrated by barbarian influences, wrote and spoke Latin. What was once good English can never be other than good English, although it may be old-fashioned and obsolete. Therefore, if "Americans" retain expressions which the English people of to-day have dropped (which, in any important degree, I do not admit), they may be rightly accused of speaking old-fashioned English, but not of speaking "American;" nor are such words and phrases Americanisms, in the proper sense of that term.

There is no disputing that the standard of the best English of the day must be found in the speech and the writing of the best speakers and writers in England. But that my correspondent's one million of cultivated Englishmen are so conscious of their responsibility in this respect that they exclude, even from their printed language, words and phrases, or senses of words and phrases, which they themselves would admit to be incorrect is not true, but far from being true. On the contrary, the current literature of England is full of words, of senses, and of constructions which, according to British standard, are incorrect. Of this there is overwhelming proof, easily obtainable by any one who finds the picking of such flaws to his taste, and who has the time to give to such labor. In this respect it is true only that in the journalism and the periodical literature of the United States more incompetent writers are permitted to come before the public than in the journalism and periodical literature of Great Britain. It is not true, as every competent observer knows, that in America every citizen thinks himself superior to the rules of "grammar" and the canons of good taste in language. On the contrary, there is even a greater anxiety upon this subject here than there is in England. We defer more to "authority," and are more anxious to speak "good grammar" and "dictionary English." Uneducated and half-educated people come more to the front

[1] I observe with pleasure that Mr. John Bright, one of the best living masters of the English tongue, lately protested against the use of the word *inaugurate*, in the sense to introduce, to begin, and also that the Saturday Review congratulated him thereupon. Ten years ago I protested against this ridiculous perversion of that word, in Words and their Uses, which the Saturday Review thought proper to say might be read and digested with advantage in England, as well as in the United States. I am glad, and not at all surprised, to have even this slight support from a man of Mr. Bright's robust directness of thought and speech.

here than they do in England, Ireland, and Scotland; but the English of our best writers will compare favorably, in correctness, if not in an easy mastery of idiom, with that of the best British writers; and if the best writers are taken as a standard of comparison on the one side, they should also be so taken on the other.

Our critic has never been in "America." I thought so when I began to read his letter. And yet he undertakes to say what we do and why we do it, and generally to criticise and lecture us upon the linguistic results of our social, political, and material condition. He is Irish by birth, although English by blood; and he must pardon me for saying that in this respect he reminds me of his countryman who, being asked if he could play the violin, replied, "I prezhoom I can; but I niver throid." When he has tried America he will better appreciate the nature of the task which he has undertaken.

Descending with our censor from generals to particulars, let us consider what he says in regard to certain words. He is not satisfied with a condemnation of the verb *fix*, in the sense of arrange, prepare, put in order; he resents any showing that the use of it in that sense is not of "American" origin; and he would set aside the evidence to that effect given in The Atlantic of November, 1878, by the supposition that the examples "might be American slang imported into England"! The importation must have begun early and continued long. For the examples were from Farquhar, 1700, Lord Shaftesbury, 1703, Sterne, 1759, "I says, says I," 1812, Lord Pembroke, 1872, and the English Matron, 1873. *Fix* in the sense in question is not good English; but it is not peculiar to America, and therefore, according to this critic's own definition, it is not an Americanism, nor is it of American origin. American slang imported into England by Farquhar and Shaftesbury and Sterne! We have here a beautiful example of Philistine philology, — if such trivial discussions must be dignified with the name of philology. There is more of the same sort to come, and it will be instructive to us, if not to our censor.

Nothing "provoked" him more (does he mean irritated, fretted, annoyed? Or does he mean, as many of the select and conscious million write and thousands of them say, "aggravated"?) than the assertion — and, am I to say, the proof? — that the use of *railway* for *railroad* was not peculiar to America; and he would set aside the latter by the plea that "some few closet philosophers and thoughtless persons use the word *railroad* in England, and some few newly arrived emigrants and others use the word *railway* in America." Ingenious, but this time, I fear, not quite candid (because much-provoked) friend, let us see who were the few closet philosophers and thoughtless persons. They were Thomas Roscoe repeatedly, in the History of the Birmingham Railway, 1837; Cardinal Newman repeatedly, in two books; Thackeray repeatedly; Addison repeatedly, in his great legal work on Torts, 1837; and The London Week repeatedly. These are the writers whom our Philistine censor "sits upon;" probably rating Cardinal Newman among the careless writers, and Thackeray among the closet philosophers! Let us not balk him, but furnish further occasion for his scorn.

From a score and more of like examples at my hand I select the following, for I cannot weary my readers or myself with more: —

"The fields on each side of it are now mostly dug up for building, or cut through into gaunt corners and nooks of blind ground by the wild crossings and concurrencies of three *railroads*." (John Ruskin, Fiction Fair and Foul.)

"Do put your nose outside your own doors a bit, now that *railroads* are plen-

ty and cheap." (Essays and Papers, by H. Longueville Jones, London, 1870, page 3.)

— "the cities you have built, the *railroads* you have made, the manufactures you have produced," etc. (John Bright, quoted by Matthew Arnold in The Future of Liberalism.)

— "but to travel by *railroad*, at least in England and Scotland, is now a part of the common lot of mankind." (Saturday Review, January 3, 1880, page 7.)

It was no fault of this British critic that he did not know that *railroad* had been thus used by English writers from the time when railways were first laid to the present; but when in his ignorance he undertakes to lecture us poor Yankees on the subject, in what position has he placed himself? And as to the examples given of the use of *railway* here being furnished by "a few newly arrived emigrants," he is involved in the same combination of ignorance and presumption. They were from the New York Tribune, most "American" of newspapers, from the letters of a gentleman who is of the very oldest New England stock, and who had never been in England, and from a paper by General Reed, United States minister to Greece! And here follows another example from a very important and characteristic paper, the Chicago Platform of the Republican Party in 1880: —

"V. We affirm the belief, avowed in 1876, that the duties levied for the purpose of revenue should so discriminate as to favor American labor, that no further grant of the public domain should be made to any *railway* or other corporation."

It is not worth our while to produce any more instances furnished by "newly arrived emigrants." Did this censor ever hear of the Erie *Railway*, which is not laid between John O'Groat's and Land's End? If he were here in New York I could show him horse-cars having on their sides the announcement that they "cross all railways." The simple truth is that *railway*, the better word, is more common in British usage, and *railroad* in that of the United States; but that the latter is not an Americanism, it having been used in England before there were any railways in this country, and continued to be used by such writers as Cardinal Newman and Thackeray, such speakers as John Bright, and such journals as the Saturday Review.

As to whether it is the "American custom" to put a married lady's Christian name, instead of her husband's, after "Mrs.," of course my correspondent knows better than I do. I can only say that never, from my boyhood to the present day, have I received an invitation so worded, or seen a visiting-card on which such an arrangement of names appeared; but, on the contrary, "Mrs. Thomas Brown," "Mrs. Richard Jones," or "Mrs. Henry Robinson." I have, however, known some ladies of an "advanced" type to do the other thing "in type" in *both* countries.

The question as to *jug* and *pitcher*, as applied to vessels put upon the table, is a very trifling one; but it is not without some interest in itself, and also because this *is* a little distinguishing trait between the present speech of the two countries. But here our censor exhibits even greater ignorance of the subject than heretofore. His suggestion that the reason why *jug* does not appear in the Bible, although *pitcher* does, is that there were no jugs in England in King James's time would not have been made if he had known that John Florio, in his Worlde of Wonders, A. D. 1599, gives as the definition of *cantharo* "a tankard or *jug* that houldeth much;" that Cotgrave, in his French and English dictionary, 1611, defines *canthare* as "a great *jug* or tankard;" and that Minsheu, in his Spanish dictionary, 1599, also says that *cantaro* is "a tankard or *jug* that holdeth much." And he probably forgot that one Christopher Sly, a

tinker, but a somewhat renowned subject of King James, complained that his hostess "brought stone *jugs*, and no sealed quarts."

Now it is to be remarked that all these examples (and even our censor will admit that they are somewhat authoritative for their time) imply that a jug was a large, coarse vessel, which, as the passage in The Taming of the Shrew shows, was made of the coarse earthenware called "stone." Such it was, beyond a doubt; and its coarseness and unfitness for table service is also shown by the origin of the word, which, as Kersey says, A. D. 1721, is "probably of the nickname of Jug for Joan;" Joan being the name applied of old to girls of the lowest order, — "wenches," as they used to be called. This etymology is undoubted by the best subsequent writers on language, and has the sanction of Walter Skeat, the last and ablest of them. The use of the word in English literature until at least the beginning of this century conforms to this meaning of it; and Dr. Johnson gives as its definition, "large drinking-vessel, with a globous or swelling belly." To come down to the present day, Stormonth, of Cambridge (England), whose dictionary I have mentioned before, says that a jug is "a vessel with a handle, for drink, generally swelling out in the middle, and having a narrow mouth." This is what a jug is in America; and this, it will be seen, is not what is put upon breakfast tables to hold cream either in England or America. Briefly, according to the evidence of English literature and English lexicography, a jug is a large, big-bellied vessel, with a narrow mouth, made of coarse earthenware. Jugs rarely hold less than two quarts, and they sometimes hold two or three gallons.

Pitchers, on the contrary, have been made of all sizes and of all possible materials, even the finest and the most costly. We read of silver pitchers, of golden pitchers, and of crystal pitchers. And as to our censor's notion, that in the whole range of English literature the word could not be found applied to any vessel less than eight inches high, it is simply the fruit of ignorance. It is strange that he should have forgotten the old English proverb, "*Little* pitchers have great ears." And had he but turned to Richardson's dictionary he would have found there Junius quoted as defining pitcher *fictile poculum*, that is, a *little* earthenware drinking-vessel, — *poculum* corresponding to cup, goblet, beaker; and there also he would have found, quoted from Cowper's Task, the following passage, which is decisive on this point, and also on that of the milk-pitcher having been a part of tea-table service: —

> "There the *pitcher* stands,
> A fragment; and the spoutless teapot there."
> (Book IV.)

And to come down to the present day, even since the writing of my correspondent's letter, in an illustrated book for children, by Eleanor W. Talbot, published in London last year, there is this rhyme: —

> "Here is a *pitcher* standing on the sill,
> Filled with lovely violets like those on the hill."

The picture shows a wide-mouthed vessel with a peak, nose, or demi-spout, manifestly made of china; and its size is shown (whence the value of the illustration) by the violets which it contains. It cannot be more than five inches high. But apart from all this, English people in England have a right to call their cream-pitchers pails, buckets, tubs, or vats, if they choose to do so, and then pails, buckets, tubs, or vats they are in English; only other folk of English blood and speech have also a right to an opinion as to the propriety of the name and the goodness of the usage.

Our censor's notion that *jar* would be the proper English word for the vessel in which a lady would have hot water applied to her feet in bed is perhaps the

drollest of all his blunders. A jar, according to all English usage, is a vessel with a very wide mouth, and is generally used for honey, jam, and preserved fruit. It rarely has or admits any stopper, but is closed by paper or parchment tied over the top, as every English housewife knows. Elizabeth Acton, in her Modern Cookery, page 400 (cited by Latham), says that preserves cannot be well kept unless "they are quite secured from the air by skins stretched *over the jars.*" The invalid lady might almost as well have had a *bowl* of hot water put into her bed. A jug could be corked.

If this critic has never heard *mercy* pronounced with any other sound in the first syllable than that of *pen* and *melt* (which is very doubtful indeed), his experience is a strange one. I heard it pronounced all over England, among the best speakers, as *murcy*, the vowel sound being the same as that of *her* and *term;* and that is the pronunciation given by Phelp, of Cambridge, in Stormonth's Dictionary, 1871. But because *mercy* is thus pronounced, we do not therefore say *Amurrika* for America, or *vurry* for *very.* Those pronunciations would be regarded as very queer and coarse here as well as in England. I confess with shame that not all of the forty or fifty millions of people who are called "Americans" speak in the best way; and with humility I hint that, according to my observation, not all even of the elect one million do so in England. It is quite possible that there are some people between the Atlantic Ocean and the Pacific who speak of building steam-engines, or telegraphs, or tunnels; but all those who would be regarded as speaking with average correctness would speak of making steam-engines, of making telegraphs, of laying a telegraph cable, and, in the simplest English, of tunneling a hill.

The use of *ride* as applied to travel in ferry-boats and the like is rare, and the effect is strange. It is the result of perplexity consequent upon the introduction of steam. Some people who are purists in the use of language are unwilling to say that they sail or row in a vessel propelled by steam; and they get out of their trouble by saying that they ride. Let such a sad result of purism be a warning to our censor.

But this discussion is becoming "long-some" and wearisome to me, if not to my readers; and I shall close it with a brief examination of my correspondent's discovery of "the narrowing tendency of the English language and the widening of the American language." This theory is a mere notion, which is the fruit of that fidgetty desire, so common among our British cousins, to find some radical divergence of speech and manners between the people of the two countries. There is no such tendency as to language in either country; the informing motives of speech are the same in both. Of the absence of a narrowing tendency in English speech the word *shop* might (if it were needful) be cited as one example in point. *Shop* is applied in England both to the place where things are made and to that where they are stored and exposed for sale. In America, on the contrary, the meaning of this word is narrowed. It is applied by most persons only to a place where things are made, its true etymological meaning; while the place where they are stored for sale is called a store. Many other such instances might be mentioned.

A word, *can*, which our censor greatly relies upon to illustrate and to support his theory, really furnishes a very clear and strong illustration of the way in which the British critic, even when intelligent and generally well informed, is almost sure to blunder in dealing with things "American." *Can* is in this country, as in England, the name of a vessel made of metal, and generally of tin. It has no other meaning. But *canning* has come to be the name of a *process*, be-

cause it is performed only with cans. Preserving fruit is a process (in England as well as here) in which the antiseptic qualities of sugar are relied upon to keep the fruit, which has been thoroughly cooked, from decay. "Pound for pound" is the good housewife's rule. But this makes a cloying confection, and also impairs the flavor of the fruit. In canning the fruit, if cooked at all, is only parboiled, and is very slightly sugared, and it is kept sound by being hermetically sealed; the air being expelled by heat, and excluded by an ingenious contrivance of the top of the can. As this was done at first with tin cans only, and is so done now in a million cases to one, the process is called canning, to distinguish it from the old-fashioned preserving. But although glass jars are now sometimes, but rarely, used for the purpose, no sane educated "American" would therefore think of calling a glass jar a can.

Our censor is by no means singular among his intelligent and educated countrymen in this exhibition of ignorance and misapprehension, combined with over-eagerness in the quest of something "American." Indeed, it is because he is such a beautiful specimen of his kind that I have preserved him (or canned him, if he will allow me the expression), in a glass jar, so that he may be seen and admired of men, who may find the study of him instructive. I have remarked, for example, in half a dozen British publications within a year or two a half-jocular, wholly scornful mention of the word *casket* as the "American word for coffin." Now it is no such thing. A coffin is one thing; a casket quite another. The peculiar shape of a coffin is well known; and because it is unpleasant to many people the casket was made, which has no peculiar form; its shape, top and bottom, being that of a parallelogram, like one of the columns of this magazine. Its lid is not screwed down, but has hinges and a lock, like any other casket. And there are other less essential differences between the two things. Undertakers, in preparing for a funeral, ask if a coffin *or* a casket is preferred.

In the Saturday Review, not long since, was the assertion, also made in that half-jocular, wholly scornful way which, to use a phrase of our grandfathers, is so engaging, that in the United States "blinds means only Venetians, and boots Wellingtons." This would indeed be shocking if it were true; but it is not. Of things called blinds there are at least five kinds in use here. They are the old slat-blind, drawn up by cord and tassel; the rolling India blind; inner blinds (*jalousies*); blinds in the panels of inner shutters; and outer blinds (Venetian). The first of these sorts is now uncommon, but I have known houses in which all might be found; and it is common to find three of them in one house. All are called simply "blinds." But because of the glare of our sun most of our houses have Venetian blinds, which are rare in cloudy, foggy England. As to boots, men and women here wear button boots and laced boots so generally that I think I have not seen a pair of Wellington boots, even in a shoe-shop, for fifteen years. Any outside covering for the foot which rises to the ankle is called here a boot, as all my readers know.

I wrote once that such was the crazy confusion of some "Britishers" on this point that I did not despair of seeing "'am and heggs" called an Americanism. How nearly right I was the following letter will show: —

New Haven, Conn., *May* 18, 1880.

Dear Sir, — Ever since reading your article in the May Atlantic, I have been wishing to tell you my story.

Shortly after the war a party of New Haven ladies, with some others, were in Virginia, where we met an Englishman who had come here as a sort of missionary, and who had been doing

mission work in Herkimer County, New York. At table, one day, the talk turned upon Americanisms. The Englishman was severe. One of the ladies spoke of the English habit of dropping the *h*, when John Bull told us that the English had no such peculiarity; that "it was an Americanism"! In a few moments the talk turned to his work, when he remarked, turning to a Miss Hyde, "Why, Miss 'Yde, the people hin 'Erkimer County har perfect 'eathen!" What could we say? C. M. P.

What, indeed? After that there is nothing to be said. But the result of all this carping brings to mind the famous recipe for roasting a hare: "First catch your hare." When you intend to roast Americanisms, first catch your Americanism; otherwise the roasting may turn out to be not exactly what you looked for.

As to my correspondent's feeling as if his fur had been rubbed the wrong way, is it my fault that it *grows* the wrong way?

Richard Grant White.

THE HEAD OF MEDUSA, AND OTHER NOVELS.

The novel has become, like the daily newspaper, a record of the most recent facts in human history. Whatever may be the latest mode in theology, philosophy, or art, one will be very sure to find it reproduced in fiction. The novel, indeed, like the newspaper, almost anticipates facts, and eagerly gives us solutions of social and spiritual problems before the new philosophy or new religion has entirely satisfied itself with formula or creed. So susceptible is the novelist to the very breath of the time. What is whispered in the *salon* is proclaimed on the house-top, and human society is artistically rearranged, often with singular power and beauty, before men and women have quite readjusted themselves to the new conditions of life. Would you know the latest results of modern philosophy as applied to the conduct of life, look for them not in lecture, essay, sermon, or treatise, but in the novel. The novelist makes haste to set down what people are talking about, before the people who talk have reached the end of their conversation.

Here, for example, is a novel by a young woman, — for the personality of George Fleming is not a carefully guarded secret: and the reader who interests himself in The Head of Medusa[1] is struck with the facility shown in appropriating the latest substitute for Christianity. Upon the fly-leaf are mottoes from Bagehot and Morley, and their tenor prepares one for the serious view which the author means to take of her work. A prelude follows, and this is not unlike the overture of an opera. It contains the theme of the story, and presents the chief characters in the position and relation which they hold at the end of the book; for in point of time the prelude is the latest chapter. The reader, upon reviewing this prelude after he has read the novel, perceives more clearly, of course, the exact significance of all the words, gestures, and attitudes which are contained in it; yet his first reading, before he knows the story of which it is the sequel, cannot fail to impress upon him a tone which is the prevalent one in the book. When he hears Barbara say under her breath, "There is always Guido, and to give thanks is good, and to forgive," he does not un-

[1] *The Head of Medusa.* By George Fleming author of Kismet and Mirage. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

derstand the facts which lie behind, but he knows he is to be introduced to suffering, to wrong, to charity and forgiveness. It is at his own peril, therefore, that the reader takes up the story itself.

The use of this prelude is certainly artistic, and whether it was written first or last by the writer its place in the book serves to give the pitch of the story. It is one of sacrifice, and so profoundly is this felt by the writer that from the very first the reader knows he is invited to witness an unescapable fate. The title is well chosen, for not merely in the principal incident, but in the whole course of the novel, one is aware of the presence of some fateful, mysterious power that will petrify all the warmth of a human heart. A young American girl from the South, with a very ill-defined parentage and history, is discovered emerging from a solitary and unsympathetic life into a gayer circle of Roman society. The two or three American and English men and women whom she meets are reasonable and agreeable people, and one of the young Americans would, under ordinary novel-treatment, become on the last page of the story her admiring husband. The pleasantness of this unacquired fortune is used as a foil for the fate which waits upon her. At her first advent in society she meets an Italian count, who is secretly betrayed to the reader as an ignoble character, but poses before Barbara as a pathetic crushed hero. He moves in the little circle which entertains her with a melancholy alternating with moroseness, and it is not made wholly clear how he succeeds in obtaining a final ascendency over her; but the reader suspects his power to be in part magnetic, in part a hypocritical appeal to her high sense of duty, — a sense which would express itself most loftily in complete sacrifice. To such sacrifice, at any rate, Barbara comes, and so inwoven is the idea with that of love as to make even her moments of delusive passion for her lover tremulous with tearfulness. It is a little difficult for one to have Barbara's eyes when he looks upon this moody, stalking Italian pretender to real nobility, and this makes the defect of the story; for it is not enough that we should take Barbara's high-mindedness as explanatory of all her mistake; we must be permitted a little delusion with regard to her husband, and that the author does not grant us. His meanness is exhibited clearly to the reader from the outset, and thus our feeling of pity toward Barbara is tinged with a little impatience at her blindness; nor can we entirely understand the exact nature of the sacrifice which she is conscious of making. The ideality of Barbara's act of submission to this brute has about it something unreal, and this unreality vitiates our sympathy. Nevertheless, when we have once accepted Barbara's view of the case, and said she must be right because she could not possibly choose wrong, what do we have as the outcome of her fatal marriage? A life of painful and patient resignation to her destiny. The moral is unexceptionable. The girl finds that she has made a horrible mistake, — two mistakes, in truth; for, besides marrying a man utterly false to the ideal which he had created in her mind, she has lost the sunny life which she might have led with the man to whom she really belonged by right, and who from indolence only, as we guess, failed to claim her at the proper juncture. Having made the mistake, she has no way of rectifying it; she can only atone for it by pursuing a heroic course of duty toward others, and of silent acceptance of her repulsive companion. The count is clearly past redemption in her eyes, and no intimation is given that her life with him can be anything more than endurance.

We have no disposition to quarrel with the final moral of this story. If the author brings the girl into so mel-

ancholy a strait, she owes it to her not to weaken her consciousness of uprightness. Our complaint rather is that the story appears in its whole course to be a strained application of a philosophy of life which removes from the world all the joy of living. Barbara did not reach the happiness which her nature craved. Lexeter had his half-disclosed misery. Count Lalli lived on wormwood for the chief of his diet. Even Hardinge's pleasure was, apparently, only accidentally known to himself. The one satisfaction which remains to Barbara is in the indestructibility of her ideal of Hardinge, the man whom she discovered too late to be her love. "Failure in life," the author sententiously observes, "is to have no ideal." Barbara's ideal in Count Lalli had been murdered; that in Hardinge remained absolute; but hope, which is the administrator of salvation in human life, seems wholly absent from this novel, and the absence of hope is the characteristic of the reactionary philosophy of the day.

In the midst of the somewhat sublimated and mournful vision of life which this book affords, one is amused, as by a sudden apparition of womanly petulance and freakish spite, at the occasional obtrusion from the novel of a certain character, Mr. Clifford Dix, who has nothing whatever to do with the story, does not help forward the plot in the least, nor throw light upon any of the movements, but is simply an image for George Fleming to stick pins into. The little digs which she gives him, though impertinent, afford some solace to the reader, as he finds himself growing numb under the Gorgon's spell. Mr. Dix says very clever and quotable things, but his critical air and his assumption of cosmopolitanism are game for the author. The frequent wit and satire in the book are keen, the aspects of nature are rendered with skill and often with beauty, but the world which the author creates out of her material is a sad old world. We suspect that Egypt and Rome have been too much with her, and that the metamorphosis in her case, by which she would have glimpses that would make her less forlorn, would not be through the Pagan creed, but through the Christian hope.

The hand that traced the outline of Mr. Clifford Dix might be expected to write down Washington Square [1] with some satirical generalities. Certainly, if one presents to himself the high problems of life for solution, he may be pardoned a little impatience over the elaborate nonentities who occupy the pages of Washington Square. A polite young adventurer aims at the purse and hand of a commonplace young woman, and when he learns that he can have the latter only by relinquishing the former he gets out of the scrape with as much fine sentiment as the difficulty of the situation leaves to him. Meanwhile, this commonplace Catherine, whose love had grown solid through a long contest with her immovable father, finds herself left with the useless remnants of her attachment, and moves on with no outward show of discomposure, but with a silent entombment of her obstinate passion and a dreary extension of her flat existence. Mr. James appears to have set himself the task of portraying the mental features of a dull woman capable of a species of dumb devotion to a man who easily assumes the place of an ideal being in the somewhat arid waste of her life. That she is capable of steadfastness, and, after she is jilted, of self-respect, are the results which he extracts from his observation, and he has succeeded in making these evident. He has sketched also a silly aunt, who busies herself as stage manager of all the romantic scenes; and he has given us the character of a father who, from first to last, looks upon his daughter with scarce-

1 *Washington Square.* By Henry James, Jr. Illustrated by George Du Maurier. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1881.

ly a spark of paternal feeling. That the book is witty and sometimes ingenious is almost its sole excuse for being, but the wit is expended by the author in his own reflections, and rarely emanates from the characters and situations. Does he not indeed feel a certain contempt for his heroine? At least, he fails to give the reader any stronger interest in her behavior than one of curiosity. We should have been glad to be allowed to pity her, even if we could not greatly admire her, but in the passages which treat of her suffering at the hands of her father and lover, the author introduces so effectively his own wit and ingenuity that he withdraws our sympathy from her, and enlists our admiration only for his own cunning. He makes us curious to know how he will arrange her next pose, and he lets the villain escape from our indignation by diverting our attention, when we might have been joining in the hue and cry after him.

There was a strong picture in one of the London exhibitions, a few years since, representing a gladiatorial combat, not by a direct scene in the arena but by its reflection in the faces of the spectators. In their countenances one could read the crisis of the combat, and the indirect testimony to the savagery of the scene was subtle and powerful. The conception was essentially modern, and it has been employed more than once in literature. It will be recognized in Browning's Karshish, and finds a recent very full expression in General Wallace's Ben-Hur.[1] We suspect that many readers, besides the inertia to be overcome in taking up a historical romance, will be conscious of a repulsion from a story which may dramatize at all the human career of the Saviour. We can assure such that they will be agreeably disappointed when they find how very inconsiderable is the presence of the personal Jesus as an actor in the story, yet how completely the historical force of the Christ dominates the whole conception of the book. He is seen chiefly in his effect upon the characters of the novel. These are typical men of the time, whose action is to themselves apparently independent, for the most part, of the personal influence of the Saviour, while the deeper movement which underlies their lives and gives rise to the hidden springs of action is referable to his presence on the earth. In other words, the author has sought to disclose the life of the Roman and Jewish world at the beginning of the Christian era by the light which Christianity has thrown back upon it; to use as a novelist the interpretative power which is obtained from a study of historic forces, in action then but not intelligible to the actors. This is, to be sure, the final problem of all historical romance, and the difficulty with the class is in the danger lest the knowledge of a later day should be read into the conscious lives of the actors. How immensely is this danger increased when our historic imagination is called upon to exercise its power upon a period which lies beyond the cycle of modern thought! It is but fair to say that General Wallace has been aware of his danger and has endeavored to avoid it, yet it remains that the various characters in their attitude to the Christ are dangerously conversant with modern speculations; their talk, under the disguise of archaic forms, is the issue of thought which owes its birth to Christianity.

Ben-Hur himself is the son and representative of a noble Jewish family, who, by a sudden catastrophe, sees his home destroyed by the proconsul and himself consigned to the galleys. There he attracts the attention of a Roman, whose life he saves, and who rewards him with adoption. He becomes, therefore, a Romanized Jew, who never deserts the faith of his fathers, but adds to

[1] *Ben-Hur: A Tale of the Christ.* By Lew Wallace. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

his life the training of a military Roman, and is endowed with fabulous wealth. His ambition is to destroy the Roman supremacy over Judæa, and his purposes culminate with the manifestation and progress of the mysterious King of the Jews. The climax of the book discloses him waiting breathlessly upon the last movements of Jesus of Nazareth, and brought at the foot of the cross to a dim discovery of the meaning of that greater than earthly kingdoms which was then revealed. By a felicitous touch he is identified with the young man in the Gospels who leaves his cloak behind him and escapes from the guard upon the night of the betrayal, and also with the unknown man who lifts the sponge dipped in vinegar.

The greater part of the book, however, is entirely independent of the sacred narrative. We are introduced, indeed, at the beginning to the three Magi in a singularly picturesque and romantic scene, but the action of the book lies largely in the period which follows, before the manifestation of John the Baptist. We are given a picture of the Roman and Greek world in the fortune of Ben-Hur, and glimpses are granted also of Egypt in the persons of one of the Magi and of a voluptuous, sorceress-like woman. The passions of vindictiveness and treachery and insolence, so significant of the ante-Christian period, are displayed in some powerful scenes, and by many ingenious devices the author does his best to remove the reader from his modern life. It is to be regretted that the book, with all its irregular power, should fall so frequently into sloughs which intimate an untrained hand in the writer. He has apparently great powers of appropriation, and he has amassed a store of ancient and Oriental material, which he uses, as in the scene in the circus, with minute and confident care; but he becomes entangled in the threads of his story, and confuses the reader by the very elaborateness of his descriptions. Once or twice he takes the reader into his confidence unnecessarily, and explains to him his reason for employing certain machinery. The most serious blemish is in the imminent danger which the book is always in of dropping into the habits of the dime novel. The concluding pages, for example, are a sad concession to the supposed demands of the modern novel-reader. Ben-Hur is shown to have a happy domestic life in a villa near Rome! This, coming after a picture of the crucifixion which falters through the author's reverent timidity, is a dreadful fall, but it is one which we are apprehending all the way through the book. In spite of its merits, — and these are by no means inconsiderable, — the book must be pronounced a failure, artistically. It avoids the big-wig style of historical novels, as a rule, but lacks the sincere dignity and sustained sweep which a novel with the ambitious purpose of this must have in order to take rank as a great historical picture. We cannot so much commend it to the hardened novel-reader as we can advise all who are curious of a most difficult problem — perhaps, on the whole, the most difficult problem in imaginative literature — to read attentively this ambitious and very interesting attempt at a solution.

A milder and more innocent form of the historical novel will be found in the pretty story of Mother Molly.[1] The impersonation by the writer of a young girl telling a story which relates chiefly to herself, sisters, and brothers easily suggests a naïve and prattling style, and as the incidents of the story are somewhat trivial we are not quite sure that the author intended the book for an audience of mature readers. If we had a graded literature, after the manner of school-books, this might find a place somewhere between undoubted books

[1] *Mother Molly.* By Frances Mary Peard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880.

for young people and those which their parents will read; but we have our suspicion that none but very discreetly educated maidens would extract a sincere pleasure from it. The scene is laid on the southwest coast of England, during the scare which attended the expected descent of the French on the coast in 1779, and the incidents gather about the fortunes of a motherless family of girls and boys, whose father is a captain of the navy on duty, and who are left to the special care of Mother Molly, the oldest daughter. A French *émigré*, who is really a spy, manages to ingratiate himself with all of the family save Mother Molly, and only his sudden capsize in a boat prevents him from making them the foolish betrayers of their country. The scenes, which move with little friction, are gently interesting, and one can scarcely desire to use very hard words regarding so unpretentious a story. Its sweetness, however, becomes somewhat insipid, and we are warned how much the charm of such a book depends upon there being a genuine story to be told. It strikes us that the author, in her attempt at reproducing the manner of the close of the last century, has really gone farther back, and given a flavor of the Queen Anne period.

It happens that another writer, with larger equipment than Miss Peard, has gone somewhat in the same direction for his subject, and has come back with an uncommonly clever story, which claims our attention by no means as a mere rescript of a historic period, but as a bright and entertaining picture of the life of a few people who happen to disport themselves before a historic background. The Trumpet Major,[1] Mr. Hardy's latest novel, may be unreservedly recommended to all who get their pleasure, in novels, from close portraiture of humorous characters and the vicissitudes of village love. The minuteness with which this writer portrays faces and persons is well worth attention, for the vividness of his characters is largely due to a great number of fine touches. The Trumpet Major himself is scarcely the hero of the story, yet it would almost seem as if Mr. Hardy, amusing himself with the story, was undecided in his own mind as to the final disposition of his characters. The fickleness and half witch-like nature of the heroine, Anne, determines the event. This character is one of the most unmoral young women whom one could meet with in fiction. Mr. Hardy appears to have an affection for young women without consciences, and he has achieved a success here in depicting a girl swayed this way and that, a creature of caprice, and apparently true only to a lover as fickle as herself. One looks at Anne and Bob with amusement and amazement. They contrive between them to render the painfully conscientious John an object rather of ridicule than of pity. It really seems as if in the world of Mr. Hardy's fiction truth was a plaything to be tossed about in sport. Poor John, who immolates himself so constantly on the altar of duty, gets his sacrifice for his pains, and the two giddy young people, who play fast and loose with each other, carry off all the prizes. If John represents Mr. Hardy's faithful attempt at portraying dull truth, it is plain that his real pleasure is in Anne and Bob; and in the absence of the customary laws of retribution and reward the reader is kept on the *qui vive* to the close of the book as to how the final toss of the penny will decide the matrimonial question, which impends humorously for chapter after chapter.

The historical background is managed cleverly, and the characters all seem to be skipping about in the very period to which they are assigned. There is a Bob Acres of a Festus Derriman, and

[1] *The Trumpet Major.* By THOMAS HARDY. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1880. [Leisure Hour Series, No. 118]

a grotesque, somewhat overdone miser in his uncle Benjy. The collection of soldiers, sailors, villagers, is excellently arranged to give color and life to the scenes, but the interest never flags or ceases to centre about the figures of Anne and Bob. One leaves them, finally, with a humorous sense of wonder as to their after-life together, and a doubt whether they will amuse each other half as much as they have amused us. The scenes are given with a singular precision and fitness of words, and the picture of the true-born Englishman who has never strayed from his natal village is especially successful. Who could have better described the drill scene before the village church? It was scarcely necessary for Mr. Hardy to assure us in a foot-note that the drilling of men between services on Sunday was historically true. We should cheerfully take his word for it that the conversation between the drill-sergeant and the recruits was taken down verbatim at the time. It is not often that one is really sorry to come to the end of a novel, but one lays aside this delightful story with regret that he may be no longer entertained by the little comedy which has been enacted for him in it. He even feels a relief that virtue in the person of John is let off so lightly.

The title of Mr. French's novel [1] must not mislead one into supposing that he has taken up an autobiography. It is merely the author's emphatic way of saying that in the story which he has to tell he means to vindicate the power of the personal will, and to demonstrate the vanity of circumstance. He sets about this task, however, in a manner which renders one somewhat skeptical of the demonstration, for the Ego which rides triumphant at the close of the book has been in alliance with fate and fortune to an extraordinary degree. All the discomfitures which await the hero, even his death, — for he dies outright in the middle of the story, and enjoys an inexplicable, or at any rate unexplained, resurrection, — are met not by the exercise of will so much as by the decrees of destiny. Mr. French has so confused and confounded the personality of his hero that the last lesson extracted by the reader is of any victory over circumstance. He seems to undergo a transformation of identity rather than of character. For the rest, there is such a general cloudiness about the scenes that even the appearance of historic names and geographic details fails to impart any special reality to the story.

My Marriage,[2] like the last, professes to be an American book; at least, it is copyrighted here; but the story is wholly English in its locality and characters, and we have seen nothing in it which would indicate that an American author had veiled her experience by transferring her tale to foreign soil. The book is written in the first person, present tense. The first person is no novelty, and rhetoricians have agreed that liveliness and a graphic air are secured by the use of the present tense. We wish they would read this book, and tell us if they still think so. From the first sentence, where, after quoting "Home, home, sweet home!" the author begins "I sing it mournfully," to the last sentence, where, in the final reconciliation with her husband, "My arms creep up to lay themselves about his neck, and I whisper softly, 'Not as much, but more!'" the entire narrative is in a long drawn out now, and the use of this conceit somehow intensifies the singular opaqueness of the book. The story is quickly told: a girl who has married a rich and admirable young man after a short acquaintance, not because she loves him, but because she believes the arrangement will be of general service to her burdened family, she being one of

[1] *Ego.* By Harry W. French. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1880.

[2] *My Marriage.* Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

a number of daughters in a vicarage, spends her time for several months in acquiring the love which should have been precedent to the marriage, the only obstacle to the acquisition being her own obstinacy and her passionate affection for one of her sisters. Her husband, a model of patience and stupidity, loves her in the grave manner which is becoming in such cases, and after a series of misunderstandings and petty accidents subdues her somewhat obtuse heart. What renders the reader impatient of this couple is that they are both so unnecessarily blind and incapable. The only reason, apparently, why the reconciliation does not come earlier is that it would stop the story. They both seem to be serving their time out in a penitentiary. We are glad, however, that they finally reach the satisfaction in store for them, and that there are no lapses from virtue for either on the way, though the author seeks to give a faint spice to the wretched continuity of misunderstanding by sketching the shadow of infidelity on each side, — a shadow which is cast not by a real object, but by suspicion. It is hard to believe that in real life this state of things would not have yielded earlier, either to common sense or to the subtle power of an unselfish love.

Nestlenook [1] may be called a novel of the boneless school; at least, after reading it one carries away only vague impressions of scenes and characters, and finds himself unable to define the story. Its plot, if it has any, is so overgrown with comment, conjecture, dreams, and reverie that it is difficult to trace the line through the pages. The book is called on the title-page a Tale, but that is precisely what it is not, for no one could tell it. We notice it because it serves as an exaggerated example of a vice of our story-tellers, to make the haze of sentiment take the place of firm and intelligible outline. A traveler returning to New York from foreign parts is on his way up the Hudson in a dim search for an old home; he does not seem to know exactly where he is going, nor why he is going. He falls in with a gentleman of the neighborhood, whom he has never met before, and, not unlike the Germans of the Anti-Jacobin, who swear an eternal friendship upon a sudden thought, by the merest hap-hazard joins him in talk, goes to his house, and spends the rest of his storied life there. They are both visionaries, and out of the mist come other shadowy characters; a vague, carefully veiled lawsuit engages the leisure of various persons; some young people flit noiselessly across the stage, a lost sister is accidentally but opportunely discovered, and the romance of the teller of the story is disclosed in a discursive, meditative fashion. The author seems utterly fatigued with his labor at every step, and not once does the reader receive a sharp, clearly defined impression. Romance is a very different matter from haziness, and it is quite possible to have a story which shall be real without being realistic. It would do Mr. Kip good as a practical exercise in authorship to write an abstract of his tale on, say, two pages of letter sheet. The old arguments which preceded play or poem had their use for author as well as reader.

The author of Princes' Favors [2] has made a venture in the new and promising field of American political novels. His story is not ill-conceived. The fortune of a young man, brave in the war, upright in life, who is sent to Congress under the impulse of a sincere patriotism in his district, and has thenceforward the success and failure of a man who sacrifices interests — his own and others — to duty, is full of fine opportunities. The earnest young member is used by the

[1] *Nestlenook.* By Leonard Kip. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[2] *Princes' Favors.* A Story of Love, War, and Politics. By Wilson J. Vance. New York: The American News Company. 1880.

older politicians to effect certain party conquests, and has the bait of a cabinet office held out to him; but when he has done his part faithfully, he suffers the disappointment of many who have put their trust in princes, and the story of his gradual sinking into the mire is painfully impressed on the reader. The author has apparently known the facts of such a probable career intimately, but lacks the story-telling skill; and though his book everywhere indicates an honest and indignant mind, it is ineffective through the unfamiliarity which it shows with the form of the novel. We commend it rather to the student of political natural history than to the novel-reader in search of entertainment or a new sensation.

Yet the reader of Princes' Favors will have a better opinion of it after he has read Endymion.[1] We have been wondering what sort of impression this book would create upon a reader who was not aware of the author's history and position, had never read any other of Disraeli's novels, and read this fresh from the perusal of the great works of modern fiction. Undoubtedly as long as literature carries with it the history of literature, people will continue to read about Endymion and its author, but the judgment, upon literary standards, of the book itself will in the future be the judgment of passing by on the other side. An unconscious travesty of high life runs throughout the book, and the travesty follows not from the author's unfamiliarity with the details of this life, but from his importing into the whole conception his own essentially cheap-John estimate of life itself. There is something marvelous in the worship of Success which underlies Endymion. The hero of the book, at least the young man who gives the name to it, is an almost colorless effigy of humanity, who is moved on through the pages by the alternate efforts of his sister and the woman whom he admires, and afterward marries, to the position of prime minister, a position utterly remote from the logical consequences of his intellect or will. He is the creature of accident, friendliness, and destiny, and as he is shoved along a step higher at each turn of the story, the reader comes to watch for his appearance a little higher up with curiosity, but without the least apprehension. The career of his twin, Myra, who finally becomes queen of a neighboring country, is more distinctly the expression of her own will and determination, but the landing of these two characters at the summit of supposed human ambition is achieved with so mechanical a dexterity that the author's supreme satisfaction in the result appears positively childish. The figures are so unmistakably puppets, and the properties are so broadly theatrical, that when one considers the place which the author has held in English political life it is impossible to resist the feeling that Endymion is a man's plaything, and by a converse proposition that the author, as head of the British cabinet, has the attitude of a showman.

The unreality of the book is not the unreality of romance, but of the stage. The country, the characters, the historic events, and especially the morals and the sentiments, are all fictitious. There is a false bottom to everything. It seems the easiest thing in the world to find the living counterparts of the several characters in the book, and one with only ordinary knowledge of modern England will readily name the persons who may be said to have sat to the author for their portraits. But in what does the truthfulness of the likeness consist? An author who has transplanted images from his observation into the imaginary field of his novel or romance pleases himself with the notion that his characters have their own life in the

[1] *Endymion.* By the Right Honorable the Earl of Beaconsfield, K. G. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.

book, entirely independent of any life which their prototypes may have led in the actual world, and he is apt to resent the imputation of theft, or to deny that he has put his friends into his book. In Endymion one perceives that the likenesses are distorted tracings of actual persons: they bear to the originals the relation not of paintings, but of wax-work; there is a simulation of reality, and not an individual existence as imaginary creations studied from models in real life. It must be added that the artist of this wax-work show has given some vicious little twists to features out of an apparent malice, and has treated his images somewhat as a pettish child sticks pins into her hapless doll. The figure of St. Barbe, for example, is a simulacrum of Thackeray, and the satire is amusing, but not very refined nor comprehensive.

It is, however, in the display of sentiment and morality that one is reminded most forcibly of the waxy character of the book. The marriages, for example, are of the most bloodless and polished sort. It is not that there is an absence of passion, but marriage is apprehended strictly from a diplomatic point of view, and becomes a valuable part of the machinery of the book. When the exigencies of the story require it, a marriage is contracted, as the saying is. Young men and maidens, old men, widows and widowers, all are alike before this manufacturer of marital relations, and the expression of love and choice always has the air of being concocted in the foreign office. The moral sentences which accompany the characters as footmen in livery are of the most stylish and irreproachable sort; from their dress and general bearing one would never know them from the genuine utterances of the human soul, and their assumption of dignity and authority may well abash the common mind. The author moves about among all these characters and sentiments and scenes with a showman's complacency, and does not despise a little air of mystery and magic. He has a way of presenting situations with effect, and then leaving them to make their way with the reader, while he skips off to another set of characters. It can hardly be said that his sudden shifting of pieces is a dramatic surprise. One looks upon these evolutions as a regular part of the game, and surveys the unexpected movement of characters as he does the action of a knight on the chess-board; the rules require that he shall jump as he does.

It is as a game that the right honorable author views political and social life in England, and the almost total absence of principles and one may say passions, or at least irregular passions, from the book produces a singular effect, and renders the novel a piece of unconscious humor. There are high and mighty acts, there are tears and embraces, but the principles behind the acts and the emotions and passions behind the tears and embraces are wanting. The author does not need them, and the reader comes to learn to do without them. There is an order of elves, we believe, which is characterized by the absence of any back. The face and general presence are satisfactory and familiar, but if one could only get behind them he would discover that they were hollow on that side. The unsophisticated reader of Endymion, in his effort to get behind the scenes and characters, is confronted by the same phenomenon.

THE NEW EDITION OF GILCHRIST'S BLAKE.

THE omission of the words *Pictor Ignotus* from the title-page of the new edition of Gilchrist's Life and Works of William Blake,[1] and the positive advance made in beauty of presentation, may be taken both as an intimation that the obscurity in which Blake's name was hidden twenty years ago has since been dissipated, and as a clear justification of the liberality which has attended the rehabilitation of a man of genius. Blake's celebrity to-day is largely due to the affectionate labors of Mr. Gilchrist and of Messrs. Rossetti, and since the publication of the first edition to the commentaries by Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Smetham, Mr. W. B. Scott, and others, the reprinting of Blake's poems in various editions, the issue of fac-similes of his prophetic books, the exhibition of Blake's works in London in 1876, and the modest one recently held in Boston, with the notes and discussions which all these have occasioned in journals and magazines; this accumulation of study has widened the circle of Blake's influence, and has been a witness to his unmistakable power. Nothing is more certain than that it would not have been in the power of a coterie of writers and artists to bring back to life a dead reputation, and the result which has followed the original publication of Gilchrist's Life may be referred, after due honor has been paid to the enthusiastic biographer, to the unquenchable fire of Blake's genius and to the hospitality of this generation. Truly, we may congratulate ourselves upon an increased susceptibility to genius in unwonted forms, when we observe this new and admirable edition succeeding a book which was long since absorbed by the public; or, if this be too self-complacent, we may at least believe that the interest in art has been liberalized, and rendered less timid and conventional. It would be only a partial judgment, we think, which should connect Blake's fame with a waning school in English literature and art that has made much of this visionary. The elements of power in that school which have given it a temporary sway are represented in Blake, but the coincidence is not so wide as to persuade us that with the decadence of an essentially hopeless art and literature there will disappear also a merely fashionable admiration for this great Englishman.

In external features, as we have hinted, this new edition surpasses the former. The cover is bolder and more significant; then the proportions of the page are better, and the illustrations are printed with greater care, india paper being used for the impressions of the steel-plates and the wood-cuts. The number of these has been increased. Mr. Herbert Gilchrist, a son of the author, has furnished two interesting designs of Blake's cottage at Felpham, and his working-room in Fountain Court. One of the recently discovered illustrations of Shakespeare by Blake has been reproduced, an additional page from the Jerusalem, and the Phillips' portrait, reduced in size. Several of the wood-cut illustrations from Blake's works used in a recent article in Scribner's Monthly have been incorporated, and a reproduction of the Book of Job by the photo-intaglio process has taken the place of the unfortunate photo-lithographs of the first edition. The larger specimens of the Book of Job, inserted near the be-

[1] *Life of William Blake, with Selections from his Poems and other Writings.* By ALEXANDER GILCHRIST. A new and enlarged Edition, illustrated from Blake's own Works; with Additional Letters and a Memoir of the Author. In two volumes. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

ginning of the first volume have also, fortunately, been dropped, and the printing of the leaves from the prophetic books uniformly in a reddish tint gives a much more satisfactory result; it may be added that the printing and tint here are both great improvements upon those in the first edition. It seems a pity to have dropped the folding plate illustrative of the Canterbury Pilgrims engraving, and we wish that the Visionary Heads could have been redrawn. Mr. Linton's copy of the original is unfaithful. A new illustration, by Shields, of Mrs. Blake, from Blake's drawing, is a good addition, and the placing of Mrs. Tatham's name under the old head of Mrs. Blake removes the misunderstanding formerly created. In the exigency of printing, some of the delicate pendants to chapters have disappeared, but one or two new ones have been added. We are hardly prepared to accept Mr. Rossetti's judgment with regard to the photo-intaglio reproduction of Job. The series is of great importance, — of the greatest, we may say, — and no student of Blake, if limited to one of his great works, would fail to choose the Job; but to say of photo-intaglios that they "are of course line for line, and minutest touch for touch, the counterparts of their originals," is to mislead the ordinary student. There is a reduction in size, itself a misfortune, and the very mechanism of the process of reproduction has a subtle disenchantment. Let one, for example, compare the two impressions of number twelve of the series, or of number fourteen, and observe in the first case how the photo-intaglio has deepened the black behind the stars, giving a hard brilliancy which is deceptive, and in the second how the wonderful silvery tone has entirely been lost, and in all cases how the vitality of the engraving seems to have been dissipated. It may be said, indeed, that the greatest defect of these reproductions is in the absence of true color; but this means that the originals are alive, and these reproductions are dead. Still we may certainly be thankful that the process has carried the designs a step beyond that which they had reached in the photo-lithograph.

When we come to the text of the book we find equal evidence of care and of a purpose to increase the value of the work. The biography remains substantially as it was first given, but a number of silent corrections of style have been made and superfluous passages dropped, and the information regarding Blake, which has been accumulating, has been used to render statements fuller or more accurate. Thus the engravings for Elements of Morality, attributed to Blake, are now shown to be the work of Chodowiecki, reëngraved by Blake; the discovery of a noble set of drawings for Young's Night Thoughts, never engraved, is noted, and the designs commented on, and slight stories or testimonies confirmatory of what had originally been said regarding Blake are introduced effectively, as the passage, for example, on page 197 of the first volume. The studies which have been made of Blake by Swinburne and others, since the publication of the first edition, are used judiciously in the illumination of Blake's writing, especially in the case of the Jerusalem, and one is constantly reminded, in comparing the two issues, of the conscientiousness and thoroughness which have been applied to the revision. The letters to Captain Butts, which before were placed by themselves in the second volume, having come to hand too late to be inserted in their proper place, are now distributed in the narrative, and the collection of Blake's own letters is enriched by the recent discovery and use here of a number of letters which he wrote to Hayley. These have been incorporated in the biography, and form a very interesting and substantial addition to our material for estimating Blake. The relation subsisting between him and Hayley was a

singular one; no two men could have been wider apart intellectually, but there was a common ground of generosity of character, and, it may be added, of unworldliness. With Blake the unworldliness was largely other-worldliness, but of this Hayley had scarcely a particle; after Blake's idealization of his complacent and kind friend had been exhausted, there remained an irritation on Blake's part at the utter flatness of his friend, but a sense also of grateful respect. It was during the time when Hayley's mild moon was waning in Blake's horizon that these letters were written, and they show the writer trying hard to keep at Hayley's level, yet every once in a while bounding up to airy heights where he would be quickly lost to his friend's sight. There are times when a visionary is ambitious of asserting his plain sense, and never more than when he is in relation with a plain man, whom he respects for his character rather than for his spiritual attainments. The whole story of Blake's interest in the review for which Hayley was too great to write is inimitable in its revelation of this phase of a visionary's mind.

The second volume, as before, is occupied with Blake's writings, with the annotated catalogue, the series of Job, and the incomplete one of Songs of Innocence and Experience. To these are added, in this edition, Descriptive Notes of the Designs to Young's Night Thoughts, by F. J. Shields; an Essay on Blake, by James Smetham, reprinted from the London Quarterly Review, interesting as the judgment of a refined artist writing for a distinctively religious audience, and a memoir of Mr. Gilchrist, by his widow. Blake's writings have been drawn from a little more fully. Love and Deceit is, we think, new, and so are some of the couplets and fragments; but the most important addition is The Ghost of Abel, first printed by Mr. Swinburne, a powerful conception, of great originality, which needs but the slight ordering and repression of sane art to lift it into imperishable renown. It would be hard to point out a more significant illustration of the fatal blur upon Blake's genius, which so often makes us rise on wings in his verse and fall suddenly to earth, and so often mars his designs with the touch which is unconscious travesty.

The annotated catalogue has also been revised with great care, and many additions have been made, as well as corrections of previous entries. The names of owners have rarely been given, as compared with the previous edition, perhaps because of the frequent changes which render such reference misleading. Mr. Shields's list is of the same general character as Mr. Rossetti's, and both have an interest for the reader, as such lists seldom have, for they really enlarge his knowledge of Blake's style. The brief biography of Mr. Gilchrist, finally, is very acceptable. The readers of the first edition of Blake's Life were told that the author died before the actual completion of the work, and that Mrs. Gilchrist's hand was in the final touch. She has indeed scrupulously withheld all credit from herself in this undertaking, but we may justly refer to her loyalty and steady interest this new and beautiful edition. It is a monument to her husband as well as to Blake, and the glimpses which she gives in this little biographic sketch of the unselfish, enthusiastic, and high-minded writer and student, make it possible for one to see how a life so earnest and generous should have had a lasting power in his family. Mrs. Gilchrist has made us all her debtors, and yet, by the emphasis which she has laid on her husband's work, she has almost made us forget our obligation to her.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

In a volume entitled Latter-Day Lyrics, published a while ago by Chatto and Windus, London, the reader, if he is interested in such matters, may find some excellent examples of a school of poetry which exists, but, fortunately, cannot be said to flourish, just now in England, — the Anglo-Gallic school. The disciples of this composite school are young Britons who have so thoroughly saturated themselves with the spirit of mediæval French poetry that they have ceased to be Englishmen, a fact which perhaps no one would regret if they had only succeeded in becoming Frenchmen. But they have not accomplished this desirable metamorphosis; they are neither the one thing nor the other, — poets without a country. To be sure, they call a ballad a *ballade*, but the deception is as transparent as Snug the joiner's. The modern English rhymster, hiding behind a mask of rough old François Villon, has no more need than Snug had to assure the ladies that he is not a very dangerous lion. Indeed, the absence of all leonine qualities in the English boudoir-poet is only too plain. It is difficult to say just what his qualities are, or precisely to describe the nature of his rather gentle roar. His *ballades* and *villanelles* and *triolets* are triolets and villanelles and ballades with the Gallic soul left out.

It is to the inadequacy of these reproductions of an antiquated manner, and not to the fact of reproduction, that we demur. Many of the obsolete forms of French verse are admirable, and there is no reason why some of them should not take root in English soil and break into flower, as the Italian sonnet has done. That they can be trained to do so Mr. Austin Dobson has proved by several of the delicate lyrics in his Proverbs in Porcelain. Mr. Dante Rossetti, with his Ballad of Dead Ladies paraphrased from Villon, and Mr. Swinburne, in his bolder translations from the same author, have shown what sonorous and various music may be blown through old pipes. If none but such skillful masters played upon them! But unluckily these measures are not difficult; with few exceptions, they easily lend themselves to the genius of our language. The facility with which they can be constructed has won the fancy of a great many clever young men who should not touch verse at all. In England it will presently be a distinction not to have written a ballade.

The ballade, however, and especially the *ballade à double refrain*, is a noble fashion of rhyming, in spite of its affectation and artificiality. Not so much can be said of the *rondeau* and the *rondel:* at best they are but graceful cages for pretty thought. Lacking the pretty thought, they are intolerable. Now, for the most part, it is the cage and not the bird which the latter-day troubadours give us, — the form and not the voice of poetry. Their attitude, it seems to us, is wholly mistaken. There is something not a little comical in the spectacle of a group of young poets trying to catch the ear of the dying Nineteenth Century with quaintly-phrased lyrics about attenuated saints, and citholes, and stained-glass windows, and passionate Drowsabellas! The seriousness with which all this imitation bricabrac is offered to us has a touch of pathos in it.

It has been asked in America, Who is to fill the places of our own elder singers when, unhappily, their places are vacant? Looking across the sea, we may well put the question, Who is to follow Tennyson and Browning?

— In reading Carlyle's Reminiscences of his wife, what strikes me most forci-

bly is his thorough selfishness through the whole course of their married life. Her devotion to him was beautiful and entire: a constant struggle to make his path easy at the expense of her own comfort, and finally of her life. Her appreciation of his intellect was hardly less than his own, and she lived only too cheerfully the life of self-denial to which she was condemned; but she was too thorough a woman not to have longed for something from him besides a passive and often unconscious acceptance of her self-abnegation. Can any one doubt that his life would have been nobler and sweeter if some of the sacrifices had fallen upon him; if he had occasionally put aside the great thoughts which she so reverenced, to exercise a little tender care for her comfort and well-being? It is common enough, this utter self-surrender on the part of a faithful wife, and the acceptance of it by the superior being to whom she is allied; but there would be fewer bitter regrets after the parting comes if each helped to bear the burden which is so often laid upon one alone. No wonder that poor Carlyle constantly sighs, "Wae's me! wae's me! Ay de mi! ay de mi!" as he recalls his own blindness and her silent suffering. One is almost amused, in spite of the pathos of the story, to read, in the account of the sad journey to St. Leonard's, that the invalid railway carriage (so like a hearse) cost "some ten or twelve times the common expense." The canny Scot could not forbear, even in his misery, the record of the extra shillings! And the brougham which would have spared her that frightful accident and consequent suffering, must wait for months, because he could not take a day to order it! It is well, at least, to see that he recognized at the last his own selfish egotism, even though his moanings could not reach her ear.

— It was in the early spring of 1847 that we dined — my father, mother, and myself — with the American minister in London. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft exercised at that time a great deal of hospitality. Enjoying the society of literary men and women, they were generously disposed to share a pleasure dear to them with such of their country people as would also enjoy it.

I remember nothing about this dinner party until we assembled at table, to the number of twelve or fourteen, where I found myself sitting opposite to Mr. Carlyle, who had taken my mother down to dinner. There were present, besides ourselves and two or three Americans, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle and a granddaughter of Lord Dunmore, the last British governor of Virginia, — the Hon. Miss Murray, author of Travels in this country. Miss Murray wore her badge of office as a lady in the queen's household, and entertained us for some time with anecdotes of the queen's management of her children. My father then engaged Miss Murray in conversation about her grandfather (his father's old friend), and my attention was diverted to the conversation between my mother and Mr. Carlyle. He had a rugged face, very Scotch in outline and expression, and shaggy reddish hair. He spoke with a strong Scotch accent. Mrs. Carlyle, who was seated beside Mr. Bancroft, at some distance from her husband, appeared to me charming. She had lively manners, a beautiful figure, most expressive eyes, and was very becomingly dressed. My mother as a girl had spent much of her time in Boston under the kind care of Mrs. Prescott (mother of the historian), and had thus acquired a more than usual familiarity with the writers of her own time, but she had hardly kept pace with the literary revolution in progress. At any rate, she was not *en rapport* with Carlyle.

When I first noticed them my mother was speaking about Switzerland, where she hoped to find herself during the coming summer. Mr. Carlyle laid down his knife and fork, and turning abruptly

towards her declared that no human being really loved the act of traveling, — that those who averred they did were humbugs and shams and deceivers. My mother was confounded. She insisted that she liked traveling. All the concession she could get out of Carlyle was, "You may suppose you do." And this thesis, that if you professed to enjoy traveling you wrote yourself (consciously or unconsciously, as the case might be) a sham and a false witness, he continued to maintain for some time.

The next subject that came up was the condition of Ireland. Carlyle was just then busy with his Cromwell, and without alluding to his occupation he gave us in brief all the ideas subsequently put forth in the chapter on the Irish War and Drogheda, and concluded by saying that the only effectual remedy for Ireland would be to dip her twenty-four hours under the Atlantic Ocean. This remark startled my father, a philanthropist and liberal in politics; a man familiar with every book worth reading from Johnson's time down to the days of the Reform Bill, but wholly incapable of making anything out of the writings of Mr. Carlyle. My father became very indignant at what he called "such atrocious sentiments," taking the words *au pied de la lettre*, and not as a too forcible way of expressing a strong conviction. The war raged during the rest of dinner; Mr. Carlyle defending his position, and my father fighting blindly, hardly perceiving what that position was. I do not remember the part Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft took in the discussion. I think their sole aim was to make the combatants comprehend each other.

After dinner, when we ladies went up-stairs, I well remember Mrs. Carlyle's efforts to apologize for her husband. He felt strongly, she said, about the Irish difficulty; he had recently been engaged upon an Irish subject, and by no means meant what we might suppose his words implied; no man could be more merciful and tender-hearted. She begged us not to form an incorrect impression of him; and then she exerted herself to amuse and interest us, throwing herself into the breach with a true wife's devotion.

— To-day, when the higher education of women is a topic of general discussion, a short extract from Gregorovius on the education of Italian women may interest some of our readers: —

"In our day a learned woman is too often regarded by men with aversion rather than respect. We call her, specially if she be a writer of books, a blue-stocking. In the Renaissance such a woman bore the name of 'virago,' — a term of most honorable distinction. As such Jacob von Bergamo employs it in his work on Celebrated Women. Italians seldom used the word in its modern acceptation, — a *hermaphrodite*. At the time of which we write it was always employed to designate a woman who by character, intellect, and culture had raised herself above the majority of her sex. She was still further honored if to these qualities the claims of beauty and grace were added. For a classical education was not regarded by the Italians of the fifteenth century as an enemy to womanly charms, but rather as an enhancer of the same. Jacob von Bergamo, when speaking of a woman who had appeared publicly as an orator and poetess, makes mention of the fact that it was her modesty and propriety of demeanor which fascinated her listeners. These are the qualities which he particularly commends in Cassandra Fideli. When speaking of Genevra Sforza, the same author extols her beauty of form, her grace of motion, her dignified self-possession, and above all her chaste beauty. What at that time was called modesty (*pudor*) was meant to designate the natural charms of a highly gifted woman, carried by education to a high degree of development.

"The studies of a well-educated woman at this period embraced the classical languages, and their literature, music, oratory, and poetry, — that is, the art of rhyming. To these were added, of course, a knowledge of drawing. The priceless art treasures of the Renaissance naturally made every educated woman a connoisseur of art. Philosophy and theology were likewise included in the course of study. Disputations on such subjects at the various courts and in the university halls were the order of the day; and here women, too, sought to shine. The Venetian Cassandra Fideli, the wonder of the fifteenth century, was as conversant in philosophy and theology as any learned man of her time. She disputed publicly before the Doge, Agostino Barbadigo, and in the auditory of Padua, with great grace and power, and before enthusiastic audiences. Costanza Varano, the beautiful wife of Alessandro Sforza, of Pesaro, was poetess, orator, and philosopher. She wrote several learned treatises. The writings of Augustine, Ambrosius, Hieronymus, and Gregory, of Seneca, Cicero, and Lactinus, were daily in her hands. Battista Sforza, the noble wife of the highly gifted Federigo of Urbino, was also celebrated for her learning; and it is narrated of the renowned Isotta Nugarola, of Verona, that she was perfectly at home in all the writings of the church fathers and well versed in philosophy. Isabella Gonzaga and Elizabilla of Urbino were equally learned, not to speak of Vittoria Colonna and Veronica Gambara. These names and many others indicate the highest point to which the education of women in the Renaissance was carried. Even if we admit that the talents and attainments of these women were exceptional, still the studies in which they excelled were common to all women of the upper class. Such studies were pursued for personal improvement and for the adornment of social life. What a contrast does such a life present to the *salons* of to-day, whose inexpressible dullness and vapidness is barely relieved by song and instrumental music!

"To be sure, the salons of the Renaissance cannot always be compared to Plato's Symposia, and these disputations would to-day be wearisome. But let us remember that the exigencies of society were very different at that time. The ability to carry on a spirited and intellectual conversation, and to give it a classical turn, was considered the highest social gift. It was this same art of conversation which, at a later period in the Renaissance, was carried in France to such a high degree of perfection. Talleyrand called it the greatest and purest pleasure in life.

"But social enjoyment in Italy was not limited to conversation. Dancing was as favorite an amusement then as now. A ball, however, in the time of the Renaissance was not the stiff, artificial affair it is with us. It was a far simpler pleasure. Women often danced with one another, or alone. The French style was the prevailing one; for even then France had begun to dictate her fashions to other nations. The *moresca*, one of the favorite dances at that time, unites the qualities of both opera and ballet. Its origin has been traced to the darkest period of the Middle Ages. It represented, then as now, the conflict of the Moor and Christian.

"Dress, also, was an absorbing interest in the life of a woman of this period. Great attention was paid to the subject. Especially was this the case at the several Italian courts, where the costumes of the ladies were both magnificent and costly. Isabella, the Margravine of Mantua (the same learned Isabella of whom we have spoken), was accustomed to send an agent to Rome to study the latest fashions in dress and *fêtes*. When the two Venetian ambassadors were about to travel to France to attend the

wedding of Lucrezia Borgia and Alfonzo, they were obliged to present themselves before the assembled senate, for inspection, in their crimson velvet, fur-lined cloaks and caps. More than four thousand persons were assembled in the hall of the grand council to wonder and admire, and the Piazza of St. Mark was filled with a curious and expectant multitude. One of these state mantles is said to have contained twenty-two yards of velvet, the other eighteen. These garments were also intended as wedding presents to Lucrezia Borgia. . . . But this period of woman's proud supremacy was not of long duration. In proportion as the education of woman began to be considered in the Germanic and Romanic countries, it declined in Italy, until at last the Italian woman, who during the Renaissance had advanced step by step with man, contending with him for the palm of education and culture, sharing with him all intellectual progress, stepped once more into the background."

— In an article on George Eliot in the Contemporary Review, the writer of it refers to a passage in the Spectator, which notes as a sign of the greatness of the novelist's dramatic genius that she portrayed the characters most unlike her own with the utmost intellectual sympathy. The writer objects to the Spectator's view, remarking, "It surely takes the minimum of dramatic power to bring out the enjoyment that all feel in characters unlike their own." An interesting question is here touched on, and that it is a question not to be too hastily decided appears from the fact that two able critics differ so absolutely upon it. I wish it had come within the scope of their writings to dwell upon the point, and to present the arguments for their respective views. Certain things that may be said on one side of the question seem to me apparent, and I do not doubt that the Contemporary Reviewer would have something to say for the other side, although I confess I do not guess what it would be. In support of the view that an author's dramatic power is shown most fully in the portrayal of character unlike his own, this may be said: that it is an easier task to describe what we know well than what we know less well, and that we know ourselves better than we know others. Of course, by *we* I mean not the common run of irreflective people, but those possessing the mental breadth and imaginative quality which alone give insight into character. I venture to affirm that those who know little or nothing of themselves know equally little of others. Self-love, it is true, sometimes draws a veil over us to hide us from our own observation, but in such a case the same screen is apt to interpose between us and other persons whom we would scrutinize; none is so slow to comprehend others as the conceited man. But when this veil is withdrawn, or attenuated to the thinnest texture possible, we may know ourselves and those who are like us better than those who are unlike, — know the interior of character, I mean, for that is the only knowledge worth talking of here. So far as mere surface goes, we are, I admit, often very ignorant of ourselves and well informed as to others. It is difficult to see one's own outside, to appreciate the effect of one's manner and conversation, or even to account to one's self accurately for one's passing thoughts and trivial actions. But it is not so difficult for a sincere person to search out the springs of his deeper thought and more considered action. Such knowledge as this of our own characteristics must give at least an approximate comprehension of other persons who in fundamental qualities resemble us. With regard to those who are unlike us the case is reversed. We note their external characteristics, catch sight of and follow the movement of their superficial thought and feeling, but what goes on beneath is matter of guess-work

for us. To trace the growth of sentiments we have never known, to paint the force of desires and passions we have not felt and the urgency of motives that have never influenced our action, needs something more than a vivid descriptive power: it needs the genius of an artist. To conceive a being destitute of the impulses and principles of thought that habitually act upon and govern our lives is perhaps a still greater effort of the imagination.

That George Eliot should describe a Romola or Dorothea seems, then, not at all wonderful; it was the creation of characters like Hetty, Rosamund, and Gwendolen, out of elements most unlike those that composed her own individuality, that marked the range and the force of her dramatic imagination.

— Allow me to soften the distasteful speech, attributed to Thackeray in Trollope's memoir, and supposed to be addressed to Mr. Ticknor, about "two broken-nosed old fogies sitting talking of love."

The name of the recipient of this remark is not mentioned by the biographer, but he describes him as a literary, middle-aged, dignified gentleman, who always had the air in society of wrapping a toga about him, and others have asserted it was Mr. Ticknor. Thackeray, although given to free speech, would, we think, have hesitated to make so coarse a remark to a reserved American gentleman; neither would the conversation which led up to it, upon the "tender passion," have been in Mr. Ticknor's vein.

The report at the time that Grattan, the British consul, was the victim bears thorough internal evidence of its genuineness. Grattan was literary and middle-aged, but far from dignified. He draped himself in no toga, but clothed mind and body in a rough-and-ready English suit. He was known, before being here officially, as the author of some pretty tales called Highways and Byways, and other novels and travels. Being a clever, jovial Englishman and an agreeable dinner companion, with a gallant manner and an ambition for friendship with fashionable women, he was much noticed during his consulate in Boston, where, after leaving, he was thought ungrateful for the attentions paid him, as in his book on America he diluted praise with criticism.

This version cannot free the speech from being contrary to all our ideas of good manners, but, addressed to a compatriot of the character described and with a profile like Thackeray's, it relieves it from being a social outrage.

— When Harvard has its Chinese professor, and every metropolis its Chinese laundry, and San Francisco is making calls at New Year's upon Chinese ladies; when even our great republic sends a tidal wave of welcome across the Pacific to float the whole of China into California, ought not our world of letters to give its right hand of fellowship to that country of Confucius? And we may be not irrelevantly reminded of that Chinese novel which has gained, by its eccentricities and excellences, the compliment of two translations from as many French Academicians. Yu-Kiao-Li is the Chinese title of a romance which, as Les Deux Cousines (The Two Cousins), was introduced to the French public at different periods by MM. Abel Rémusat and Stanislas Julien, and presents to our modern civilization a startling suggestion of our arrogance in the judgment which we have been accustomed ignorantly to pass upon our Oriental friends.

The book has never been translated into English, and has one glaring fault, which must always forbid its reproduction for popular reading; and it may be readily seen that a work for which Stanislas Julien felt himself compelled to apologize to a French public is not one which an English or American will readily allow himself to purchase.

We have in the first volume of this novel a florid picture of the trials of one Chinese "maiden's choosing." In this we are introduced to Cousin Hong Lu, for whose suitable marriage we find a select and distinguished circle manœuvring with a degree of diplomacy which might readily attend an international treaty. The young woman we must believe quite worthy the care which is taken to make the path to the marriage altar straight and her life forever after happy.

As the only child of a man of high standing, attached to the imperial person, the girl has received all the benefits of companionship with one of the greatest scholars of the age, and if we may trust her historian Miss Hong Lu, at sixteen, was the peer of Minerva and the Muses. Like Pope, "she lisped in numbers, for the numbers came," and her favorite amusement was "improvisation at seven steps," — an idiomatic expression for a trial of great geniuses, which was decreed by a certain emperor about the year 1300 A. D., who awarded a prize to the scholar who could make verses on a given subject after seven paces in contemplation. Even in China, in the year 1449 A. D., when learning was, we suppose, almost as universal as now, it was difficult to find a suitable match for a young lady whose acquirements were so great. Months were spent in search of a youth whose verses could compare with her own, and when, at last, the prize was found, among the newly made bachelors of art graduated from a certain university, the bachelor refused the maiden. And so the plot thickens, and the maiden, who hitherto allowed her choice to depend upon the quality of her suitors' manuscripts and the quantity of their syllables, finds herself moved with those feelings which trouble foolish young women. She sees the bachelor through a latticed window, and loves him for his comely figure, while he, meanwhile, is still strong in his refusal, until he can believe by seeing that she is fair. It matters not to the bachelor, young, talented, and adventuresome, that Miss Hong Lu is reputed clever and a poet. Unless he see that the blue stocking is not a gray, he will not consent even to a Chinese betrothal.

This independence on the part of an obscure youth, whose only capital is wit, offends the aristocratic guardians of Miss Hong Lu. They take measures to deprive him of his degree. He laughs them to scorn. What is a degree to a man with brains enough to take one? They rob him of his B. C. He is still the most intellectual man in his class, and the best improvisator in the kingdom, and the match-makers find it difficult to discover his equal for Hong Lu. While their stubborn highnesses are refusing to grant his stipulation, the young man amuses himself with a wild flirtation with Hong Lu's cousin, a young girl nearly her own age, who, although she does not try her lover by the same intellectual standards, is not less charming than Hong Lu, and has allowed her cousin's exacting suitor a glimpse of her pretty figure through the vista of a garden gate and a pomegranate grove. And so we are brought to the close of the first volume, which is replete with Orientalism, that M. Julien makes clear to our Occidental mind by ample commentary.

The gentlemen drink wine from the rhinoceros horn, and are inspired by forty or more of those tankards to write a rhyme of seven syllables. Miss Hong Lu's verses are chiefly of light, and she allows them to enter into competition with certain made by her father's guests, gentlemen who drink much wine, and force their host to drink more, that he may be rendered *non compos mentis* for the trial verses. There is much self-abasement in social converse, much neighborly backbiting in familiar intercourse. Kissing of hands and laying on and off the ceremonial robes occupy almost as

much time as writing verses to Wine, Women, and Song, subjects for which they invoke the muse as frequently as they tap the wine cask.

In the second volume, difficulties in the hymeneal path lessen the list of unworthy suitors, for Miss Hong Lu is no longer prominent. The two cousins warm towards each other, and confide their mutual choice, and we and they are made happy by their union with the fortunate bachelor, who gains thereby two opulent fathers-in-law and two charming wives. In the manner of the Chinese novelist, we should make an epitome of these facts in a strophe, but we have not the "divine afflatus."

— On the topmost twig of a maple-tree there grew a seed. In the spring-time the tremulous pulsation of the sap and the soft rustle of the leaves whispering among themselves had awakened him; then, day by day, in a slumberous, semi-conscious state, he had fed upon what the roots provided, stretching himself lazily in the sunshine. Presently his wing began to unfold.

"That is very curious," said he, stirring a little. "It must be a mistake. *I* don't flutter about like the bees." That bit of pinion, which seemed his and not his, puzzled him. "It must belong to something else," he thought; and thenceforward he was always on the lookout for a bee or a dragon-fly with only one wing. But none came.

The hot summer noons and the long moonlit nights became sultrier, and the leaves drooped. "How withered I am!" said the maple-seed to his most intimate friend, a leaf residing on a neighboring bough. "It makes one feel quite brittle." But the leaf did not answer, for just then it detached itself from the twig, and with a queer, reluctant shiver dropped to the ground.

"Ah!" murmured the maple-seed, "I understand." So he was not surprised when a rude breeze twisted him off, one day, and sent him spinning into space.

"Here I go!" thought he; "and this is the end of it."

"Puff!" said the breeze, who had seen much of the world, and looked with contempt upon the untraveled. "Puff! how ignorant!" and he blew the seed right into a fissure in the earth.

"It must be the end, for all that," insisted the seed; and no wonder he thought so, for it was cold and dark where he lay, and a troubled cloud leaned down and wept over him.

Then he began to grow amazingly, and he continued to expand with the warmth and moisture.

"If this goes on," he meditated, "I shall certainly burst, and then I must die. How is one to live with a crack in one's side?"

The maple-seed was wrong, however; he did not die; an unsuspected, mysterious strength sustained him; he reached up from the gloom into the pure sunlight, and became a sapling, and at last a fine tree with spreading branches.

"Now," said the maple, "I know how stupid I was."

It was very pleasant there on the lawn. An old couple from the mansion near by came out in good weather to sit under the tree. Though they vaguely reminded the maple of some fragile leaves he had seen fluttering somewhere in the past, he was glad to have the aged pair keep his company, and always kept his most agreeable shade for them. Partly for their sake he liked to have the robins singing among his branches. So the years went by.

The old man tottered out alone now to sit in the cool shadow. He looked bent and sorrowful.

"Ah!" sighed the tree, "I know, I know: he has lost his leaf, and feels brittle."

After this many sunny days came, but not the old man, and the tree concluded that he had been blown away.

"If he only knew he will grow again!" the tree mused to himself. "Unless one

knows that, it is so uncomfortable to lie in the dark."

One day the sky blackened; the birds flew anxiously to their nests; even the lips of the sea turned white with a nameless apprehension.

"Hark!" said the tree, and a shudder ran through all his fibres. Then the storm burst from its cavern among the hills.

"Down with him!" shrieked the blast, as it struck the edge of the lawn.

After struggling a moment, the maple tossed his arms in despair, and then — crash!

The next day men with axes in their hands gathered about the fallen tree. They chopped him, and split him, and dragged him to the house, where he was thrown into an obscure corner of the cellar.

"It is over," he muttered; "one does n't live through everything. This is the end."

He lay there a long while in the dampness, with a dull ache in every splinter. Then they began to carry him up-stairs, piece by piece. Finally, he found himself in a spacious chamber, and was astonished at seeing the old man seated in an arm-chair before the fire-place.

The fresh logs were piled on the hearth, where they soon blazed and crackled with a cheerful sound. Ruddy points of flame thrust themselves through the bark here and there, and curled up like rose-petals.

"Why!" exclaimed the tree, "I am putting out leaves again, — crimson leaves!"

"Is it the maple?" inquired the old man, stooping to look at the logs.

"Yes," answered they.

"Ah! quite right, quite right! That goes with the rest." And his cheeks were moist as he spread his thin palms to the warmth.

The fire burned brighter, grew duller, turned to embers, smouldered to ashes. The hearth was cold. A figure still sat in the arm-chair by the fire-place, gazing at the whitened hearth, but the old man himself had blown away.

As for the maple-tree, its spirit mounted to the clouds; but in the spring-time it came again, with other invisible airs, to refresh the maples upon the lawn, to lead a new existence in grasses and ferns and flowers.

"Now," said he, "I understand it all. There is no end."

— There is a word which, for several years past, has been forcing its way into positions where it has no business. It is the word *then*, classed by Lindley Murray among conjunctions, by Dr. Johnson among adverbs, by Worcester among conjunctions, adverbs, and adjectives, according to its application. Johnson gives as its definitions, "At that time; afterwards; in that case; in consequence; therefore; for this reason; at another time; that time," — with authorities in prose and poetry for each acceptation. Worcester follows him exactly, except that he gives, "at that time, afterwards, therefore, that time," under the head of adverb; "in that case" as a conjunction; and "at that time existing" as an adjective. At present it is used almost to the exclusion of "therefore," and with a shade of affirmation not precedented by any of the standard quotations in Johnson or Worcester. It is superfluous to give examples of this misapplication, as there are probably not half a dozen essays, English or American, written within the last five years, in which it does not occur, and it may be found on almost every page of the current newspapers and magazines. It has superseded "for this reason," "since," "because of," and sundry other forms and parts of speech. There are two objections to it: one that it is an affectation, a trick, a mannerism; the other that it is used as a specious mode of taking an argument for granted, or a proposition as proved, which has only been asserted. A writer, most often in

one of those pscycho-scientific articles which are the bane of contemporary periodical literature and popular reading, assumes a number of propositions which have never got beyond the condition of hypothesis, and beginning a new paragraph with a "We see, then," glibly proceeds to his deductions and conclusions as if he had established his premises. "Therefore," or "for this reason," challenges inquiry and discussion; "then" slips by easily, and the careless, hasty, or superficial reader accepts it, with its chain of consequences. It is a presumptuous, perfidious word, as well as an intrusive one; it does harm, and ought to be taught its proper place again.

— In The Atlantic of last July there was an essay called A French Comic Dramatist, and devoted to a consideration of the career and compositions of M. Eugène Labiche. Incidentally, the writer of the essay discussed the claims of M. Labiche to a seat among the forty immortals of the French Academy. After the essay was written M. Labiche was elected a member of the Academy. After the essay was printed he was formally received as a member. The ceremonies of reception always include an address by the neophyte, in which he compliments his new associates first, and then eulogizes his immediate predecessor. To this discourse one of the other thirty-nine Academicians replies in a set speech of welcome, in which he delicately comments upon the works of the new-comer, and often ingeniously and insidiously insinuates some very wholesome criticism in among the flowers of rhetoric in his complimentary nosegay; after which he lays his wreath also upon the grave of the departed Academician, in whose place and stead the novice then stands, or, to use the academic formula, in whose chair the novice sits. Now, it so happened, by one of the incongruities not infrequent in the annals of the Academy, that the immediate predecessor of M. Labiche was Sylvestre de Sacy; and there was general curiosity in Paris to see how the author of the most easy and joyous farces of our time would acquit himself of the hard task of properly praising an author who was his exact opposite: a Jansenist by birth and breeding, a writer of a perfect and polished style, a worshiper of the great French writers of the seventeenth century, and a man who ignored and was ignorant of anything and everything in the nineteenth century, saving only a certain line of abstract politics. M. Labiche rose equal to the occasion; his address has just been published, and we can follow his words. He began modestly; he found simple and fit phrases in which to praise M. de Sacy's simple life and nature; he was witty, as he could not well help being; and, better still, by a few quotations from M. de Sacy's letters, M. Labiche touched the hearts of all who heard him, and drew pathetic and patriotic tears as readily as he was wont to draw laughter. To M. John Lemoinne, most English of Frenchmen in name and training, fell the task of responding to M. Labiche's address. From the French papers one might infer that his speech was a failure; but in print it certainly reads well enough. It is an exact and apt criticism of his to say that M. Labiche's plays, light and lively and even broad as many of them are, are never immoral, because they are never sentimental. This is a judgment for the admirers of M. Octave Feuillet to consider. It was the ultra-sentimentality into which Romanticism degenerated that made it so enervating an influence. Work which is free from sentimentality, and through which a gale of laughter blows, is not, however broad it may be, likely to hurt any but the sickly and the predestined valetudinarians in morals. Far different were many of the writings of the Romanticists, in which there was a dangerous sentimentality and license. M. Lemoinne cites a remark of Thiers, made during the dark days of 1871.

One day, when M. Lemoinne called on Thiers at Versailles, the latter asked after M. de Sacy, and the former answered that "he kept on loving his good old books and ignoring the Romanticists." "Ah!" replied Thiers, with the usual vivacity, "Sacy is right; the Romanticists, — that 's the commune!" With which cheerful tidbit of literary criticism we may leave the subject.

— There seems nothing harder to arrive at than fixed principles of art. Notwithstanding all discussion, they have never yet been so defined as to become matter of general acceptance. It is not wonderful, perhaps, that, with regard to a subject of such deep interest to mankind, ideas should continually vary as years and men themselves change. Yet after all there are but two ways of looking on the matter, as it seems to me, and the fluctuation of ideas is only an alternation from one view to the other. I speak, of course, of fundamental ideas, not of subsidiary principles or technical rules. Of art, as of philosophy and religion, there have always been opposite conceptions held by men termed spiritualists or idealists and those calling themselves realists, and to-day the same war of opposed opinions goes on. Reconciliation between views which are really contradictory cannot, of course, be looked for, but the contradiction may sometimes be only apparent, and the partisans of either theory be more in harmony than they are aware; all that is needed being that both sides should come to a better apprehension of the terms of debate. Where a theory of realism as the only true art has been wrought out deliberately, as Zola has done with respect to literary art, we can hardly look to see it altered or modified; but there are many who have adopted the idea and the word "realism" unthinkingly, without any understanding of its full import. They admire it, because they take it to mean naturalness and truthfulness as opposed to mere fancy-work of the mind, having no basis in fact. Is the logical and consistent advocate of extreme realism, however, he who teaches the most of truth? That is precisely the question. Zola, Flaubert, and company devote themselves to the "rendering of facts without compromise or embellishment." Very good: we may be glad to have certain facts presented to us in this faithful manner, and it may be the peculiar gift of these writers to produce this special work; but this is by no means to say that we accept their work as the only true art, or as representing the whole of truth. On the contrary, their very theory is a partial one, and all done in accordance with it must therefore be one-sided and incomplete. A theory which claims to have absolute truth on its side, and does not show the whole of truth, or of fact, if that word is preferred, proves its own insufficiency and falsehood. It is seen that these realistic writers do not render fact, but only certain facts, — indeed, a limited number of facts, — for which they have, apparently, a special preference. To insist upon a partial truth of human nature, I repeat, is to insist upon a falsehood, for it is the implicit denial of other and equally important truths. Writers of the above-mentioned school, who persist in painting only the lowest and most depraved types of human nature, nullify their own claim to be the only true artists, teachers of *la vérité vraie*, the truest truth. These advocates of extreme realism are in a small minority, but it is well to note how far a theory may carry us when we are judging of its merits. One who firmly holds, as I myself do, to the opposite theory would inquire of the realist what he means by "the real"? Does he mean the only true, or does he merely mean the actual? The actual is not the real, or rather cannot give us, taken alone, the whole of the real. The actual is always the particular, and a particular can never give us a general truth,

except when brought by the understanding into comparison with all other related particulars. You do not know your friend by any especial trait, by what you saw of him to-day or yesterday, but by all his traits combined, and your knowledge of him from the beginning of your acquaintance until now. The literary artist must therefore be a wide as well as keen observer, if he pretends to be anything more than a specialist, a reporter of a certain class of phenomena only. The idealist may go further. Is there not, he would say, for every living species a perfect type, which individuals of that species approximate to more or less nearly, — an ideal, that is, for each particular, actual thing to conform to? This ideal cannot be called an unreality, though it may seldom be seen actualized; on the contrary, it is the highest truth of the particular existence toward which it should ever tend, and so far as the individual falls short of its own ideal it is untrue to itself, becomes itself an unreality. The artist, then, who has a true conception of an ideal has the right to call the creations of his imagination made after the image of that ideal truths, realities; these creations must not contradict the truths given by observation, but they may transcend any particular truth. He may paint average human beings, the lowest beings and the highest, human nature as he has seen it and as he has not seen it, but conceived of it from the reports of other observers and the illumination of the ideal. The "realist," so called, denies these "rights of the imagination." The idealist is the only true realist, and some other word should be found to designate the artist who clings to the material, particular fact, and is indifferent to the spiritual truth in virtue of which the particular fact exists. How shall we name some of the greatest artists the world has known? Was Shakespeare an idealist or a realist? Was he not both? Does not the question seem a futile one in regard to any of the highest, truest masters of art?

— The difficulty of translating from a foreign language is always great, but it becomes even more complicated when the writing that is to be translated is full of allusions which are wholly unfamiliar to the reader. The differences between the Oriental civilization and our own, between their method of writing verse and the various ways that our poets try, are enough to make a man hesitate before he attempts to give us any notion of their poems; and when we recall the impossibility of our understanding the allusions that the native poets learned in the cradle it is plain that any version of Japanese poetry, for instance, must be considerably diluted and altered before it conveys any distinct notion to us. The charm of Japanese poetry seems to lie in extreme brevity and simplicity, such as we find in some of the fragments of Sappho, for instance, and we all know how impossible it is to find any translation of these poems that does justice to the original. Occasionally, a poet is able to give us in a translation something that makes his verse the equivalent of what the original is to the fellow-countrymen of him who wrote it, but examples of this are necessarily very rare. Fitzgerald's version of the Rubâiyat of Omar Khayyam is about the only instance that readily suggests itself of absolutely successful translation into English.

Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain has just published a volume on the classical poetry of the Japanese, in which he has represented the original poems in various measures, and with a commendable degree of smoothness. This is not the first attempt to introduce us to the knowledge of the poetry of this country. Mr. F. V. Dickens, in 1866, published a volume entitled Japanese Odes, in which were metrical versions and literal prose translations, and M. de Rosny's Anthologie Japonaise contains

many poems in French prose. This volume of Mr. Chamberlain's is interesting reading; the history of this department of Japanese literature is clearly told. The translations, we gather, keep close to the original, and although at times they lack poetical charm they are of service to the reader.

Many of the peculiar qualities of the Japanese mind are to be seen in the beautiful works of art, and in these translations of Japanese poetry we have a new opportunity to observe this interesting people. Most of their poems are very short, as we have stated, and in this respect they are like the Greek epigrams; but they differ from these in that they abound with descriptions of natural scenery, and like all lyrical poetry, and especially that of the East, they are full of lamentation concerning the brevity and misery of human life. Here is a fair example: —

"Since the far natal hour of earth and heaven,
Men never cease to cry,
That ne'er to aught in this our world 't was given
To last eternally.

"If upward gazing on the moon of light
That hangs in heav'n's high plain,
I see her wax, 't will not be many a night
Before that moon shall wane.

"And if in spring each twig puts forth his flow'r
On all the hills around,
Dew-chill'd and storm-swept in dull autumn's hour
The leaves fall to the ground.

"Such, too, is man: soon pales the ruddy cheek,
The raven locks soon fade;
And the fresh smile of morn 't were vain to seek
Amid the evening shade.

"And I that gaze upon the mortal scene,
My tears flow down forever,
Where all is viewless as the wind unseen,
And fleeting as the river."

Here is a fascinating little poem: —

'The trees and herbage, as the year doth wane,
For gold and russet leave their former hue, —
All but the wave-toss'd flow'rets of the main,
That never yet chill autumn's empire knew."

These poems are hardly more interesting than the dramas that are given by Mr. Chamberlain; for a sort of *naïve* simplicity these plays have no equal. It is curious to find one resembling vaguely Calderon's Vida es Sueño. The remarks with which Mr. Chamberlain introduces his subject are very well worth reading. He shows how closely the ancient Japanese imitated the Chinese, just as now they copy our civilization; he points out many of their more marked mental peculiarities, and shows, too, how much some of the technical difficulties of Japanese metrical composition hamper the translator. As it is, we can get but a paraphrase of the original; but then we may console ourselves by thinking how mysterious Horace and Keats must be to the Japanese student in this country.

— Apropos of the complaint of the contributor, in the February Club, who thinks it is an Americanism to accent Parnell on the last syllable, here are two verses from the Spectator of January 22d, in both of which the name is accented on the last syllable. I can also assure the discontented philologist that Parnéll is the usual Irish pronunciation of it.

"Parnell plays the stalest of demagogue play;
To be called 'King Parnell,' talks his country away."

"Oh, sad was that valley when luckless she fell
To thee and to thine, landlord-hating Parnell!"

— Mr. White, in his article on England, in the March Atlantic, makes the statement that the town-crier is unknown in America. Generally speaking, this is so, yet I have myself seen him in the city of Newport, R. I. No longer ago than 1878, as I was passing down Thames Street, in that curious aged and new town, I noticed an old man ringing a bell on the corner. No one but myself seemed to pay any attention to him. After ringing the bell for some time, he adjusted his spectacles, and read a notice for an auction in a monotonous, perfunctory sort of way.

Then he passed on to the next corner, and rung and read again. He was probably the last of his race in America.

— Whilst Sanskrit scholars are successfully tracing the pedigrees of our commonest words back to so remote an age as to excite the envy of owners of "family pride" and thorough-bred horses, are we not in danger of forgetting the origin of some of our local names?

Doubtless, New England smiled on reading in the associated press dispatches that the legislature of Arkansas decides the official name of that State to be Arkan*saw*, just as one always hears it in the trans-Mississippi; but does not the name come from the *arc en sang* of the early French traders, its likeness to Kansas being accidental? Whether the "bloody bow" was a special weapon, like the "medicine bow," that gave its name to a creek, mountain range, and railway station in Wyoming, or the "Bloody Bows" were a band, like the Sans Arcs, cannot now be determined.

Is not the Ozark range a remnant of *aux arcs*, and that a Frenchman's translation of an Indian name for the place where he got the wood to make his bow, just as on the head of "Pole Creek" in Wyoming they got lodge poles?

Some say the word "sni" or "sny," creek, is Chippewa, as Sni Magill, — Magill's Creek, — on the Upper Mississippi. In my county a township is named Sni-a-bar, and the oldest inhabitant does not know that it was the name of Herbert's Creek. Being a Frenchman, Herbert called himself *Abaire*, and the Virginia and Kentucky settlers called it "Sni b'ah" (with a German *a*), just as they called the plantigrades they found here "bahs," and wrote it "bar."

When in the East, it shames me to find that I do not know how to pronounce the name of my native State, but call it *I*-oway instead of I-*o*-y. The *Ah-hee-oo-ba*, or "sleepers," probably overslept themselves, and let the Sioux murder them; but the present inhabitants are wide-awake, and were nearly all "Wide-Awakes" in 1860.

Who would look for Nebraska in the Sioux language, that has no *r*? It is *Mnee bah-lah-skah*, the "broad, shallow water," — the Platte, — and enough like Alaska to give color to Spotted Tail's story that his fathers came from the far north, and once used dogs for dragging lodges, etc., and had never seen horses.

Dakota has not changed much from *Lah-ko-tah* (the *t* strongly dental), "the cut-throats."

Once, in Nebraska, a fellow-traveler on horseback overtook me, and during the day remarked that he lived on a stream that "the settlers call 'Pappy oh,' but the right name is Paypillyun." For some reason or other it swarms with butterflies in summer.

The Sioux say the first Cheyennes they ever saw had their thighs painted red (like the Kansas guerrillas, who in the late war wore red-morocco-legged boots, and were known as "red-legs"). The Sioux said, "*Shah-shah ee-a loo hah*" (you have painted yourselves red). *Shah ee* is, in sound, our "shy" pronounced slowly, and the Sioux now call them *Shy ale ah;* giving exactly the sound of those three words of our language, running them into one, and accenting the second syllable. The French traders got it down to Cheyenne (Shy Ann). Who would ever suspect that timid female to be descended from those bold and indelicate "red-legs"?

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Lexicography. The new edition of Worcester's Quarto Dictionary (Lippincott) differs from former ones by the addition of an important supplement and a vocabulary of synonyms. The supplement, containing about twelve thousand five hundred words, was prepared by James Hunter, with assistants, and had also the benefit of the experience and learning of Dr. Thomas and the late Dr. Haldeman. The great source of accretions has necessarily been science, but creative literature has not been overlooked, and the pages of our own writers have evidently been gleaned with care. The dictionary had the advantage of following Webster's latest, and could use the criticisms passed upon that. We have been interested to see that our own suggestions in noticing Webster have been largely availed of in this work. The public may be congratulated on getting two good dictionaries instead of one, for each acts as a stimulus and check to the other. The cause of sound learning is helped by this scholarly rivalry. — A novelty which is more than a novelty is Kwong's Dictionary of English Phrases (Barnes), a stout octavo contribution to the anatomy of English idioms by an educated Chinaman. Mr. Kwong set out to make a book for his countrymen, and by the way has produced a most interesting book for English-speaking people. He has taken the picturesque phrases which we use, often without a thought of their unintelligibility upon the lower plane of the understanding, and has translated them into matter-of-fact language. The book becomes thus a most curious commentary upon the character of our vernacular, and only lacks the historical genesis of the phrases to be a singularly important contribution to linguistics. It is interesting to see how, occasionally, the author has unconsciously translated one picturesque phrase by another which was more familiar to him, and how hard it has been to get away from the figurative even in definition.

Social Science. Mr. Henry George, whose Progress and Poverty was lately reviewed by us, has published through Appletons a pamphlet on The Irish Land Question, what it involves, and how alone it can be settled. Mr. George's position that private property in land blocks the way of all civilization is maintained in this explosive little book.

History and Antiquities. The late Mr. George Smith's The Chaldæan Account of Genesis has been revised and corrected by Prof. A. H. Sayce. (Scribners.) The period of five years which has elapsed since the first edition has been one fruitful in investigation and criticism. — The Past in the Present: What is Civilization ? is the title of a volume of lectures by Dr. Arthur Mitchell, a Scottish antiquary (Harpers), in which he undertakes to illustrate primitive life from familiar implements still in use, and to inquire into the philosophy of civilization. The mistake of the school of sociology to which Dr. Mitchell appears to belong is in the ignorance of all but conventional forces; spiritual facts are counted out as if they did not exist. — Two more volumes have been published of Memoirs of Prince Metternich. (Scribners.) They embrace the years 1815–1829, and deal principally with the internal affairs of the Austrian empire in the years 1816 and 1817; the period of the congresses, 1818 to 1822; and the complications arising from the Russian advance upon Turkey, ending in 1829. If novel-readers only knew how vastly more interesting were political and literary memoirs than any but the very best and infrequent novels! — Mr. Frederick Martin's useful The Statesman's Year-Book has been issued for 1881. (Macmillan.) It is the eighteenth annual publication of this statistical and historical annual of the states of the civilized world. It is so recent as to have such details of the United States census as were given in January, 1881. — In Epochs of Ancient History (Scribners), the latest issue is Rome and Carthage: The Punic Wars, by R. Bosworth Smith, an abridgment of the author's larger work on Carthage and the Carthaginians, in which the generous instinct to support the under dog in a fight is not disregarded. — In the Epochs of Modern History (Scribners), the latest volume is F. W. Longman's Frederick the Great and the Seven Years War. It is furnished with maps.

Poetry and the Drama. The third and fourth volumes of Mr. Ward's The English Poets have been published (Macmillan), completing the work. The first poet included in the third volume is Addison, the last in the fourth is Dobell. Each writer, according to the plan, is represented by judicious selection and introduced by special criticism. The survey thus obtained has the double advantage that the poet does not depend solely on himself nor solely on his friend. — Under the Mistletoe, and Other Poems, by Edward L. Fales, is a pamphlet collection which comes to us from the author in Minneapolis. — Broken Thoughts is the longest poem of a little volume to which it gives a name. It is by G. L. B., and dedicated to J. A. O. and J. S. M. W. Only publishers require to have their names given in full. (Putnams.) — Miss H. W. Preston in her metrical translation of The Georgics of Vergil (Osgood) has made a positive addition to our stock of poetry. Her conception of the translator's aim is always clear, and her faithfulness is a loving as well as conscientious one. — J. S. Ogilvie & Co., of New York, come to the rescue of persons solicited to write in albums by offering a compilation of more than three hundred selections, many of which, we are told, are original. These probably are to answer the demand, "Please write something original."

Bibliography. Putnam's Library Companion, edited by F. B. Perkins, is a quarterly summary of books, authors, and prices, but without publishers' names, and the bound volume for 1880 is a tidy book of seventy-four pages. It is frankly in

the interest of the publishers, both as such and as booksellers, but is made with judgment. — The American View of the Copyright Question is a reprint, by Richard Grant White, of an article which he contributed to the Broadway magazine in 1868, with notes and additions intended to make it of special service in the present discussion of the question. Mr. White's position is that which has been growing in favor since his earlier advocacy, — the repeal of copyright statutes, with a view to leaving author's property to the protection of the common law. His *brochure* is interesting for another point, since it shows the Englishman clearly that the American indifference or hostility to international copyright is incidental to a protective policy: the protection, however, is to manufacture, not to thought, and though publishers and manufacturers are the partners of authors, and their natural allies, the interests of authors have not always been put in the front by their partners. (Routledge.)

Science. The latest volume of the International Scientific Series (Appleton) is Dr. Joseph Le Conte's Sight: An Exposition of the Principles of Monocular and Binocular Vision, in which he has aimed to meet the wants both of the intelligent reader and of the specialist. — Problems of Creation, by J. Stanley Grimes (Chicago: H. A. Sumner), has to do with the origin of matter and force, of the solar system, oceans, continents, and similar small fry, which are disposed of in fifty-eight pages; and then follows a final problem, which is headed Phreno-Geology, which has two hundred pages given to it, and wild horses shall not drag from us what phreno-geology is. — The Causes which produce the Great Prevailing Winds and Ocean Currents, and their Effects on Climate, is a thoughtful pamphlet, by C. A. M. Taber. (Boston: David Clapp & Son.)

Biography. Sister Augustine, an Old Catholic (Holt), is a translation from the German memorials of Amalie von Lasaulx, who was superior of the Sisters of Charity in the St. Johannis Hospital at Bonn. The book belongs in the order of books which includes Sister Dora, Baroness Bunsen, Memorials of a Quiet Life, records of a noble Christianity which fuses creeds and philosophies into a high personal faith. — Carlyle's Reminiscences, edited by J. A. Froude (Scribners), comes with astonishing celerity after the author's death. It was not necessary to have Carlyle hot, but it is none the less agreeable, when so immense a friend has died, to hear at once that voice, so long heard, pouring out again free speech upon the most personal of topics. The book belongs to the order of high gossip. The same work is issued by the Harpers in cloth and in the Franklin Square Library. — The New England Historical Genealogical Society, has begun the publication of a series of Memorial Biographies, to include the names of its deceased members. The first volume, a comely octavo, contains short sketches of twoscore gentlemen who died in the first eight years of the society's existence, that is 1845–1852. The value of the work depends not so much on the brief lives of eminent men, like J. Q. Adams, Albert Gallatin, Henry Clay, and Daniel Webster, excellently as these are done by competent hands, for one may find the material elsewhere, as on the sympathetic and interesting sketches of village Hampdens, which would otherwise be lost, and are too good to be lost. The book is readable now, and will be a storehouse for future students in New England society.

Text-Books and Education. A Manual of Suggestions for Teaching Fractions, by W. W. Davis, (Syracuse, N. Y., C. W. Bardeen), is intended especially to accompany a fractional apparatus invented by the author, which he conceives to have a use in developing the idea of fractions by an appeal to the senses. To break a stick in halves makes two sticks, and not two halves of one stick; hence the invention of an apparatus to obviate this difficulty. — By the same publisher is issued a pamphlet under the title of The New York Examination Questions, containing about three thousand questions in the range of school work, which have been given at all the examinations for state certificates up to date. — The Spirit of Education, by the Abbé Amable Béesau, translated by Mrs. E. M. McCarthy (same publisher), is a somewhat emotional treatise on education, written in a temper which renders it especially acceptable to the Roman Catholic church. — The Schoolmaster's Trial, by A. Perry (Scribners), might go under Fiction, for it is a story; but if put there, it would be necessary to apologize for removing it from Education, since the purpose of the story is not only to picture certain phases of school life, but to contribute to better views of education. — Two new numbers have been issued in Rolfe's School Shakespeare (Harpers), The Taming of the Shrew and All 's Well that Ends Well. Mr. Rolfe keeps to his well-considered plan of giving the reader a condensation of the best Shakespearean criticism. — Romeo and Juliet and King Henry VIII. have been added to Mr. Hudson's School Shakespeare. (Ginn & Heath.)

Fiction. Mr. J. W. Forney, with the somewhat mysterious assistance of W. M. Baker, has produced a novel entitled The New Nobility, a story of Europe and America; the old and exploded caste is also mentioned in the work. (Appletons.) — The latest volume of the Leisure Hour Series (Holt) is The Leaden Casket, by Mrs. A. W. Hunt. One's curiosity is piqued by the prefatory note that "the author has availed herself of the collaboration of an American friend in preparing this edition, with reference to American standards." Standards of what? — morality, culture, spelling? Or, perhaps, from the title, one may surmise platform scales. — A new edition has been published by Peterson of Frank Forester's Sporting Scenes and Characters, in two volumes. A new biographical sketch of the author (Henry William Herbert) is prefixed to the edition. — Flirtation Camp; or, The Rifle, Rod, and Gun in California, is a breezy story, by Theodore S. Van Dyke. (Fords, Howard and Hulbert.) — Miss Amanda M. Douglas's latest novel is Lost in a Great City. (Lee & Shepard.) — Ploughed Under, the Story of an Indian Chief (Fords, Howard and Hulbert), is in the form of fiction, but is occupied, we are assured,

with unmistakable facts of Indian life in its conflict with American civilization. The nervous introduction by Inshta Theamba (Bright Eyes) at once induces the reader's respect and serious attention. — Linda; or, The Young Pilot of the Belle Creole, by Caroline Lee Hentz (Petersons), is a new edition of a novel which has enjoyed popularity. — The latest of Zola's novels to see the light in English is Thérèse Raquin, translated by John Stirling. (Petersons.) It is a horrible story. — Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's A Fair Barbarian (Osgood) attacks again the weighty problem of the American girl's behavior in the presence of Europe. Mrs. Burnett's patriotism and art may both be trusted.

Philosophy and Religion. The growing literature about China is increased by a work from a competent hand, Dr. James Legge, who has published his lectures on The Religions of China, Confucianism and Tâoism, described and compared with Christianity. (Scribners.) It is not entirely certain, however, that Dr. Legge's statement of Christianity is complete. He seems to regard it too much in the light of a religion. — Two volumes of sermons by the late Dr. E. H. Chapin, God's Requirements and other Sermons and The Church of the Living God and other Sermons (Miller), come as a timely memorial of a man who was an intellectual and spiritual force. — The series of English Philosophers belongs under this division rather than under Biography, since the treatment is but briefly biographical; the main work is expended in an exposition of the philosophic creed of the subject. The latest volume is Sir William Hamilton, by Professor W. H. S. Monck. (Putnams.) The series is edited by Ivan Müller, of New College, Oxford, and is to have an Introduction to the Study of Philosophy by Professor H. Sidgwick. — The indefatigable and virile John Bascom has added to his various philosophical works one on The Science of Mind. (Putnams.) If this author had the mastery of style he would before this have made a more emphatic mark in literature. — A volume of sermons has been published from those preached by the late Dr. Rudder, a leading clergyman of the Episcopal church in Philadelphia. The volume is introduced by the Rev. Henry C. Potter. (Porter & Coates.) — The main subject of G. Stanley Hall's Aspects of German Culture (Osgood) leads us to place it under Philosophy. The author gives in the volume the results of observation and study in Germany of an American student, whose tastes led him to inquire particularly into the current phases of philosophical science. The book is made up of papers for the most part contributed to The Nation of New York. — Dean Stanley's Christian Institutions (Scribners) is a collection of essays, in which he applies a historical method and a judicial temper to fundamental institutions of Christianity, with the purpose of discovering the essentials existing both in the earlier and in the present stage.

Medicine and Hygiene. The Human Body, an account of its structure and activities and the condition of its healthy working, by H. Newell Martin, M. D. (Holt), is a volume in the American Science Series, intended for use in high schools and colleges; it is, however, more than a text-book, or rather it belongs to a class of text-books, growing in number and importance, which are also compendiums of the latest results in scientific study, and useful to the student as positive guides in his own investigations.

Economics. Mr. Augustus Mongredien has written a succinct History of the Free-Trade Movement in England (Putnams), which is intended for a defense of the policy. The book is written by an Englishman, and may be read with more satisfaction that it is not offensively a missionary document for circulation in this country; it has the customary assumptions of free-trade doctrinaires. Published also by Cassell.

Fine Arts. Mr. Charles M. Kurtz has begun the preparation of American Academy Notes, a pamphlet intended to do for the exhibitions of the National Academy of Design what Mr. Henry Blackburn's Academy Notes do in England. The note consists of memoranda both in the form of text and of picture, for the chief paintings in the exhibition are represented in it by miniature copies by some one of the many "processes." The design is good and well carried out. (Cassell.) — The March number of the American Art Review (Estes & Lauriat) has for its full-page etchings Henry Farrer's Sunset, Gowanus Bay, Mrs. Moran's Solitude, and a View of Dordrecht, painted by Jan van Goyen and etched by L. Fischer. The Water Color exhibition in New York and the Art Club exhibition in Boston are described with illustrative memoranda.

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*** The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address, on receipt of the price by the Publishers, MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., 4 Park Street, Boston. Prices are given on the last page.*

"**The Satchel Guide** for the Vacation Tourist in Europe," which has during the last nine years piloted a host of travelers through Ireland, England, Scotland, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, France, Austria, and Italy, much to their convenience and comfort, has been carefully revised to February last, and a new edition has just been published for the present season. This compact guide-book covers the whole ground of ordinary vacation travel in Europe, and is so skillfully constructed that it gives just the information tourists need, in the clearest style. As the *Pall Mall Gazette* said, "The book is indeed a model of perspicacity and brevity." An American physician who made thorough trial of the book said of it:

The "Satchel Guide to Europe" has been my constant companion and adviser, and I have been enabled to live comfortably, travel pleasantly, and see very much, at a moderate expense. This guide has saved me the worry of seeking out hotels, and it points out the good, cheaper grades of hotels as well as the first class.

Mr. Whittier's New Book, "The King's Missive, and Other Poems," is welcomed with peculiar heartiness both because the poetry is so genuine and on account of the reverent and affectionate regard in which Mr. Whittier is held by a multitude of readers. The Troy *Times* says: —

There is no sign of failing powers in this little volume. The same sweet, touching tones are there, the same quiet, rational, spiritual philosophy, the old-time felicitous touch and turn of the poetic fancy and rhythm.

The Boston *Congregationalist* remarks: —

There is an indescribable mellowness of character revealed in them, a gentleness, a spiritual tenderness, combined with a rare simplicity of manner, which in their degree and their blending are his own.

And the *Providence Press* observes: —

Nearly all of them breathe that deep religious spirit that mark so many of Whittier's writings, and they have a wonderful power of lifting up those who read them with appreciation, and of bringing us into closer sympathy with the good man who puts so much of the sweetness of his life into what he writes.

This little book may well suggest, to those who have not Whittier's complete works, the great variety, the profound humanity, the lofty inspiration of these writings which hold so honorable a rank in American literature.

The New Thoreau Book, "Early Spring in Massachusetts," calls attention afresh to the originality of Thoreau's mind and character, and the quite remarkable charm of his writings which record his wonderfully acute observations of Nature and humanity. The Philadelphia *North American* says: —

The lovers and admirers of Thoreau, after having read this fascinating book, will feel themselves much indebted to Mr. Blake, to whose editorial judgment and industry it owes its existence. Its observations are strictly confined to the spring season. They range over several years, and the editor has had the happy idea of bringing together the records of each particular day, so that what Thoreau noticed during his walks abroad on the 24th of February, 1852, the first date in the book, is immediately followed by his reflections and observations on the corresponding day in the years 1854, 1855, 1857, and 1858, and so on throughout the book. To say that only Thoreau could have written them is to say enough. They are distinguished by the keenness of observation, the sympathetic power, and the verbal felicity by which all that Thoreau wrote was made so enjoyable.

The Hartford *Courant* observes: —

We can afford to be thankful for the exceptional people who make the world interesting, and we read these notes of spring with a genuine delight not at all lessened by the thought that Thoreau's philosophy of life was good only for one. No one else in America has made nature so vivid, charming, and so full of life and color, and no one has embroidered these observations on nature with so many entertaining conceits about life. Without quoting pages it is impossible to give the flavor of a paragraph even, and we therefore must be content to call the attention of our readers to the feast that is ready for them.

The "Longfellow Birthday Book" is so pretty, the selections are made with so much care, and arranged with so great skill, that the popularity of the charming little volume is easily accounted for. Edition after edition is required to meet the eager demand. The Philadelphia *North American* says of it: —

To many readers this little book will be a revelation. It will give them a new idea of the fertility of Mr. Longfellow's genius and of the extended range which his writings cover. The plan of the book is somewhat peculiar. On the right hand pages are the days of the year, two to a page, and under each date the names of those famous or notable persons whose birthday falls on that date. On the opposite or left hand pages are appropriate selections from Mr. Longfellow's prose and poetical

works, which have been made with such excellent judgment, that no matter where one opens the book the citations are sure to be worthy of the author whose genius and character they exhibit.

The Minneapolis *Tribune* observes: —

A double interest is given to the volume. It is a catalogue of the birthdays of several hundred of the great men and women of the world, and a collection of the choicest passages of a favorite American author. To one who is not very familiar with Longfellow, it is a surprise to learn from this book what a multitude of striking sayings, profound and far-reaching in thought and poetical in expression, are scattered through his prose and verse. It shows him to be a true seer, as prophet and poet alike are.

The *Hartford Post* remarks: —

It would be difficult to obtain a lovelier selection for a birthday gift or token of friendship.

The little book so favorably impressed Mr. Edmund Routledge, of the firm of George Routledge & Sons, London, who was in America when the book was published, that he bought a large edition for the English market.

Parton's Life of Voltaire. — In his admirable chapters on Voltaire, Mr. John Morley says: "When the right sense of historical proportion is more fully developed in men's minds, the name of Voltaire will stand out like the names of the great decisive movements in the European advance, like the revival of learning, or the Reformation. The existence, character, and career of this man constituted in themselves a new and prodigious era . . . . Voltaire was the very eye of the eighteenth century illumination. It was he who conveyed to his generation in a multitude of forms the consciousness at once of the power and the rights of human intelligence . . . . Voltaire was a stupendous power, not only because his expression was incomparably lucid, or even because his sight was exquisitely keen and clear, but because he saw many new things, after which the spirits of others were unconsciously groping and dumbly yearning. Nor was this all. His life was not a mere chapter in a history of literature. He never counted truth a treasure to be discreetly hidden in a napkin. He made it a perpetual war-cry and emblazoned it on a banner that was many a time rent, but was never out of the field."

To give a full account of Voltaire's career, character, and works is the object of Mr. Parton's "Life," which will soon be published. It is not a special plea, for the sake of removing from his name the opprobrium which has rested upon it, making it a comprehensive summary and expression of hostility to Christianity; but is rather a sincere effort to set forth in clear and trustworthy light, the outlines of a life which dealt trenchant blows against shams and hypocrisies, of which the most conspicuous sham and hypocrisy of his time was the church which claimed to represent Christianity.

Mr. Parton has made an exhaustive study of Voltaire's career and times, and his work cannot fail to be one of remarkable value and interest.

Household Art. — Probably no book of recent times has done more to foster and direct taste in this country, in the arrangement and furnishing of homes, than Eastlake's "Hints on Household Taste." A new edition of this valuable work has just been published after careful revision by Mr. Charles C. Perkins, and including several new illustrations, by which it is brought up to date and rendered freshly available for all who wish to make their homes at once convenient, tasteful, and attractive. What was said of the book on its first appearance by *The Independent*, may yet more fitly be said of it now: —

The volume is one that should interest everybody; for, while we are not all concerned in house-building, it is to be hoped that all of us are interested in the forms of our furniture. Respecting the appointments of the house, from the entrance hall to the highest bedroom, Mr. Eastlake gives the most excellent counsels. The paper, the carpets, the table furniture, the picture-frames, the book-cases, the chairs, and secretaries, all are discussed with an intelligent and cultured taste that is simply invaluable to any one who may be seeking how to make his home more beautiful. The book is one that should be familiar in every refined household.

A Great Small Book is Mr. Ballou's "Pearls of Thought," which quite charms the critics. *The Advance*, of Chicago, says: —

One cannot open it at any page without finding some choice gems of thought fittingly expressed. We note among them many of the strikingly shrewd observations of George Eliot. In fact, a good deal of the world's best thinking and pithiest speech is packed into a book of such selected sayings.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* remarks: —

Everybody ought to have Mr. Ballou's book, as a standby. He made it by the very natural method of copying out passages met in his reading that impressed him. It is full of the noblest, most beautiful sayings of all time.

The *New England Journal of Education* observes: —

No one can take up this book without being aroused and stimulated to further reading and research among the writings of the great men in literature. It is in every respect a beautiful book; in typography and binding as well as in the matter selected, which are indeed "pearls of thought." Such a collection of wise and good sayings impresses one with the capacities of the human mind, and excites to further lofty thinking.

Dr. Beardsley's Life of Bishop Seabury is welcomed as a valuable contribution to the early history of the Episcopal church in America, to an understanding of the conflict of opinion during the Revolution, and as a fitting memorial of a noteworthy man. The Boston *Advertiser* says: —

Here is the history of a man who laid, perhaps, the corner-stone of a great American communion of Christians. Dr. Beardsley has done his work judicially, modestly, and well; and from documents widely scattered he has so eliminated and arranged his material as to create an interesting and striking monument of our colonial and ecclesiastical history. For apart from any mere denominational history, the author has so set the bishop's portrait in the

framework of his times as to give very positive and valuable information of the inner and special tempers of our Revolution — that acutely bitter strife of English colonies against George III. and his arrogant Parliament — which confronted the early life of Seabury and determined it to many sad and weary issues. The story gives us fresh details of the motives, temper, and fate of the men called tories, a class who, not much given to writing current history, have sometimes fared hard at the hands of the historian.

Lowell's Works. — A new edition of Mr. Lowell's Complete Works has just been brought out in a style substantially uniform with the beautiful Cambridge Editions of Longfellow and Whittier. It consists of five handsome volumes, comprising "Among My Books" (first and second series), "My Study Windows," "Fireside Travels," four books of marvelously rich and noble prose, and his entire "Poetical Works." These are printed on tinted paper and bound in olive green cloth, with gilt tops, forming a very desirable edition of some of the best and most delightful prose and poetry in any literature.

Carlyle's Essays, in the complete Riverside Edition, have been largely called for, since Carlyle's death. These essays are by no means an inconsiderable or unimportant part of his works. They probably express as fully as any of his writings, the ideas which Carlyle most wished to impress on the world. They are almost entirely free from that manner which many find so troublesome, or at least unnecessary, in some of his later writings; and they embrace so large a variety of subjects, treated in so robust and positive a style, that no one can read them without a most helpful quickening of mental vitality, and a more resolute purpose to grasp the facts and perform the duties of life wisely and well. The Riverside Edition of Carlyle's essays has a fine portrait and a full index, and both in completeness and in typography is altogether the best edition ever published in America.

Joseph Cook's Lectures have attracted marked attention in England. The *Stirling Journal*, speaking of one of his volumes, says :—

A masterly book from a manly pen. The strong grasp of evangelical truth exhibited on every page of "Transcendentalism" is only equaled by the breadth of general scholarship and depth of conviction which give to lecture after lecture a fascination excelling anything we have come across in the shape of lectures or sermons since we had the pleasure of reading Dr. Chalmers's "Astronomical Discourses."

The *Leeds Mercury* remarks: —

We have perused these lectures with real and rare enjoyment, and cannot but commend them to all able to appreciate with intelligence the controversy which, for the last quarter of a century, has been going on among the advanced thinkers in the domains of science and theology.

Mr. Stedman's Essay on Poe is accepted by the best critics as a piece of thoroughly good work. *The American*, of Philadelphia, says : —

Mr. Stedman's monograph is a clear-cut cameo of criticism — simple, sound, impartial. It says the last word about Poe, and says it in graceful English. It is literary work, in good taste.

"Chinese Buddhism." — The fresh interest attracted to Buddhism by Mr. Edwin Arnold's remarkable poem, "The Light of Asia," insures a hearty reception for all books that shed light on the origin, development, and influence of this great system of religion. The best of recent contributions to our knowledge of this subject is Dr. Edkins's work on "Chinese Buddhism." The New York *Evening Post* commends it as a "treatise of rare value," and adds: —

Dr. Edkins's acquaintance with his subject is unusually close and thorough. His long residence in the East, his ripe oriental scholarship and his special studies of oriental religions in the necessary discharge of his functions, have fitted him in a peculiar way for the performance of a task like this; and his former works, especially his "Religion in China," have attested the conscientious care with which he has made his deductions and the diligence with which he has sought to interpret the facts justly.

With the purpose constantly in mind to speak for the advancement, the civilization, and the Christianization of the Chinese, Dr. Edkins has here written a work fit to serve, for ordinary readers at least, the double purpose of a history of Buddhism and a critical examination of its effects upon the intellect and life of China. It is a work of great interest and of permanent value.

Ticknor's History of Spanish Literature. — A new edition of this standard work has just been issued, possessing this advantage over previous editions, that it is furnished with a very full index to the whole work. The value and importance of Mr. Ticknor's *magnum opus* are recognized, not only by scholars in this country and in England, but in the highest degree by the scholars of Spain, who find in it the fullest, the most comprehensive, the most scholarly, and every way the best history of their literature yet written. Washington Irving, who was exceptionally competent to judge of the value of Mr. Ticknor's history, wrote to him : —

No one that has not been in Spain can feel half the merit of your work, but to those who have it is a perpetual banquet.

An excellent scholar, writing of it in a New York paper, said : —

It is conceded by men of letters in all parts of the world that this book is so comprehensive, so complete in all its parts, so exact and faithful in its details, as well as philosophical in its spirit and execution, that it may justly be regarded as standing at the head of this class of histories.

"On the Threshold." — This little book continues to attract unusual attention as one of the most wholesome, helpful, and interesting of books written for young men. A well known professor in one of our universities says of it: —

It is a book of genuine guidance and inspiration, and I cannot doubt that it would be a boon to every young person, especially in our colleges, to have the reading of it. I am specially pleased by the fairness and tolerance of Mr. Munger's thought, its exceeding wholesomeness, and the felicity with which he gives ethical advice without morbidness or Old Bettyishness.

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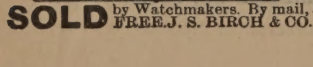

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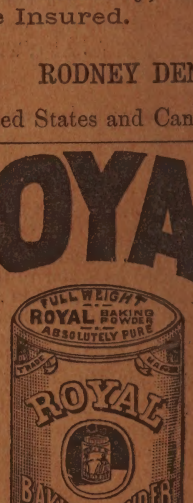

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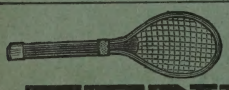

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OVER ON THE T'OTHER MOUNTING.

Stretching out laterally from a long oblique line of the Southern Alleghanies are two parallel ranges, following the same course through several leagues, and separated by a narrow strip of valley hardly half a mile in width. As they fare along arm in arm, so to speak, sundry differences between the close companions are distinctly apparent. One is much the higher, and leads the way through this elevated plateau; it strikes out all the bold curves and angles of the course, meekly attended by the lesser ridge; its shadowy coves and sharp ravines are repeated in miniature as its comrade falls into the line of march; it seems to have its companion in charge, and to conduct it away from the majestic procession of mountains that traverses the State.

But, despite its more imposing appearance, all the tangible advantages are possessed by its humble neighbor. When Old Rocky-Top, as the lower range is called, is fresh and green with the tender verdure of spring, the snow still lies on the summit of the T'other Mounting, and drifts deep into treacherous rifts and chasms, and muffles the voice of the singing pines; and all the crags are hung with gigantic glittering icicles, and the woods are gloomy and bleak. When the sun shines bright on Old Rocky-Top clouds often hover about the loftier mountain, and storms brew in that higher atmosphere; the all-pervading winter winds surge wildly among the groaning forests, and wrench the limbs from the trees, and dash huge fragments of cliffs down deep gorges, and spend their fury before they reach the sheltered lower spur. When the kindly shades of evening slip softly down on drowsy Rocky-Top, and the work is laid by in the rough little houses, and the simple home-folks draw around the hearth, day still lingers in a weird, paralytic life among the tree-tops of the T'other Mounting; and for hours the only remnant of the world visible is that stark black line of its summit, stiff and hard against the faint green and saffron tints of the sky. Before the birds are well awake on Old Rocky-Top, and while the shadows are still thick, the T'other Mounting has been called up to a new day. Lonely dawns these: the pale gleam strikes along the October woods, bringing first into uncertain twilight the dead yellow and red of the foliage, presently heightened into royal gold and crimson by the first ray of sunlight; it wakes the timid wild-fowl from their nests; it drives home the plundering fox; it meets, perhaps, some lumbering bear not yet gone into winter quarters; it flecks with light and shade the deer, all gray and antlered; it falls upon no human habitation, for

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the few settlers of the region have a persistent predilection for Old Rocky-Top. Somehow, the T'other Mounting is vaguely in ill repute among its neighbors, — it has a bad name.

"It 's the onluckiest place ennywhar nigh about," said Nathan White, as he sat one afternoon upon the porch of his little hut, on the summit of Old Rocky-Top, and gazed up at the heights of the T'other Mounting across the narrow valley. "I hev hearn tell all my days ez how, ef ye go up thar on the T'other Mounting, suthin' will happen ter ye afore ye kin git away. An' I knows myself ez how — 't war ten year ago an' better — I went up thar, one Jan'ry day, a-lookin' fur my cow, ez hed strayed off through not hevin' enny calf ter our house; an' I fund the cow, but jes' tuk an' slipped on a icy rock, an' bruk my ankle-bone. 'T war sech a job a-gittin' off 'n that thar T'other Mounting an' back over hyar, it hev larned me ter stay away from thar."

"Thar war a man," piped out a shrill, quavering voice from within the door, — the voice of Nathan White's father, the oldest inhabitant of Rocky-Top, — "thar war a man hyar, nigh on ter fifty year ago, — he war mightily give ter thievin' horses; an' one time, while he war a-runnin' away with Pete Dilks's dapple-gray mare, — they called her Luce, five year old she war, — Pete, he war a-ridin' a-hint him on his old sorrel mare, *her* name 't war Jane, an' the Jeemes boys, they war a-ridin' arter the horse-thief too. Thar, now! I clar forgits what horses them Jeemes boys war a-ridin' of." He paused for an instant in anxious reflection. "Waal, sir! it do beat all that I can't remember them Jeemes boys' horses! Anyways, they got ter that thar tricky ford through Wild-Duck River, thar on the side o' the T'other Mounting, an' the horse-thief war ahead, an' he hed ter take it fust. An' that thar river, — it rises yander in them pines, nigh about," pointing with a shaking forefinger, — "an' that thar river jes' spun him out 'n the saddle like a top, an' he war n't seen no more till he hed floated nigh ter Colbury, ez dead ez a door-nail, nor Pete's dapple-gray mare nuther; she bruk her knees agin them high stone banks. But he war a good swimmer, an' he war drowned. He war witched with the place, ez sure ez ye air born."

A long silence ensued. Then Nathan White raised his pondering eyes with a look of slow curiosity. "What did Tony Britt say he war a-doin' of, when ye kem on him suddint in the woods on the T'other Mounting?" he asked, addressing his son, a stalwart youth, who was sitting upon the step, his hat on the back of his head, and his hands in the pockets of his jeans trousers.

"He said he war a-huntin', but he hed n't hed no sort 'n luck. It 'pears ter me ez all the game thar is witched somehow, an' ye can't git no good shot at nothin'. Tony tole me to-day that he got up three deer, an' hed toler'ble aim; an' he missed two, an' the t'other jes' trotted off with a rifle-ball in his flank, ez onconsarned ez ef he hed hit him with an acorn."

"I hev always hearn ez everything that belongs on that thar T'other Mounting air witched, an' ef ye brings away so much ez a leaf, or a stone, or a stick, ye fotches a curse with it," chimed in the old man, "'kase thar hev been sech a many folks killed on the T'other Mounting."

"I tole Tony Britt that thar word," said the young fellow, "an' 'lowed ter him ez how he hed tuk a mighty bad spot ter go a-huntin'."

"What did he say?" demanded Nathan White.

"He say he never knowed ez thar war murders commit on T'other Mounting, an' ef thar war he 'spects 't war nothin' but Injuns, long time ago. But he 'lowed the place war powerful onlucky, an' he believed the mounting war witched."

"Ef Tony Britt 's arter enny harm," said the octogenarian, "he 'll never come off 'n that thar T'other Mounting. It 's a mighty place fur bad folks ter make thar eend. Thar 's that thar horse-thief I war a-tellin' 'bout, an' that dapple-gray mare, — her name 't war Luce. An' folks ez is a-runnin' from the sheriff jes' takes ter the T'other Mounting ez nateral ez ef it war home; an' ef they don't git cotched, they is never hearn on no more." He paused impressively. "The rocks falls on 'em, an' kills 'em; an' I 'll tell ye jes' how I knows," he resumed, oracularly. "'T war sixty year ago, nigh about, an' me an' them Jeemes boys war a-burnin' of lime ter-gether over on the T'other Mounting. We hed a lime-kiln over thar, jes' under Piney Notch, an' never hed no luck, but jes' stuck ter it like fools, till Hiram Jeemes got one of his eyes put out. So we quit burnin' of lime on the T'other Mounting, 'count of the place bein' witched, an' kem over hyar ter Old Rocky-Top, an' got along tol-er'ble well, cornsiderin'. But one day, whilst we war a-workin' on the T'other Mounting, what d' ye think I fund in the rock? The print of a man's bare foot in the solid stone, ez plain an' ez nateral ez ef he hed lef' his track in the clay yestiddy. Waal, I knowed it war the track o' Jeremiah Stubbs, what shot his step-brother, an' gin the sheriff the slip, an' war las' seen on the T'other Mounting, 'kase his old shoe jes' fit the track, fur we tried it. An' a good while arterward I fund on that same T'other Mounting — in the solid stone, mind ye — a fish, what he had done br'iled fur supper, jes' turned ter a stone."

"So thar 's the Bible made true," said an elderly woman, who had come to the door to hear this reminiscence, and stood mechanically stirring a hoe-cake batter in a shallow wooden bowl. "Ax fur a fish, an' ye 'll git a stone."

The secret history of the hills among which they lived was indeed as a sealed book to these simple mountaineers.

"The las' time I war ter Colbury," said Nathan White, "I hearn the sher-iff a-talkin' 'bout how them evil-doers an' sech runs fur the T'other Mounting fust thing; though he 'lowed ez it war powerful foxy in 'em ter try ter hide thar, 'kase he said, ef they wunst reaches it, he mought ez well look fur a needle in a hay-stack. He 'lowed ef he hed a posse a thousand men strong he could n't git 'em out."

"He can't find 'em, 'kase the rocks falls on 'em, or swallers 'em in," said the old man. "Ef Tony Britt is up ter mischief he 'll never come back no more. He 'll git into worser trouble than ever he see afore."

"He hev done seen a powerful lot of trouble, fust one way an' another, 'thout foolin' round the T'other Mounting," said Nathan White. "They tells me ez he got hisself indicted, I believes they calls it, or suthin', down yander ter the court at Colbury, — that war year afore las', — an' he had ter pay twenty dollars fine; 'kase when he war overseer of the road he jes' war constant in lettin' his friends, an' folks gin-erally, off 'thout hevin' 'em fined, when they did n't come an' work on the road, — though that air the way ez the over-seers hev always done, without nobody a-tellin' on 'em an' sech. But them ez war n't Tony Britt's friends seen a mighty differ. He war dead sure ter fine Caleb Hoxie seventy-five cents, 'cordin' ter the law, fur every day that he war summonsed ter work an' never come; 'kase Tony an' Caleb hed some sort 'n grudge agin one another 'count of a spavined horse what Caleb sold ter Tony, makin' him out ter be a sound critter, — though Caleb swears he never knowed the horse war spavined when he sold him ter Tony, no more 'n noth-in'. Caleb war mightily worked up 'bout this hyar finin' business, an' him an' Tony hed a tussle 'bout it every

time they come tergether. But Caleb war always sure ter git the worst of it, 'kase Tony, though he air toler'ble spindling sort o' build, he air somehow or other sorter stringy an' tough, an' makes a right smart show in a reg'lar knock-down an' drag-out fight. So Caleb he war beat every time, an' fined too. An' he tried wunst ter shoot Tony Britt, but he missed his aim. An' when he war a-layin' off how ter fix Tony, fur treatin' him that way, he war a-stoppin', one day, at Jacob Green's blacksmith's shop, yander, a mile down the valley, an' he war a-talkin' 'bout it ter a passel o' folks thar. An' Lawyer Rood from Colbury war thar, an' Jacob war a-shoein' of his mare; an' he hearn the tale, an' axed Caleb why n't he report Tony ter the court, an' git him fined fur neglect of his duty, bein' overseer of the road. An' Caleb never knowed before that it war the law that everybody what war summonsed an' did n't come must be fined, or the overseer must be fined hisself; but he knowed that Tony hed been a-lettin' of his friends off, an' folks ginerally, an' he jes' 'greed fur Lawyer Rood ter stir up trouble fur Tony. An' he done it. An' the court fined Tony twenty dollars fur them ways o' his'n. An' it kept him so busy a-scufflin' ter raise the twenty dollars that he never hed a chance ter give Caleb Hoxie more 'n one or two beatin's the whole time he war a-scrapin' up the money."

This story was by no means unknown to the little circle, nor did its narrator labor under the delusion that he was telling a new thing. It was merely a verbal act of recollection, and an attentive silence reigned as he related the familiar facts. To people who live in lonely regions this habit of retrospection (especially noticeable in them) and an enduring interest in the past may be something of a compensation for the scanty happenings of the present. When the recital was concluded the hush for a time was unbroken, save by the rush of the winds, bringing upon their breath the fragrant woodland odors of balsams and pungent herbs, and a fresh and exhilarating suggestion of sweeping over a volume of falling water. They stirred the fringed shadow of a great pine that stood, like a sentinel, before Nathan White's door and threw its colorless simulacrum, a boastful lie twice its size, far down the sunset road. Now and then the faint clangor of a cow-bell came from out the tangled woods about the little hut, and the low of homeward-bound cattle sounded upon the air, mellowed and softened by the distance. The haze that rested above the long, narrow valley was hardly visible, save in the illusive beauty with which it invested the scene, — the tender azure of the far-away ranges; the exquisite tones of the gray and purple shadows that hovered about the darkening coves and along the deep lines marking the gorges; the burnished brilliance of the sunlight, which, despite its splendor, seemed lonely enough, lying motionless upon the lonely landscape and on the still figures clustered about the porch. Their eyes were turned toward the opposite steeps, gorgeous with scarlet oak and sumac, all in autumnal array, and their thoughts were busy with the hunter on the T'other Mounting and vague speculations concerning his evil intent.

"It 'pears ter me powerful strange ez Tony goes a-foolin' round that thar T'other Mounting, cornsiderin' what happened yander in its shadow," said the woman, coming again to the door, and leaning idly against the frame; the bread was baking over the coals. "That thar wife o' his'n, afore she died, war always frettin' 'kase way down thar on the backbone, whar her house war, the shadow of the T'other Mounting laid on it fur an hour an' better every day of the worl'. She 'lowed ez it always put her in mind o' the shadow of death. An' I thought 'bout that thar

sayin' o' hern the day when I see her a-lyin' stiff an' cold on the bed, an' the shadow of the T'other Mounting drapping in at the open door, an'-a-creepin' an a-creepin' over her face. An' I war plumb glad when they got that woman under ground, whar, ef the sunshine can't git ter her, neither kin the shadow. Ef ever thar war a murdered woman, she war one. Arter all that had come an' gone with Caleb Hoxie, fur Tony Britt ter go arter him, 'kase he war a yerb-doctor, ter git him ter physic his wife, who war nigh about dead with the lung fever, an' gin up by old Dr. Marsh! it looks ter me like he war plumb crazy, — though him an' Caleb hed sorter made friends 'bout the spavined horse an' sech afore then. Jes' ez soon ez she drunk the stuff that Caleb fixed fur her she laid her head back an' shet her eyes, an' never opened 'em no more in this worl'. She war a murdered woman, an' Caleb Hoxie done it through the yerbs he fixed fur her."

A subtile amethystine mist had gradually overlaid the slopes of the T'other Mounting, mellowing the brilliant tints of the variegated foliage to a delicious hazy sheen of mosaics; but about the base the air seemed dun-colored, though transparent; seen through it, even the red of the crowded trees was but a sombre sort of magnificence, and the great masses of gray rocks, jutting out among them here and there, wore a darkly frowning aspect. Along the summit there was a blaze of scarlet and gold in the full glory of the sunshine; the topmost cliffs caught its rays, and gave them back in unexpected gleams of green or grayish-yellow, as of mosses, or lichen, or huckleberry bushes, nourished in the heart of the deep fissures.

"Waal," said Nathan White, "I never did believe ez Caleb gin her ennythink ter hurt, — though I knows thar is them ez does. Caleb is the bes' yerb-doctor I ever see. The rheumatiz would nigh on ter hev killed me, ef it war n't fur him, that spell I hed las' winter. An' Dr. Marsh, what they hed up afore the gran' jury, swore that the yerbs what Caleb gin her war nothin' ter hurt; *he* said, though, they could n't holp nor hender. An' but fur Dr. Marsh they would hev jailed Caleb ter stand his trial, like Tony wanted 'em ter do. But Dr. Marsh said she died with the consumption, jes' the same, an' Caleb's yerbs war wholesome, though they war n't no 'count at all."

"I knows I ain't a-goin' never ter tech nothin' he fixes fur me no more," said his wife, "an' I 'll be bound nobody else in these hyar mountings will, nuther."

"Waal," drawled her son, "I knows fur true ez he air tendin' now on old Gideon Croft, what lives over yander in the valley on the t'other side of the T'other Mounting, an' is down with the fever. He went over thar yestiddy evening, late; I met him when he war goin', an' he tole me."

"He hed better look out how he comes across Tony Britt," said Nathan White; "fur I hearn, the las' time I war ter the Settlemint, how Tony hev swore ter kill him the nex' time he see him, fur a-givin' of pizenous yerbs ter his wife. Tony air mightily outdone 'kase the gran' jury let him off. Caleb had better be sorter keerful how he goes a-foolin' round these hyar dark woods."

The sun had sunk, and the night, long held in abeyance, was coming fast. The glooms gathered in the valley; a soft gray shadow hung over the landscape, making familiar things strange. The T'other Mounting was all a dusky, sad purple under the faintly pulsating stars, save that high along the horizontal line of its summit gleamed the strange red radiance of the dead and gone sunset. The outline of the foliage was clearly drawn against the pure lapis lazuli tint of the sky behind it; here and there the uncanny light streamed through the bare limbs of an early leaf-

less tree, which looked in the distance like some bony hand beckoning, or warning, or raised in horror.

"*Anythink* mought happen thar!" said the woman, as she stood on night-wrapped Rocky-Top and gazed up at the alien light, so red in the midst of the dark landscape. When she turned back to the door of the little hut the meagre comforts within seemed almost luxury, in their cordial contrast to the desolate, dreary mountain yonder and the thought of the forlorn, wandering hunter. A genial glow from the hearth diffused itself over the puncheon floor; the savory odor of broiling venison filled the room as a tall, slim girl knelt before the fire and placed the meat upon the gridiron, her pale cheeks flushing with the heat; there was a happy suggestion of peace and unity when the four generations trooped in to their supper, grandfather on his grandson's arm, and a sedate two-year-old bringing up the rear. Nathan White's wife paused behind the others to bar the door, and once more, as she looked up at the T'other Mounting, the thought of the lonely wanderer smote her heart. The red sunset light had died out at last, but a golden aureola was in the west, and a gleaming thread edged the masses of foliage; there was no faint suggestion now of mist in the valley, and myriads of stars filled a cloudless sky. "He hev done gone home by this time," she said to her daughter-in-law, as she closed the door, "an' ef he ain't, he 'll hev a moon ter light him."

"Air ye a-studyin' 'bout Tony Britt yit?" asked Nathan White. "He hev done gone home a good hour by sun, I 'll be bound. Jes' ketch Tony Britt a-huntin' till sundown, will ye! He air a mighty pore hand ter work. 'Stonishes me ter hear he air even a-huntin' on the T'other Mounting."

"I don't believe he 's up ter enny harm," said the woman; "he hev jes' tuk ter the woods with grief."

"'Pears ter me," said the young girl, rising from her kneeling posture before the fire, and glancing reproachfully at her husband, — "'pears ter me ez ye mought hev brought him hyar ter eat his supper along of us, stiddier a-leavin' him a-grievin' over his dead wife in them witched woods on the T'other Mounting."

The young fellow looked a trifle abashed at this suggestion. "I never wunst thought of it," he said. "Tony never stopped ter talk more 'n a minit, nohow."

The evening wore away; the octogenarian and the sedate two-year-old fell asleep in their chairs shortly after supper; Nathan White and his son smoked their cob-pipes, and talked fitfully of the few incidents of the day; the women sat in the firelight with their knitting, silent and absorbed, except that now and then the elder, breaking from her reverie, declared that she could n't git Tony Britt out 'n her head nohow in the worl'.

The moon had come grandly up from over the T'other Mounting, casting long silver lights and deep black shadows through all the tangled recesses and yawning chasms of the woods and rocks. In the vast wilderness the bright rays met only one human creature, the belated hunter making his way homeward through the dense forest with an experienced woodman's craft. For no evil intent had brought Tony Britt to the T'other Mounting; he had spent the day in hunting, urged by that strong necessity without which the mountaineer seldom makes any exertion. Dr. Marsh's unavailing skill had cost him dear; his only cow was sold to make up the twenty dollars fine which his revenge on Caleb Hoxie had entailed upon him; without even so much as a spavined horse tillage was impossible, and the bounteous harvest left him empty-handed, for he had no crops to gather. The hardships of extreme poverty had reinforced the sorrows that came upon him in battalions, and had driven him far through long

aisles of the woods, where the sudden night fell upon him unaware. The foliage was all embossed with exquisite silver designs that seemed to stand out some little distance from the dark masses of leaves; now and then there came to his eyes that emerald gleam never seen upon verdure in the day-time, — only shown by some artificial light, or the moon's sweet uncertainty. The wind was strong and fresh, but not cold; here and there was a glimmer of dew. Once, and once only, he thought of the wild traditions which peopled the T'other Mounting with evil spirits. He paused with a sudden chill; he glanced nervously over his shoulder down the illimitable avenues of the lonely woods. The grape-vines, hanging in festoons from tree to tree, were slowly swinging back and forth, stirred by the wind. There was a dizzy dance of shadows whirling on every open space where the light lay on the ground. The roar and fret of Wild-Duck River, hidden there somewhere in the pines, came on the breeze like a strange, weird, fitful voice, crying out amid the haunted solitudes of the T'other Mounting. He turned abruptly, with his gun on his shoulder, and pursued his way through the trackless desert in the direction of his home. He had been absorbed in his quest and his gloomy thoughts, and did not realize the distance he had traversed until it lay before him to be retraced; but his superstitious terror urged him to renewed exertions. "Ef ever I gits off 'n this hyar witched mounting," he said to himself, as he tore away the vines and brambles that beset his course, "I 'll never come back agin while I lives." He grew calmer when he paused on a huge projecting crag, and looked across the narrow valley at the great black mass opposite, which he knew was Old Rocky-Top; its very presence gave him a sense of companionship and blunted his fear, and he sat down to rest for a few minutes, gazing at the outline of the range he knew so well, so unfamiliar from a new stand-point. How low it seemed from the heights of the T'other Mounting! Could that faint gleam be the light in Nathan White's house? Tony Britt glanced further down the indistinct slope, where he knew his own desolate, deserted hut was crouched. "Jes' whar the shadow o' the T'other Mounting can reach it," he thought, with a new infusion of bitterness. He averted his eyes; he would look no longer; he threw himself at full length among the ragged clumps of grass and fragments of rock, and turned his face to the stars. It all came back to him then. Sometimes, in his sordid cares and struggles for his scanty existence, his past troubles were dwarfed by the present. But here on the lonely cliff, with the infinite spaces above him and the boundless forest below, he felt anew his isolation. No light on earth save the far gleam from another man's home, and in heaven only the drowning face of the moon, drifting slowly through the blue floods of the skies. He was only twenty-five; he had youth and health and strength, but he felt that he had lived his life; it seemed long, marked as it was by cares and privation and persistent failure. Little as he knew of life, he knew how hard his had been, even meted by those of the poverty-stricken wretches among whom his lot was cast. "An' sech luck!" he said, as his sad eyes followed the drifting dead face of the moon. "Along o' that thar step-mother o' mine till I war growed; an' then when I war married, an' we hed got the house put up, an' war beginnin' ter git along like other folks kin, an' Car'line's mother gin her that thar calf what growed ter a cow, an' through pinchin' an' savin' we made out ter buy that thar horse from Caleb Hoxie, jes' ez we war a-startin' ter work a crap he lays down an' dies; an' that cussed twenty dollars ez I hed ter pay ter the court; an' Car'line jes' a-gittin' sick, an' a-wastin' an' a-wastin' away, till I, like a fool, brung Caleb thar, an' he pizens

her with his yerbs — God A'mighty! ef I could jes' lay my hands wunst on that scoundrel I would n't leave a mite of him, ef he war pertected by a hundred lyin', thievin' gran' juries! But he can't stay a-hidin' forevermo'. He 's got ter 'count ter me, ef he ain't ter the law; an he 'll see a mighty differ atwixt us. I swear he 'll never draw another breath!"

He rose with a set, stern face, and struck a huge bowlder beside him with his hard clenched hand as he spoke. He had not even an ignorant idea of an impressive dramatic pose; but if the great gaunt cliff had been the stage of a theatre his attitude and manner at that instant would have won him applause. He was all alone with his poverty and his anguished memories, as men with such burdens are apt to be.

The bowlder on which, in his rude fashion, he had registered his oath was harder than his hard hand, and the vehemence of the blow bruised his fingers; but he had scarcely time to think of it. His absorbed reverie was broken by a rustling other than that of the eddying wind. He raised his head and looked about him, half expecting to see the antlers of a deer. Then there came to his ears the echo of the tread of man. His eyes mechanically followed the sound. Forty feet down the face of the crag a broad ledge jutted out, and upon it ran a narrow path, made by stray cattle, or the feet of their searching owners; it was visible from the summit for a distance of a hundred yards or so, and the white glamour of the moonbeams fell full upon it. Before a speculation had suggested itself, a man walked slowly into view along the path, and with starting eyes the hunter recognized his dearest foe. Britt's hand lay upon the bowlder; his oath was in his mind; his unconscious enemy had come within his power. Swifter than a flash the temptation was presented. He remembered the warnings of the lawyers at Colbury last week, when the grand jury had failed to find a true bill against Caleb Hoxie, — that he was an innocent man, and must go unscathed, that any revenge for fancied wrongs would be dearly rued; he remembered, too, the mountain traditions of the falling rocks burying evildoers in the heart of the hills. Here was his opportunity. He would have a life for a life, and there would be one more legend of the very stones conspiring to punish malefactors escaped from men added to the terrible "sayin's" of the T'other Mounting. A strong belief in the supernatural influences of the place was rife within him; he knew nothing of Gideon Croft's fever and the errand that had brought the herb-doctor through the "witched mounting;" had he not been transported thither by some invisible agency, that the rocks might fall upon him and crush him?

The temptation and the resolve were simultaneous. With his hand upon the bowlder, his hot heart beating fast, his distended eyes burning upon the approaching figure, he waited for the moment to come. There lay the long, low, black mountain opposite, with only the moonbeams upon it, for the lights in Nathan White's house were extinguished; there was the deep, dark gulf of the valley; there, forty feet below him, was the narrow, moon-flooded path on the ledge, and the man advancing carelessly. The bowlder fell with a frightful crash, the echoes rang with a scream of terror, and the two men — one fleeing from the dreadful danger he had barely escaped, the other from the hideous deed he thought he had done — ran wildly in opposite directions through the tangled autumnal woods.

Was every leaf of the forest endowed with a woful voice, that the echo of that shriek might never die from Tony Britt's ears? Did the storied, retributive rocks still vibrate with this new victim's dying cry? And what was this horror in his heart! Now, so late, was coming a terrible conviction of his ene-

my's innocence, and with it a fathomless remorse.

All through the interminable night he fled frantically along the mountain's summit, scarcely knowing whither, and caring for nothing except to multiply the miles between him and the frightful object that he believed lay under the bowlder which he had dashed down the precipice. The moon sank beneath the horizon; the fantastic shadows were merged in the darkest hour of the night; the winds died, and there was no voice in all the woods, save the wail of Wild-Duck River and the forever-resounding screams in the flying wretch's ears. Sometimes he answered them in a wild, hoarse, inarticulate cry; sometimes he flung his hands above his head and wrung them in his agony; never once did he pause in his flight. Panting, breathless, exhausted, he eagerly sped through the darkness; tearing his face upon the brambles; plunging now and then into gullies and unseen quagmires; sometimes falling heavily, but recovering himself in an instant, and once more struggling on; striving to elude the pursuing voices, and to distance forever his conscience and his memory.

And then came that terrible early daylight that was wont to dawn upon the T'other Mounting when all the world besides was lost in slumber, the wan, melancholy light showing dimly the solemn trees and dense undergrowth; the precarious pitfalls about his path; the long deep gorges; the great crags and chasms; the cascades, cold, gray, and white; the huge mass, all hung about with shadows, which he knew was Old Rocky-Top, rising from the impenetrably dark valley below. It seemed wonderful to him, somehow, that a new day should break at all. If, in a revulsion of nature, that utter blackness had continued forever and ever it would not have been strange, after what had happened. He could have borne it better than the sight of the familiar world gradually growing into day, all unconscious of his secret. He had begun the descent of the T'other Mounting, and he seemed to carry that pale dawn with him; day was breaking when he reached the foot of Old Rocky-Top, and as he climbed up to his own deserted, empty little shanty it, too, stood plainly defined in the morning light. He dragged himself to the door, and impelled by some morbid fascination he glanced over his shoulder at the T'other Mounting. There it was, unchanged, with the golden largess of a gracious season blazing upon every autumnal leaf. He shuddered, and went into the fireless, comfortless house. And then he made an appalling discovery. As he mechanically divested himself of his shot-pouch and powder-horn he was stricken by a sudden consciousness that he did not have his gun! One doubtful moment, and he remembered that he had laid it upon the crag when he had thrown himself down to rest. Beyond question, it was there yet. His conscience was still now, — his remorse had fled. It was only a matter of time when his crime would be known. He recollected his meeting with young White while he was hunting, and then Britt thought of his gun which he had left on the cliff. The discovery of the weapon there would be strong evidence against him, taken in connection with all the other circumstances. True, he could even yet go back and recover it, but he was mastered by the fear of meeting some one on the unfrequented road, or even in the loneliness of the T'other Mounting, and strengthening the chain of evidence against him by the fact of being once more seen in the fateful neighborhood. He resolved that he would wait until night-fall, and then he would retrace his way, secure his gun, and all might yet be well with him. As to the bowlder, — were men never before buried under the falling rocks of the T'other Mounting?

Without food, without rest, without sleep, his limbs rigid with the strong tension of his nerves, his eyes bloodshot, haggard, and eager, his brain on fire, he sat through the long morning hours absently gazing across the narrow valley at the solemn, majestic mountain opposite, and that sinister jutting crag with the indistinctly defined ledges of its rugged surface.

After a time, the scene began to grow dim; the sun was still shining, but through a haze becoming momently more dense. The brilliantly tinted foliage upon the T'other Mounting was fading; the cliffs showed strangely distorted faces through the semi-transparent blue vapor, and presently they seemed to recede altogether; the valley disappeared, and all the country was filled with the smoke of distant burning woods. He was gasping when he first became sensible of the smoke-laden haze, for he had seen nothing of the changing aspect of the landscape. Before his vision was the changeless picture of a night of mingled moonlight and shadow, the ill-defined black mass where Old Rocky-Top rose into the air, the impenetrable gloom of the valley, the ledge of the crag, and the unconscious figure slowly coming within the power of his murderous hand. His eyes would look on no other scene, no other face, so long as he should live.

He had a momentary sensation of stifling, and then a great weight was lifted. For he had begun to doubt whether the unlucky locality would account satisfactorily for the fall of that bowlder and the horrible object beneath it; a more reasonable conclusion might be deduced from the fact that he had been seen in the neighborhood, and the circumstance of the deadly feud. But what wonder would there be if the dry leaves on the T'other Mounting should be ignited and the woods burned! What explanations might not such a catastrophe suggest! — a frantic flight from the flames toward the cliff and an accidental fall. And so he waited throughout the long day, that was hardly day at all, but an opaque twilight, through which could be discerned only the stony path leading down the slope from his door, only the blurred outlines of the bushes close at hand, only the great gaunt limbs of a lightning-scathed tree, seeming entirely severed from the unseen trunk, and swinging in the air sixty feet above the earth.

Toward night-fall the wind rose and the smoke-curtain lifted, once more revealing to the settlers upon Old Rocky-Top the sombre T'other Mounting, with the belated evening light still lurid upon the trees, — only a strange, faint resemblance of the sunset radiance, rather the ghost of a dead day. And presently this apparition was gone, and the deep purple line of the witched mountain's summit grew darker against the opaline skies, till it was merged in a dusky black, and the shades of the night fell thick on the landscape.

The scenic effects of the drama, that serve to widen the mental vision and cultivate the imagination of even the abjectly poor in cities, were denied these primitive, simple people; but that magnificent pageant of the four seasons, wherein was forever presented the imposing splendor of the T'other Mounting in an ever-changing grandeur of aspect, was a gracious recompense for the spectacular privileges of civilization. And this evening the humble family party on Nathan White's porch beheld a scene of unique impressiveness.

The moon had not yet risen; the winds were awhirl; the darkness draped the earth as with a pall. Out from the impenetrable gloom of the woods on the T'other Mounting there started, suddenly, a scarlet globe of fire; one long moment it was motionless, but near it the spectral outline of a hand appeared beckoning, or warning, or raised in horror, — only a leafless tree, catching in the distance a semblance of humanity. Then from the still ball of fire there

streamed upward a long, slender plume of golden light, waving back and forth against the pale horizon. Across the dark slope of the mountain below flashes of lightning were shooting in zigzag lines, and wherever they gleamed were seen those frantic skeleton hands raised and wrung in anguish. It was cruel sport for the cruel winds; they maddened over gorge and cliff and along the wooded steeps, carrying far upon their wings the sparks of desolation. From the summit myriads of jets of flame reached up to the placid stars; about the base of the mountain lurked a lake of liquid fire, with wreaths of blue smoke hovering over it; ever and anon, athwart the slope darted the sudden lightning, widening into sheets of flame as it conquered new ground.

The astonishment on the faces grouped about Nathan White's door was succeeded by a startled anxiety. After the first incoherent exclamations of surprise came the pertinent inquiry from his wife, "Ef Old Rocky-Top war ter ketch too, whar would we run to?"

Nathan White's countenance had in its expression more of astounded excitement than of bodily fear. "Why, bless my soul!" he said at length, "the woods away over yander, what hev been burnin' all day, ain't nigh enough to the T'other Mounting ter ketch it, — nothin' like it."

"The T'other Mounting would burn, though, ef fire war put to it," said his son.

The two men exchanged a glance of deep significance.

"Do ye mean ter say," exclaimed Mrs. White, her fire-lit face agitated by a sudden superstitious terror, "that that thar T'other Mounting is fired by witches an' sech?"

"Don't talk so loud, Matildy," said her husband. "Them knows best ez done it."

"Thar 's one thing sure," quavered the old man: "that thar fire will never tech a leaf on Old Rocky-Top. Thar 's a church on this hyar mounting, — bless the Lord fur it! — an' we lives in the fear o' God."

There was a pause, all watching with distended eyes the progress of the flames.

"It looks like it mought hev been kindled in torment," said the young girl.

"It looks down thar," said her husband, pointing to the lake of fire, "like the pit itself."

The apathetic inhabitants of Old Rocky-Top were stirred into an activity very incongruous with their habits and the hour. During the conflagration they traversed long distances to reach each other's houses and confer concerning the danger and the questions of supernatural agency provoked by the mysterious firing of the woods. Nathan White had few neighbors, but above the crackling of the timber and the roar of the flames there rose the quick beat of running footsteps; the undergrowth of the forest near at hand was in strange commotion; and at last, the figure of a man burst forth, the light of the fire showing the startling pallor of his face as he staggered to the little porch and sank, exhausted, into a chair.

"Waal, Caleb Hoxie!" exclaimed Nathan White, in good-natured raillery; "ye 're skeered, fur true! What ails ye, ter think Old Rocky-Top air a-goin' ter ketch too? 'T ain't nigh dry enough, I 'm a-thinkin'."

"Fire kindled that thar way can't tech a leaf on Old Rocky-Top," sleepily piped out the old man, nodding in his chair; the glare of the flames which riotted over the T'other Mounting gilding his long white hair and peaceful, slumberous face. "Thar 's a church on Old Rocky-Top, — bless the" — The sentence drifted away with his dreams.

"Does yer believe — them — them" — Caleb Hoxie's trembling white lips could not frame the word — "them — done it?"

"Like ez not," said Nathan White. "But that ain't a-troublin' of you an' me. I ain't never hearn o' them witches a-tormentin' of honest folks what ain't done nothin' hurtful ter nobody," he added, in cordial reassurance.

His son was half hidden behind one of the rough cedar posts, that his mirth at the guest's display of cowardice might not be observed. But the women, always quick to suspect, glanced meaningly at each other with widening eyes, as they stood together in the door-way.

"I dunno, — I dunno," Caleb Hoxie declared huskily. "I ain't never done nothin' ter nobody, an' what do yer s'pose them witches an' sech done ter me las' night, on that T'other Mounting? I war a-goin' over yander ter Gideon Croft's fur ter physic him, ez he air mortal low with the fever; an' ez I war a-comin' alongside o' that thar high bluff" — it was very distinct, with the flames wreathing fantastically about its gray, rigid features — "they throwed a bowlder ez big ez this hyar porch down on to me. It jes' grazed me, an' knocked me down, an' kivered me with dirt. An' I run home a-hollerin'; an' it seemed ter me ter-day ez I war a-goin' ter screech an' screech all my life, like some onsettled crazy critter. It 'peared like 't would take a bar'l o' hop tea ter git me quiet. An' now look yander!" and he pointed tremulously to the blazing mountain.

There was an expression of conviction on the women's faces. All their lives afterward it was there whenever Caleb Hoxie's name was mentioned; no more to be moved or changed than the stern, set faces of the crags among the fiery woods.

"Thar 's a church on this hyar mounting," said the old man feebly, waking for a moment, and falling asleep the next.

Nathan White was perplexed and doubtful, and a supernatural awe had checked the laughing youngster behind the cedar post.

A great cloud of flame came rolling through the sky toward them, golden, pellucid, spangled through and through with fiery red stars; poising itself for one moment high above the valley, then breaking into myriads of sparks, and showering down upon the dark abysses below.

"Look a hyar!" said the elder woman in a frightened under-tone to her daughter-in-law; "this hyar wicked critter air too onlucky ter be a-sittin' 'longside of us; we 'll all be burnt up afore he gits hisself away from hyar. An' who is that a-comin' yander?" For from the encompassing woods another dark figure had emerged, and was slowly approaching the porch. The wary eyes near Caleb Hoxie saw that he fell to trembling, and that he clutched at a post for support. But the hand pointing at him was shaken as with a palsy, and the voice hardly seemed Tony Britt's as it cried out, in an agony of terror, "What air ye a-doin' hyar, a-sittin' 'longside o' livin' folks? Yer bones air under a bowlder on the T'other Mounting, an' ye air a dead man!"

They said ever afterward that Tony Britt had lost his mind "through goin' a-huntin' jes' one time on the T'other Mounting. His spirit air all broke, an' he 's a mighty tame critter nowadays." Through his persistent endeavor he and Caleb Hoxie became quite friendly, and he was even heard to "'low that he war sati'fied that Caleb never gin his wife nothin' ter hurt." "Though," said the gossips of Old Rocky-Top, "them women up ter White's will hev it no other way but that Caleb pizened her, an' they would n't take no yerbs from him no more 'n he war a rattlesnake. But Caleb always 'pears sorter skittish when he an' Tony air tergether, like he did n't know when Tony war a-goin' ter fotch him a lick. But law! Tony air that changed that ye can't make him mad 'thout ye 'mind him o' the time he called Caleb a ghost."

A dark, gloomy, deserted place was the charred T'other Mounting through all the long winter. And when spring came, and Old Rocky-Top was green with delicate fresh verdure, and melodious with singing birds and chorusing breezes, and bedecked as for some great festival with violets and azaleas and laurel-blooms, the T'other Mounting was stark and wintry and black with its desolate, leafless trees. But after a while the spring came for it, too: the buds swelled and burst; flowering vines festooned the grim gray crags; and the dainty freshness of the vernal season reigned upon its summit, while all the world below was growing into heat and dust. The circuit-rider said it reminded him of a tardy change in a sinner's heart: though it come at the eleventh hour, the glorious summer is before it, and a full fruition; though it work but an hour in the Lord's vineyard, it receives the same reward as those who labored through all the day.

"An' it always did 'pear ter me ez thar war mighty little jestice in that," was Mrs. White's comment.

But at the meeting when that sermon was preached Tony Britt told his "experience." It seemed a confession, for he "'lowed that he hed flung that bowlder down on Caleb Hoxie, — what the witches flung, ye know, — 'kase he believed then that Caleb hed killed his wife with pizenous yerbs; an' he went back the nex' night an' fired the woods, ter make folks think when they fund Caleb's bones that he war a-runnin' from the blaze an' fell off 'n the bluff." And everybody on Old Rocky-Top said incredulously, "Pore Tony Britt! He hev los' his mind through goin' a-huntin' jes' one time on the T'other Mounting."

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE INDOOR PAUPER: A STUDY.

Pauperism with us is not the grim menace which it is in Europe. True, the vagabond pauper — otherwise the tramp — has given us a vast deal of trouble; but he is as much outlaw as pauper, and, such as he is, he is a distinctly novel figure in American life. The normal, quiet, legally supported pauper has never taken enough money from us to startle us out of our apathy. This is peculiarly the case with the pauper whom the State supports entirely, — the "indoor pauper," as the reports style him. Commonly, his misfortunes or his vices are stowed away in a remote farm-house on a muddy road. Politicians do not concern themselves with his fate, for he has no vote; benevolent people have their hands full helping the poor who are not yet sunk into paupers; the very newspapers seek him out only when his woful lot has acquired the lurid attraction of "a horror." Yet this neglected and repulsive being has claims upon our attention, because upon our fears. Pauperism has increased rapidly within the last decade. Few people realize how much money is spent annually for the support of our almshouses, to say nothing of what we spend upon our other paupers, partially supported outside, or wholly supported in hospitals, insane asylums, and asylums for orphan children. The State of New York spent, during the year ending November 30, 1879, the sum of $1,618,867.63 for the keeping of 57,925 persons in almshouses and poorhouses.[1] These same almshouses and poorhouses gave temporary aid to 79,852 persons, at

[1] Report of the New York State Board of Charities, 1880, page 17.

an expense of $692,465.77.[1] Pennsylvania last year supported 20,310 persons in her almshouses, at a net cost of $1,515,290.[2] Massachusetts paid $1,776,778 for pauper support and relief. The whole number entirely supported was 13,989, and the number of the partially supported was 72,881.[3] Ohio, which is not especially afflicted with pauperism, pays more than half the money obtained by the state taxation for the welfare of her criminals and paupers; and the estimate does not include the public charities of her cities, or any township aid. She has an almshouse population of 13,599 during the year.[4] The Michigan paupers, in 1878 (when the last biennial report was published), showed "a rate of increase four times greater than the percentage of increase in the population."[5] Such statistics could be multiplied indefinitely. It should be stated, however, that there has been a great lessening in the number of "out-door" paupers aided, since the business of the country has improved; the number of almshouse inmates remaining about the same. Undoubtedly, many of the indoor paupers came to the almshouses during the "hard times," but the better times fail to draw them away. Indeed, "once a pauper, always a pauper," has become an almshouse axiom. The pauper being thus expensive and pertinacious, we must needs be interested in our manner of dealing with him, however unpleasant he himself may be. In this article I shall try to describe, as fully as my space will permit, the Indoor Pauper, — what he is, and how we treat him. I shall not discuss here any question of the necessity of poor-laws; whatever their defects, however tragical their unforeseen results, the argument in their favor has been reinforced by the kindly sentiment of generations, until now the popular heart makes the legal care of the poor a part of our Christianity, and assaults upon such care excite overwhelming opposition. Yet, granting the necessity of poor-laws, their warmest friend will admit that they may be so framed and so administered as to do grievous wrong. To tempt the poor into pauperism is a bad business; but it is the business of every State which is unwisely lavish with its poor-fund. To brutalize men, and ruin women, and corrupt children, are acts usually called by harsh names; but they are the acts of every State which gives over the management of its almshouses to ignorant officials! To load with chains helpless creatures, proven guilty of no crime; to beat them, starve them, shut them up in underground dungeons, cold and damp, with mouldy straw for furniture and rats for company, and there leave them for months and years untended, save for the daily pushing of their coarse food through a hole in the door, — this conduct, when we read of it in the history of the Inquisition or the Bastile, we say is wicked cruelty; but it is cruelty which has been practiced by every State that has abandoned its insane paupers to almshouse tending.

Moreover, it is quite possible to imagine a system which shall combine all these evils; attracting unthrift and vice by its profuse gifts, while it exposes the old and feeble, and all those stricken with disease of mind or body, to intolerable sufferings, — a system, in short, which shall be at once costly, barbarous, and useless. Most intelligent poor men would pronounce such a system worse than none. Is there any resemblance between such a system and our own? This question I shall try to answer by a study of the character of our paupers, and the conditions of their almshouse life. Our almshouse system is not prop-

[1] New York Report pages 17, 18.

[2] Pennsylvania State Board of Charities Report (1879).

[3] Report of Board of Health, Lunacy, and Charity (1880); Public Documents, No. 17, page 29.

[4] Report Ohio Board, 1880, page 85.

[5] Michigan Report (1877–78), page 26.

erly a system at all; it is a congregation of systems, each State having its own. The oldest States have copied, or rather imitated, the English methods, the new States have imitated the methods of the old States, and all have improvised alterations and additions as circumstances seemed to call for them. Most of the States have what is termed the county system. Each county cares for its own poor in whatsoever manner it may prefer. The counties elect officials having charge of the poor: county supervisors, commissioners, infirmary directors, directors of the poor, ordinaries, superintendents of the poor, and the like. These send those of the poor who are, or are supposed to be, incapable of supporting themselves to houses built and conducted at the expense of the taxpayers. The houses are variously called poorhouses, almshouses, county infirmaries, and "county homes." The county officials elected to care for the poor generally appoint the almshouse keeper; sometimes, however, he is elected; and sometimes the almshouse is under the control of a superintendent of the poor, who selects the keeper. The keepers are appointed or elected annually; their superiors hold office for periods of from one to three years. In some States the township is the local unit, instead of the county; some States have both the township and the county system. Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New York make a distinction between state and local poor; the State caring for the former, and the counties or towns for the latter.

A number of the States have no poorhouses. The paupers are "boarded out," at the expense of the counties, often with their own relatives. Sometimes a number of paupers are cared for by a farmer, whom the counties pay. Usually, they select the farmer willing to take the lowest price per pauper. In Tennessee, there are public auctions held in the counties, at which the poor are set off to the lowest bidder.

Nine of the States have central boards, called Boards of Charities, which inspect and to some extent control their almshouses. The nine are Massachusetts, New York, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Kansas.[1] The duties and powers of the boards differ in the different States, but, in the main, their duties are to investigate, and their powers are to advise. Settlement laws, which have played so important a part in England, make but a small figure among us, save in the New England States. New York gives a settlement to any one who has resided in the State for a year; but the owner of the settlement loses it if he leave the State and remain for a period longer than one year. Sixty days' residence in a county gives a county settlement to the citizen of New York.[2] A year's residence gives a settlement in any Pennsylvania district to any householder, taxpayer, servant, apprentice, holder of public office, or to any "mariner" or "other healthy person coming directly from a foreign country" into the district.[3] Married women take their husbands' settlements, and children their parents'. A year's residence, indeed, seems to be the favorite limit, although in the West even a shorter period will secure a settlement.[4] The New Eng-

[1] The Massachusetts board was organized first in 1863 (the different departments of health, lunacy, and charity were consolidated in 1879); the first New York board was organized in 1867; Illinois, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, and Ohio organized boards in 1869, Wisconsin and Michigan in 1871, and Kansas in 1875.

[2] Laws of New York, 1873, chapter 661, contains an act to provide for the support of state paupers. All "blind, lame, old, impotent, or decrepit" persons, who have not resided "sixty days in any county of the State" are "deemed state paupers," and provision is made for their care by the Board of Charities.

[3] General Poor-Laws of Pennsylvania. Appendix Report of Board of Charities, 1879, of Settlements.

[4] Six months is the usual term, but in at least one State thirty days is the time prescribed.

land States are more rigid. Massachusetts requires five years' residence; but a settlement in Massachusetts can never be alienated; once obtained, it belongs to its owner to the end of his days, wherever he may go, however long he may stay away; it is his and his descendants' after him. "Every drop of Massachusetts blood," says a Massachusetts commissioner, with a touch of poetry, "carries a settlement with it. It is never reversed." Massachusetts requires the payment of taxes during these five years, save in a few cases, such as soldiers', unmarried women's, public officers', and the like. Vermont, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Delaware, likewise, make the payment of taxes requisite to the acquiring of a settlement; the other States merely ask that the person shall live for so many months or years within their borders.[1]

There is as much difference in the views taken by the various States as to what makes a pauper, and as to who shall decide whether or no a poor person shall be considered a pauper, as there is in their settlement laws. Some States leave the local authorities no discretion in the matter. New York, on the one hand, does not recognize any able-bodied person as a pauper; Massachusetts, on the other, expressly holds that "any able-bodied person without visible means of support, when he comes to the local authorities, is entitled to support."[2] "No matter how strong a man is," says Mr. Wrightington, the Massachusetts superintendent of the outdoor poor, "if he is as strong as Samson, if the authorities of one town send him to us, we must either keep him, or send him beyond the state line."[3] Of course, presuming Mr. Samson to have a settlement, he cannot be sent beyond the state line, and the commonwealth has no choice but to take care of him as long as he may choose. Other States — and they are the majority — leave the whole matter in the hands of the county officials. Generally, the county officials lean to the side of mercy; the quality is not strained, since it costs them nothing; for, be it noted, there are two sets of principals in the business, — the county directors or supervisors, who manage the almshouses, and are responsible for their expenses, and the justices of the peace and poor overseers, who commit paupers to the almshouses, and have nothing more to do with them. It is for the interest of the poor directors and supervisors to have as few paupers in the almshouse as possible; it is for the interest of justices, who are paid for each order they write, and of overseers, who depend for reëlection upon the suffrages of the poor but warm-hearted populace, to show a liberal spirit. And, as Sydney Smith has observed, "everybody is full of humanity and good nature when he can relieve misfortune by putting his hand into — his neighbor's pocket. Who can bear to see a fellow-creature suffering pain and poverty, when he can order other fellow-creatures to relieve him?" The result of all this is that, practically, most States give almshouse lodging to any one having a settlement who can bring himself to ask it. What, then, are these almshouse lodgings, and what manner of men desire them?

Perhaps as easy a way as any to answer the question will be to describe a visit made by the writer, a few months ago, to a large rural almshouse in Illinois. I select this particular house because it is not the best, and is a long way from being the worst, within my knowledge. The house stands in the centre of a great coal district, thirteen miles from the county-seat, but only

[1] Six months is the usual term, but in at least one State thirty days is the time prescribed.

[2] Report of New York Board (1880), Conference with Massachusetts Commissioners upon Non-Resident and Alien Paupers, page 240.

[3] Ibid., page 238.

two from a little mining hamlet. The road is fairly good in dry summers; when the weather is wet, and through most of the winter, it is almost impassable. My companion was a clever young physician, of considerable experience among the insane. After a long drive we stopped before a cluster of buildings, to which a tall windmill gave something of a picturesque and foreign air. There was a neat brown cottage; a large, bare brown house, without blinds, and seeming to have a disproportionate number of windows; a long, two-storied building, shining with new paint; and a number of out-buildings, in appearance much like those to be seen on any large farm, even to the detail of a brick-red barn. The yard in front of the house had a number of trees, and a little to the right was a large garden. We saw no flowers, except the great white "snowballs" weighing down a half dozen huge bushes; but green things were sprouting and springing up all over the garden beds, and the foliage and the short scant grass had the fresh beauty of May. A man opened the gate for us. He was a short, squarely built fellow, in dingy yellowish garments; and he had chains on his feet, making him take queer, short steps. His face was pale and sodden, with blear eyes and shapeless features; somehow, he seemed all of a color, hair, skin, eyes, and clothes. Several other men, also in chains, and more or less of a color like him, were hobbling about the yard; and one young man, in a long blue jean gown, was sitting chained to a post. "Those must be the insane," said the doctor. Mingling with these men were others without chains, men and women, some of whom were painfully deformed. No one appeared to pay them any attention. The superintendent was away; but his daughter, a rather pretty, slim girl of eighteen, offered to show us through the house. The brown cottage was the keeper's house; this we did not visit, but passed directly into the large frame building, the home of the sane paupers and of the harmless insane. At the time of our visit the house contained ninety-seven paupers, including some thirty-seven insane people and nine children. The first room we saw was a small store-room. Besides stores, there was a shelf filled with medicine bottles. The almshouse being so far from the county-seat, the almshouse keeper acts as resident physician. "Oh, pa 's quite a good doctor!" said the girl; at which *my* doctor smiled grimly. From the store-room we passed through a chamber crowded with beds and cradles into the women's sitting-room. Both apartments were rather untidy. The bedding in the first was shabby, and made one think of Dandie Dinmont's speech in the Portanferry jail. The sitting-room had a stove, and some pine benches for furniture. On one of these was stretched a hideous old woman, very stout and red, wearing a single blue garment; she seemed to be asleep. "That woman 's got the dropsy, and she 's crazy, too," said our guide. We asked if any one took care of her. The girl said, "No, she takes care of herself." Entering the next room, we were greeted by a tremendous clamor. We had the curiosity to go out on a small porch, where the quarrelers were. They were two: an old blind woman and a middle-aged man, who were abusing each other at the top of their voices. Two younger women stood by, and flung occasional interjections into the uproar. The first was a broad-faced German, with yellow hair; she held a child in her arms. The second woman must have come from a New England village; no other place on earth could have sent into the world that lank form and long sallow visage. Just as we came upon the scene, the New Englander's shrill voice rose above the others: "Every body as knows me knows that I 'd never lay a finger on nobody, except they druv me to it!"

"You tink me got nobody help me!"

screamed the old woman. "Me got God; he give it to you!" We mustered enough German to speak to her. She was not a bad-looking woman: tall and thin, with a mobile dark face of the Bavarian type. Our question met instant response; with vehement gestures and quick-changing expression she told her story. They had come to the almshouse, her husband and she, because he had been ill for years, and she was blind, and they had no living children. They had been decent people in the old country, and they did not take kindly to almshouse ways. Her husband soon died. After his death, she was put in the charge of these two women. They had treated her most cruelly; they had robbed her of her little property of clothes; they beat her and persecuted her; and, with tears rolling down her cheeks, she begged us, for the love of God, to take her away.

"What 's she sayin'?" whispered the New England woman to the German. The latter rapidly translated the charges: "She say we steal her tings, we beat her and blague her" — "Me!" cried the New Englander, — "me tech her! Why, *I* do her washing!" as though that settled the question. She then gave us to understand, confidentially, that Mrs. Jens (the old woman's name) was "dretful queer," and that nothing she said could be believed. A little money pacified the group, and enabled us to get upstairs.

All the rooms there were sleeping-rooms. They were not scrupulously clean, but the time being Saturday morning, we made allowance for their looking their worst. Many of the inmates were in their rooms; a few sewing, the most doing nothing. They were careless in their dress, and all the faces had a listless, vacant look. Here, also, we saw a number of cradles. We asked our guide what was done with the children. She said they tried to get homes for them among the neighboring farmers, "when the mothers consented."

"But when the mothers don't consent?" said the doctor.

"Well, you know, we would n't want to take them away without," said she.

Then we went into the men's department, which was much like the women's. In one bare chamber, through which we passed (as must every one going upstairs), a man lay on a comfortless bed, turning so white and haggard a face to the wall that at first glance I thought him dead. He had "bad spells," the girl said; at such times he "went on awfully," but most of the time he was quiet enough. There was no one in the room; but a burly Irishman, shaving himself in the hall, was said to "keep an eye on him." In another apartment we came upon a cheerful, clean old man, who was mending a pile of men's clothing, being a tailor by trade. Ill health and partial blindness had brought him to the almshouse. He was the only sane pauper we saw who showed any sign of pleasant animation, either in face or speech. Our guide was warm in his praise. "He 's a real nice old man; works all the time," said she, "mends all the men's clothes." We passed from the men's side into the yard. There was a partition separating the two departments, but the yard seemed to be in common. The German woman who took care of Mrs. Jens came up to us while we were looking at the various groups. She was leading a little girl by the hand, and still carrying her baby. "This is my Annie," she said, giving the girl a push forward. "She looks like you," said the doctor. The woman held up the baby for inspection. "Do you tink *he* look like me, too?" We said No; perhaps he resembled her husband. She gave the abrupt giggle which in her class sometimes does duty for a blush and said, "Oh, vell — my husband — You see, I leff my husband. He 's not my husband's; he 's Irish." She jerked her thumb over her shoulder at a bench where a gray-bearded, moody-looking

Irishman was sitting, with his head sunk on his breast. "*He's* his fader," said she, with another giggle. The doctor asked her how long she had been in the house. "Oh, so long I can't remember," she answered. "I had little girl born here, but she die; I'm so 'fraid dis one die, too, but I take just so good care of him I can." There was an ugly half-healed scar on this woman's forehead; after some further conversation, the doctor asked her how it came there. She said "a crazy girl got mad," and hit her with a tin cup. "Oh, they're always jawing and fighting," said our guide coolly. "I can't keep count of the rows. Would you like to see the kitchen?" As we passed through the basement, something bumped against us. I turned, and saw a twisted creature who had lost both legs, and was shuffling himself along on his back with his hands. The kitchen was crowded, and not clean; but the bread just going into the oven looked light and white. The dining-room was near the kitchen. It was in better order. Some long pine tables, not covered even with the favorite almshouse oil-cloth, were set with tin cups and the heavy white ware called "stone china." Our guide told us that the paupers had meat twice a day, tea and coffee, and plenty of vegetables and bread; and tobacco was given to the men.

We had time for only a hurried inspection of the insane department. It is a separate building of wood, with a brick basement, and cost the county something over five thousand dollars. It is heated by a furnace in the basement, and water is supplied from a tank in the attic filled by a wind-pump and force-pumps. There are twenty-four cells in the building. The lower story has the cells built back to back, each having a front of wooden bars opening out on the hall, which is well lighted. The upper story has a central hall, with cells on each side. The cells were very small; but they were clean. Only two of the lunatics were in their cells, and them we did not see; the others were out in their "airing courts" (two small spaces inclosed with a high fence), or in the yard. The girl said that there were but two attendants. They had a comparatively easy time in summer, but when winter came "it was awful!" The doctor inquired what the attendant did when the insane were violent. "*I* don't know what he does," said the girl, shrugging her shoulders; "knocks 'em down, gives 'em a good thrashing." "That's bad," said the doctor. "What would you have him do?" cried she, — "stand still and be killed? There 's hardly a day in winter that some of 'em don't try to do him a mischief. Every once in a while the man comes in with his finger chawed up, or his face scalded with the hot coffee they 've throwed at him." Then she showed us the marks on the cells where the insane had beaten their heads against the walls, or gnawed at their bars like wild beasts. Respecting the general condition of the house, the girl said that the men worked in the fields during the warm weather, but there was a lack of work through winter.

We did not see a book or newspaper, nor indeed the slightest means of diverting the mind, not so much as the customary pack of greasy cards. There was no hospital, and the bathing arrangements were most primitive; but, judging from the paupers' aspect, they did not bathe often enough to be troubled by any deficiencies. The keeper, himself, would gladly have had both bath-rooms and a hospital, but the supervisors thought them too expensive. I have no reason to suppose that any cruelty was shown to the sane paupers, or any wanton cruelty to the insane. The keeper's wife and daughters, whom we saw afterward, were neatly dressed, and gave every token of being of a kindly disposition. I believe that they tried hard to make their charges comfortable, and that whatever abuses were apparent were caused in

the main by the construction of the house, which made cleanliness difficult and discipline impossible.

I have entered thus minutely into the details of this picture because it is the picture of the average large rural almshouse through the country; because, moreover, its population is the typical almshouse population everywhere. The popular impression about the pauper class is a queer mixture of indifference and sentimental pity. While not one in a thousand has ever taken the pains to see the inside of an almshouse, there is yet a prevalent idea that almshouses, for the most part, shelter the unhappy and guiltless poor, whom unmerciful disaster has followed fast and followed faster until it has chased them to this last refuge, — people who have come from vine-covered cottages, or tidy rooms up one flight of stairs in tenement houses, with a big Bible on the table and a pot of flowers in the window, or even from luxurious homes desolated by commercial panics. As a matter of fact, the great majority of American indoor paupers belong to what are called the lowest classes, and seek the almshouse not because of unmerciful disaster, but because of very common vices. Between half and two thirds of them are of foreign birth. The best authority, if one wishes to study the habits, ancestry, and history of the indoor pauper, is the report of the New York board upon the subject. Sixty questions, most carefully framed and selected to cover the whole ground, were drawn up for the board, and were (by them or their agents) asked of every adult sane pauper in every almshouse in the State. All possible information, at the same time, was obtained from superintendents, keepers, and records. The report says on this point, "The examination has made it clear that by far the greater number of paupers have reached that condition by idleness, improvidence, drunkenness, or some form of vicious indulgence. It is equally clear that these vices and weaknesses are very frequently, if not universally, the result of tendencies which are to a greater or less degree hereditary. The number of persons in our poorhouses who have been reduced to poverty by causes outside of their own acts is, contrary to the general impression, surprisingly small." [1]

Any one who has visited many almshouses or talked with the men who know most of paupers will recognize the same old story. "Paupers," said a plain-spoken almshouse keeper to a convention of Pennsylvania directors of the poor, — "paupers, though not criminals, are, so far as my knowledge extends, largely from the lower classes of society; most of them being ignorant, and many of them possessed of all the low and mean instincts of human nature, with scarcely a redeeming quality." [2] The writer once asked the steward of a large city almshouse if he had many persons come to him who had formerly been prosperous, and had, through disease or some other cause not their own fault, been reduced to seek public help. He said, "Never;" then added, "Well, yes, there was one man: he had seven horses, and he was taken sick, and sold one horse after another. And there was another man who was said to have had considerable property, but *he* drank." I asked him if he had many applicants who had been decent, industrious, laboring people, and had come there from any other cause than disease or old age. He answered, emphatically, "Not one." This man spoke from an experience of nineteen years.

Probably, it is a liberal estimate to put down one tenth of the paupers as

[1] Extract from Report of New York Board relating to Causes of Pauperism, page 196. The meaning of these words may be gathered from a few figures: 2453 of the paupers examined were in families; from these families there were *known* to have come (during three generations) 14,901 dependent on public charity, 4968 insane people, 844 idiots, and 8863 drunkards.

[2] Proceedings of Fourth Convention Directors of the Poor (1878), page 20.

people deserving of sympathy; the other nine tenths are in the almshouse because they have not wit enough or energy enough to get into prison. Such people do not have a hard life in the almshouses. The squalor does not disturb men and women who have known nothing else; the immorality is a temptation; and even in the worst kept houses there is usually plenty to eat and little to do; in any case, they have not the heavy and irksome task of thinking for themselves.

The class which suffers at all our almshouses is the class for whom almshouses are presumed to be maintained, the unfortunate and self-respecting poor. A more horrible existence than a modest woman must endure at very many of our almshouses it is impossible to imagine. She lives amid unclean disorder and constant bickering; she is always hearing oaths and vile talk, the ravings of madmen and the uncouth gibberings of idiots; she is always seeing scarred and blotched faces and distorted limbs, — hideous shapes such as one encounters in the narrow streets of Italian towns, but which, here, we hide in our almshouses. She is exposed to a hundred petty wrongs; Mrs. Jens's case, already described, may give the reader an inkling of their nature. Often she is treated with absolute cruelty; in some almshouses she cannot protect herself from the grossest insults. It is only fair to say that the best almshouses classify their inmates as much as they can, and have hospitals for their sick and infirm. So far as food, lodging, and medical care go, the inmates are comparatively comfortable. Nevertheless, in the best almshouses the worthy poor have to submit to most degrading and irritating associations. Many of the aged have grown old in almshouses, and most of the invalids owe their unhappy fate to their own vices. Such people are neither pleasant nor edifying companions, but they are the companions with whom the inmates of almshouse hospitals have to live, however spotless their own lives may have been. This difficulty, almshouses being constructed as they are, must baffle the efforts of the wisest and kindest keepers.

Two other classes of paupers were noticeable in the almshouse which I have described, — the insane and the children. With the insane I group the feeble-minded and the epileptic. It is difficult to describe the way in which we treat our insane paupers, because the plainest recital of facts would seem to accuse almshouse officers of revolting barbarity. Yet, in most cases, ignorance and fear are their worst faults. Often the almshouse keeper is forced to use harsh measures, because he has not enough assistants to be gentle. "*I* don't want to shut them up," is the keeper's indignant plea, "I don't want to chain them; but I can't have them running round the yard naked, or tearing things to pieces, or pitching into people! *I* don't want to be killed, and I don't want anybody else killed!" Meanwhile, his superiors, the superintendents, or, more often, the county supervisors, have plenty of other work, and take his word for the necessity of chains and dungeons. No public interest spurs the wits of either keeper or superintendent into devising better methods. And thus, within the present century, as almshouses multiplied, there grew up a tradition of torture, — if one may so phrase it, — a belief that the only proper treatment of a lunatic was restraint, and that the one indispensable quality of restraint was completeness; so clubs, whips, straps, darkness, and starvation supplemented chains and bolts as means to keep lunatics "quiet." The rough-and-ready modes of dealing with the insane practiced in the Illinois almshouse which I have mentioned are but mild expressions of the average almshouse theory. The Boards of Charities, at the outset, found a state of things which belong to the Middle Ages. Let me give a few extracts from

the early reports, dating back, however, no farther than 1873: —

"The condition of those [of the insane] in the county poorhouses and jails," says the first Michigan Report, "is wretched in the extreme. . . . They are generally confined in miserable cells. . . . In many cases they are chained in pens without light or ventilation. In the Eaton County poorhouse we found a woman fastened in a pen of this kind, made in one corner of the cellar. She was put there, not from inhumanity on the part of the officers, but simply because they had no other place to keep her. Inmates are often whipped. In the Lenawee County poorhouse a crazy young man was regularly flogged as a punishment."[1] The sentences which follow, regarding the unprotected condition of insane women, I will not quote; it is enough to say that, at the time of the board's visit, there was in the St. Clair poorhouse an insane woman with two children, both born in the house, the fathers of both being inmates.[2] Nor was this case uncommon. One miserable woman told the board her shocking story in the presence of the keeper. He merely said, "That 's so; but I 've no means to separate them."[3] Idiots and epileptics fared little better. They seem to have been chained, beaten, imprisoned, and utterly neglected. An epileptic woman in the Lenawee County poorhouse fell into the fire during a fit, and "burned her eyes nearly out." The Ohio board found "the entire system of infirmary management [almshouses are infirmaries in Ohio][4] involved in very general neglect, abuse, and cruelty." The Illinois Reports tell the same repulsive story. Lunatics chained, beaten, starved, shut in dark cells and left there to die, exposed to shameful and nameless cruelties, — these are the headings of the chapters in the confessions which every State, speaking at all, has made regarding her dealings with the pauper insane. The Wisconsin Board of Charities talk of "boxes" built in the cellar, without light or ventilation;" and say that when the board began their visits the almshouses "were gradually becoming public nuisances and a disgrace to the State."[5] New York confesses her sins in a score of dreary pamphlets.[6] Even Massachusetts and Rhode Island, the first States to take pity on their insane poor, could show a large collection of chains, handcuffs, straps, and the like quieting instruments used in their town and city almshouses. I am speaking of a period scarcely more than ten years ago. Since then the different Boards of Charities have wrought a marvelous change in some States, and done good work in all. But they have had to fight against the system itself; and even yet the lot of an insane pauper is a very dismal one.

The last Michigan Report says, "The way the insane are cared for at the county houses, without judgment, without knowledge, . . . is simply shocking." "It would be an act of mercy, in many cases," says the secretary bitterly, "to leave these poor people to starve, rather than keep them alive to drag out an existence which is a living death."[7] The late Mr. Wines, of the Illinois board, discusses the subject at length: "On this point there is a word to be said on both sides. The amount of personal liberty allowed to insane inmates of most almshouses is worthy of serious attention. . . . They are allowed in all suitable weather to live in the open air; they wander over the farm, unrestricted, and if they are able to work in the field they have useful employment, the want of

[1] Report Michigan Board (1873), pages 60, 61.
[2] Ibid., page 120.
[3] Report Michigan Board (1874), page 46.
[4] Report Ohio Board (1872) page 50.
[5] Wisconsin Report (1878).
[6] See Miss Dix's Report (1847); Report of Committee appointed by the Legislature, 1867; Address of T. W. Dwight before the American Social Science Association (1870); and early Reports of New York Board.
[7] Michigan Report (1877–78), page 105.

which is the bane of hospital life. . . . In many almshouses no restraint is employed. . . . So much in favor of the almshouses; but it must now be admitted that these very almshouses are fatally deficient in other conditions, also essential to the treatment of insanity, namely, proper supervision by personal attendants, and proper medical care. It must also be said that many keepers are afraid of insane persons, and this fear begets restraint, often of a cruel sort, — chains, whips, and even the firing of pistols, to intimidate the patients. . . . These extreme measures are not common, but what is common . . . is the building of so-called receptacles for the insane, or insane departments, in which, when there are a number of insane to be cared for, many of them are imprisoned, some even for life, in solitary cells. . . . Many of these insane departments are unfit physically for the occupancy of sane men: imperfectly heated, or not heated at all; not ventilated, often dark, destitute of furniture, sometimes in an outrageously dirty state, filled with foul odors. . . . In a few of the almshouses we have seen cells for the insane in the form of cages, without doors, where the victims are immured beyond the possibility of any entrance of the keeper himself, without tearing down or removing the bars." [1] Even the best Illinois houses cannot give their insane much personal care. That sentence has a harmless sound; this is what it may imply: In a respectable Illinois almshouse there is a woman "who occupies a large wooden box filled with straw; she will not wear clothes, but is covered with a canvas cloth; is in constant motion; has bruised herself from head to foot, and put out her own eyes." [2]

Ohio seems to treat her insane rather worse than Illinois. Looking through her last report, one finds such cases as these: A man becomes a violent maniac; his neighbors, scared, bind him with cords, put him on a sled, and draw him over the snow to the infirmary. There he is taken to a room without fire, and left through a bitter-cold night; in consequence, he freezes both feet, and one has to be amputated.[3] A doctor writes a pathetic letter to the superintendent of an insane asylum, imploring him to admit an epileptic girl, whom her parents dare not send to the infirmary, because of its known immorality. "The family are in a sorrowful condition," he says, "and if this distress is not alleviated it is my opinion that the mother will be an inmate of an asylum before six months." [4] An old man, whose habits are troublesome, falls ill; he is taken to an out-building, and left there; he grows worse, but no doctor is called; at last, one of the paupers informs the county physician, who finds the old man dying; a few hours later he is dead.[5] A hundred and fifty-six Ohio lunatics and fifty-six epileptics are reported as "secluded," which rather poetical term means that they are kept in narrow stalls or iron cribs in small outer buildings, usually dark, almost uniformly without drainage or ventilation; and that they are "untended, save as meals are carried to them." [6] Others, not in "seclusion," are "restrained" with handcuffs, chains, and hobbles. But the reader recognizes the old story; there is no need to repeat it. These three States, the most wealthy and populous in the West, may serve as examples of the treatment accorded the pauper insane by the Western States, which have central boards of inspection.

Coming East, one finds a degree of improvement. Yet even Massachusetts cannot show a blameless record. A few hundred crazy people are still kept in her town and city almshouses, and these

[1] Illinois Report (1878), page 217.
[2] Ibid., page 219.
[3] Ohio Report (1879), page 73–75.
[4] Ohio Report (1879), page 90.
[5] Ibid., page 80.
[6] Ibid., page 87.

do not always receive the best of care. Tewksbury almshouse is not without reproach, as the investigation of 1876 showed; and, although improved since then, it has the faults inseparable from large institutions. In comparison with most almshouses it shines like the just. This is the testimony of a man intimately acquainted with Pennsylvania almshouses. "There are some persons," he says, "foolish enough to assert that the insane are just as comfortable and well cared for in an almshouse as in a hospital. Experience proves just the reverse. . . . In some of the very best of institutions there is a lamentable display of ignorance in connection with the management of the insane. . . . Patients are seen confined in narrow corridors, or perhaps exercising in a small yard bounded by high walls. You are struck with the hopeless look which their faces wear. Every now and again you note some poor maniac's face, and wonder how he or she could have inflicted such a variety of cuts and bruises. . . . Patients under restraint are noted everywhere. Upon inquiring, you are told that the bruises, etc., are the result of falls, the patient being subject to fits, and that the restraints are necessary in order to keep the unfortunates from destroying their clothing, injuring themselves or others. All this *may* be true; but how is it that the same things are conspicuous by their absence in hospitals properly arranged?"[1] He speaks of their meagre diet and scant clothing, of the slender attendance, of the gloomy surroundings, but most of all complains of the "almost total absence of employment." The picture is of another sort than those drawn in the Western reports, yet it is hardly less dreary. The Western lunatic is unkempt and neglected, sometimes he is harshly used, but unless he is violent he has the free air and sunshine one half the year; he has, too, the chance of resting his wandering wits by tiring his muscles. Covert for open abuse, Utica cribs, muffs and strait-jackets for chains, — after all, these are not such great gains. Order and cleanliness *are* great gains, yet they are dearly bought when the patient pays for them with air and sunshine and work. Neither are chains and filthy dungeons quite gone out of fashion in Pennsylvania. Many almshouses still employ them.

What has been said of Pennsylvania applies also to New York. No State has struggled more valorously to provide for her insane poor; but in spite of Willard Asylum, there remain 6456 insane, idiotic, and epileptic paupers, under county and city care. Their condition is often very melancholy. To support this statement I shall not make any quotations from the "horrible disclosures" published periodically in the New York papers; such testimony is always received with suspicion by the sober mind; moreover, it is not needed; official reports, indictments of grand juries, and coroners' verdicts contain proof in plenty. The late reports of the Boards of Charities show that the best county and city almshouses care for their insane in the manner already described; the worst have the familiar dungeon and chain, and the pauper attendants keep order with their whips and their fists. The institutions managed by New York city are as bad as any. Overcrowding; poor food served cold; insufficient clothing; neglect and abuse by the overworked and underpaid attendants; patients dying of scurvy; patients eating rat poison; patients strapped to their beds for days and weeks, until the bones started through the skin, — these are some of the grim facts told of the asylums on Blackwell's, Randall's, and Hart's Island.[2] The

[1] Letter of R. D. McGonnigle, Clerk of the Directors of the Poor of Allegheny County, Pa., to H. W. Wayland, November 1, 1880.

[2] New York Report (1880), pages 138–169.

almshouse of Onandago County may serve for an example of the rural ill-treatment of the insane. A newspaper reporter visited the house, and saw and heard enough to furnish materials for a startling article, which roused the public indignation so effectually that the supervisors asked the Board of Charities to help them investigate his charges. I have their report before me. Besides the customary cells, there were some underground dungeons of solid masonry, with concrete floors, without windows, but having a hole in each door large enough for a man to thrust his head through; both cells and dungeons being cold and damp. In summer the supply of water used to give out, although the almshouse authorities wasted very little on the paupers. The keeper of the insane department, O'Connel by name, had been a drunken pauper; he worked very cheap, and was considered a "faithful fellow." To keep his patients quiet he used muffs, chains, dark cells, starvation, blows, and other straightforward arguments of force. His wife was matron. She was accustomed to "mop" the women; once she seized a crazy woman by her hair and flung her to the ground; but the matron of the almshouse testified that she never was "particularly harsh." All the attendants were paupers; they swore at the patients, and talked loudly; it was "a way they had," said the witnesses. Lunatics were shut up in the dark cells for weeks and months at a time. Two men died in these cells; one of them in a dungeon without window or bed. "He wore himself out," said the keeper; "he did n't want to live, and I closed him in there, and he died comfortably." [1] The attendant testified that the man was "a harmless man, not ugly or vicious." The other cell had a window and a bed. Why he was put in the cell at all is not plain; he could not have excited much fear, since he had lost both arms, and was a mere skeleton, dying of consumption. But, in the language of the attendant, "he was a violent man, did n't appear to know nothing," [2] which is the sole explanation given. There is no need of considering the darker charges made against O'Connel; they rest, for the most part, upon the evidence of pauper women, likely enough to avenge his blows by a cunning lie. However, no one who heard the testimony seems to have doubted that the insane suffered cruel hardships. It is only fair to add that the board of supervisors at once discharged the old attendants, and now employ paid attendants and a resident physician. The dungeons have been demolished, the building is heated by steam, and other improvements have been introduced. It is now "the declared policy of the county . . . to retain only the quiet and harmless chronic insane under county care."

Onandago County is not a sinner above all others. In 1878 Washington County poorhouse had a woman chained to a bar. Clinton County kept seventeen lunatics in dark, hot cells, "filthy beyond description;" four of the seventeen being "restrained" further with chains and muffs. Alleghany and Cattaraugus counties used cells very similar; and all over the State chains and handcuffs were found in the almshouses.[3] Since then there has been a gradual improvement, or, rather, I should say a gradual abandonment of open violence; but, substantially, the situation remains unchanged.

The foregoing descriptions all apply to the States having Boards of Charities, whose particular vocation is to discover abuses. Naturally, the States where the counties have had their will unchecked do not make so good a showing, — when they make any showing whatever. No

[1] Report on the Insane Asylum of Onandago County (1879), page 27.

[2] Ibid., page 28.

[3] New York Report (1878), pages 243–246, and pages 283–317.

longer ago than 1877, a commission, appointed by the governor of Connecticut to "inquire into the administration of the various charitable appropriations of the State," reported that they had found the insane at Tariffville "in a condition which should shame a savage."[1] At the New Haven almshouse there were fifty-four insane persons, some of them "lying upon loose hay, without much clothing," and sorely in need of care.[2] I have some local New Hampshire reports, all very complacent in tone, praising the county system, praising the commissioners, praising the almshouse officers, — in fine, praising everything and everybody except the paupers themselves. One finds, however, that the insane are "secluded" and "restrained" in New Hampshire, just as they are in other States. Nor is the attendance more numerous or better trained than elsewhere. When a New Hampshire poorhouse burns down, no one seems to know where the keys to the cells are. This was the case at the Strafford County fire, where thirteen paupers and lunatics perished.

The Middle States, Delaware and New Jersey, have always had a tarnished fame as regards their almshouses. The almshouse at Snake Hill (Hudson County, New Jersey) is periodically abused in the newspapers. The Camden County almshouse is at present being investigated, on charges of cruelty to the insane, resulting in several deaths. A single instance of the barbarities alleged to have been committed will suffice. "One patient became violent, and was strung up in a strait-jacket, and left without any attendant. A patient named Barney got a club, and beat him so terribly that he died."[3]

The West probably treats her pauper lunatics decently, so far as food and clothing go; otherwise, the States without Boards of Charities seem to be doing much as the States with boards were doing ten years ago. The South does no better. In the States where the paupers are "boarded out," and auctioned off to the lowest bidder, the insane, as may be supposed, are not desired at any price. Their place is not the almshouse, but the jail. Of their fate I say nothing; but it is sufficiently dreadful. The others "lie and die in corners," tended or untended by the few private families willing to have them about. Where there are almshouses, these miserable beings go to them. What the almshouses are we can only judge from the reports of the State of Maryland, the single Southern State which has systematically investigated the matter. In 1877 John Lee Carroll, then governor, ordered "an inspection of the Maryland public institutions, particularly with reference to their sanitary condition and treatment of the inmates, and the number of the pauper insane who are confined therein at the public expense." The man selected for this arduous and delicate task was the secretary of the Board of Health, Dr. C. W. Chancellor, and he seems to have performed his duties thoroughly and fearlessly. His report revealed a state of things in the almshouses which appalled the very county supervisors. Most of his pages cannot be quoted. I shall try only to give a feeble notion of what he saw, leaving the rest to the reader's imagination. He saw everywhere men and women handcuffed, bound, and chained to the floor; he saw rooms filled with lunatics, weeping, howling, and dancing, unrestrained; he saw the sane and insane men and women all crowded together in the same noisome den; he saw their children deformed in mind and body; he saw, by the light of a candle which, in the broad daylight, he was obliged to use in order to see at all, a haggard, half-clothed woman crouching in the corner of a room so filthy that

[1] Report of Commission, page 20.
[2] Ibid., page 21.
[3] Philadelphia Times, January 8, 1881.

when the door was opened he staggered back, half fainting. Speaking of the almshouses as a whole, Dr. Chancellor said, "In most of these places cleanliness is an unknown luxury; all is filth and misery, and the most degrading, unrelieved suffering. The inmates, sane and insane, were found, in many instances, huddled together without discrimination of age, sex, or condition, . . . with results shocking to all sense of humanity."[1] And he thus described the condition of the insane: "There are now within the almshouses and jails of our State five hundred insane and idiotic people, who are utterly cast down, neglected, half fed, and ghastly in their wretchedness."[2] A few figures will speak more plainly than words. Maryland has twenty almshouses. Only six of these, in 1877, appeared to be kept with any regard to cleanliness; and two of the six had "colored departments," in disgraceful order. More than three fourths of the almshouses were old, dilapidated, and so constructed that any classification of the inmates was out of the question. Thirteen houses kept children whose parents were insane, and whose birth was directly owing to the State's neglect; indeed, there were only three almshouses quite free from abuses of this shameful character.

The publication of this report was attended with marked results. The supervisors tore down some of their worst almshouses, and built new ones; they repaired and cleaned the others; they turned away the old keepers, and gave the new ones stringent instructions; in short, the almshouses, to use Dr. Chancellor's own words in his last report, became as good as those of any other State "where the same unregenerate system prevails."[3] In a few houses the insane are still subject to the same shame and torment; in none can they receive adequate care. What the Maryland almshouses were there is reason to fear most Southern almshouses are. Nor is this unfortunate state of things without great excuse in the poverty of the South, and in the more pressing social problems thrust upon her by the war. North and South alike, our treatment of our pauper insane is open to grave condemnation, quite as much upon economical grounds as any. Even the States having the best public insane asylums send many of their acute cases to the almshouses. The consequence is that they have these patients to support through their lives; for the vast majority of almshouses have no facilities for curing insanity. Furthermore, only a few almshouses make any account of insane labor, except in the West, and there only during the summer months, and among the milder chronic lunatics. English and French experience shows that insane labor may be used to a much greater extent than most almshouse keepers dream. The difference between the amount of labor which we might and which we do get out of our insane paupers is just so much wasted. The expense of keeping a pauper lunatic is commonly reckoned at a dollar and a half a week, or seventy-eight dollars a year; it is not a high estimate to call the properly directed labor of a lunatic worth half this sum, and the States not getting this labor lose thirty-nine dollars a year for every lunatic not employed, yet capable of employment. Assume, for instance, that three thousand of New York's six thousand paupers of impaired intellect can work if they may; the State then pays $117,000 every year which is worse than thrown away, since it is paid for the deliberate and well-meaning torture of the most miserable class of human beings. A general survey of the whole field makes it appear that our system of caring for the insane is equally cruel, senseless, and wasteful.

[1] Report, page 16.
[2] Ibid, page 13.
[3] Report (1880), page 62.

Another class of paupers was noticeable in the almshouse which I described in the beginning of my article, — I mean the children. They suffer as deeply as the insane, although in a different way. The best institution is a poor home for a child, and most candid men admit that almshouses are among the worst institutions which we have. Rude and blurred as are the foregoing portrayals of almshouse life, I think they show its entire unfitness for any child. None speak more strongly on this subject than the almshouse keepers themselves; and the very mothers of almshouse children realize its degrading influence. I remember the language of a matron of an Iowa almshouse. We were standing together before a feeble-minded girl with her baby in her arms. "Seven of 'em has been born in this house since I come," said the matron. "I thank God they was all born dead but this one and one other, and I pray God this one may die, too." Then she spoke of a proposed law to take the children out of the almshouses. The girl interrupted her with an eager inquiry: "Will they take my baby away?" "You would n't want him brought up here, yourself, would you?" I asked. She looked up, with a sharp change of expression. "I?" she repeated, passionately. "God knows I would n't! Anywhere else!"

I have thus roughly indicated the general character of the various classes of indoor paupers, and the way in which we treat them. To paint this sorrowful picture in detail would require a wider canvas than I have taken.

Octave Thanet.

A SPRING OPENING.

When does the spring begin? In November, if we credit the witch-hazel; for no sooner has this vernal-hearted creature stripped off her last summer's raiment than she decks herself out in yellow gimps and fringes, seeming to say, through the ominous rustle of falling leaves, "Neighbors, you are all mistaken in giving up and going to sleep. See how thrifty and courageous I am!"

Indeed, throughout the winter, nature's active and crescive principle seems never held wholly in abeyance. From time to time, some precocious member of a dormant family, plant or animal, may be observed awake and stirring, as one who, having much on hand to accomplish, makes an early start by candle-light. The ground-hog is probably not the only cave-dwelling worthy gifted with meteorological second-sight. The sleeping earth divines.

I have always wondered at the remarkable presumption of the almanac-makers in furnishing us with a time-table showing the arrivals and departures of the seasons. They quarter the year by means of equinoxes and solstices, and we good-humoredly accept the arbitrary divisions. The only difficulty is the great number and frequency of nature's movable festivals, which no statistician can tabulate, the order being completely changed from year to year. It takes the united skill and experience of Old Probabilities, the naturalist, and the poet to run the line of survey exact between winter and spring. The frontier is constantly shifting. A few days of sunshine push it forward many leagues in favor of spring; but the north wind, making a brisk assault from behind its icy intrenchments, repels the invasion, and reconquers the disputed territory for winter.

It is still February. You may treat it as *Dies Februatus*, day of purification and sacrifice; or, as the merry month of Sprout Kele, following the faintly hopeful suggestion of the old Saxon calendar. The long snow has retreated under-ground, or is fast being carried off by numerous plethoric streams, yellow and seething as torrents of lava lately spilled from some volcano crater, presumably not far away. The earth everywhere looks shriveled and mummy-like, giving us the impression that the cerements have been folded back prematurely, or that the miracle of resurrection lags far behind the hour appointed. Last year's crisp leaves take spasmodic flights, like bits of paper blown about in the electric current. They sail so high, one might fancy they drifted into the folds and creases of the ragged, low-lying clouds that characterize February's sky. In yonder corn-fields the pumpkin vines lie scattered about in withered festoons; suggesting that the Lernean snake may have been captured there, dispatched, and left to dry away in the sunshine. Some trees in the orchard still bear a remnant of their last year's fruitage: there are your cold, frost-baked apples; there your cider, well mulled and warranted not to intoxicate. Here are black walnuts, fantastically mined out by the squirrels, reminding one of the ingenious knick-knacks carved of bone or other material by soldiers in prison. These shells would now do to string for a rustic rosary, on which to bead our prayers to the sylvan deity. Here is a sparrow's nest, plucked from its branch and thrown away by the wind as a thing capable of no more service. It interests us as some abandoned cabin on the edge of the wilderness might. Any tenement that has once sheltered a family, bird's brood or man's brood, has for us a certain pathetic suggestiveness; we hate to see the old homestead given over to destruction. This "cottage in a tree," on examination, proves to have been built almost entirely of dandelion down (of which there was abundance early last spring), strengthened by a few long tough grasses, answering for king-posts and tie-beams.

As soon as the snow is off I find in the orchard evidence of extensive agricultural operations, that have been carried on all winter under cover of the deep snow-drifts. I know the husbandman who scooped out these primitive looking furrows. He is, in himself, a most curious piece of combination machinery, his nose being a natural plow-share, and his fore-arm a natural spade. He may be characterized as the original Autochthon, being earth of the earth, — a clod, with a little instinct superadded. He is known by hearsay as the mole. Rare are the glimpses one may have of this shy groundling! The field of his operations is scarcely less ambitious than that which Kubla Khan inclosed for the site of his pleasure-house: —

> "Twice five miles of fertile ground
> With walls and towers were girdled round."

If you lay open the soil, thinking to follow his trail, you will be surprised at the great number of turns he has made, — to the right, to the left, back again upon his traces, — until you find one deep bore which descends, apparently, to the nadir. If your excavating tools are good enough, and your patience is also good, you may come upon him comfortably dozing in the penetralia of the earth.

There is likewise architectural evidence above-ground of the hibernation of his neighbor, the field-mouse. That low grass thatch, looking precisely like the geographical picture of a Hottentot house, is his. Thrust your fingers through the front door and gently lift off the roof, and you will see as cosy a domicile as ever sheltered a feathered biped. It would seem that this obscure citizen of the earth had some time been to school to the wren or sparrow, so nest-like are the structure and appoint-

ments of his sleeping-chamber. I never found much else in his larder than a few apple seeds, — small indication, indeed, of riotous living. A good many well-riddled apples lying in the path of his explorations suggested that he had been living on the vegetarian plan through the winter.

The season advances. The day is lengthened perceptibly. Yesterday, this meadow was winter's camping-ground. To-day, a few barracks, shreds of canvas, and broken bits of ammunition (frozen drifts in fence corners and hollows) remain to speak of his occupancy. The sun and the south wind have been this way together, and after them comes the rain, obliterating these last vestiges of the flying winter.

A few days more of gentle weather, and we see little irregular paths of green winding everywhere about the pastures; these paths mark the route taken by Spring on her first stolen, invisible round. After a while, there will be no spot of ground her quickening feet have not touched.

For the first sure indications of reviving life, consult not the bud on the tree, but put yourself *en rapport* with the soil. Strip off the sodden leaves, which are the patchwork quilt nature spreads over her babes in the wood. A legion seedlings stretch their whitish-green arms about the mould. Vegetable crustaceans they are, extending their tentacles in search of food. Great mother! if these bantlings of the oak, the beech, and the maple squirm and twist, and find their cradles too short and too narrow, what will become of them by and by, when they require more room for exercise and more abundant nutrition? Wherewithal will you feed and clothe them? Think of the vast prairies, where you have n't the shadow of a tree! Consider if you cannot transplant some of this surplus population in its infancy.

The old trees, I see, have recorded another year, letting out their tough bark girdles to accommodate the new layer of muscle and adipose. The sap now takes to its capillary ladders, climbing slowly, slowly; encouraged if the sun shine, faltering and retreating with every relapse of keen weather. What an Odyssey it has to accomplish, from the roots of the tree to the last bud on the outermost twig!

Who will read us the idyl of The Sugar Bush? Let us hear no more of the honey of Hybla, or the cates that Hebe and Ganymede serve up to the Olympians! Shakespeare may have meant the spring harvest of the maple when he said, —

> "Why then comes in the sweet o' the year,
> And the red blood reigns in the winter's pale!"

This is the only tree we have that "sweats honey." Into its veins, as into the veins of heroes, the gods have infused ambrosia. Had the maple been indigenous in Greece, there would have been a special myth regarding it, a special custodian appointed to watch over the sacred grove. Perhaps Pan would have figured as the first sap-gatherer, the first refiner of sugar. The legend would then have run thus: Pan taught the Arcadians to pierce the forest maple, opening its veins with sharp steel, and in the mouth of the wound inserting the reed which he was wont to blow upon; through this the immortal ichor of the tree distilled, drop by drop, into a pitcher of wreathen gold and silver, lent by the wondering Bacchantes, who stood near with Silenus, nearly astonished into soberness. Pan then built a fire of sere wood, and having poured the immortal ichor into a vessel of iron steeped it for many hours, obtaining a honey-sweet, heart-easing cordial, of which many gods and mortals partook with great delight.

There is telegraphy in the air nowadays; hourly, momentary, messages flying between the busy rural genii. These messages may be "taken off" at

any station along the route where there is a practiced operator, an intelligent and sympathetic ear. One hears of the mysterious trysts kept between botany and zoölogy, — of plants waking up by alarm-clocks, and of birds traveling by midnight express, on receipt of expected dispatches from head-quarters. I occasionally hear Flora and Fauna exchanging the compliments of the season, and such pleasant gossip as naturally results from their near neighborly relations: —

Fauna. I have just sent a minnow up the creek.

Flora. I've been blossoming out a pussy willow there by the bank.

[And after an interval:]

Fauna. I venture a bluebird.

Flora. Good. I 'll risk a blue violet in the south meadow.

[And still later:]

Fauna. If you listen, this evening, you will hear a frog in the marsh.

Flora. To-morrow I shall send you a basket of cowslips.

Fauna. Thanks. I am just starting out a hive of bees. Would you like them to scatter pollen?

There is no cessation of this correspondence throughout the season. The mutual consent and joint plannings of the two friendly goddesses are everywhere observable. It is to be noticed that for every bird that becomes whist and moping, after the height of summer is passed, some plant will be found putting on sackcloth and ashes, and absenting itself from Flora's court for the rest of the year.

Severe and protracted as the winter may have been, the three chief pioneer birds, robin, song-sparrow, and bluebird, do not vary a week in their arrivals, spring after spring. How curiously elate the first robin is! *Qui vive? Qui vive?* he whistles from the maple tops, on the morning following his return. His song is the same as the thrush sang to the poet Keats, on a spring morning, sixty years ago: —

"Oh, fret not after knowledge! I have none,
And yet my song comes native with the warmth.
Oh, fret not after knowledge! I have none,
And yet the *evening listens.*"

He seems as one prepared to take all weather risks. His well-feathered plumpness readily suggests that he has made it a point to build up a good physique against the initial hardships of a spring campaign on the shores of Lake Erie. Does he return to his quarters of last year, — his substantial *adobe* house in the fork of the apple-tree? A friend of mine reports finding a robin's nest with basement, ground-floor, and chamber, three successive stories of good solid mason-work, built in as many successive springs, the last story only being tenanted the current season. Whether this stronghold was in the possession of the original line of builders could not be determined.

The bluebird arrives but little later than the robin, if, indeed, he does not come by the same train. Ah, the bluebird's warble! If any bird is specially commissioned by Heaven to spread the spring evangel, it is he. Yet, like the Ariel spirit that he is, there is, at first, a touch of ventriloquism in his voice. To fix his whereabouts, we look not only "before and after," but overhead, and in the bushes, and along the grass, and see him not — at first. If he "bears the sky on his back," as Thoreau thought, it must be the sky of Italy; the heavens are never so blue over this region of the earth. There is red enough on his breast to have distinguished him as a red-breast, had it not been for the more pronounced azure of his wings.

Cold as the morning was yesterday I could hear the song-sparrow practicing his first matins for the year. No wonder his song has been compared to the tinkling of bells! A more vibrating, resonant quality there is not in the whole choir of native-bird voices. His ditty consists of three short introductory

notes (embodying the theme or motive, perhaps); these three notes translating themselves, to my ear, in the syllables "sweet, sweet, sweet," with a drawing in of the breath each time, followed by a bewildering succession of delicious tintinnabulations. From the song-sparrow's manner of perching and addressing himself as to the auditorium, I cannot help thinking that he has been in training for the lyric stage. Not long since, I was present at a musical duel, — not between the poet and nightingale, but between two song-sparrows, both distinguished professionals. They were exchanging "alternate strains," after the style of Tityrus and Melibœus. Tityrus was close by, on the low branch of a willow; Melibœus at some distance, in a wild-cherry tree. The former I could both see and hear to good advantage. When he had sung through his part, he stopped, and, with head cunningly askance, listened to his rival's performance; paying the most jealous attention, and, meanwhile, revolving some new felicity of his own. Each time he slightly varied the cadence, winding up with a piquant little crotchet, as who should say, "Can you outdo that, I wonder?" The duel grew more animated with every bout, until the performers, forgetting the etiquette of competition, sung the "rests," ineffectually trying to put each other out. A third voice could then be distinguished, — probably that of the moderator, or judge, who held the wager.

That long, clear, cool note, like the arc described by a bright new sickle, — that 's the meadow-lark! I know well the springy pasture where he hunts his breakfast, the wind-crisped pools where he sometimes dips his bill. His coming is not long delayed after the middle of March. The blackbird is his contemporary. I saw a whole flock of daring blackbirds careering above the gusty woods in the March gale. They seemed to be exercising their speed and agility in one of the heroic games of the air. When they reached a goal, or station, in the top of some high tree, they disposed themselves about the branches like so many weather-vanes, all facing in the same direction, and all indicating the south-southwest. This was practically "trimming to the wind." Their note, at that time, sounded very much like the creaking of overlapping branches swayed by the wind. Further on the blackbird has learned a new repertory, full of rippling pleasantness, well illustrating "the thrilling liquidity of dewy piping."

This April has some lovely exotic days, borrowed from the Indian summer, and applied on account of some April weather in last October. The fall and spring have many meteorological phases in common. We have now the same luminous white skies, the same drowsy luxury in the atmosphere, with heat waves over the distant fields, that were characteristic of the Indian summer. The tawny and crimson inflorescence of maples and other early-budding trees contributes to the autumnal glamour of the picture. Except for the greenness of the grass and a certain *verve* and freshness within our hearts, we might imagine we were drifting up the source of the year, to find the summer by way of October and September. But the spring is here. There is nothing dead or inorganic to be seen. The maple brush left by the choppers last winter is bourgeoning out, in cheerful unconsciousness that its veins are cut off from the arterial supply. The log rotting in the woods, if it puts forth no new life in kind, at least supports a lusty growth of ferns and mosses. Who knows how much stubborn rock went to mill, last winter, to be ground up into good fertile soil? Who knows but the very stones are softening, continually growing more tenable to the feet of such poor humble plants as are disposed to take up their abode with them? I

should not be surprised to hear that nature herself was the Pyrrha who, surviving the deluge, and casting stones behind her to repeople the earth, saw them assume organic life and form. The earth breathes freely once more, respiring vapor and gnats from the fresh-turned soil; and as the farmer goes back and forth, plowing out the old legend of Boustrophedon, he is followed by the robin and blackbird, diligently grub-hunting. They may well chuckle to themselves, and claim priority in the profits of tillage; in their view of the question, man's harvest is only aftermath.

How luxurious is the feeling of the dew in the first moist April nights! The sharp-eyed winter stars are all gone under the west. No more hurling of frost javelins and jagged meteor lances, but, instead, the soft descent of humid beams that have been filtered through the same sieve that strains the dew. If you require an additional proof of the season's settled good faith, if you would have the spring well indorsed, walk under the trees, this evening, and observe if anything forbids your progress. Nothing but a slight ticklish thread stretched across your eyelids, like the gentlest premonition of sleep. That will do. That is the spider's indorsement of the spring. When she harnesses her loom, and begins her season's weaving, you may be sure she has had favorable advices from the head weather clerk.

May-day! The woods and meadow borders are full of wild flowers; claytonia, cress, adder-tongue, violet, buttercup, sweet-william, liverwort, crane's-bill, bloom and flow together in rich chromatic confusion. The trillium hangs over the dark pool, with the melancholy grace of Narcissus worshiping his shadow. The viburnum (very fitly nick-named hobble-bush) reaches up its scraggy, hands, with a few scant cymes of very pretty white flowers. Notice that the spring wears in her cap no feverish or radical color; carnation and Tyrian purple are reserved for the gaudy decking of the latter summer. A few forward shrubs have, by this time, put out a sparse leafage, still creased and crinkled, and of small vitality (like butterflies just emerged from the chrysalis). The air that circulates through the branches seems to have gathered chlorophyl by contact with the leaves, and the sunshine passing into their medium becomes a bright green flame. The gentle race of zephyrs has sprung up again. The wind has a changed articulation; no longer breathing out "hollow oes and aes," as when it had full sweep through the naked frames of the trees, but breaking into a thousand petty symphonies, in its wanderings among the leaves.

In the spring of the year, when the spirit of beauty enters into so many earthly tabernacles, we return to the ancient pantheism. Naiads, fauns, oreads, hamadryads, — the whole sylvan community are once more accessible and social. The wood nymph, who taught King Numa the elements of science, letters, and political economy, and who has outlived a thousand Numas, graciously consents to take us into her tuition. The school-house is large and airy; the text-books are latest editions, in most legible typography; matriculation fees — nothing. Let us attend. It promises better than the Summer School of Philosophy.

Edith Thomas.

BERGEN DAYS.

The hardest way to go to Norway is by way of the North Sea. It is two days' and two nights' sail from Hull to Bergen; and two days and two nights on the North Sea are nearly as bad as two days and two nights on the English Channel would be. But the hardest way is the best way, in this as in so many other things. No possible approach to Norway from the Continent can give one the sudden characteristic impression of Norway sea and shore which he gets as he sails up the Stavanger Fjord, and sees the town of Stavanger looking off from its hill-side over the fleets of island and rock that lie moored in its harbor.

At first sight it seems as if there were no Norway coast at all, only an endless series of islands beyond islands, never stayed by any barrier of main-land; or as if the main-land itself must be being disintegrated from its very centre outwards, breaking up and crumbling into pieces. Surely, the waters, when they were commanded to stay from off the earth, yielded the command but a fragmentary obedience so far as this region was concerned.

The tradition of the creation of Norway seems a natural outgrowth of the place, — the only way, in fact, of accounting for the lay of the land. The legend declares that Norway was made last, and in this wise: On the seventh day, while God was resting from his labors, the devil, full of spite at seeing so fair a world, hurled into the ocean a gigantic rock, — a rock so large that it threatened to break the axis of the universe. But the Lord seized it, and fixed it firm in place, with its myriad jutting points just above the waters. Between these points he scattered all the earth he had left; nothing like enough to cover the rock, or to make a respectable continent, — only just enough to redeem spots here and there, and give man a foot-hold on it. The fact that forty per cent. of the whole surface of Norway is over three thousand feet above the sea is certainly a corroboration of this legend.

This island fringe gives to the coast of Norway an indefinable charm, — the charm of endless maze, vista, expectation, and surprise; lure, also, suggestion, dim hint, and reticent revelation, like a character one cannot fathom, and behavior one can never reckon on. Though the ship sail in and out of the labyrinths never so safely and quickly, fancy is always busy at deep-sea soundings; bewildered by the myriad shapes, and half conscious of a sort of rhythm in their swift, perpetual change, as if they, and not the ship, were gliding. The vivid verdure on them in spots has more the expression of something momentarily donned and worn than of a growth. It seems accidental and decorative, flung on suddenly; then, again, soft, thick, inexhaustible, as if the islands might be the tops of drowned forests.

Stavanger is one of the most ancient towns in Norway. It looks as if it were one of the most ancient in the world; its very brightness, with its faded red houses, open windows, and rugged pavements, being like the color and smile one sees sometimes on a cheerful, wrinkled old face. The houses are packed close together, going up-hill as hard as they can; roofs red tiled; gable ends red tiled, also, which gives a droll eyebrow effect to the ends of the houses, and helps wonderfully to show off pretty faces just beneath them, looking out of windows. All the windows open in the middle, outwards, like shutters; and it would not be much risk to say that there is not a window-sill in all Stavanger

without flowers. Certainly, we did not see one in a three hours' ramble. From an old watch-tower, which stands on the top of the first sharp hill above the harbor, is a sweeping offlook, seaward and coastward, to north and south: long promontories, green and curving, with low red roofs here and there, shot up into relief by the sharp contrast of color; bays of blue water breaking in between; distant ranges of mountains glittering white; thousands of islands in sight at once. Stavanger's approach strikes Norway's key-note with a bold hand, and old Norway and new Norway meet in Stavanger's market-place. An old cathedral, the oldest but one in the country, looks down a little inner harbor, where lie sloops loaded with gay pottery of shapes and colors copied from the latest patterns out in Staffordshire. These are made by peasants many miles away, on the shores of the fjords: bowls, jars, flower-pots, jugs, and plates, brown, cream-colored, red, and white; painted with flowers, and decorated with Grecian and Etruscan patterns in simple lines. The sloop decks are piled high with them, — a gay show, and an odd enough freight to be at sea in a storm. The sailors' heads bob up and down among the pots and pans, and the salesman sits flat on the deck, lost from view, until a purchaser appears. Miraculously cheap this pottery is, as well as fantastic of shape and color; one could fit out his table, off one of these crockery sloops, for next to nothing. Along the wharves were market-stands of all sorts: old women selling fuchsias, myrtles, carrots and cabbages, and blueberries, all together; piles of wooden shoes, too, — clumsy things, hollowed out of a single chunk of wood, shaped like a Chinese junk keel, and coarsely daubed with black paint on the outside; no heel to hold them on, and but little toe. The racket made by shuffling along on pavements in them is amazing, and "down at the heel" becomes a phrase of new significance, after one has heard the thing done in Norway.

Just outside the market-place we came upon our first cariole; it was going by like the wind, drawn by a little Norwegian pony, which seemed part pincushion, part spaniel, part fat snowbird, and the rest pony, with a shoebrush, bristles up, for a mane. Such goodwill in his trot, and such a sense of honor and independence in the wriggle of his head, and such affectionateness all over him, no wonder the Norwegians love such a species of grown-up useful pet dogs. Hardy they are, and, if they choose, swift; obey voices better than whips, and would rather have bread than hay to eat, at any time of day. The cariole is a kind of compressed sulky, open, without springs; the narrow seat, narrow even for one person, set high up on elastic wooden shafts, which rest on the axle-tree at the back, and on a sort of saddle piece in front. The horse is harnessed very far forward in the low thills, and has the direct weight on his shoulders. A queerer sight than such a vehicle as this, coming at a Norwegian pony's best rate towards you, with a pretty Norwegian girl driving, and standing up on the cross-piece behind her a handsome Norwegian officer, with his plumed head above hers, bent a little to the right or left, and very close, lovers of human nature in picturesque situations need not wish to see. Less picturesque, and no doubt less happy for the time being, but no less characteristic, was the first family we saw in Stavanger taking an airing; a square wooden box for a wagon, — nothing more than a vegetable bin on wheels. This held two large milk cans, several bushels of cabbages, four children, and their mother. The father walked sturdily beside the wagon, his head bent down, like his pony's; serious eyes, a resolute mouth, and a certain look of unjoyous content marked him as a good specimen of the best sort of Norwegian

peasant. The woman and the children wore the same look of unjoyous and unmirthful content; silent, serious, satisfied, they all sat still among the cabbages. So solemn a thing is it to be born in latitude north. Had those cabbages grown in the Campagna, the man would have been singing, the woman laughing, and the young ones rolling about in the cart like kittens.

From Stavanger to Bergen is a half day's sail: in and out among islands, promontories, inlets, rocks; now wide sea on one hand, and rugged shore on the other; now a very archipelago of bits of land and stone flung about in chaotic confusion, on all sides. Many of the islands are nothing but low beds of granite, looking as if it were in flaky slices like mica, or else minutely roughened and stippled, as if it had cooled suddenly from a tremendous boil. Some of these islands have oases of green in them; tiny red farm-houses, sunk in hollows, with narrow settings of emerald around them; hand's-breadth patches of grain here and there, left behind as from some harvest, which the hungry sea is following after to glean. No language can describe the fantastic, elusive charm of this islet and rocklet universe: half sadness, half cheer, half lonely, half teeming, altogether brilliant and brimming with beauty; green land, gray rock, and blue water, surging, swaying, blending, parting, dancing together, in stately and contagious pleasure. On the north horizon rise grand snow-topped peaks; broad blue bays make up into the land walled by mountains; snow fjelds and glaciers glitter in the distance; and waterfalls, like silver threads, shine from afar on the misty clouds. At every new turn is a hamlet or house, looking as if it had just crept into shelter; one solitary boat moored at the base of its rock, often the only token of a link kept with the outer world.

The half day's sail from Stavanger to Bergen is all like this, except that after one turns southward into the Bergen Fjord the mysterious islanded shores press closer, and the hill shores back of them rise higher, so that expectancy and wonder deepen moment by moment, till the moment of landing on Bergen's water rim. "Will there be carriages at the wharf?" we had asked of the terrible stewardess who had tyrannized over our ship for two days, like a French Revolution fishwoman. "Carriages!" she cried, with her arms akimbo. "The streets in Bergen are so steep carriages can't drive down them. The horses would tumble back on the carriage," — a purely gratuitous fiction on her part, for what motive it is hard to conceive. But it much enhanced the interest with which we gazed at the rounding hills, slowly hemming us in closer and closer, and looking quite steep enough to justify the stewardess's assertion. By clocks, it was ten o'clock at night; by sky, about dawn, or just after sunset; by air, atmosphere, light, no time which any human being ever heard named or defined. There is nothing in any known calendar of daylight, twilight, or nightlight which is like this Norway interval between two lights. It is weird, bewildering, disconcerting. You don't know whether you are glad or sorry, pleased or scared; whether you really can see or not; whether you'd better begin another day's work at once, or make believe it is time to go to bed.

If somebody would invent a word which should bear the same interesting, specific, and intelligible relation to light and dark that "amphibious" does to land and water, it would be, in describing Norway twilight, of more use than all the rest of the English language put together. Perhaps the Norwegians have such a word. I think it highly probable they have, and I wish I knew it.

In this strange illuminated twilight, we landed on the silent Bergen wharf. The quay was in shadow of high warehouses. A few nonchalant and leisurely

men and boys were ambling about; custom-house men, speaking the jargon of their race, went through the farce of appearing to ransack our luggage. Our party seemed instantaneously to have disintegrated, in the half darkness, into odds and ends of unassorted boxes and people, and it was with gratitude as for a succession of interpositions of a superior and invincible power that we finally found ourselves together again in one hotel, and decided that, on the whole, it was best to go to bed, in spite of the light, because, as it was already near midnight, it would very soon be still lighter, and there would be no going to bed at all.

The next day, we began Bergen by driving out of it (a good way always, to begin a place). No going out of Bergen eastward or westward except straight up skyward, so steep are the slopes. Southward the country opens by gentler ascents, and pretty country houses are built along the road for miles, — all of wood, and of light colors, with much fantastic carving about them; summer-houses perched on the terraces, among lime, birch, and ash trees. One which we saw was in octagon shape, and had the roof thick sodded with grass, which waved in the wind. The eight open spaces of the sides were draped with bright scarlet curtains, drawn away tight on each side, making a Gothic arch line of red at each opening. It looked like somebody's gay palanquin set down to wait.

Our driver's name was Nils. He matched it: short, sturdy, and good-natured; red cheeks and shining brown eyes. His ponies scrambled along splendidly, and stopped to rest whenever they felt like it, — not often, to be sure, but they had their own way whenever they did, and were allowed to stand still. Generally they put their heads down and started off of their own accord in a few seconds; occasionally Nils reminded them by a chuckle to go on.

There is no need of any society for the prevention of cruelty to animals in Norway. The Norwegian seems to be instinctively kind to all beasts of bondage. At the foot of steep hills is to be seen everywhere the sign, "Do not forget to rest the horses." The noise Nils made when he wished to stop his ponies gave us a fright, the first time we heard it. It is the drollest sound ever invented for such a use: a loud call of rolling *r's;* an ingenious human parody on a watchman's rattle; a cross between a bellow and a purr. It is universal in Norway, but one can never become accustomed to it unless he has heard it from infancy up.

The wild and wooded country through which we drove was like parts of the northern hill country of New England: steep, stony hills; nooks full of ferns; bits of meadow in sunlight and shadow, with clover, and buttercups, and bluebells, and great mossy bowlders; farm-houses snugged down in hollows to escape the wind; lovely dark tarns, with pond-lilies afloat, just too far from the shore for arms to reach them. Only when we met people, or when the great blue fjord gleamed through the trees below us, did we know we were away from home. It is a glory when an arm of the sea reaches up into the heart of a hill country, so that men may sail to and from mountain bases. No wonder that the Vikings went forth with the passion of conquering, and yet forever returned and returned, with the passion of loving their "*gamle Norge.*"

When we came back to the inn, we were invited into the landlady's own parlor, and there were served to us wine and milk and sweet tarts, in a gracious and simple hospitality. The landlady and her sister were beautiful old ladies, well past sixty, with skins like peaches, and bright eyes and quick smiles. High caps of white lace, trimmed with sky-blue ribbons, and blue ostrich feathers laid on them like wreaths above the fore-

head, gave to their expression a sort of infantile elegance which was bewitching in its unworldliness; small white shawls thrown over their shoulders, and reaching only just below the belt, like those worn by old Quaker women, corroborated the simplicity of the blue ribbons, and added to the charm. They had all the freshness and spotlessness of Quakers, with color and plumes added; a combination surely unique of its kind. One of these old ladies was as gay a chatterer as if she were only seventeen. She had not one tooth in her mouth; but her mouth was no more made ugly by the absence of teeth, as are most old women's mouths, than a baby's mouth is made ugly by the same lack. The lips were full and soft and red; her face was not wrinkled; and when she talked and laughed and nodded, the blue ostrich feathers bobbing above, she looked like some sort of miraculous baby, that had learned to talk before "teething."

Her niece, who was our only interpreter, and was too shy to use quickly and fluently even the English she knew, was in despair at trying to translate her. "It is too much, too much," she said. "I cannot follow; I am too far behind," and she laughed as heartily as her aunt. The old lady was brimful of stories: she had known Bergen, in and out, for half a century, and forgotten nothing. It was a great pleasure to set her going, and get at her narrative by peeps, as one sees a landscape through chinks in a fence, when one is whirling by in a railway train. One of her best stories was of "the man who was brought back from the dead by coffee."

It seemed that when she was young there lived in Bergen three old women, past whose house an eccentric old bachelor used to walk every day at a certain hour. When he came back from his walk, he always stopped at their house and drank a cup of coffee. This he had done for a great many years. "He was their watch to tell the time by," and when he first passed the house they began to make the coffee, that it should be ready on his return. At last he fell ill and died, and two of these old women were hired to sit up one night and watch the corpse. It is the custom in Norway to keep all dead bodies one week before burial, if not in the house where they have died, then in the chapel at the grave-yard. "When we do die on a Wednesday, we shall not be buried till another Wednesday have come," said the niece, explaining this custom.

These old women were sitting in the room with the corpse, talking and sipping hot coffee together, and saying how they should miss him; that never more would he go by their house and stop to get his coffee.

"At any rate, he shall taste the coffee once more," said one of them, and she put a spoonful of the hot coffee into the corpse's lips, at which the old gentleman stirred, drew a long breath, and began to lift himself up, upon which the women uttered such shrieks that the city watchman, passing by, broke quickly into the house, to see what was the matter. Entering the room, he found the watchers senseless on the floor, and the corpse sitting bolt upright in his coffin, looking around him, much bewildered. "And he did live many years after that time, — many, many years. My aunt did know him well," said the niece.

Other of her stories were of the sort common to the whole world, — stories of the love, sorrow, tragedy, mystery, which are inwoven in the very warp and woof of human life; the same on the bleak North Sea coast as on bright Southern shores. It seemed, however, a little more desolate to have lived in the sunless North seventy years of such life as had been dealt to one Bergen woman, who had but just passed away. Seventy years she had lived in Bergen, the last thirty alone, with one servant. In her youth she had been

beautiful; and when she was still little more than a child had come to love very dearly the eldest son in a neighbor's house. Their parents were friends; the young people saw each other without restraint, familiarly, fondly, and a great love grew up between them. They were suffered to become betrothed, but for some unassigned reason their marriage was forbidden. For years they bore with strange patience their parents' apparently capricious decision. At last the blow fell. One of the fathers, lying at the point of death, revealed a terrible secret. This faithful betrothed man and woman were own brother and sister. The shame of two homes, the guilt of two unsuspected wrong-doers, was told; the mystery was cleared up, and more than one heart broken. Bitter as was the grief of the two betrothed, who could now never wed, there must have been grief still more terrible in the hearts of those long ago wedded, and so long deceived. The father died as soon as he had confessed the guilty secret. The young man left Norway, and died in some far country. The girl lived on, — lived to be seventy, — alone with her sorrow and disgrace.

Two other Bergen lovers had had better fate. Spite of fathers and mothers who had forbidden them to meet, it fell out for them to be safely married, one night, in the very teeth of the closest watching. The girl was permitted to go, under the escort of a faithful man-servant, to a wedding dance at a friend's house. The man-servant was ordered to stand guard at the door, till the dance was over; if the lover appeared, the girl was to be instantly taken home. Strange oversight, for parents so much in earnest as that, to forget that houses have more than one door! When the mirth was at its height, the girl stole away by the back door, and fled to her lover. At length the dance was over, and the guests were leaving; anxiously the faithful servitor, who had never once left the doorstep, looked for his young mistress. The last guest departed; his mistress did not appear. In great terror he entered; the house was searched in vain; no one knew when she had taken her leave. Trembling, he ran back to the father with the unwelcome news; and both going in hot haste to the lover's house, there they found the two young people sitting gay and happy over cake and wine, with the excellent clergyman who had that very hour made them man and wife.

The old lady had a firm and unalterable belief in ghosts, as indeed she had some little right to have, one was forced to admit, after hearing her stories. "And could you believe that after a man is dead he should be seen again as if he were alive?" said the niece. "My aunt is so sure, so sure she have seen such; also my aunt's sister, they did both did see him."

At one time the two sisters hired a house in Bergen, and lived together. In one of the upper halls stood a small trunk, which had been left there by a sailor, in payment of a debt he had owed to the owner of the house. One day, in broad daylight, there suddenly appeared, before the younger sister, the shape of a man in sailor's dress. He walked toward her, holding out a paper. She spoke to him wonderingly, asking what he wanted. At the sound of her voice he vanished into thin air. She fainted, and was for some weeks seriously ill. A few months later, the same figure appeared in the bedroom of the elder sister (the old lady who told these stories). He came in the night, and approached her bed holding out a white paper in his hands. "My aunt say she could cut the shape in paper like the hat he wore on his head; she did see it so plain to-day as she have seen it then, and it shall be fifty years since he did come by her bed. She was so scared she would not have the trunk of the sailor to stand in the house longer; and after

the trunk had gone away he did come no more to their house."

Another instance of this ghost-seeing was truly remarkable, and not so easily explained by any freak of imagination. Walking, one day, in a public garden, with a friend, she saw coming down the path toward them a singular old woman in a white night-cap and short white bed-gown, — both very dirty. The old woman was tossing her arms in the air, and behaving so strangely that she thought she must be drunk, and turned laughingly to her friend, about to say, "What can be the matter with this old woman?" when, to her surprise, she saw her friend pale, fainting, ready to fall to the ground. She seized her in her arms, called for help, and carried her to a seat. On returning to consciousness, her friend exclaimed, "It was my mother! It was my mother!" The mother had been dead some months, had always worn in her illness this white cotton night-cap and short bed-gown, and had been, it seemed, notoriously untidy.

"Now my aunt did never see that old woman in all her life," continued the niece. "So what think you it was, in that garden, that both them did see the same thing at one time? And my aunt's friend she get so very sick after that, she were sick in bed for a long time. My aunt will believe always she did see the mother's ghost; and she says she have seen a great many more that she never tells to anybody."

All this ghost-seeing has not sobered or saddened the old lady a whit, and she looks the last person in the world to whom sentimental or mischief-making spirits would be likely to address themselves: but there is certainly something uncanny, to say the least of it, in these experiences of hers.

One of the most novel pleasures in Bergen is old-silver hunting. There are shops where old silver is to be bought in abundance and at dear prices: old belts, rings, slides, buttons, brooches, spoons, of quaint and fantastic styles, some of them hundreds of years old. But the connoisseur in old-silver hunting will not confine his search for treasures to the large shops on the thoroughfares. He will roam the city, keeping a sharp eye for little boxes tucked up on walls of houses, far down narrow lanes and by-ways, — little boxes with glass sides, and a silver spoon or two, or an old buckle or brooch, shining through. This is the sign that somewhere in that house he will come on a family that has tucked away in some closet a little box of old silver that they will sell. Often they are workers in silver in a small way; have a counter in the front parlor, and a tiny work-room opening out behind, where they make thin silver spoons with twisted handles, and brooches with dangling disks and crosses, such as all the peasant women wear to-day, and a hundred years hence their grandchildren will be selling to English and American travelers as "old silver." The next century, however, will not gather such treasures as this one; there is no modern silver to compare with the ancient. It is marvelous to see what a wealth of silver the old Norwegians wore: buckles and belts which are heavy, buttons which weigh down any cloak, and rings under which nineteenth-century fingers, and even thumbs, would ache. And the farther back we go the weightier become the ornaments. In the Museum of Northern Antiquities in Copenhagen are necklaces of solid gold, which it seems certain that noble Norwegian women wore in King Olaf's time, — necklaces in shape of a single snake, coiled, so heavy that they are not easily lifted in one hand; bracelets, also of the same snake shape, which a modern wrist could not wear half an hour without pain.

In these out-of-the-way houses where old silver is to be bought one sees often picturesque sights. Climbing up a narrow stairway, perhaps two, you find a door

with the upper half glass, through which you look instantly into the bosom of the family, — children playing, old ladies knitting, women cooking; it seems the last place in the world to come shopping; but at the first glimpse of the foreign face and dress through the window, somebody springs to open the door. They know at once what it means. You want no interpreter to carry on your trade: the words "old silver" and "how much?" are all you need. They will not cheat you. As you enter the room, every member of the family who is sitting will rise and greet you. The youngest child will make its little bow or courtesy. The box of old silver will be brought out and emptied on a table, and you may examine its miscellany as long as you like. If an article pleases you, and you ask its price, it is taken into the work-room to be weighed; a few mysterious Norsk words come back from the weigher, and the price is fixed. If you hesitate at the sum, they will lower it if they can; if not, they will await your departure quietly, with a dignity of hospitable instinct that would deem it an offense to betray any impatience. I had once the good luck to find in one of these places a young peasant woman, who had come with her lover to bargain for the silver-and-gilt crown without which no virtuous Bergen bride will wed. These crowns are dear, costing often from fifty to a hundred dollars. Sometimes they are hired for the occasion; but well-to-do families have pride in possessing a crown which is handed down and worn by generation after generation. These lovers were evidently not of the rich class: they wore the plainest of clothes, and it was easy to see that the prices of the crowns disquieted them. I made signs to the girl to try one of them on. She laughed, blushed, and shook her head. I pressed my entreaties as well as I could, being dumb; but "Oh, do!" is intelligible in all languages, if it is enforced by gesture and appealing look. The old man who had the silver to sell also warmly seconded my request, lifted the crown himself, and set it on the girl's head. Turning redder and redder, she cried, "Ne, ne!" but did not resist; and once the crown was on her head she could not leave off looking at herself in the glass. It was a very pretty bit of human nature. The lover stole up close behind her, shy, but glowing with emotion, reached up, and just touched the crown timidly with one finger: so alike are men in love all the world over and all time through. The look that man's face wore has been seen by the eyes of every wife since the beginning of Eden, and it will last the world out. I slipped away, and left them standing before the glass, the whole family crowding around with a chorus of approving and flattering exclamations. Much I fear she could not afford to buy the crown, however. There was a hopeless regret in her pretty blue eyes. As I left the house I stepped on juniper twigs at the very next door; the sidewalk and the street were strewn thick with them, the symbol of death either in that home, or among its friends. This is one of the most simple and touching of the Norwegian customs: how much finer in instinct and significance than the gloomy streamer of black crape used by the civilization calling itself superior!

The street was full of men and women going to and from the market-place: women with big wooden firkins strapped on their backs, and a firkin under each arm (these firkins were full of milk, and the women think nothing of bringing them in that way five or six miles); men with big sacks of vegetables strapped on in the same way, one above another, almost as high as their heads. One little girl, not nine years old, bore a huge basket of green moss, bigger than herself, lashed on her fragile shoulders. The better class brought their things in little two-wheeled carts, they themselves

mounted up on top of sacks, firkins, and all; or, if the cart were too full, plodding along on foot by its side, just as bent as those who were carrying loads on their back. A Bergen peasant man or woman who stands upright is a rare thing to see. The long habit of carrying burdens on the back has given them a chronic stoop, which makes them all look far older than they are.

The sidewalks were lined with gay displays of fruit, flowers, and wooden utensils. Prettiest among these last were the bright wooden trunks and boxes which no Norwegian peasant will be without. The trunks are painted bright scarlet, with bands and stripes of gay colors; small boxes to be carried in the hand, called *tines* (pronounced teeners), are charming. They are oval, with a high perch at each end like a squirrel trap; are painted bright red, with wreaths of gay flowers on them, and mottoes such as "Not in every man's garden can such flowers grow," or, "A basket filled by love is light to carry." Bowls, wooden plates, and drinking-vessels, all of wood, are also painted in gay colors and designs, many of which seem to have come from Algiers.

Everybody who can sell anything, even the smallest thing, runs, or stands, or squats in the Bergen streets to sell it. Even spaces under high doorsteps are apparently rented for shops, rigged up with a sort of door, and old women sit crouching in them, selling blueberries and dark bread. One man, clad in sheep-skin that looked a hundred years old, I saw trying to sell a bit of sheep-skin nearly as old as that he was wearing; another had a basket with three bunches of wild monkshood, pink spiræa, and blue larkspur, and one small saucer full of wild strawberries; boys carrying one pot with a plant growing in it, or a tub of sour milk, or a string of onions, or bunch of juniper boughs; women sitting on a small butter-tub upside down, their butter waiting sale around them in tubs or bits of newspaper, they knitting for dear life, or sewing patches on ragged garments; other groups of women sitting flat on the stones, surrounded by piles of juniper, moss, green heath, and wreaths made of kinni-kinnick vines, green moss, and yellow flowers. These last were for graves. The whole expression of the scene was of dogged and indomitable thriftiness, put to its last wits to turn a penny and squeeze out a living. Yet nobody appeared discontented; the women looked friendly, as I passed, and smiled as they saw me taking out my note-book to write them down.

The Bergen fish-market is something worth seeing. It is n't a market at all; or, rather, it is a hundred markets afloat and bobbing on water, a hundred or more little boats all crowded in together in an armlet of the sea breaking up between two quays. To see the best of it one must be there betimes in the morning, not later than seven. The quays will be lined with women, each woman carrying a tin coal-scuttle on her arm, to take home her fish in. From every direction women are coming running with tin scuttles swinging on their arms; in Bergen, fish is never carried in any other way. The narrow span of water between the quays is packed as close as it can be with little boats shooting among the sloops and *jagts*, all pushing up to the wharf. The steps leading down to the water are crowded with gesticulating women; screaming and gesticulating women hang over the railings above, beckoning to the fishermen, calling to them, reaching over and dealing them sharp whacks with their tin scuttles, if they do not reply. "Fisherman! I say, fisherman! Do you hear me or not?" they shout. Then they point to one particular fish, and insist on having it handed up to them to examine; if it does not please them, they fling it down with a jerk, and ask for another. The boats were full of fish: silver-skinned herring, mackerel, salmon, eels, and a

small fish like a perch, but of a gorgeous dark red color; others vermilion and white, or iridescent opal, blue, and black; many of them writhing in death, and changing color each second. Every few minutes a new boat would appear darting in, wriggling its way where it had seemed not one boat more could come; then a rush of the women to see what the new boat had brought, a fresh outburst of screams and gesticulations; then a lull and a sinking back to the noisy monotone of the previous chaffering. Some of the boats were rowed by women, — splendid creatures, in gay red bodices and white head-dresses, standing with one foot on the seat, and sculling their little craft in and out, dexterously shoving everybody to make way.

On the wharf were a few dealers with stands and baskets of fish; these were for the poorer people. "Fish that have died do be to be bought there," said my guide, with a shudder and an expressive grimace, "for very little money; it is the poor that take." Here were also great tubs of squirming eels, alive in every inch from tip to tip. "Too small to cook," said one woman, eying them contemptuously; and in a twinkling she thrust her arm into the squirming mass, grasped a dozen or more at once, lifted them out and flirted them into the seller's face, then letting them fall back with a splash into the tub, "H'm, pretty eels those are!" she said. "Put them back into the water with their mothers:" at which a great laugh went up, and the seller muttered something angrily which my guide would not translate for me.

On our way home I stopped to look at a group of peasant women in gay costumes. Two of them were from the Hardanger country, and wore the beautiful white head-dress peculiar to that region: a large triangular piece of fine crimped dimity pinned as closely as a Quaker cap around the face; the two corners then rolled under and carried back over a wooden frame projecting several inches on each side the head; the central point hanging down behind, over the shoulders, — by far the most picturesque of all the Norwegian head-dresses. A gentleman passing by, seeing my interest in these peasant dresses, spoke to the friend who was with me, whom he knew slightly, and said that if the American lady would like to examine one of those peasant costumes he had one which he would be happy to show to me.

The incident is worth mentioning as a fair illustration of the quick, ready, and cordial good-will of which Norwegians are full. Is there any other country in the world where a man would take that sort and amount of trouble for a chance traveler, of whom he knew nothing?

This Norwegian led us to his house, and opened two boxes in which were put away the clothes of his wife, who had been dead two years. This peasant costume which he showed to us she had had made to wear to the last ball she had attended. It was a beautiful costume; strictly national and characteristic, and made of exquisite materials. The belt was of silver-gilded links, with jewels set in them; the buttons for wrists and throat of the white blouse were of solid silver, with gold Maltese crosses hanging from them; the brooches and vest ornaments the same; the stomacher of velvet, embroidered thick with beads and gold; the long white apron with broad lace let in. All were rich and beautiful. It was strange to see the dead woman's adornments thus brought out for a stranger to admire; but it was done with such simplicity and kindliness that it was only touching, as no shadow of disrespect was in it. I felt instantly, like a friend, reverent toward the relics of the woman I had never seen.

One of our pleasantest Bergen days was a day that wound up with a sunset picnic on the banks of a stray bit of sea,

which had gone so far on its narrow roadway east, among hill and meadow and rock, that it was like an inland lake; and the track by which its tides slipped back and forth looked at sunset like little more than a sunbeam, broader and brighter than the rest which were slanting across. We had come to it by several miles' driving to the north and east, over steep and stony hills, up which the road wound in loops, zigzagging back and forth, with superb views out seaward at every turn; at the top, another great sweep of view away from the sea, past a desolate lake and stony moor, to green hills and white mountains in the east. We seemed above everything except the snow-topped peaks. At our feet, to the west, lay the little sunny fjord; green meadows and trees and a handful of houses around it; daisies and clover and tangles of potentilla by the roadside; clumps of ragged robin also, which goes better named in Norway, being called "silken blossom;" mountain ash, larch, maple, and ash trees; bowlders of granite covered with mosses and lichens, bedded on every side, — it was as winning a spot as sun and sea and summer could make anywhere. On the edge of the fjord, lifted a little above it, as on a terrace, was a small white cottage, with a bit of garden, inclosed by white palings, running close to the water. Roses, southernwood, currants, lilacs, cherry-trees, potatoes, and primroses filled it full. We leaned over the paling and looked. An old woman, with knitting in her hand, came quickly out, and begged us to come in and take some flowers. No sooner had we entered the garden than a second old woman came hurrying with scissors to cut the flowers; and in a second more a third old woman with a basket to hold them. It was not easy to stay their hands. Then, nothing would do but we must go into the house and sit down, and see the brothers: two old men, one a clergyman, the other stone blind. "I can English read in my New Testament," said the clergyman, "but I cannot understand." "Yes, to be sure," said the blind brother, echoing him. And it was soon evident to us that it was not only sight of which the old man had been bereft; his wits were gone too; all that he could do now was to echo in gentle iteration every word that his brother or sisters said. "Yes, to be sure," was his instantaneous comment on every word spoken. "I think they are all just a little crazy. I am more happy now that we are away," said my friend, as we departed with our roses. "I do know I have heard that to be crazy is in that family." Crazy or not, they were a very happy family on that sunny terrace, and sane enough to have chosen the loveliest spot to live in within ten miles of Bergen.

Another of our memorable Bergen days was marked by a true Norwegian dinner in a simple Bergen home. "The carriage that shall take you will come at six," the hostess had said. Punctual to the hour it came; red-cheeked Nils and the cheery little ponies. On the threshold we were met by the host and hostess, both saying, "Welcome." As soon as we took our seats at table a toast was offered: "Welcome to the table" (*Welkommen tilbords*). The meal was, as we had requested, a simple Norwegian dinner. First, a soup, with balls made of chicken: the meat scraped fine while it is raw; then pounded to a paste with cream in a marble mortar, the cream added drop by drop, as oil is added to salad dressing; this, delicately seasoned, made into small round balls and cooked in the boiling soup, had a delicious flavor, and a consistency which baffled all our conjecture. Next came salmon, garnished with shreds of cucumber, and with clear melted butter for sauce. Next, chickens stuffed tight with green parsley, and boiled; with these were brought vegetables, raspberry jam, and stewed plums, all delicious. Next, a light omelet, baked in a low oval tin

pan, in which it was brought to the table, the pan concealed in a frame of stiff white dimity with a broad frill embroidered in red. Cheese and many other dishes are served in this way in Norway, adorned with petticoats, or frills of embroidered white stuffs. With this omelet were eaten cherry sweetmeats, with which had been cooked all the kernels from the cracked stones, giving a rare flavor and richness to the syrup. After this, nuts, coffee, and cordials. When the dinner was over, the host and the hostess stood in the doorway, one on either hand; as we passed between them, they bowed to each one, saying, "God be with you." It is the custom of each guest to say, "*Tak fur maden*" (Thanks for the meal). After dinner our hostess played for us Norwegian airs, wild and tender, and at ten o'clock came Nils and the ponies to take us home.

The next day the jagts came in, a sight fine enough to stir one's blood; ten of them sailing into harbor in line, the same as they sailed in Olaf's day, — their prows curling upward, as if they stepped high on the waters from pride, and their single great square sail set on their one mast doggedly across their decks, as if they could compel winds' courses to suit them. They had been only four days running down from Heligoland, ahead of a fierce north wind, which had not so much as drawn breath even night or day, but blown them down flying. A rare piece of luck for the jagts to hit such a wind as that: when the wind faces them, they are sometimes four weeks on the way; for their one great stolid sail amidships, which is all very well with the wind behind it, is no kind of a sail to tack with, or to make headway on a quartering wind. The Vikings must have had a hard time of it, often, manœuvring their stately craft in Mediterranean squalls, and in the Bay of Biscay. One of these jagts bore a fine scarlet silk flag with a yellow crown on it. It was called the king's jagt, because, a year ago, the king had visited it, spent some time on board, and afterward sent this flag as a gift to the captain. We hired an old boatman to row us alongside, and clambered on board up a swinging ladder; then up another ladder, still longer, to the top of the square mountain of salt cod-fish which filled three fourths of the deck. Most of it was to go to Spain, the skipper said, — to Spain and the Mediterranean. "It was well for Norway that there were so many Roman Catholic countries:" no danger of an overstock of the fish market in Europe so long as good Catholics keep Lent every spring and Fridays all the year round. If the Catholics were to be converted, Norway would be plunged into misery. One tenth of her whole population live off, if not on, fish; the value of the fisheries is reckoned at over ten millions of dollars a year. Not a fish goes free on the Norway coast. Even the shark has to give up his liver for oil, from which item alone the Norwegians get about a half million of dollars yearly. The herring, shining, silvery, slippery fellows that they are, are the aristocrats of the Norway waters; the cod is stupid, stays quietly at home on his banks, breeds and multiplies, and waits to be caught year after year in the same places. But the herring shoals are off and on, at capricious pleasure, now here, now there, and to be watched for with unremitting vigilance. Kings' squadrons might come to Norway with less attention than is given to them. Flash, flash, flash, by electric telegraph from point to point all along the Norway shore, is sent like lightning the news of the arrival of their majesties the herring.

Our boatman rowed us across the harbor to the landing at the foot of the market-place. Climbing the steep hill, so steep that the roadway for vehicles zigzags five times across it between bottom and top, we looked back. Four more of

the jagts were coming in, — colors flying, sails taut; six more were in sight, it was said, farther out in the fjord. The harbor was crowded with masts; the gay-colored houses and red roofs and gables of the city on the east side of the harbor stood out in relief against the gray, stony background of the high hill to which they cling. The jagts seemed to change the atmosphere of the whole scene, and set it three centuries back. In the sunset light, they looked as fine and fierce as if they had just brought Sigurd home from Jerusalem.

Another memorable Bergen day was a day at Valestrand, on the island Osteroën. Valestrand is a farm which has been in the possession of Ole Bull's family for several generations, and is still in the possession of Ole Bull's eldest son. It lies two hours' sail north from Bergen, — two hours, or four according to the number of lighters loaded with cotton bales, wood, etc., which the steamer picks up to draw. Steamers on Norway fjords are like country gentlemen who go into the ctiy every day and come out at night, always doing unexpected errands for people along the road. No steamer captain going out from Bergen may say how many times he will stop on his journey, or at what hour he will reach its end: all of which is clear profit for the steamboat company, no doubt, but is worrying to travelers; especially to those who leave Bergen of a morning at seven, as we did, invited to breakfast at Valestrand at nine, and do not see Osteroën's shore till near eleven. People who were not going to Valestrand to breakfast that day were eating breakfast on board, all around us: poor people eating cracknels and dry bread out of baskets; well-to-do people eating sausage, eggs, and coffee, neatly served at little tables on deck, and all prepared in a tiny coop below-stairs, hardly big enough for one person to turn around in. It is an enticing sight always for hungry people to see eating going on; up to a certain point it whets appetite, but beyond that it is both insult and injury.

The harbor of Valestrand is a tiny amphitheatre of shallow water. No big craft can get to the shore. As the steamer comes to a stop opposite it, the old home of Ole Bull is seen on a slope at the head of the harbor, looking brightly out over a bower of foliage to the southern sun. It appears to be close to the water, but, on landing, one discovers that he is still a half hour's walk away from it. A little pathway of mossy stones, past an old boat-house, on whose thatched roof flowering grasses and a young birch-tree were waving, leads up from the water to the one road on the island. Wild pansies, white clover and dandelions, tinkling water among ferns and mosses, along the roadsides, made the way beautiful; low hills rose on either side, softly wooded with firs and birches feathery as plumes; in the meadows peasant men and women making hay, — the women in red jackets and white blouses, a delight to the eye. Just in front of the house is a small, darkly shaded lake, in which there is a mysterious floating island, which moves up and down at pleasure changing its moorings often.

The house is wooden, and painted of a pale flesh color. The architecture is of the light and fantastic order of which so much is to be seen in Norway, — the instinctive reaction of the Norwegian against the sharp, angular, severe lines of his rock-made, rock-bound country; and it is vindicated by the fact that fantastic carvings, which would look trivial and impertinent on houses in countries where nature herself had done more decorating, seem here pleasing and in place. Before the house were clumps of rose-bushes in blossom, and great circles of blazing yellow eschscholtzias. In honor of our arrival, every room had been decorated with flowers and ferns; and clumps of wild pansies in bloom had been set along the steps to

the porch. Ole Bull's own chamber and music-room are superb rooms, finished in yellow pine, with rows of twisted and carved pillars, and carved cornices and beams and panels, all done by Norwegian workmen.

Valestrand was his home for many years, abandoned only when he found one still more beautiful on the island of Lysoen, sixteen miles southwest of Bergen.

A Norwegian supper of trout freshly caught, and smothered in cream, croquettes, salad, strawberries, goat's-milk cheese, with fine-flavored gooseberry wine, served by a Norwegian maid in a white-winged head-dress, scarlet jacket, and stomacher of gay beads, closed our day. As we walked back to the little moss-grown wharf, we found two peasants taking trout from the brook. Just where it dashed foaming under a little foot-bridge, a stake-lined box trap had been plunged deep in the water. As we were passing, the men lifted it out, dripping, ten superb trout dashing about wildly in it, in terror and pain; the scarlet spots on their sides shone like garnet crystals in the sun, as the men emptied them on the ground, and killed them, one by one, by knocking their heads against a stone with a sharp, quick stroke, which could not have been so cruel as it looked.

On our way back to Bergen we passed several little row-boats, creeping slowly along, loaded high with juniper boughs. They looked like little green islands broken loose from their places, and drifting out to sea.

"For somebody's sorrow!" we said thoughtfully, as we watched them slowly fading from sight in the distance; but we did not dream that in so few days the green boughs would have been strewn for the burial of the beloved musician whose home we had just left.

The day of the burial of Ole Bull is a day that will never be forgotten in Bergen. From mothers to children and to children's children will go down the story of the day when from every house in Bergen Norway's flag floated at half-mast, because Ole Bull was dead, and the streets of Bergen for two miles — all the way from the quay to the cemetery — were strewn with green juniper boughs, for the passage of the procession bearing his body in sad triumph to the grave. It must have been a touching sight. Early in the morning a steamer had gone down to Lysoen to receive the body. This steamer on entering the Bergen Fjord was met by fifteen others, all draped in black, to act as its convoy. As the fleet approached the harbor, guns fired from the fort, and answered by the steamers, made peals of echoes rolling away gloriously among the hills. The harbor was crowded with shipping from all parts of the world; every vessel's flag was at half-mast. The quay was covered thick with green juniper, and festoons of green draped its whole front to the very water's edge. Every shop and place of business was shut; the whole population of the city stood waiting, silent, reverent, for the landing of the dead body of the artist who had loved Norway even as well as he loved the art to which his heart and life had been given. While the body was borne from the boat and placed in the high catafalque, a band played national airs of his arranging. Young girls dressed in black bore many of the trophies which had been given to him in foreign countries. His gold crown and orders were carried by distinguished gentlemen of Bergen. As the procession passed slowly along, flowers were showered on the coffin, and tears were seen on many faces, but the silence was unbroken.

At the grave, Norway's greatest orator and poet, Björnstjerne Björnson, spoke a few words of eloquent love and admiration. The grave was made on a commanding spot in the centre of Bergen's old cemetery, in which interments

had been forbidden for many years. This spot, however, had been set apart more than thirty years ago, to be reserved for the interment of some great man. It had been refused to the father and framer of the Norwegian constitution, Christie, whose statue stands in Bergen, but it was offered for Ole Bull; so much more tenderly does the world love artists than statesmen! The grave was lined with flowers and juniper, and juniper and flowers lay thick strewn on the ground for a great space about. After the coffin had been put in the grave, and the relatives had gone away, there was paid a last tribute to Ole Bull, — a tribute more touching and of more worth than the king's letter, the gold crown, all the orders, and the flags of the world at half-mast; meaning more love than the pine-strewn streets of the silent city, and the tears on its people's faces; a tribute from poor peasants, who had come in from the country far and near, men who knew Ole Bull's music by heart, — who, in their lonely, poverty-stricken huts, had been proud of the man who had played their "Gamle Norge" before the kings of the earth. These men were there by hundreds, each bringing a green bough, or a fern, or a flower; they waited humbly till all others had left the grave, then crowded up, and threw in, each man, the only token he had been rich enough to bring. The grave was filled to the brim. And it is not irreverent to say, that to Ole Bull, in heaven, there could come no gladder memory of earth than that the last honors paid him there were wild leaves and flowers of Norway, laid on his body by the loving hands of Norway peasants.

H. H.

FELICISSIMA.

Her hands held all earth's rarest gifts; the best
Is folded in the now eternal rest.

Her lips have pressed the chalice of all bliss;
They smile forever, touched by death's calm kiss.

To charm her ear the sweetest sounds life gave;
At last, the restful silence of the grave.

Upon her eyes dawned love's fair, golden light;
Now falls the shadow of death's long, still night.

She fathomed pain's most sacred mysteries, —
Wan on her breast the flower of beauty lies!

Life, love, and motherhood. What more could be
But death? Ah, God, I would that I were she!

Eliza Calvert Hall.

WHO LOST WATERLOO?

THE interest so generally revived in the life of Napoleon the First, awakened by the publication of the Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat and of Prince Metternich, might be a sufficient apology for a discussion of the subject named at the head of this article. But when it is remembered that the campaign of Waterloo has been studied anew since the advent of the second empire; that it has been thoroughly investigated by those whose aim was not strictly a historical aim, but a partisan aim, who endeavored by the conclusions at which they arrived either to support or to destroy the prestige of the first Napoleon, it may well be admitted to be capable of receiving a more impartial treatment than it has yet obtained, now that political affairs have taken such a turn in France that, for the moment at least, the prestige of the great emperor is not a material factor in public opinion. Add to this that the complete, the overwhelming defeat suffered at Waterloo by such a master of the art of war as Napoleon confessedly was must always awaken curiosity and surprise. It was a total failure, suffered by a man whose genius for war has never been surpassed, and whose experience in war has probably never been equaled. The world is never tired of asking, How did it come about that such a man met such a crushing disaster, such a Waterloo defeat?

Now it is not the object of the present pages to answer this question fully. I have room to deal with only one of the subjects suggested by that question. But this is perhaps the most important one of all: it relates to the failure of Marshal Grouchy, commanding the right wing of the army, either to prevent the Prussians from joining the English, or to join, himself, the main army under the emperor. It will generally be admitted that Napoleon had a force sufficient to defeat the motley army under the Duke of Wellington, had Grouchy prevented the Prussians from uniting with it. He would have been able to use against it the 16,000 men with which he kept the Prussians at bay all the afternoon. It may fairly be contended that if the two corps under Grouchy had reinforced the main army they would at least have averted the rout of the French army, even if the Prussians had joined the English. But Grouchy neither prevented the union of the allies, nor did he join his master. Wellington and Blücher effected an unopposed junction of their forces, and overwhelmed the unassisted army of Napoleon. Grouchy, in fact, was, at the critical moment, some seven or eight miles off, on the other side of the Prussians.

Naturally enough, a controversy arose out of this state of things. It has lasted down to our time, and cannot yet be said to be closed. The emperor and his friends have laid the blame of the loss of the battle upon Grouchy; the marshal and his friends have maintained that he obeyed faithfully the orders of the emperor. Grouchy's cause has been taken up by those French historians who, like Charras and Quinet, wrote during the second empire with a view of exploding what they termed "*la légende napoléonienne;*" and also by Colonel Chesney in his able Waterloo Lectures, General Shaw-Kennedy, and others. Napoleon's side of the question has been maintained not only by Thiers, but by several other writers, of more authority, though of less repute. The whole matter has been treated with a great deal too much of heat and partisan feeling. It is possible, I think, to arrive at a more correct conclusion than any to be found

in the books, and I trust that the discussion may prove not uninteresting.

What, then, are the facts in regard to this celebrated controversy?

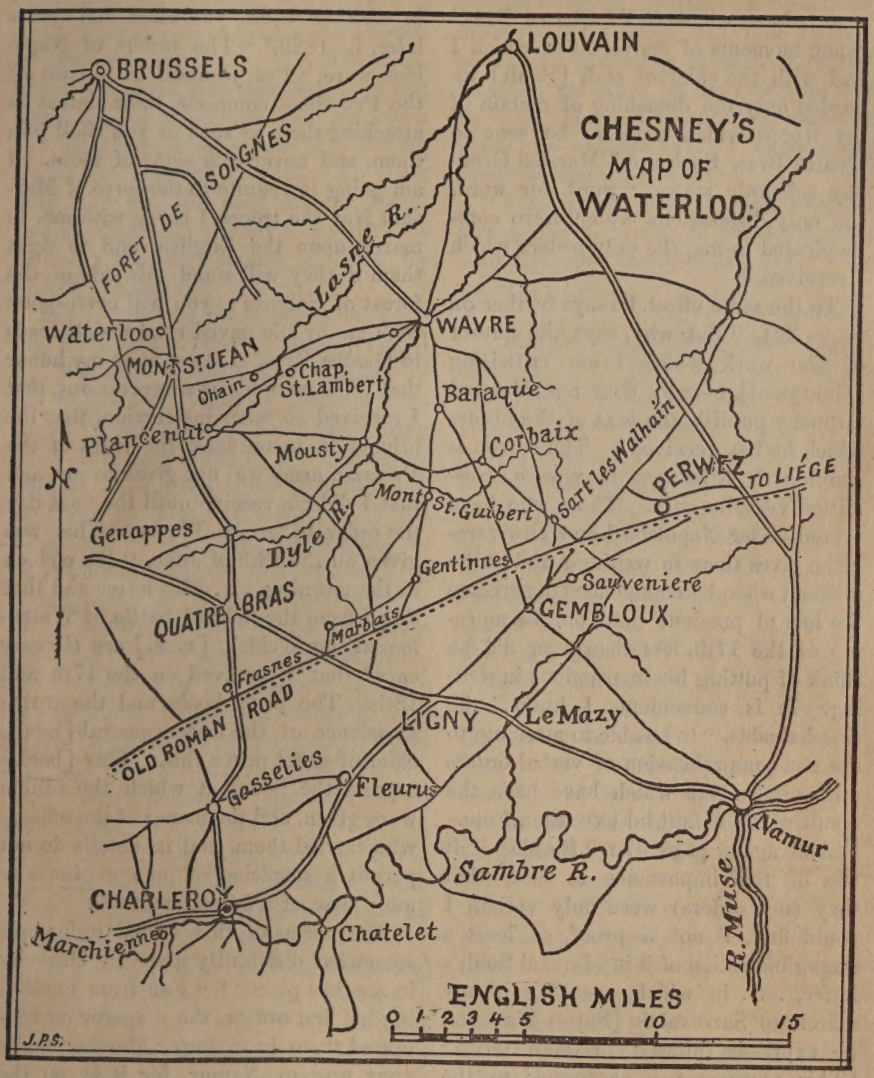
The emperor invaded Belgium on June 15, 1815. He divided his army into three portions: intrusting to Ney the left wing, consisting of the first and second corps, to Grouchy the right wing, consisting of the third and fourth corps, and retaining the sixth corps and the guard under his own immediate control. Orders, which it is not necessary to quote here, were issued on the morning of the 16th, the day on which were fought the battles of Ligny and Quatre Bras, giving to each of these marshals the charge of these wings of the army.

Napoleon's object in the campaign was to separate the allied armies, and beat them in detail. Their cantonments extended over a hundred miles of ground from east to west, and forty from north to south; and, speaking generally, the English were to the westward and the Prussians to the eastward of the great turnpike which runs north from Charleroi to Brussels. There was a fine road running from Namur northwest to Nivelles and Braine-le-Comte, which crossed the turnpike at Quatre Bras. The English base of operations was the sea, — say, at Ostend and Antwerp; the Prussian on the Lower Rhine, in the direction of Namur and Liége.

Having, on the 16th, beaten the Prussians at Ligny, and, by the action fought by Ney at Quatre Bras, prevented the English from joining them, the emperor had so far succeeded. He thought it probable that the Prussians would retreat on their base; that is, towards Namur or Liége. The capture at five in the morning of the 17th of some cannon and prisoners near Le Mazy, on the Namur road, by General Pajol, of the cavalry, confirmed this view. Now the emperor's plan was to move at once against the English in the direction of Brussels, and it would not do to allow the Prussian army, at or near Namur, to reorganize and attack his communications. Therefore, although by no means certain that the Prussians had fallen back in this direction, he deemed it wise to send his whole right wing in pursuit of them, and push them vigorously. We can hardly suppose that if he had thought it more likely that the Prussians would retreat to the north and unite with the English, he would have thus divided his army. There would have been no reason for such a course. If, however, the Prussians should retire to the eastward, and seek to rally and return upon the French communications, while the emperor was manœuvring or fighting near Brussels, the 34,000 men under Marshal Grouchy would be none too many, and yet might be enough to answer the purpose of delay. At the same time, it was certainly possible that Blücher might not retreat in the direction of his base, and so separate himself from the English, but might, on the contrary, seek to join Wellington, and try the fate of another battle. And of this possibility it was of course necessary to warn Marshal Grouchy, so that he might, in this event, operate so as to keep the Prussians separated from the English.

That the defeated Prussians should have been pushed the night of the battle, and the direction of their retreat ascertained, no one can deny. Some writers lay blame on Grouchy for this oversight; but to my mind the emperor and Soult, his chief of staff, are much more to be blamed. No one went out in search of the enemy but Pajol, with two regiments; and whether he was sent, or went of his own motion, does not clearly appear.

The next morning, also, the 17th, the emperor wasted, undoubtedly, a great deal of time. However, near noon, Napoleon gave Grouchy a verbal order to take his two corps (the third and fourth) of Generals Vandamme and Gérard, and the cavalry of Generals Pajol and Exel-



mans, and put himself in pursuit of Marshal Blücher. And here it is important to ascertain what Grouchy's orders actually were. Grouchy himself made, in 1819, the following statement:[1] —

"I told him [Napoleon]," says Grouchy (page 12), "that the Prussians had commenced their retreat the evening before, at ten o'clock," and so forth. "These observations," he goes on to state, "were not well received. He repeated to me the order which he had given me, adding that it was for me to discover the route taken by Marshal Blücher; that he was going to fight the English; that I ought to complete the defeat of the Prussians in attacking them as soon as I should have joined them; and that I should correspond with him by the paved road which leads from a point

[1] Observations sur la Relation de la Campagne de 1815, publiée par le Général Gourgaud; et Réfutation de Quelques-unes des Assertions d'Autres écrits relatifs à la Bataille de Waterloo. Par le Comte de Grouchy. A Paris. 1819.

near where we were to Quatre Bras.[1] Some moments of conversation which I had with the chief of staff [Soult] regarded only the detaching of certain of my troops which were to be sent to Quatre Bras. Such are," Marshal Grouchy solemnly states, "word for word, the only dispositions which were communicated to me, the only orders which I received."

To the same effect, he says further on (page 30), "But why, says the author of the work which I am criticising [Gourgaud], — why does not Marshal Grouchy publish the text of the orders which he has received? The reason is simple. It is because they were transmitted verbally only. Those who have served under Napoleon know how rarely he gives them in writing; and at the moment when he commenced to perceive the loss of precious time, on the morning of the 17th, less than ever did he think of putting his instructions in writing. It is convenient, I know," the marshal adds, "to be able to attribute to the non-comprehension of verbal orders false movements which have been the result of their faithful execution," etc.

And again, page 31: "Besides, if it was of real importance to show that they (my orders) were only verbal, I could find, if not a proof, at least a strong indication of it in Marshal Soult's letter, . . . in which, speaking of my march to Sarravalain [Sart-à-Walhain] he expresses himself in these terms: 'This movement is conformed to the dispositions which have been communicated to you.' He would not have failed to say, 'to the orders which I have transmitted to you,' or 'to which you were subject,' if I had received any save verbal orders."

With equal emphasis Grouchy states in another work, published ten years later, in 1829,[2] "The orders of Napoleon were, 'Put yourself in pursuit of the Prussians, complete their defeat in attacking them as soon as you shall join them, and never lose sight of them. I am going to reunite to the corps of Marshal Ney the troops I carry with me, to march upon the English, and to fight them if they will stand this side of the forest of Soignes; you will correspond with me by the paved road which leads to Quatre Bras.' I attest upon my honor that these were his own expressions, that I received no other instruction, that the injunction to outflank the right of the Prussian army was not given to me, and that I did not receive until the next day the order to go to Wavre. This was given on the 18th of June, at ten o'clock in the morning. . . . This letter and that dated from the field of battle of Waterloo, at one o'clock, [P. M.] are *the only ones*[3] that I received on the 17th and 18th. The order-book and the correspondence of the major-general [Soult, chief of staff] prove this. This [book] reports the hours at which the orders were given, and the names of the officers who carried them, and its details do not permit a suspicion of an omission any more than of a misstatement."

The terms of this verbal order are somewhat differently given by Grouchy in another place:[4] "Far from modifying his first orders, the emperor corroborated them in saying, 'Marshal, make your way to Namur, for it is on the Meuse that, according to all probability, the Prussians are retiring; it is therefore in this direction that you will find them, and in which you ought to march.'"

In these verbal orders not only is there not a single word about a possible intention on the part of the Prussians to

[1] This implied that Grouchy's movement was to be on this road, which, as I have said, runs from Quatre Bras to Namur.

[2] Fragments Historiques relatifs à la Campagne de 1815, et à la Bataille de Waterloo. Par le Général Grouchy. Lettre à Messieurs Méry et Barthélemy. Paris: Firmin Didot Frères. 1829. Pages 4, 5, and note.

[3] The italics are mine.

[4] Le Maréchal de Grouchy en 1815, page 21. Mémoires, vol. iv. p. 47.

unite with the English, but there is a distinct injunction to take a southeasterly course in pursuit of the Prussians, which would indicate that Napoleon had made up his mind that the Prussians had no thought whatever of effecting a junction with the English. To show that this was the only idea in Napoleon's mind was plainly the object of Grouchy's narrative, and of these repeated declarations.

But in spite of these persistent denials, there *was* a written order, dictated by Napoleon himself, and written, in the absence of Soult, by General Bertrand (which fact accounts for a copy of it not being found in the archives of Marshal Soult, the chief of staff), and received by Marshal Grouchy on the afternoon of the 17th. According to some authorities,[1] it first appeared in a biography of Marshal Grouchy by a M. Pascallet,[2] in 1842 (page 79). It is also cited [3] from a work entitled Relation Succincte de la Campagne de 1815, en Belgique, Pièces et Documents Officiels Inédits, Paris, Delanchy, 1843. At this time the marshal was still living. Nevertheless, it was not known to Siborne, who wrote in 1844, or to Van Loben Sels, who wrote in 1849; still less to the Count Gérard, who carried on his celebrated controversy with Grouchy in 1830. Charras, however, with his exhaustive research, discovered it, and published it in his History in 1858. It appears, also, in a small work published in 1864, some years after Grouchy's death, by one of his sons, the Marquis de Grouchy,[4] and it is repeated in the elaborate Memoirs [5] of the marshal, published by the marquis's son in 1874. There is therefore no question about its authenticity. I quote from these last-named works: —

"Finally, and as if to take away all doubt, Grouchy received about the same hour from the emperor the order written below: —

"LIGNY, *June* 17, 1815.[6]

"March to Gembloux with Pajol's cavalry. . . . You will explore in the direction of Namur and Maestricht, and you will pursue the enemy; explore his march, and instruct me as to his movements, so that I can find out what he is intending to do. I am carrying my head-quarters to Quatre Bras, where the English still were this morning. Our communication will then be direct, by the paved road of Namur. If the enemy has evacuated Namur, write to the general commanding the second military division at Charlemont to cause Namur to be occupied by some battalions of the National Guard and some batteries of cannon which he will organize at Charlemont. He will give the command to some general officer.

"*It is important to find out what Blücher and Wellington are intending to do, and if they purpose to reunite their armies to cover Brussels and Liége in trying the fate of a battle.*[7] In all cases, keep constantly your two corps of infantry united in a league of ground,

[1] Napoléon à Waterloo. Paris: Dumaine. 1866. Page 199, note; page 238, section 4.

[2] Pascallet's work is a popular biography of Marshal Grouchy, and quite eulogistic of him. It is not unlikely that the old marshal sent him all his papers, and that among them he found this Bertrand letter, and, naturally enough, published it. After this, it was of course impossible to conceal it longer. The title of the book is Notice Biographique sur M. le Maréchal Marquis de Grouchy, Pair de France, avec des Eclaircissemens et des Détails Historiques sur la Campagne de 1815 dans le Midi de la France, et sur la Bataille de Waterloo. Par M. E. Pascallet, Fondateur et Rédacteur en chef de la Revue Générale Biographique, Politique, et Littéraire.

[3] Pajol, Général en Chef. Paris: Dumaine. 1874. Vol. iii. p. 215.

[4] Le Maréchal de Grouchy du 16 au 19 Juin, 1815. Avec Documents Historiques Inédits et Réfutation de M. Thiers. Par le Général de Division, Sénateur Marquis de Grouchy. Paris: Dentu. 1864. Page 26.

[5] Mémoires du Maréchal de Grouchy. Par le Marquis de Grouchy, Officier d'Etat Major. Paris: Dentu. 1874. Tome iv. p. 50.

[6] The hour is given as towards three o'clock, but this must be an error, as Napoleon was not at Ligny at that time, but at Quatre Bras. The hour is not given in Pascallet's text, nor in Delanchy's, and is, without doubt, an unauthorized interpolation.

[7] The italics are mine.

having several avenues of retreat, and post detachments of cavalry intermediate between us, in order to communicate with head-quarters.

"Dictated by the emperor in the absence of the chief of staff.

(Signed) The Grand Marshal,
BERTRAND."

It seems impossible that Marshal Grouchy should in 1819 have forgotten this dispatch. There is not, however, in the memoirs written by his son and grandson, a single word of explanation of the absolute denials by the marshal, which we have just read, of the existence of any such order.[1] However we may account for it, this order remained concealed or forgotten for nearly thirty years.

Let us examine its contents for a moment. Grouchy is at first ordered to Gembloux; he is next told to explore in the direction of Namur, the route which the emperor thought it very likely the Prussians would take, and to push the enemy if they are retreating on that road. It is then urged upon him that he must discover what they are proposing to do, and the text given by Charras[2] and by Pascallet,[3] which varies a little from that given in the Grouchy Memoirs, puts the alternative with even more clearness: "It is important to find out what the enemy is intending to do: *whether he is separating himself from the English*, or whether they are *intending still to unite* to cover Brussels and Liége in trying the fate of a *new* battle."[4]

Liége is coupled with Brussels in this connection simply as an alternative supposition: if Brussels was to be covered, the Prussians must unite with the English; if Liége was to be covered, the English must join the Prussians. This suggestion, therefore, does not in the least injure the point of the injunction, which is to prevent the union of the allied armies, if they are seeking to effect a union; otherwise, to push the Prussians as far to the east as he could.

Now, as the Prussians, if they were going to unite with the English at all, would be obliged to do so on the right of Napoleon's army, and as he had ordered his whole right wing, with plenty of cavalry, to find out what they were proposing to do, and had said *in so many words* that they might be intending to unite with the English to cover Brussels in trying the fate of another battle, the emperor, one would think, had a right to dismiss the subject from his mind. It is inexplicable to me how Colonel Chesney[5] can say, immediately after quoting the clause of which I am speaking, "Such was the tenor of this important letter, which serves to show two things only: that Napoleon was now uncertain of the line of Blücher's retreat, and that he judged Gembloux a good point to move Grouchy on, in any case." To my mind, while the letter undoubtedly shows these two things, it shows a third thing quite as clearly,

[1] No notice seems to have been taken by Chesney of this extraordinary circumstance. He was too much interested, apparently, in exposing the mistakes made by Napoleon (who was endeavoring at St. Helena to recollect almost alone and unassisted, the details of the campaign, and of course made mistakes) to turn his attention to the willful concealment by Grouchy of this most important paper.

[2] Histoire de la Campagne de 1815. Waterloo. Par le Lieutenant-Colonel Charras. Fifth edition. Leipzig. Vol. i. p. 241. The first edition of this valuable work was published in 1857 or 1858.

[3] Page 80.

[4] The order, as printed in Le Maréchal de Grouchy en 1815, page 27, and in the Mémoires du Maréchal Grouchy, page 51, does not contain the words in italics. They appear, however, in a citation from the order in an Allocution said to have been addressed by the marshal to his officers on the morning of the 19th. Le Maréchal de Grouchy en 1815, page 118; Mémoires, page 292. They are undoubtedly genuine. The italics are mine.

[5] Waterloo Lectures: A Study of the Campaign of 1815. By Colonel Charles C. Chesney, R. E., late Professor of Military Art and History in the Staff College. Third edition. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1874. Page 152.

namely, that he foresaw the possibility of the junction of the allied armies, and warned Grouchy to prevent it.

That evening Grouchy got only as far as Gembloux. From that place he wrote to the emperor an important letter, dated ten P. M., in which he uses this language: —

"It appears, according to all the reports, that, arrived at Sauvenières, the Prussians divided into two columns: one has taken the road to *Wavre*, in passing by Sart-à-Walhain; the other column seems to be directed on *Perwez*.[1]

"One can perhaps infer from this that a portion is going to join Wellington, and that the centre, which is the army of Blücher, is retiring on Liége; another column, with artillery, having retreated on Namur, General Exelmans has the order to push this evening six squadrons on Sart-à-Walhain, and three squadrons on Perwez.

"*According to their report, if the mass of the Prussians retires on Wavre, I shall follow it in that direction, in order that they may not be able to gain Brussels, and to separate them from Wellington.*

"*If, on the contrary, my information proves that the principal force of the Prussians has marched on Perwez, I shall direct myself by that city in pursuit of the enemy.*"[2]

This dispatch first appeared in Count Gérard's Dernières Observations,[3] published in 1830, and is a most important one. The *mass* of the Prussians, says Grouchy, are retiring in *one of two* directions, and I shall soon know in *which*. They are going either *east*, by way of *Perwez*, *separating* themselves from the English, or *north*, by way of *Wavre*, *towards* the English. If the latter, I shall follow them in that direction, so that they may not gain Brussels, and to separate them from Wellington. If, on the other hand, they have gone to Perwez, I shall pursue them by that city. If this dispatch was the one actually sent by Grouchy to the emperor, what wonder if the latter[4] thought that Grouchy had thoroughly comprehended his instructions, contained in the Bertrand letter, to find out whether the Prussians were going to separate from the English, or to unite with them and fight another battle for the defense of Brussels!

But the Grouchy Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 58 (also the Maréchal de Grouchy en 1815, pages 37, 194), give a different reading: "If I learn by the reports, which I hope will come to me during the night, that strong masses of Prussians are going to Wavre, I shall follow them in this direction, and shall attack them as soon as I shall have joined them." And the sentence stating his intention of marching on Perwez, if he finds that the mass of the enemy have gone in that direction, is entirely omitted.

It seems to me altogether probable that this last version is a willful alteration of the correct text. Charras was one of the most accurate of writers; he gives the other text.[5] No one can suppose the Count Gérard to have falsified the text; he gives it differently from the Grouchys. In fact, no one[6] has followed the Grouchy text. It may appear harsh to say so, but the temptation to expunge from a dispatch of Marshal Grouchy's, written on the 17th, the expression of an intention of so manœuvring the next day, in case the bulk of the Prussians are going to Wavre, as to

[1] The italics are mine.

[2] The italics are mine.

[3] Dernières Observations sur les Opérations de l'Aile Droite de l'Armée Française à la Bataille de Waterloo, en Réponse à M. le Marquis de Grouchy. Par le Général Gérard, Député de la Dordogne. Paris. 1830. Page 15.

[4] Cf. Siborne, vol. i. pp. 298, 375, 381.

[5] Charras, vol. i. p. 244, 5th ed.

[6] Chesney, 3d ed., p. 153. Siborne's History of the War in France and Belgium in 1815, 2d ed., vol. i. p. 297, London, 1844. Napoléon à Waterloo, par un Ancien Officier de la Garde Impériale, Paris, 1866, pages 220, 243. Quinet, Histoire de la Campagne de 1815, Paris, 1862, page 430. De la Tour d'Auvergne, Waterloo: Etude de la Campagne de 1815, Paris, 1870, page 231.

separate them from Wellington seems to have been too strong to be resisted. Not that this intention of the marshal's was a wrong one; on the contrary, nothing could have been more correct, more clearly in accordance with the demands of the situation. Wellington was on the Brussels turnpike, followed by the emperor. If the mass of the Prussians had retired upon Wavre, it was plainly with the view of joining the duke; and in that case the one thing for Grouchy to do was to try to prevent them from carrying out this plan, — to follow them in the "direction" of *Wavre*, as distinguished from the "direction" of *Perwez*, and to manœuvre so as to separate them from Wellington. Nothing, we repeat, could possibly have been better than this. But Grouchy did not, the next day, even attempt this task.[1] Although he found out before daybreak that the mass of the Prussians had retreated on Wavre, he kept himself *outside* of them, so to speak, and not *between* them and the Brussels pike; and, instead of trying to separate them from Wellington, pushed them, by advancing on Wavre, nearer to the English army. This he did, he says in his justification, because his *only* orders were to pursue them and attack them as soon as he should have caught up with them. Hence, as we suspect, the alteration[2] of his dispatch: "I shall attack them as soon as I shall have caught up with them," instead of, "I shall try to separate them from Wellington."

But while this alteration of this dispatch might perhaps have served the purpose of preserving Grouchy's consistency if the Bertrand order had never been brought to light, it cannot do so now. For now that we know that the emperor did not (as Grouchy maintained for nearly thirty years) content himself with a mere verbal order to pursue the Prussians and attack them as soon as he should have found them, but did, besides, warn him in a written order that they might attempt to unite with the English in trying the fate of another battle to cover Brussels, the accepted text of Grouchy's report to the emperor fits in perfectly with the emperor's warning. If they are going to Wavre, Grouchy says, they are of course going to unite with the English, and I will try to prevent this junction.

This dispatch reached Napoleon about midnight, at his bivouac before the English army. Grouchy told the officer who carried it to bring back a reply. But such was the carelessness of the emperor and Soult[3] that none was returned. No reply was written till ten o'clock the next morning. Yet the emperor believed, was almost certain, that he was to fight the duke the next day. Why he did not order Grouchy to march at daybreak to join him by the bridge of Mousty, or at any rate to occupy that bridge and the defiles of the Lasne beyond it; or at least why he did not take the trouble to say in so many words to Grouchy that if the mass of the Prussians was at Wavre, he, Grouchy, must be at the earliest moment between Wavre and the main army under the emperor, and in close communication with him, cannot be explained. Perhaps he thought, as he had certainly good reason to think from the marshal's dispatches to him, that he would do this without further instructions; but the emperor's negligence in this regard cannot be defended. "It was a grievous fault, and grievously hath Cæsar answered it."

Grouchy, who was up all night getting in the reports of his cavalry and

[1] Cf. Siborne, vol. i. pp. 318, 319.

[2] I am not aware of this altered version appearing in print till the year 1864, which was some seventeen years after Grouchy's death, when it was inserted in Le Maréchal de Grouchy en 1815, page 37; see also page 194.

[3] It is probable that Soult was not well suited for the position of chief of staff. He had been for years the *commander of an army*, and had had a chief of staff of his own. He was certainly unable to supply the place of Berthier, who had been the emperor's chief of staff in all his campaigns, but had, unfortunately, left France with the king

finding out the whereabouts of the Prussians, wrote two other dispatches to the emperor, one at two A. M., and the other at three A. M.; but the former of these has been lost. The emperor states in his St. Helena narrative that in the first of these dispatches Grouchy said he was going to start from Gembloux at daybreak, and to march to Wavre.[1] Grouchy begins his three-o'clock dispatch by saying,[2] "All my reports and information confirm that the enemy is retiring on Brussels, there to concentrate, or to deliver battle after being united to Wellington." He goes on to say, "I go this moment to Sart-à-Walhain, whence I shall proceed to Corbaix and Wavre."

I leave to Charras[3] the task of pointing out the error which the marshal committed in moving by way of Sart-à-Walhain upon Wavre. He should, as Charras demonstrates, have marched at daybreak on Mousty,[4] there crossing the Dyle, and thus approaching the emperor, and moving towards Wavre or St. Lambert, as might be thought best. This opinion derives all the more force from the well-known conclusion of Charras that had Grouchy done all this, — "had he,"[5] on the 18th, "marched sooner and manœuvred as the circumstances and the rules of strategy indicated, the disaster of Waterloo would have been neither less sure nor less complete." Charras is therefore a better authority on the question of what Grouchy ought to have done than those (like Gérard, for instance) whose judgments may be biased by their regrets at what they consider might have been and was not *accomplished* by him.

Although the sun rises at Brussels on the 18th of June at twelve minutes before four A. M., Grouchy did not succeed in getting his two corps started till seven and eight o'clock respectively! By eleven o'clock the corps of Vandamme, which was in the advance, had passed Sart-à-Walhain, about four miles from Gembloux. Gérard's corps was approaching the village. No reconnaissances whatever appear to have been made on the left of the column. The marshal sent off another dispatch[6] to the emperor, dated eleven o'clock. He says that the first, second, and third corps of Blücher are marching in the direction of Brussels; that a corps coming from Liége (Bülow's) has effected a junction with those who have fought at Fleurus (Ligny); that "some of the Prussians whom I have before me are directing themselves towards the plain of the Chyse, situated near the road of Louvain, and at two and one half leagues from this city." "It would seem," he goes on to state, "that this is with the intention of concentrating there, or of fighting the troops which pursue them, or finally of reuniting with Wellington, a project announced by their officers, who, with their customary bravado, pretend that they only quitted the field of battle on the 16th with the view of effecting a junction with the English army on Brussels.

"This evening I shall be massed at Wavre, and shall thus find myself between Wellington, whom I presume to be in retreat before your majesty, and the Prussian army."

From the last part of this dispatch it looks as if Grouchy thought that the Prussians were concentrating at or near Louvain. One certainly cannot comprehend how else he can say that by taking position at Wavre he would be separating the Prussians from the English.

But in half an hour after this dispatch was written he heard the cannon of Waterloo. This of course exploded his

[1] But see Obs. sur la Camp. de 1815, pages 88, 89, where Grouchy doubts having written this in this dispatch.

[2] Le Maréchal de Grouchy en 1815, page 46. Grouchy Mémoires, vol. iv. p. 65.

[3] Charras, vol. ii. pp. 57 et seq., 5th ed.

[4] There was another bridge at Ottignies, about half a mile north of Mousty, which would have been available.

[5] Charras, vol. ii. p. 65, 5th ed.

[6] Le Maréchal de Grouchy en 1815, page 54. Grouchy Mémoires, vol. iv. p. 71.

belief that the English were *retreating* before the emperor, and no doubt also convinced him that the Prussians were not thinking of "the plain of the Chyse," but were, on the contrary, going to join the English from Wavre as fast as they could. Why, under these circumstances, he refused the counsel of Gérard, who urged him to march straight to the sound of the cannon, it is hard to conjecture. His son tells us[1] that his father did not find the advice so bad in itself, but the form employed to present it was objectionable. The fact was that Grouchy had had constant trouble with both Gérard and Vandamme; his report to the emperor is full of complaints against them for repeated acts of disobedience;[2] and I think it very possible that the advice of Gérard was proffered (as Grouchy himself says) in a form very offensive to his superior, and that this really did materially influence the latter in deciding against it.

As to the results of this movement had it been attempted, the authorities differ. Charras,[3] who thinks it should have been tried, says it would have done no good. Chesney,[4] however, admits that one, or perhaps two, of the Prussian corps might have been stopped by Grouchy. I have not the time to go into this subject, but I am inclined to think that if Grouchy had so marched at noon the battle of Waterloo would have been a drawn battle, with the chances for the next day largely in favor of the allies, with their superior numbers. To produce a favorable result for Napoleon, Grouchy should have marched in the direction of Wavre by way of Mousty the instant he was sure that the Prussians were not going east, but were going north to unite with the English; that is, at daybreak, at four A. M. If he had done this, he would have joined Napoleon by noon, the Prussians would have been checked at St. Lambert, and the emperor would have defeated the duke's army by three o'clock in the afternoon, in all probability.

We are now, I believe, in possession of all the material facts which could have influenced Marshal Grouchy in his movements upon Wavre on the 17th and 18th days of June, 1815. We have seen that he declared at first that the emperor did not, on the 17th, give him any written order; that his verbal instructions said not a word about the possibility of a junction of the Prussians with the Duke of Wellington, but indicated that the Prussians had retreated in the direction of Namur.

We have seen, however, that, finally, in the course of many years, his written order, the Bertrand letter, was made public, and that in that letter the emperor did clearly warn him of a possible reunion of the two armies with the intention of fighting another battle to cover Brussels (or Liége, as the case might be). We have seen that in his first dispatch, dated from Gembloux, written, as it were, in reply to this, he assured the emperor that if the mass of the Prussians was retreating east he should follow it by way of Perwez; but if it was falling back to Wavre, he should follow it in that direction, so as to prevent their gaining Brussels and to separate them from Wellington. We have seen that on the receipt of this the emperor carelessly, but perhaps naturally, seems to have considered that the marshal comprehended the situation, and sent him no more dispatches till the one dated ten in the morning of the battle, which did not reach him till after four P. M., and of which we are soon to speak; and that Grouchy, having found out before daybreak that the Prussians were retiring on Brussels, yet, instead of approaching the emperor, and trying to get between the Prussians and the

[1] Le Maréchal de Grouchy en 1815, page 59.

[2] Ibid., pages 84–87, 92.

[3] Charras, vol. ii. p. 66, 5th ed.

[4] Chesney, page 201, 3d ed., where he cites the opinions of Jomini, Clausewitz, Müffling, etc. Siborne, 2d ed., vol. i. pp. 320–323, gives a good statement of what Grouchy might have accomplished.

English, persisted, in spite of Gérard's advice, in marching on Wavre by exterior lines of operation, thereby putting the Prussian army between himself and the forces contending at Waterloo.

But Marshal Grouchy alleges that, after all, the emperor made exactly the same mistake that he did, if mistake it was. For in a dispatch dated the 18th, at ten A. M., and signed by Soult, *he is told to direct his movements on Wavre, where he ought to arrive as soon as possible.* In fact, Grouchy sets up this dispatch in his own defense, in his report [1] to the emperor. And though this dispatch was not received by him until four o'clock in the afternoon, which was of course too late to be of any use, he urges, and with great apparent force, that had he seen this dispatch at the moment it was penned he would not have been justified in doing anything else than what he actually did. Let us, however, hear the whole dispatch: [2] —

EN AVANT DE LA FERME DE CAILLOU, le 18 *Juin*, 1815, à dix heures du matin.

MONSIEUR LE MARÉCHAL, — The emperor has received your last report, dated from Gembloux.

You speak to his majesty of only two Prussian columns which have passed at Sauvenières and Sart-à-Walhain. Nevertheless, reports say that a third column, which was a pretty strong one, has passed by Gery and Gentinnes, directed on Wavre.

The emperor instructs me to tell you that at this moment his majesty is going to attack the English army, which has taken position at Waterloo, near the forest of Soignes. Thus his majesty desires that you will direct your movements on Wavre, in order to approach us, to put yourself in the sphere [*en rapport*] of our operations, and keep up your communications with us; pushing before you those troops of the Prussian army which have taken this direction, and which may have stopped at Wavre, where you ought to arrive as soon as possible.

You will follow the enemy's columns, which are on your right, by some light troops, in order to observe their movements and pick up their stragglers. Instruct me immediately of your dispositions and of your march, as also of the news which you have of the enemy, and do not neglect to keep up your communications with us. The emperor desires to have news from you very often.

(Signed) The Marshal Duke of Dalmatia.

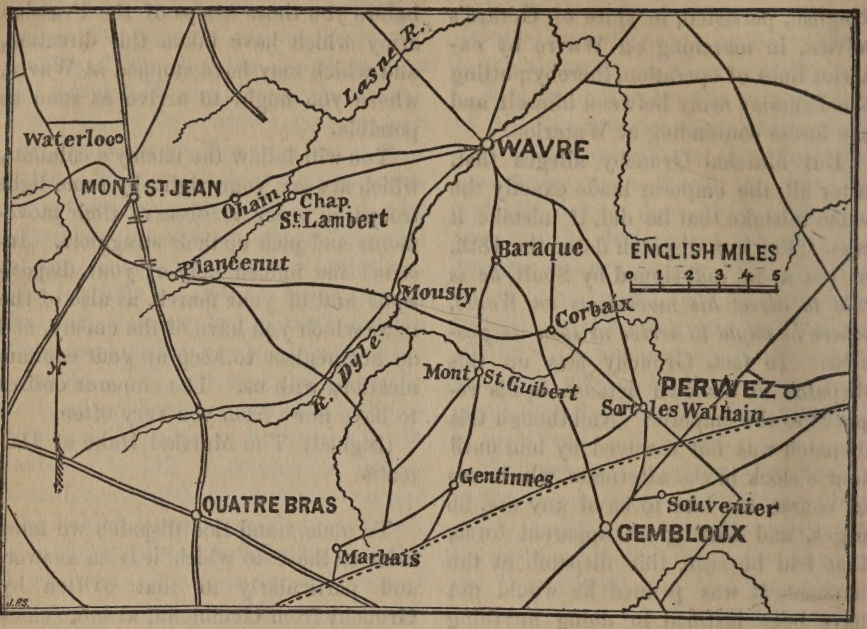
To understand this dispatch we must refer to those to which it is an answer, and particularly to that written by Grouchy from Gembloux, at ten o'clock the night before. In that he says, as will be remembered, "If the mass of the Prussians retires on *Wavre*, I shall follow it *in that direction*, in order that they may not be able to gain Brussels and to separate them from Wellington. If, on the contrary, my information proves that the principal force of the Prussians has marched on *Perwez*, I shall direct myself *by this city* in pursuit of the enemy."

Now Soult, having, doubtless, this letter before him when he wrote, simply says, Do not take *Perwez* direction; take the *Wavre* direction, *so as* to approach us.[3] It not only did not follow from this that Grouchy was to march upon Wavre on the right bank of the Dyle, but, on the contrary, as he was to direct his movements on Wavre *in order* to approach the main army and to put himself "within the sphere of its operations," *it was necessary* for him to operate on the left bank of the river. It was certainly the leading thought of this

[1] Le Maréchal de Grouchy en 1815, page 64. Mémoires, vol. iv. p. 79.

[2] Le Maréchal de Grouchy en 1815, page 81; Mémoires, vol. iv. p. 319. See also Chesney, pages 206, 222, 3d ed.; Kennedy's Battle of Waterloo, page 161.

[3] Cf. Siborne, vol. i. p. 380, note, 2d ed.



letter that Grouchy was to come within speaking distance of the main army. For him to quote this letter as justifying him in his exterior movement upon Wavre, on the right bank of the river, without any sort of communication with the emperor, is, we submit, to distort its meaning. If he could have read it in the light of the facts before him at the time it was written, it is apparent that he could not have obeyed it unless he should cross the Dyle at Mousty, communicate directly with the emperor, and operate against Wavre in communication with and conjunction with the main army, so as to be between them and the Prussians. Still, though I believe this to be the true interpretation, I cannot understand the omission in this dispatch of a clear and definite statement of the route to be pursued by Grouchy's column. What could have been easier than to have said, Cross the Dyle at once, get thus in communication with us, and then operate on our right flank? But the emperor and his chief of staff appear to have left all details to Grouchy to work out as well as he could. As in the Bertrand letter, so in this letter of Soult's, and more especially in the next letter, as we shall soon point out, the emperor seems to have been perfectly satisfied with merely indicating to his lieutenant the object to be attained, — whether it was the preventing of the junction of the Prussians and the English, or the abandoning of the Perwez direction and adoption of the Wavre direction, so as to approach the main army, — and to have left it entirely to Grouchy to take the proper line of operations to secure these objects. With a Masséna or a Davoust this method would have sufficed; with Grouchy it was a total failure.

At one o'clock in the afternoon of the 18th another and last dispatch was sent to Grouchy, on certain expressions in which, although it did not reach him until seven o'clock in the evening, he relies as showing that his course was conformed to the emperor's views at the moment. Let us, however, see the whole dispatch: [1] —

[1] Le Maréchal de Grouchy en 1815, page 67. Mémoires, vol. iv. p. 82.

18 Juin, une heure après midi.

MONSIEUR LE MARÉCHAL, — You have written to the emperor at three o'clock this morning that you would march on Sart-à-Walhain: your intention then is to go to Corbaix and Wavre. This movement is conformable to his majesty's arrangements which have been communicated to you. Nevertheless, the emperor orders me to tell you that you ought always to manœuvre in our direction, and to seek to come near to our army, in order that you may join us before any corps can put itself between us. I do not indicate to you the direction you should take; it is for you to see the place where we are, to govern yourself accordingly, and to connect our communications so as to be always prepared to fall upon any of the enemy's troops which may endeavor to annoy our right, and to destroy them.

At this moment the battle is in progress [1] on the line of Waterloo, in front of the forest of Soignes. The enemy's centre is at Mont St. Jean; manœuvre, therefore, to join our right.

(Signed) The Marshal Duke of Dalmatia.

P. S. A letter which has just been intercepted says that General Bülow is about to attack our right flank; we believe that we see this corps on the height of St. Lambert. So lose not an instant in drawing near us and joining us, in order to crush Bülow, whom you will take in the very act.

(Signed) The Marshal Duke of Dalmatia.

In this dispatch it is not difficult to cull out expressions which apparently favor the course taken by the marshal. But when it is said that the march on Corbaix and Wavre is conformable to the emperor's views, it is, we repeat, as contra-distinguished from a march to the eastward, in the direction of Namur or Perwez. It is, in fact, *because* the direction of Wavre will bring him near the main army that it is ordered. And when the emperor goes on to say that the marshal must manœuvre in his direction — to seek to come near to his army, *to join him*, even, before any corps of the enemy can get between them — the meaning of the first part of the dispatch becomes perfectly clear. And as if to warn Grouchy not to rely on any isolated expressions, the emperor proceeds to say that he is not giving him precise orders of march, but that he relies on him to find out where the main army is, to govern himself accordingly, to connect his communications with it, and to be prepared to fall on any of the enemy's troops which may seek to annoy or attack the right flank of the army.

This dispatch therefore confirms the truth of the remark we made before, that the emperor satisfied himself in his letters to Grouchy with general directions, and never went into details. He told him what he expected him to accomplish, and left him entire judge of the means of doing it. Thus, in his first dispatch, the Bertrand letter, while he tells him to explore thoroughly towards Namur, he tells him also that he must find out whether the Prussians intend to separate from the English, or to join them in trying the fate of another battle. Then, when he has received Grouchy's dispatches, showing his uncertainty as to where the Prussians had gone, but saying that if they went to Perwez he should follow them by that city, but that if they went to Wavre he should follow them in that direction, in order that they might not gain Brussels and to separate them from Wellington, the emperor in his second dispatch, tells Grouchy

[1] The text given in the above works is erroneous in one respect: it gives "la bataille est gagnée" for "la bataille est engagée." See Charras, vol. i. p. 287, 5th ed. Also, Seconde Déclaration du Général le Sénécal; Le Maréchal, etc., page 113. Also, Fragments Historiques relatifs à la Campagne de 1815 et à la Bataille de Waterloo. Par le Général Grouchy. Lettre à Messieurs Méry et Barthélemy. Paris. 1829. Page 14, note.

that he knows of one strong Prussian column having retreated on Wavre, and that he, Grouchy, must therefore take the Wavre direction, so as to come near him, and connect himself with his operations, following the enemy on his right with light troops only. Finally, having, doubtless, become somewhat uneasy at the fact that nothing was seen of the marshal by the cavalry [1] which he had sent out to the bridge of Mousty to look for him, and at the appearance of the Prussians on his right, he writes him his third and last dispatch, telling him that his Wavre movement is all right, but that he must operate so as to come near him and join him before any bodies of the enemy can attack him; adding, however, that he will not undertake to lay out his course for him.

Now we are quite willing to allow that this method of directing the operations of a detached wing of an army is open to the charge of leaving too much to the good sense and military skill of the general commanding that wing. We are quite ready to admit that orders should have been sent to Grouchy during the night of the 17th and 18th, directing him to make for the bridge of Mousty at daybreak. But we cannot agree with Chesney [2] "that Napoleon did not in the least foresee the flank march of the Prussians." The emperor certainly did foresee the possibility of this when he dictated the Bertrand dispatch, and he supposed that by warning Grouchy in a written order, when he sent him off, that the Prussians might undertake to unite with the English, he had taken ample precautions against the happening of this contingency. In a sense, the harsh expressions of Chesney and others about the utter state of ignorance in which the emperor was as to the strategy of his enemies, that he did not take at all into consideration the possibility of the march of the whole Prussian army from Wavre to join Wellington, and so on, are true. They are true so far as this: that Napoleon, having intrusted the whole duty of finding out about the Prussians — where they were, and whether they were going to unite with the English or not — to Grouchy, and having given him a competent force and plenty of cavalry and an express warning as to the danger of the union of their army with the English, had considered that he had done all that was needful; and undoubtedly he was taken by surprise when the blow came. But they are not true in the sense that Napoleon was throughout blind to the possibility of this junction of the allied armies, and took no measures to prevent it. If an experienced sea captain, on approaching a dangerous coast, intrusts the deck to one of his officers, to whom he gives a sufficient number of men, and whom he warns to beware of the dangers arising from the force of certain currents, and then goes below, he is undoubtedly taken by surprise when the ship runs ashore. In his berth, asleep, he certainly did not foresee the catastrophe. His principal, if not his only, fault was in his choice of the officer to whom he intrusted the deck. As to his knowledge of the perils of that part of the voyage, that cannot be questioned.

So with Napoleon. His throwing the entire responsibility of taking care of the Prussians on Marshal Grouchy was his chief fault, for Grouchy was not able to sustain such a burden. Davoust, whom he might have had, and ought to have had, in Grouchy's place, would have successfully carried out his ideas. And while I fully admit the emperor's dila-

[1] Rapport du Colonel Marbot, 7me Hussards; Napoléon à Waterloo, page 344. See also Siborne, 2d ed., vol. i. p. 317.

[2] Chesney, page 207, 3d ed. See also Kennedy's Battle of Waterloo, page 161. But General Shaw-Kennedy considered this subject only incidentally; his book is mainly concerned with the battle itself, of which it is the best narrative ever written; and as he played a prominent part in the action it is specially valuable and interesting.

toriness on the morning of the 17th, by which the concentration of the Prussian army at Wavre was assured, which in fact made it impossible for Grouchy, or for Davoust even, to prevent this concentration; and while I also fully admit the negligence of the emperor in leaving Grouchy so long without any instructions, except the warning of the possibly intended junction of the allied armies contained in the Bertrand letter, yet I cannot agree with those who, like Chesney, say that [1] "the notion that Grouchy is responsible for the Waterloo defeat must be dismissed, by those who choose to weigh the evidence, from the domain of authentic history to the limbo of national figments." The responsibility must be divided between the emperor and his lieutenant. Charging upon Napoleon, as we must, the faults above specified, it must yet not be forgotten that had Grouchy intelligently carried out the emperor's instructions contained in the Bertrand letter he might have been in a position to defeat, or at least to hinder, the junction of the allied armies. His information early led him to the correct opinion that the Prussians were going to Wavre, for the purpose of uniting with the English. He wrote the emperor on the night of the 17th that if he found this was so he should try to prevent this scheme from being carried out. Yet he never even reconnoitred on his left, to ascertain what they were doing; and he totally neglected the emperor's order to place detachments of cavalry between himself and the main army, so as to communicate directly and promptly with head-quarters. Instead of marching at break of day, he lost four hours by his inexcusable delay on the morning of the 18th. Instead of moving in the direction of Wavre by his left, and on the interior line by way of Mousty and on the left bank of the Dyle, so as to approach the main army, and to be able to hinder any attack by the Prussians upon it, he marched upon Wavre by the right bank of the river, so as to leave the Prussians between himself and the emperor. And even when the cannon of Waterloo convinced him that Wellington had halted to give battle, he persisted in his mistaken course, refusing, probably in part from the influence of petty personal feeling, the wise counsel of his subordinates to march to the field of battle.[2]

It is hardly to be questioned that, if Grouchy had moved at four o'clock in the morning by way of Mousty, and had put himself in communication with the main army, his forces would have stopped the Prussian advance, and allowed the emperor the use of his whole army against the duke's forces, which were inferior in numbers and composition. Instead of being obliged to detach 16,000 infantry against the Prussians, Napoleon could have used them against the English, and from what we know of the condition of Wellington's army in the latter part of the afternoon the result would have been a decided victory for Napoleon. If, on the other hand, Grouchy had, even as late as midday, changed his plan, and, following the advice of Gérard, had marched to join the emperor, he would certainly have averted the catastrophe, even if he had arrived too late to insure a victory for his side.

The literature of this campaign is voluminous. The fairest and fullest English work is that of Captain Siborne. He wrote in 1844. His remarks on this much-disputed subject are free from that *animus* against Napoleon which deforms the work of Chesney, in many respects so admirable. But Chesney,

[1] Chesney, page 207, 3d ed.

[2] And what can be said of the concealment for nearly thirty years of the order written by General Bertrand? What excuse can be made for the repeated and flat denials of the existence of any such written order? None, save that that order contained an express warning of the possibility of the junction of the Prussians with the English, which Grouchy did nothing whatever to hinder.

Hooper, Kennedy, Charras, and Quinet all wrote during the second French empire, and with the intention of "exploding the *Napoleonic legend*." They were biased by the relation of their subject to the politics of the day. You find them now declaring, as Chesney substantially does, that Grouchy did all that he ought to have done; or else, like Charras, that if he had done all that he ought to have done he could not have affected the result. But in vain will you look for such a temperate and sound criticism as that which Siborne [1] passes on Grouchy's conduct.

In most of the French narratives which defend Napoleon's course we also find unmistakable bias. In the brilliant but very untrustworthy history of the campaign by Thiers, in the quite elaborate and valuable work of the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, there is much that must be wholly rejected: the former work is not to be depended on for its facts; the latter draws many unwarranted conclusions. A work which has escaped public notice in great measure, entitled Souvenirs Militaires, Napoléon à Waterloo,[2] by an old officer of the Imperial Guard, though rather prolix, is a very sound and valuable discussion of the whole campaign, and is well worth a careful study.

I trust that I have not unnecessarily reviewed this famous controversy. It possesses a constant interest for all students of history. Apart from the dramatic incidents of the catastrophe, the utter defeat in a pitched battle of a captain so wonderfully able and experienced as Napoleon was must in itself always demand some explanation. I have simply endeavored to bring some facts, hitherto not generally known, to light, and to put the responsibility for the defeat where it belongs.

John C. Ropes.

[1] History of the War in France and Belgium in 1815, 2d ed., vol. i. pp. 314–323.

[2] The full title is this: Souvenirs Militaires, Napoléon à Waterloo, ou Précis Rectifié de la Campagne de 1815. Avec des Documents Nouveaux et des Pièces Inédites. Par un Ancien Officier de la Garde Impériale, qui est resté près de Napoléon pendant toute la campagne. Paris: Dumaine. 1866.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

XXIX.

Under her cousin's escort Isabel returned on the morrow to Florence, and Ralph Touchett, though usually he was not fond of railway journeys, thought very well of the successive hours passed in the train which hurried his companion away from the city now distinguished by Gilbert Osmond's preference, — hours that were to form the first stage in a still larger scheme of travel. Miss Stackpole had remained behind; she was planning a little trip to Naples, to be executed with Mr. Bantling's assistance. Isabel was to have but three days in Florence before the 4th of June, the date of Mrs. Touchett's departure, and she determined to devote the last of these to her promise to go and see Pansy Osmond. Her plan, however, seemed for a moment likely to modify itself, in deference to a plan of Madame Merle's. This lady was still at Casa Touchett but she too was on the point of leaving Florence, her next station being an ancient castle in the mountains of Tuscany, the residence of a noble family of that country, whose acquaintance (she had known them, as she said, "forever") seemed to Isabel, in the light of certain photographs of their immense

crenelated dwelling which her friend was able to show her, a precious privilege.

She mentioned to Madame Merle that Mr. Osmond had asked her to call upon his daughter; she did not mention to her that he had also made her a declaration of love.

"*Ah, comme cela se trouve!*" the elder lady exclaimed. "I myself have been thinking it would be a kindness to take a look at the child before I go into the country."

"We can go together, then," said Isabel, reasonably. I say "reasonably," because the proposal was not uttered in the spirit of enthusiasm. She had prefigured her visit as made in solitude; she should like it better so. Nevertheless, to her great consideration for Madame Merle she was prepared to sacrifice this mystic sentiment.

Her friend meditated, with her usual suggestive smile. "After all," she presently said, "why should we both go, having, each of us, so much to do during these last hours?"

"Very good; I can easily go alone."

"I don't know about your going alone, — to the house of a handsome bachelor. He has been married, — but so long ago!"

Isabel stared. "When Mr. Osmond is away, what does it matter?"

"They don't know he is away, you see."

"They? Whom do you mean?"

"Every one. But perhaps it does n't matter."

"If you were going, why should n't I?" Isabel asked.

"Because I am an old frump, and you are a beautiful young woman."

"Granting all that, you have not promised."

"How much you think of your promises!" said Madame Merle, with a smile of genial mockery.

"I think a great deal of my promises. Does that surprise you?"

"You are right," Madame Merle reflected audibly. "I really think you wish to be kind to the child."

"I wish very much to be kind to her."

"Go and see her, then; no one will be the wiser. And tell her I would have come, if you had not. . . . Or rather," Madame Merle added, "don't tell her; she won't care."

As Isabel drove, in the publicity of an open vehicle, along the charming winding way which led to Mr. Osmond's hill-top, she wondered what Madame Merle had meant by no one being the wiser. Once in a while, at large intervals, this lady, in whose discretion as a general thing there was something almost brilliant, dropped a remark of ambiguous quality, struck a note that sounded false. What cared Isabel Archer for the vulgar judgments of obscure people; and did Madame Merle suppose that she was capable of doing a deed in secret? Of course not; she must have meant something else, something which in the press of the hours that preceded her departure she had not had time to explain. Isabel would return to this some day; there were certain things as to which she liked to be clear. She heard Pansy strumming at the piano in another apartment, as she herself was ushered into Mr. Osmond's drawing-room; the little girl was "practicing," and Isabel was pleased to think that she performed this duty faithfully. Presently Pansy came in, smoothing down her frock, and did the honors of her father's house with the wide-eyed conscientiousness of a sensitive child. Isabel sat there for half an hour, and Pansy entertained her like a little lady, — not chattering, but conversing, and showing the same courteous interest in Isabel's affairs that Isabel was so good as to take in hers. Isabel wondered at her; as I have said before, she had never seen a child like that. How well she had been taught, said our keen young lady; how

prettily she had been directed and fashioned; and yet how simple, how natural, how innocent, she had been kept! Isabel was fond of psychological problems, and it had pleased her, up to this time, to be in doubt as to whether Miss Pansy were not all-knowing. Was her infantine serenity but the perfection of self-consciousness? Was it put on to please her father's visitor, or was it the direct expression of a little neat, orderly character? The hour that Isabel spent in Mr. Osmond's beautiful, empty, dusky rooms, — the windows had been half darkened, to keep out the heat, and here and there, through an easy crevice, the splendid summer day peeped in, lighting a gleam of faded color or tarnished gilt in the rich-looking gloom, — Isabel's interview with the daughter of the house, I say, effectually settled this question. Pansy was really a blank page, a pure white surface; she was not clever enough for precocious coquetries. She was not clever; Isabel could see that; she only had nice feelings. There was something touching about her; Isabel had felt it before; she would be an easy victim of fate. She would have no will, no power to resist, no sense of her own importance; only an exquisite taste, and an appreciation, equally exquisite, of such affection as might be bestowed upon her. She would easily be mystified, easily crushed; her force would be solely in her power to cling. She moved about the place with Isabel, who had asked leave to walk through the other rooms again, where Pansy gave her judgment on several works of art. She talked about her prospects, her occupations, her father's intentions; she was not egotistical, but she felt the propriety of giving Isabel the information that so observant a visitor would naturally expect.

"Please tell me," she said, "did papa, in Rome, go to see Madame Catherine? He told me he would if he had time. Perhaps he had not time. Papa likes a great deal of time. He wished to speak about my education; it is n't finished yet, you know. I don't know what they can do with me more; but it appears it is far from finished. Papa told me one day he thought he would finish it himself; for the last year or two, at the convent, the masters that teach the tall girls are so very dear. Papa is not rich, and I should be very sorry if he were to pay much money for me, because I don't think I am worth it. I don't learn quickly enough, and I have got no memory. For what I am told, yes, — especially when it is pleasant; but not for what I learn in a book. There was a young girl, who was my best friend, and they took her away from the convent when she was fourteen, to make — how do you say it in English? — to make a *dot*. You don't say it in English? I hope it is n't wrong; I only mean they wished to keep the money, to marry her. I don't know whether it is for that that papa wishes to keep the money, — to marry me. It costs so much to marry!" Pansy went on, with a sigh. "I think papa might make that economy. At any rate, I am too young to think about it yet, and I don't care for any gentleman; I mean, for any but him. If he were not my papa, I should like to marry him; I would rather be his daughter than the wife of — of some strange person. I miss him very much, but not so much as you might think, for I have been so much away from him. Papa has always been principally for holidays. I miss Madame Catherine almost more; but you must not tell him that. You shall not see him again? I am very sorry for that. Of every one who comes here I like you the best. That is not a great compliment, for there are not many people. It was very kind of you to come to-day, — so far from your house; for I am as yet only a child. Oh, yes, I have only the occupations of a child. When did you give them up, the occupations

of a child? I should like to know how old you are, but I don't know whether it is right to ask. At the convent they told us that we must never ask the age. I don't like to do anything that is not expected; it looks as if one had not been properly taught. I myself, — I should never like to be taken by surprise. Papa left directions for everything. I go to bed very early. When the sun goes off that side I go into the garden. Papa left strict orders that I was not to get scorched. I always enjoy the view; the mountains are so graceful. In Rome, from the convent, we saw nothing but roofs and bell-towers. I practice three hours. I do not play very well. You play yourself? I wish very much that you would play something for me; papa wishes very much that I should hear good music. Madame Merle has played for me several times; that is what I like best about Madame Merle; she has great facility. I shall never have facility. And I have no voice, — just a little thread."

Isabel gratified this respectful wish, drew off her gloves, and sat down to the piano, while Pansy, standing beside her, watched her white hands move quickly over the keys. When she stopped, she kissed the child good-by, and held her a moment, looking at her.

"Be a good child," she said; "give pleasure to your father."

"I think that is what I live for," Pansy answered. "He has not much pleasure; he is rather a sad man."

Isabel listened to this assertion with an interest which she felt it to be almost a torment that she was obliged to conceal from the child. It was her pride that obliged her, and a certain sense of decency; there were still other things in her head which she felt a strong impulse, instantly checked, to say to Pansy about her father; there were things it would have given her pleasure to hear the child, to make the child, say. But she no sooner became conscious of these things than her imagination was hushed with horror at the idea of taking advantage of the little girl, — it was of this she would have accused herself, — and of leaving an audible trace of her emotion behind. She had come, — she had come; but she had stayed only an hour! She rose quickly from the music-stool; even then, however, she lingered a moment, still holding her small companion, drawing the child's little tender person closer, and looking down at her. She was obliged to confess it to herself, — she would have taken a passionate pleasure in talking about Gilbert Osmond to this innocent, diminutive creature who was near to him. But she said not another word; she only kissed Pansy once more. They went together through the vestibule, to the door which opened into the court; and there Pansy stopped, looking rather wistfully beyond.

"I may go no further," she said. "I have promised papa not to go out of this door."

"You are right to obey him; he will never ask you anything unreasonable."

"I shall always obey him. But when will you come again?"

"Not for a long time, I am afraid."

"As soon as you can, I hope. I am only a little girl," said Pansy, "but I shall always expect you."

And the small figure stood in the high, dark door-way, watching Isabel cross the clear, gray court, and disappear into the brightness beyond the big *portone*, which gave a wider gleam as it opened.

XXX.

Isabel came back to Florence, but only after several months; an interval sufficiently replete with incident. It is not, however, during this interval that we are closely concerned with her; our attention is engaged again on a certain day in the late spring-time, shortly after

her return to the Palazzo Crescentini, and a year from the date of the incidents I have just narrated. She was alone on this occasion, in one of the smaller of the numerous rooms devoted by Mrs. Touchett to social uses, and there was that in her expression and attitude which would have suggested that she was expecting a visitor. The tall window was open, and though its green shutters were partly drawn, the bright air of the garden had come in through a broad interstice, and filled the room with warmth and perfume. Our young lady stood for some time at the window, with her hands clasped behind her, gazing into the brilliant aperture, in the manner of a person relapsing into reverie. She was preoccupied; she was too restless to sit down, to work, to read. It was evidently not her design, however, to catch a glimpse of her visitor before he should pass into the house; for the entrance to the palace was not through the garden, in which stillness and privacy always reigned. She was endeavoring rather to anticipate his arrival by a process of conjecture, and to judge by the expression of her face this attempt gave her plenty to do. She was extremely grave: not sad, exactly, but deeply serious. The lapse of a year may doubtless account for a considerable increase of gravity, though this will depend a good deal upon the manner in which the year has been spent. Isabel had spent hers in seeing the world; she had moved about; she had traveled; she had exerted herself with an almost passionate activity. She was now, to her own sense, a very different person from the frivolous young woman from Albany, who had begun to see Europe upon the lawn at Gardencourt a couple of years before. She flattered herself that she had gathered a rich experience, that she knew a great deal more of life than this light-minded creature had even suspected. If her thoughts just now had inclined themselves to retrospect, instead of fluttering their wings nervously about the present, they would have evoked a multitude of interesting pictures. These pictures would have been both landscapes and figure-pieces; the latter, however, would have been the more numerous. With several of the figures concerned in these combinations we are already acquainted. There would be, for instance, the conciliatory Lily, our heroine's sister and Edmund Ludlow's wife, who came out from New York to spend five months with Isabel. She left her husband behind her, but she brought her children, to whom Isabel now played, with equal munificence and tenderness, the part of maiden-aunt. Mr. Ludlow, toward the last, had been able to snatch a few weeks from his forensic triumphs, and, crossing the ocean with extreme rapidity, spent a month with the two ladies in Paris, before taking his wife home. The little Ludlows had not yet, even from the American point of view, reached the proper-tourist age; so that while her sister was with her Isabel confined her movements to a narrow circle. Lily and the babies had joined her in Switzerland in the month of July, and they had spent a summer of fine weather in an Alpine valley, where the flowers were thick in the meadows, and the shade of great chestnuts made a resting-place in such upward wanderings as might be undertaken by ladies and children on warm afternoons. Afterwards they had come to Paris, a city beloved by Lily, but less appreciated by Isabel, who in those days was constantly thinking of Rome. Mrs. Ludlow enjoyed Paris, but she was nevertheless somewhat disappointed and puzzled; and after her husband had joined her she was, in addition, a good deal depressed at not being able to induce him to enter into these somewhat subtle and complex emotions. They all had Isabel for their object; but Edmund Ludlow, as he had always done before, declined to be surprised, or distressed, or mystified,

or elated, at anything his sister-in-law might have done or have failed to do. Mrs. Ludlow's feelings were various. At one moment she thought it would be so natural for Isabel to come home and take a house in New York, — the Rossiters', for instance, which had an elegant conservatory, and was just round the corner from her own; at another she could not conceal her surprise at the girl's not marrying some gentleman of rank in one of the foreign countries. On the whole, as I have said, she was rather disappointed. She had taken more satisfaction in Isabel's accession of fortune than if the money had been left to herself; it had seemed to her to offer just the proper setting for her sister's slender but eminent figure. Isabel had developed less, however, than Lily had thought likely, — development, to Lily's understanding, being somehow mysteriously connected with morning calls and evening parties. Intellectually, doubtless, she had made immense strides; but she appeared to have achieved few of those social conquests of which Mrs. Ludlow had expected to admire the trophies. Lily's conception of such achievements was extremely vague; but this was exactly what she had expected of Isabel, — to give it form and body. Isabel could have done as well as she had done in New York; and Mrs. Ludlow appealed to her husband to know whether there was any privilege that she enjoyed in Europe which the society of that city might not offer her. We know, ourselves, that Isabel had made conquests, — whether inferior or not to those she might have effected in her native land, it would be a delicate matter to decide; and it is not altogether with a feeling of complacency that I again mention that she had not made these honorable victories public. She had not told her sister the history of Lord Warburton, nor had she given her a hint of Mr. Osmond's state of mind; and she had no better reason for her silence than that she did n't wish to speak. It entertained her more to say nothing, and she had no idea of asking poor Lily's advice. But Lily knew nothing of these rich mysteries, and it is no wonder, therefore, that she pronounced her sister's career in Europe rather dull, — an impression confirmed by the fact that Isabel's silence about Mr. Osmond, for instance, was in direct proportion to the frequency with which he occupied her thoughts. As this happened very often, it sometimes appeared to Mrs. Ludlow that her sister was really losing her gayety. So very strange a result of so exhilarating an incident as inheriting a fortune was of course perplexing to the cheerful Lily; it added to her general sense that Isabel was not at all like other people.

Isabel's gayety, however, — superficially speaking, at least, — exhibited itself rather more after her sister had gone home. She could imagine something more poetic than spending the winter in Paris, — Paris was like smart, neat prose, — and her frequent correspondence with Madame Merle did much to stimulate such fancies. She had never had a keener sense of freedom, of the absolute boldness and wantonness of liberty, than when she turned away from the platform at the Euston Station, on one of the latter days of November, after the departure of the train which was to convey poor Lily, her husband, and her children to their ship at Liverpool. It had been good for her to have them with her; she was very conscious of that; she was very observant, as we know, of what was good for her, and her effort was constantly to find something that was good enough. To profit by the present advantage till the latest moment, she had made the journey from Paris with the unenvied travelers. She would have accompanied them to Liverpool as well, only Edmund Ludlow had asked her, as a favor, not to do so; it made Lily so fidgety, and she

asked such impossible questions. Isabel watched the train move away; she kissed her hand to the elder of her small nephews, a demonstrative child, who leaned dangerously far out of the window of the carriage and made separation an occasion of violent hilarity, and then she walked back into the foggy London street. The world lay before her; she could do whatever she chose. There was something exciting in the feeling, but for the present her choice was tolerably discreet; she chose simply to walk back from Euston Square to her hotel. The early dusk of a November afternoon had already closed in; the street-lamps, in the thick, brown air, looked weak and red; our young lady was unattended, and Euston Square was a long way from Piccadilly. But Isabel performed the journey with a positive enjoyment of its dangers, and lost her way almost on purpose, in order to get more sensations, so that she was disappointed when an obliging policeman easily set her right again. She was so fond of the spectacle of human life that she enjoyed even the aspect of gathering dusk in the London streets, — the moving crowds, the hurrying cabs, the lighted shops, the flaring stalls, the dark, shining dampness of everything. That evening, at her hotel, she wrote to Madame Merle that she would start in a day or two for Rome. She made her way down to Rome without touching at Florence, — having gone first to Venice, and then proceeded southward by Ancona. She accomplished this journey without other assistance than that of her servant, for her natural protectors were not now on the ground. Ralph Touchett was spending the winter at Algiers, and Miss Stackpole, in the September previous, had been recalled to America by a telegram from the Interviewer. This journal offered its brilliant correspondent a fresher field for her talents than the mouldering cities of Europe, and Henrietta was cheered on her way by a promise from Mr. Bantling that he would soon come over and see her. Isabel wrote to Mrs. Touchett to apologize for not coming just then to Florence, and her aunt replied characteristically enough. Apologies, Mrs. Touchett intimated, were of no more use than soap-bubbles, and she herself never dealt in such articles. One either did the thing, or one did n't, and what one would have done belonged to the sphere of the irrelevant, like the idea of a future life or of the origin of things. Her letter was frank, but (a rare case with Mrs. Touchett) it was not so frank as it seemed. She easily forgave her niece for not stopping at Florence, because she thought it was a sign that there was nothing going on with Gilbert Osmond. She watched, of course, to see whether Mr. Osmond would now go to Rome, and took some comfort in learning that he was not guilty of an absence. Isabel, on her side, had not been a fortnight in Rome before she proposed to Madame Merle that they should make a little pilgrimage to the East. Madame Merle remarked that her friend was restless, but she added that she herself had always been consumed with the desire to visit Athens and Constantinople. The two ladies accordingly embarked on this expedition, and spent three months in Greece, in Turkey, in Egypt. Isabel found much to interest her in these countries, though Madame Merle continued to remark that even among the most classic sites, the scenes most calculated to suggest repose and reflection, her restlessness prevailed. Isabel traveled rapidly, eagerly, audaciously; she was like a thirsty person draining cup after cup. Madame Merle, for the present, was a most efficient duenna. It was on Isabel's invitation she had come, and she imparted all necessary dignity to the girl's uncountenanced condition. She played her part with the sagacity that might have been expected of her; she

effaced herself; she accepted the position of a companion whose expenses were profusely paid. The situation, however, had no hardships, and people who met this graceful pair on their travels would not have been able to tell you which was the patroness and which the client. To say that Madame Merle improved on acquaintance would misrepresent the impression she made upon Isabel, who had thought her from the first a perfectly enlightened woman. At the end of an intimacy of three months Isabel felt that she knew her better; her character had revealed itself, and Madame Merle had also at last redeemed her promise of relating her history from her own point of view, — a consummation the more desirable as Isabel had already heard it related from the point of view of others. This history was so sad a one (in so far as it concerned the late M. Merle, an adventurer of the lowest class, who had taken advantage, years before, of her youth, and of an inexperience in which, doubtless, those who knew her only now would find it difficult to believe), it abounded so in startling and lamentable incidents, that Isabel wondered the poor lady had kept so much of her freshness, her interest in life. Into this freshness of Madame Merle's she obtained a considerable insight; she saw that it was, after all, a tolerably artificial bloom. Isabel liked her as much as ever, but there was a certain corner of the curtain that never was lifted; it was as if Madame Merle had remained after all a foreigner. She had once said that she came from a distance, that she belonged to the Old World, and Isabel never lost the impression that she was the product of a different clime from her own, that she had grown up under other stars. Isabel believed that at bottom she had a different morality. Of course the morality of civilized persons has always much in common; but Isabel suspected that her friend had esoteric views. She believed, with the presumption of youth, that a morality which differed from her own must be inferior to it; and this conviction was an aid to detecting an occasional flash of cruelty, an occasional lapse from candor, in the conversation of a woman who had raised delicate kindness to an art, and whose nature was too large for the narrow ways of deception. Her conception of human motives was different from Isabel's, and there were several in her list of which our heroine had not even heard. She had not heard of everything, that was very plain; and there were evidently things in the world of which it was not an advantage to hear. Once or twice Isabel had a sort of fright, but the reader will be amused at the cause of it. Madame Merle, as we know, comprehended, responded, sympathized, with wonderful readiness; yet it had nevertheless happened that her young friend mentally exclaimed, "Heaven forgive her, she does n't understand me!" Absurd as it may seem, this discovery operated as a shock; it left Isabel with a vague horror, in which there was even an element of foreboding. The horror of course subsided, in the light of some sudden proof of Madame Merle's remarkable intelligence; but it left a sort of high-water mark in the development of this delightful intimacy. Madame Merle had once said that, in her belief, when a friendship ceased to grow it immediately began to decline; there was no point of equilibrium between liking a person more and liking him less. A stationary affection, in other words, was impossible; it must move one way or the other. Without estimating the value of this doctrine, I may say that if Isabel's imagination, which had hitherto been so actively engaged on her friend's behalf, began at last to languish, she enjoyed her society not a particle less than before. If their friendship had declined, it had declined to a very comfortable level. The truth is that in these days the girl had other uses for her imagina-

tion, which was better occupied than it had ever been. I do not allude to the impulse it received as she gazed at the Pyramids, in the course of an excursion from Cairo, or as she stood among the broken columns of the Acropolis and fixed her eyes upon the point designated to her as the straits of Salamis, deep and memorable as these emotions had been. She came back by the last of March from Egypt and Greece, and made another stay in Rome. A few days after her arrival Gilbert Osmond came down from Florence, and remained three weeks, during which the fact of her being with his old friend Madame Merle, in whose house she had gone to lodge, made it virtually inevitable that he should see her every day. When the last of April came she wrote to Mrs. Touchett that she should now be very happy to accept an invitation given long before, and went to pay a visit at the Palazzo Crescentini; Madame Merle on this occasion remaining in Rome. Isabel found her aunt alone; her cousin was still at Algiers. Ralph, however, was expected in Florence from day to day, and Isabel, who had not seen him for upwards of a year, was prepared to give him the most affectionate welcome.

XXXI.

It was not of him, nevertheless, that she was thinking while she stood at the window, where we found her a while ago, and it was not of any of the matters that I have just rapidly sketched. She was not thinking of the past, but of the future; of the immediate, impending hour. She had reason to expect a scene, and she was not fond of scenes. She was not asking herself what she should say to her visitor; this question had already been answered. What he would say to her, — that was the interesting speculation. It could be nothing agreeable; Isabel was convinced of this, and the conviction had something to do with her being rather paler than usual. For the rest, however, she wore her natural brightness of aspect; even deep grief, with this vivid young lady, would have had a certain soft effulgence. She had laid aside her mourning, but she was still very simply dressed, and as she felt a good deal older than she had done a year before it is probable that to a certain extent she looked so. She was not left indefinitely to her apprehensions, for the servant at last came in and presented her a card.

"Let the gentleman come in," said Isabel, who continued to gaze out of the window after the footman had retired. It was only when she had heard the door close behind the person who presently entered that she looked round.

Caspar Goodwood stood there, — stood and received a moment, from head to foot, the bright, dry gaze with which she rather withheld than offered a greeting. Whether on his side Mr. Goodwood felt himself older than on the first occasion of our meeting him is a point which we shall perhaps presently ascertain; let me say meanwhile that to Isabel's critical glance he showed nothing of the encroachments of time. Straight, strong, and fresh, there was nothing in his appearance that spoke positively either of youth or of age; he looked too deliberate, too serious, to be young, and too eager, too active, to be old. Old he would never be, and this would serve as a compensation for his never having known the age of chubbiness. Isabel perceived that his jaw had quite the same voluntary look that it had worn in earlier days; but she was prepared to admit that such a moment as the present was not a time for relaxation. He had the air of a man who had traveled hard; he said nothing at first, as if he had been out of breath. This gave Isabel time to make a reflection. "Poor fellow," she mentally murmured, "what great things he is capable of, and what a pity that he should waste

his splendid force! What a pity, too, that one can't satisfy everybody!" It gave her time to do more, — to say at the end of a minute, —

"I can't tell you how I hoped that you would n't come."

"I have no doubt of that." And Caspar Goodwood looked about him for a seat. Not only had he come, but he meant to stay a little.

"You must be very tired," said Isabel, seating herself, generously, as she thought, to give him his opportunity.

"No, I am not at all tired. Did you ever know me to be tired?"

"Never; I wish I had. When did you arrive here?"

"Last night, very late; in a kind of snail-train they call the express. These Italian trains go at about the rate of an American funeral."

"That is in keeping; you must have felt as if you were coming to a funeral," Isabel said, forcing a smile, in order to offer such encouragement as she might to an easy treatment of their situation. She had reasoned out the matter elaborately; she had made it perfectly clear that she broke no faith, that she falsified no contract; but for all this she was afraid of him. She was ashamed of her fear; but she was devoutly thankful there was nothing else to be ashamed of. He looked at her with his stiff persistency, — a persistency in which there was almost a want of tact; especially as there was a dull, dark beam in his eye, which rested on her almost like a physical weight.

"No, I did n't feel that, because I could n't think of you as dead. I wish I could!" said Caspar Goodwood, plainly.

"I thank you immensely."

"I would rather think of you as dead than as married to another man."

"That is very selfish of you!" Isabel cried, with the ardor of a real conviction. "If you are not happy yourself, others have a right to be."

"Very likely it is selfish; but I don't in the least mind your saying so. I don't mind anything you can say now, — I don't feel it. The cruellest things you could think of would be mere pin-pricks. After what you have done, I shall never feel anything. I mean anything but that. That I shall feel all my life."

Mr. Goodwood made these detached assertions with a sort of dry deliberateness in his hard, slow, American tone, which flung no atmospheric color over propositions intrinsically displeasing. The tone made Isabel angry rather than touched her; but her anger, perhaps, was fortunate, inasmuch as it gave her a further reason for controlling herself. It was under the pressure of this control that she said, after a little, irrelevantly, by way of answer to Mr. Goodwood's speech, "When did you leave New York?"

He threw up his head a moment, as if he were calculating. "Seventeen days ago."

"You must have traveled fast, in spite of your slow trains."

"I came as fast as I could. I would have come five days ago if I had been able."

"It would n't have made any difference, Mr. Goodwood," said Isabel, smiling.

"Not to you, — no. But to me."

"You gain nothing that I see."

"That is for me to judge!"

"Of course. To me it seems that you only torment yourself." And then, to change the subject, Isabel asked him if he had seen Henrietta Stackpole.

He looked as if he had not come from Boston to Florence to talk about Henrietta Stackpole; but he answered, distinctly enough, that this young lady had come to see him just before he left America.

"She came to see you?"

"Yes; she was in Boston, and she called at my office. It was the day I had got your letter."

"Did you tell her?" Isabel asked, with a certain anxiety.

"Oh, no," said Caspar Goodwood, simply; "I did n't want to. She will hear it soon enough; she hears everything."

"I shall write to her; and then she will write to me and scold me," Isabel declared, trying to smile again.

Caspar, however, remained sternly grave. "I guess she 'll come out," he said.

"On purpose to scold me?"

"I don't know. She seemed to think she had not seen Europe thoroughly."

"I am glad you tell me that," Isabel said. "I must prepare for her."

Mr. Goodwood fixed his eyes for a moment on the floor; then, at last, raising them, "Does she know Mr. Osmond?" he asked.

"A little. And she does n't like him. But of course I don't marry to please Henrietta," Isabel added.

It would have been better for poor Caspar if she had tried a little more to gratify Miss Stackpole; but he did not say so; he only asked, presently, when her marriage would take place.

"I don't know yet. I can only say it will be soon. I have told no one but yourself and one other person, — an old friend of Mr. Osmond's."

"Is it a marriage your friends won't like?" Caspar Goodwood asked.

"I really have n't an idea. As I say, I don't marry for my friends."

He went on, making no exclamation, no comment, only asking questions.

"What is Mr. Osmond?"

"What is he? Nothing at all but a very good man. He is not in business," said Isabel. "He is not rich; he is not known for anything in particular."

She disliked Mr. Goodwood's questions, but she said to herself that she owed it to him to satisfy him as far as possible.

The satisfaction poor Caspar exhibited was certainly small; he sat very upright, gazing at her.

"Where does he come from?" he went on.

"From nowhere. He has spent most of his life in Italy."

"You said in your letter that he was an American. Has n't he a native place?"

"Yes, but he has forgotten it. He left it as a small boy."

"Has he never gone back?"

"Why should he go back?" Isabel asked, flushing a little, and defensively. "He has no profession."

"He might have gone back for his pleasure. Does n't he like the United States?"

"He does n't know them. Then he is very simple; he contents himself with Italy."

"With Italy and with you," said Mr. Goodwood, with gloomy plainness, and no appearance of trying to make an epigram. "What has he ever done?" he added, abruptly.

"That I should marry him? Nothing at all," Isabel replied, with a smile that had gradually become a trifle defiant. "If he had done great things, would you forgive me any better? Give me up, Mr. Goodwood; I am marrying a nonentity. Don't try to take an interest in him; you can't."

"I can't appreciate him; that 's what you mean. And you don't mean in the least that he is a nonentity. You think he is a great man, though no one else thinks so."

Isabel's color deepened; she thought this very clever of her companion, and it was certainly a proof of the clairvoyance of such a feeling as his.

"Why do you always come back to what others think? I can't discuss Mr. Osmond with you."

"Of course not," said Caspar, reasonably. And he sat there with his air of stiff helplessness, as if not only this were true, but there were nothing else that they might discuss.

"You see how little you gain," Isabel

broke out, — "how little comfort or satisfaction I can give you!"

"I did n't expect you to give me much."

"I don't understand, then, why you came."

"I came because I wanted to see you once more — as you are."

"I appreciate that; but if you had waited a while, sooner or later we should have been sure to meet, and our meeting would have been pleasanter for each of us than this."

"Waited till after you are married? That is just what I did n't want to do. You will be different then."

"Not very. I shall still be a great friend of yours. You will see."

"That will make it all the worse," said Mr. Goodwood grimly.

"Ah, you are unaccommodating! I can't promise to dislike you, in order to help you to resign yourself."

"I should n't care if you did!"

Isabel got up, with a movement of repressed impatience, and walked to the window, where she remained a moment, looking out. When she turned round, her visitor was still motionless in his place. She came towards him again and stopped, resting her hand on the back of the chair she had just quitted.

"Do you mean you came simply to look at me? That 's better for you, perhaps, than for me."

"I wished to hear the sound of your voice," said Caspar.

"You have heard it, and you see it says nothing very sweet."

"It gives me pleasure, all the same." And with this he got up.

She had felt pain and displeasure when she received, that morning, the note in which he told her that he was in Florence, and, with her permission, would come within an hour to see her. She had been vexed and distressed, though she had sent back word by his messenger that he might come when he would. She had not been better pleased when she saw him; his being there at all was so full of implication. It implied things she could never assent to, — rights, reproaches, remonstrance, rebuke, the expectation of making her change her purpose. These things, however, if implied, had not been expressed; and now our young lady, strangely enough, began to resent her visitor's remarkable self-control. There was a dumb misery about him which irritated her; there was a manly staying of his hand which made her heart beat faster. She felt her agitation rising, and she said to herself that she was as angry as a woman who had been in the wrong. She was not in the wrong; she had fortunately not that bitterness to swallow; but, all the same, she wished he would denounce her a little. She had wished his visit would be short; it had no purpose, no propriety; yet now that he seemed to be turning away, she felt a sudden horror of his leaving her without uttering a word that would give her an opportunity to defend herself more than she had done in writing to him, a month before, in a few carefully chosen words, to announce her engagement. If she were not in the wrong, however, why should she desire to defend herself? It was an excess of generosity on Isabel's part to desire that Mr. Goodwood should be angry.

If he had not held himself hard it might have made him so to hear the tone in which she suddenly exclaimed, as if she were accusing him of having accused her, —

"I have not deceived you! I was perfectly free!"

"Yes, I know that," said Caspar.

"I gave you full warning that I would do as I chose."

"You said you would probably never marry, and you said it so positively that I pretty well believed it."

Isabel was silent an instant.

"No one can be more surprised than myself at my present intention."

"You told me that if I heard you were engaged I was not to believe it," Caspar went on. "I heard it twenty days ago from yourself, but I remembered what you had said. I thought there might be some mistake, and that is partly why I came."

"If you wish me to repeat it by word of mouth, that is soon done. There is no mistake at all."

"I saw that as soon as I came into the room."

"What good would it do you that I should n't marry?" Isabel asked, with a certain fierceness.

"I should like it better than this."

"You are very selfish, as I said before."

"I know that. I am selfish as iron."

"Even iron sometimes melts. If you will be reasonable I will see you again."

"Don't you call me reasonable now?"

"I don't know what to say to you," she answered, with sudden humility.

"I shan't trouble you for a long time," the young man went on. He made a step towards the door, but he stopped. "Another reason why I came was that I wanted to hear what you would say in explanation of your having changed your mind."

Isabel's humbleness as suddenly deserted her.

"In explanation? Do you think I am bound to explain?"

Caspar gave her one of his long dumb looks.

"You were very positive. I did believe it."

"So did I. Do you think I could explain if I would?"

"No, I suppose not. Well," he added, "I have done what I wished. I have seen you."

"How little you make of these terrible journeys!" Isabel murmured.

"If you are afraid I am tired, you may be at your ease about that." He turned away, this time in earnest, and no hand-shake, no sign of parting, was exchanged between them. At the door he stopped, with his hand on the knob. "I shall leave Florence to-morrow," he said.

"I am delighted to hear it!" she answered, passionately. And he went out. Five minutes after he had gone she burst into tears.

XXXII.

Her fit of weeping, however, was of brief duration, and the signs of it had vanished when, an hour later, she broke the news to her aunt. I use this expression because she had been sure Mrs. Touchett would not be pleased; Isabel had only waited to tell her till she had seen Mr. Goodwood. She had an odd impression that it would not be honorable to make the fact public before she should have heard what Mr. Goodwood would say about it. He had said rather less than she expected, and she now had a somewhat angry sense of having lost time. But she would lose no more; she waited till Mrs. Touchett came into the drawing-room before the midday breakfast, and then she said to her, —

"Aunt Lydia, I have something to tell you."

Mrs. Touchett gave a little jump, and looked at the girl almost fiercely.

"You need n't tell me; I know what it is."

"I don't know how you know."

"The same way that I know when the window is open, — by feeling a draught. You are going to marry that man."

"What man do you mean?" Isabel inquired, with great dignity.

"Madame Merle's friend — Mr. Osmond."

"I don't know why you call him Madame Merle's friend. Is that the principal thing he is known by?"

"If he is not her friend, he ought to

be, — after what she has done for him!" cried Mrs. Touchett. "I should n't have expected it of her; I am disappointed."

"If you mean that Madame Merle has had anything to do with my engagement, you are greatly mistaken," Isabel declared, with a sort of ardent coldness.

"You mean that your attractions were sufficient, without the gentleman being urged? You are quite right. They are immense, your attractions, and he would never have presumed to think of you if she had not put him up to it. He has a very good opinion of himself, but he was not a man to take trouble. Madame Merle took the trouble for him."

"He has taken a great deal for himself!" cried Isabel, with a voluntary laugh.

Mrs. Touchett gave a sharp nod.

"I think he must, after all, to have made you like him."

"I thought you liked him yourself."

"I did, and that is why I am angry with him."

"Be angry with me, not with him," said the girl.

"Oh, I am always angry with you; that 's no satisfaction! Was it for this that you refused Lord Warburton?"

"Please don't go back to that. Why should n't I like Mr. Osmond, since you did?"

"I never wanted to marry him; there is nothing of him."

"Then he can't hurt me," said Isabel.

"Do you think you are going to be happy? No one is happy."

"I shall set the fashion, then. What does one marry for?"

"What you will marry for, Heaven only knows! People usually marry as they go into partnership, — to set up a house. But in your partnership you will bring everything."

"Is it that Mr. Osmond is not rich? Is that what you are talking about?" Isabel asked.

"He has no money; he has no name; he has no importance. I value such things, and I have the courage to say it; I think they are very precious. Many other people think the same, and they show it; but they give some other reason!"

Isabel hesitated a little.

"I think I value everything that is valuable. I care very much for money, and that is why I wish Mr. Osmond to have some."

"Give it to him, then; but marry some one else."

"His name is good enough for me," the girl went on. "It 's a very pretty name. Have I such a fine one myself?"

"All the more reason you should improve on it. There are only a dozen American names. Do you marry him out of charity?"

"It was my duty to tell you, aunt Lydia, but I don't think it is my duty to explain to you. Even if it were, I should n't be able. So please don't remonstrate; in talking about it you have me at a disadvantage. I can't talk about it."

"I don't remonstrate; I simply answer you. I must give some sign of intelligence. I saw it coming, and I said nothing. I never meddle."

"You never do, and I am greatly obliged to you. You have been very considerate."

"It was not considerate; it was convenient," said Mrs. Touchett. "But I shall talk to Madame Merle."

"I don't see why you keep bringing her in. She has been a very good friend to me."

"Possibly; but she has been a poor one to me."

"What has she done to you?"

"She has deceived me. She had as good as promised me to prevent your engagement."

"She could n't have prevented it."

"She can do anything; that is what

I have always liked her for. I knew she could play any part; but I understood that she played them one by one. I did n't understand that she would play two at the same time."

"I don't know what part she may have played to you," Isabel said; "that is between yourselves. To me she has been honest, and kind, and devoted."

"Devoted, of course; she wished you to marry her candidate. She told me that she was watching you only in order to interpose."

"She said that to please you," the girl answered; conscious, however, of the inadequacy of the explanation.

"To please me by deceiving me? She knows me better. Am I pleased to-day?"

"I don't think you are ever much pleased," Isabel was obliged to reply. "If Madame Merle knew you would learn the truth, what had she to gain by insincerity?"

"She gained time, as you see. While I waited for her to interfere, you were marching away, and she was really beating the drum."

"That is very well. But by your own admission you saw I was marching, and even if she had given the alarm you would not have tried to stop me."

"No, but some one else would."

"Whom do you mean?" Isabel asked, looking very hard at her aunt.

Mrs. Touchett's little bright eyes, active as they usually were, sustained her gaze rather than returned it.

"Would you have listened to Ralph?"

"Not if he had abused Mr. Osmond."

"Ralph does n't abuse people; you know that perfectly. He cares very much for you."

"I know he does," said Isabel; "and I shall feel the value of it now, for he knows that whatever I do I do with reason."

"He never believed you would do this. I told him you were capable of it, and he argued the other way."

"He did it for the sake of argument," said Isabel, smiling. "You don't accuse him of having deceived you; why should you accuse Madame Merle?"

"He never pretended he would prevent it."

"I am glad of that!" cried the girl, gayly. "I wish very much," she presently added, "that when he comes you would tell him first of my engagement."

"Of course I will mention it," said Mrs. Touchett. "I will say nothing more to you about it, but I give you notice I will talk to others."

"That 's as you please. I only meant that it is rather better the announcement should come from you than from me."

"I quite agree with you; it is much more proper!"

And on this the two ladies went to breakfast, where Mrs. Touchett was as good as her word, and made no allusion to Gilbert Osmond. After an interval of silence, however, she asked her companion from whom she had received a visit an hour before.

"From an old friend, — an American gentleman," Isabel said, with a color in her cheek.

"An American, of course. It is only an American that calls at ten o'clock in the morning."

"It was half past ten; he was in a great hurry; he goes away this evening."

"Could n't he have come yesterday, at the usual time?"

"He only arrived last night."

"He spends but twenty-four hours in Florence?" Mrs. Touchett cried. "He 's an American, truly."

"He is, indeed," said Isabel, thinking with a perverse admiration of what Caspar Goodwood had done for her.

Two days afterward Ralph arrived; but though Isabel was sure that Mrs. Touchett had lost no time in telling him the

news, he betrayed at first no knowledge of the great fact. Their first talk was naturally about his health; Isabel had many questions to ask about his Algerian winter. She had been shocked by his appearance when he came into the room; she had forgotten how ill he looked. In spite of his Algerian winter he looked very ill to-day, and Isabel wondered whether he were really worse, or whether she were simply disaccustomed to living with an invalid. Poor Ralph grew no handsomer as he advanced in life, and the now apparently complete loss of his health had done little to mitigate the natural oddity of his person. His face wore its pleasant perpetual smile, which perhaps suggested wit rather than achieved it; his thin whiskers languished upon a clean cheek; the exorbitant curve of his nose defined itself more sharply. Lean he was, altogether, — lean and long and loose-jointed; an accidental cohesion of relaxed angles. His brown velvet jacket had become perennial; his hands had fixed themselves in his pockets; he shambled and stumbled, he shuffled and strayed, in a manner that denoted great physical helplessness. It was perhaps this whimsical gait that helped to mark his character more than ever as that of the humorous invalid, — the invalid for whom even his own disabilities are part of the general joke. They might well indeed with Ralph have been the chief cause of the want of seriousness with which he appeared to regard a world in which the reason for his own presence was past finding out. Isabel had grown fond of his ugliness; his awkwardness had become dear to her. These things were endeared by association; they struck her as the conditions of his being so charming. Ralph was so charming that her sense of his being ill had hitherto had a sort of comfort in it; the state of his health had seemed not a limitation, but a kind of intellectual advantage; it absolved him from all professional and official emotions, and left him the luxury of being simply personal. This personality of Ralph's was delightful; it had none of the staleness of disease; it was always easy and fresh and genial. Such had been the girl's impression of her cousin; and when she had pitied him it was only on reflection. As she reflected a good deal she had given him a certain amount of compassion; but Isabel always had a dread of wasting compassion, — a precious article, worth more to the giver than to any one else. Now, however, it took no great ingenuity to discover that poor Ralph's tenure of life was less elastic than it should be. He was a dear, bright, generous fellow; he had all the illumination of wisdom and none of its pedantry, and yet he was dying. Isabel said to herself that life was certainly hard for some people, and she felt a delicate glow of shame as she thought how easy it now promised to become for herself. She was prepared to learn that Ralph was not pleased with her engagement; but she was not prepared, in spite of her affection for her cousin, to let this fact spoil the situation. She was not even prepared — or so she thought — to resent his want of sympathy; for it would be his privilege — it would be, indeed, his natural line — to find fault with any step she might take toward marriage. One's cousin always pretended to hate one's husband, — that was traditional, classical; it was a part of one's cousin's always pretending to adore one. Ralph was nothing if not critical; and though she would certainly, other things being equal, have been as glad to marry to please Ralph as to please any one, it would be absurd to think it important that her choice should square with his views. What were his views, after all? He had pretended to think she had better marry Lord Warburton; but this was only because she had refused that excellent man. If she had accepted him Ralph would certainly have taken another tone; he always

took the opposite one. You could criticise any marriage; it was of the essence of a marriage to be open to criticism. How well she herself, if she would only give her mind to it, might criticise this business of her own! She had other employment, however, and Ralph was welcome to relieve her of the care. Isabel was prepared to be wonderfully good-humored.

He must have seen that, and this made it the more odd that he should say nothing. After three days had elapsed without his speaking, Isabel became impatient; dislike it as he would, he might at least go through the form. We who know more about poor Ralph than his cousin may easily believe that during the hours that followed his arrival at the Palazzo Crescentini he had privately gone through many forms. His mother had literally greeted him with the great news, which was even more sensibly chilling than Mrs. Touchett's maternal kiss. Ralph was shocked and humiliated; his calculations had been false, and his cousin was lost. He drifted about the house like a rudderless vessel in a rocky stream, or sat in the garden of the palace in a great cane chair, with his long legs extended, his head thrown back, and his hat pulled over his eyes. He felt cold about the heart; he had never liked anything less. What could he do, what could he say? If Isabel were irreclaimable, could he pretend to like it? To attempt to reclaim her was permissible only if the attempt should succeed. To try to persuade her that the man to whom she had pledged her faith was a humbug would be decently discreet only in the event of her being persuaded. Otherwise he should simply have damned himself. It cost him an equal effort to speak his thought and to dissemble; he could neither assent with sincerity nor protest with hope. Meanwhile, he knew — or rather he supposed — that the affianced pair were daily renewing their mutual vows. Osmond, at this moment, showed himself little at the Palazzo Crescentini; but Isabel met him every day elsewhere, as she was free to do after their engagement had been made public. She had taken a carriage by the month, so as not to be indebted to her aunt for the means of pursuing a course of which Mrs. Touchett disapproved, and she drove in the morning to the Cascine. This suburban wilderness, during the early hours, was void of all intruders, and our young lady, joined by her lover in its quietest part, strolled with him a while in the gray Italian shade, and listened to the nightingales.

XXXIII.

One morning, on her return from her drive, some half hour before luncheon, she quitted her vehicle in the court of the palace, and, instead of ascending the great staircase, crossed the court, passed beneath another archway, and entered the garden. A sweeter spot, at this moment, could not have been imagined. The stillness of noontide hung over it; the warm shade was motionless, and the hot light made it pleasant. Ralph was sitting there in the clear gloom, at the base of a statue of Terpsichore, — a dancing nymph, with taper fingers and inflated draperies, in the manner of Bernini; the extreme relaxation of his attitude suggested at first to Isabel that he was asleep. Her light footstep on the grass had not roused him, and before turning away she stood for a moment looking at him. During this instant he opened his eyes; upon which she sat down on a rustic chair that matched with his own. Though in her irritation she had accused him of indifference, she was not blind to the fact that he was visibly preoccupied. But she had attributed his long reveries partly to the languor of his increased weakness, partly to his being troubled about certain arrangements he had made as to

the property inherited from his father, — arrangements of which Mrs. Touchett disapproved, and which, as she had told Isabel, now encountered opposition from the other partners in the bank. He ought to have gone to England, his mother said, instead of coming to Florence; he had not been there for months, and he took no more interest in the bank than in the state of Patagonia.

"I am sorry I waked you," Isabel said; "you look tired."

"I feel tired. But I was not asleep. I was thinking of you."

"Are you tired of that?"

"Very much so. It leads to nothing. The road is long, and I never arrive."

"What do you wish to arrive at?" Isabel said, drawing off a glove.

"At the point of expressing to myself properly what I think of your engagement."

"Don't think too much of it," said Isabel, lightly.

"Do you mean that it 's none of my business?"

"Beyond a certain point, yes."

"That 's the point I wish to fix. I had an idea that you have found me wanting in good manners; I have never congratulated you."

"Of course I have noticed that; I wondered why you were silent."

"There have been a good many reasons; I will tell you now," said Ralph.

He pulled off his hat and laid it on the ground; then he sat looking at her. He leaned back, with his head against the marble pedestal of Terpsichore, his arms dropped on either side of him, his hands laid upon the sides of his wide chair. He looked awkward, uncomfortable; he hesitated for a long time. Isabel said nothing; when people were embarrassed she was usually sorry for them; but she was determined not to help Ralph to utter a word that should not be to the honor of her excellent purpose.

"I think I have hardly got over my surprise," he said, at last. "You were the last person I expected to see caught."

"I don't know why you call it caught."

"Because you are going to be put into a cage."

"If I like my cage, that need n't trouble you," said Isabel.

"That 's what I wonder at; that 's what I have been thinking of."

"If you have been thinking, you may imagine how I have thought! I am satisfied that I am doing well."

"You must have changed immensely. A year ago you valued your liberty beyond everything. You wanted only to see life."

"I have seen it," said Isabel. "It does n't seem to me so charming."

"I don't pretend it is; only I had an idea that you took a genial view of it, and wanted to survey the whole field."

"I have seen that one can't do that. One must choose a corner, and cultivate that."

"That 's what I think. And one must choose a good corner. I had no idea, all winter, while I read your delightful letters, that you were choosing. You said nothing about it, and your silence put me off my guard."

"It was not a matter I was likely to write to you about. Besides, I knew nothing of the future. It has all come lately. If you had been on your guard, however," Isabel asked, "what would you have done?"

"I should have said, 'Wait a little longer.'"

"Wait for what?"

"Well, for a little more light," said Ralph, with a rather absurd smile, while his hands found their way into his pockets.

"Where should my light have come from? From you?"

"I might have struck a spark or two!"

Isabel had drawn off her other glove; she smoothed the two out as they lay upon her knee. The gentleness of this movement was accidental, for her expression was not conciliatory.

"You are beating about the bush, Ralph. You wish to say that you don't like Mr. Osmond, and yet you are afraid."

"I am afraid of you, not of him. If you marry him, it won't be a nice thing to have said."

"*If* I marry him! Have you had any expectation of dissuading me?"

"Of course that seems to you too fatuous."

"No," said Isabel, after a little; "it seems to me touching."

"That 's the same thing. It makes me so ridiculous that you pity me."

Isabel stroked out her long gloves again.

"I know you have a great affection for me. I can't get rid of that."

"For heaven's sake, don't try! Keep that well in sight. It will convince you how intensely I want you to do well."

"And how little you trust me!"

There was a moment's silence; the warm noontide seemed to listen.

"I trust you, but I don't trust him," said Ralph.

Isabel raised her eyes, and gave him a wide, deep look.

"You have said it now; you will suffer for it."

"Not if you are just."

"I am very just," replied Isabel. "What better proof of it can there be than that I am not angry with you? I don't know what is the matter with me, but I am not. I was when you began, but it has passed away. Perhaps I ought to be angry, but Mr. Osmond would n't think so. He wants me to know everything; that 's what I like him for. You have nothing to gain, I know that. I have never been so nice to you as a girl that you should have much reason for wishing me to remain one. You give very good advice; you have often done so. No, I am very quiet; I have always believed in your wisdom," Isabel went on, boasting of her quietness, yet speaking with a kind of contained exaltation. It was her passionate desire to be just; it touched Ralph to the heart, affected him like a caress from a creature he had injured. He wished to interrupt, to reassure her; for a moment he was absurdly inconsistent; he would have retracted what he had said. But she gave him no chance; she went on, having caught a glimpse, as she thought, of the heroic line, and desiring to advance in that direction; "I see you have got some idea; I should like very much to hear it. I am sure it 's disinterested; I feel that. It seems a strange thing to argue about, and of course I ought to tell you definitely that if you expect to dissuade me you may give it up. You will not move me at all; it is too late. As you say, I am caught. Certainly it won't be pleasant for you to remember this, but your pain will be in your own thoughts. I shall never reproach you."

"I don't think you ever will," said Ralph. "It is not in the least the sort of marriage I thought you would make."

"What sort of marriage was that, pray?"

"Well, I can hardly say. I had n't exactly a positive view of it, but I had a negative. I did n't think you would marry a man like Mr. Osmond."

"What do you know against him? You know him scarcely at all."

"Yes," Ralph said, "I know him very little, and I know nothing against him. But, all the same, I can't help feeling that you are running a risk."

"Marriage is always a risk, and his risk is as great as mine."

"That 's his affair! If he is afraid, let him recede; I wish he would."

Isabel leaned back in her chair, folded her arms, and gazed a while at her cousin.

"I don't think I understand you," she said at last, coldly. "I don't know what you are talking about."

"I thought you would marry a man of more importance."

Cold, I say, her tone had been, but at this a color like a flame leaped into her face.

"Of more importance to whom? It seems to me enough that one's husband should be important to one's self!"

Ralph blushed as well; his attitude embarrassed him. Physically speaking, he proceeded to change it; he straightened himself, then leaned forward, resting a hand on each knee. He fixed his eyes on the ground; he had an air of the most respectful deliberation.

"I will tell you in a moment what I mean," he presently said. He felt agitated, intensely eager; now that he had opened the discussion he wished to discharge his mind. But he wished also to be superlatively gentle.

Isabel waited a little, and then she went on with majesty: —

"In everything that makes real distinction Mr. Osmond is preëminent. There may be nobler natures, but I have never had the pleasure of meeting one. Mr. Osmond is the best I know; he is important enough for me."

"I had a sort of vision of your future," Ralph said, without answering this. "I amused myself with planning out a kind of destiny for you. There was to be nothing of this sort in it. You were not to come down so easily, so soon."

"To come down? What strange expressions you use! Is that your description of my marriage?"

"It expresses my idea of it. You seemed to me to be soaring far up in the blue, — to be sailing in the bright light, over the heads of men. Suddenly some one tosses up a stone, — a missile that should never have reached you, — and down you drop to the ground. It hurts me," said Ralph, audaciously, "as if I had fallen myself!"

The look of pain and bewilderment deepened in his companion's face.

"I don't understand you in the least," she repeated. "You say you amused yourself with planning out my future, — I don't understand that. Don't amuse yourself too much, or I shall think you are doing it at my expense."

Ralph shook his head.

"I am not afraid of your not believing that I have had great ideas for you."

"What do you mean by my soaring and sailing?" the girl asked. "I have never moved on a higher line than I am moving on now. There is nothing higher for a girl than to marry a — a person she likes," said poor Isabel, wandering into the didactic.

"It's your liking the person we speak of that I venture to criticise, my dear Isabel! I should have said that the man for you would have been a more active, larger, freer sort of nature." Ralph hesitated a moment; then he added, "I can't get over the belief that there's something small in Osmond."

He had uttered these last words with a tremor of the voice; he was afraid that she would flash out again. But, to his surprise, she was quiet; she had the air of considering.

"Something small?" she said, reflectively.

"I think he's narrow, selfish. He takes himself so seriously!"

"He has a great respect for himself; I don't blame him for that," said Isabel. "It's the proper way to respect others."

Ralph for a moment felt almost reassured by her reasonable tone.

"Yes, but everything is relative; one ought to feel one's relations. I don't think Mr. Osmond does that."

"I have chiefly to do with the relation in which he stands to me. In that he is excellent."

"He is the incarnation of taste," Ralph went on, thinking hard how he could best express Gilbert Osmond's

sinister attributes without putting himself in the wrong by seeming to describe him coarsely. He wished to describe him impersonally, scientifically. "He judges and measures, approves and condemns, altogether by that."

"It is a happy thing, then, that his taste should be exquisite."

"It is exquisite, indeed, since it has led him to select you as his wife. But have you ever seen an exquisite taste ruffled?"

"I hope it may never be my fortune to fail to gratify my husband's."

At these words a sudden passion leaped to Ralph's lips. "Ah, that's willful, that's unworthy of you!" he cried. "You were not meant to be measured in that way; you were meant for something better than to keep guard over the sensibilities of a sterile dilettante!"

Isabel rose quickly, and Ralph did the same, so that they stood for a moment looking at each other, as if he had flung down a defiance or an insult.

"You go too far," she murmured.

"I have said what I had on my mind; and I have said it because I love you!"

Isabel turned pale; was he, too, on that tiresome list? She had a sudden wish to strike him off. "Ah, then, you are not disinterested!"

"I love you, but I love without hope," said Ralph, quickly, forcing a smile, and feeling that in that last declaration he had expressed more than he intended.

Isabel moved away, and stood looking into the sunny stillness of the garden; but after a little she turned back to him. "I am afraid your talk, then, is the wildness of despair. I don't understand it, — but it does n't matter. I am not arguing with you; it is impossible that I should; I have only tried to listen to you. I am much obliged to you for attempting to explain," she said gently, as if the anger with which she had just sprung up had already subsided. "It is very good of you to try to warn me, if you are really alarmed. But I won't promise to think of what you have said; I shall forget it as soon as possible. Try and forget it yourself; you have done your duty, and no man can do more. I can't explain to you what I feel, what I believe, and I would n't if I could." She paused a moment, and then she went on, with an inconsequence that Ralph observed even in the midst of his eagerness to discover some symptom of concession. "I can't enter into your idea of Mr. Osmond; I can't do it justice, because I see him in quite another way. He is not important, — no, he is not important; he is a man to whom importance is supremely indifferent. If that is what you mean when you call him 'small,' then he is as small as you please. I call that large; it's the largest thing I know. I won't pretend to argue with you about a person I am going to marry," Isabel repeated. "I am not in the least concerned to defend Mr. Osmond; he is not so weak as to need my defense. I should think it would seem strange, even to yourself, that I should talk of him so quietly and coldly, as if he were any one else. I would not talk of him at all to any one but you; and you, after what you have said, — I may just answer you once for all. Pray, would you wish me to make a mercenary marriage, — what they call a marriage of ambition? I have only one ambition, — to be free to follow out a good feeling. I had others once; but they have passed away. Do you complain of Mr. Osmond because he is not rich? That is just what I like him for. I have, fortunately, money enough; I have never felt so thankful for it as to-day. There have been moments when I should like to go and kneel down by your father's grave; he did, perhaps, a better thing than he knew when he put it into my power to marry a poor man, — a man who has borne his poverty with such

dignity, with such indifference. Mr. Osmond has never scrambled nor struggled; he has cared for no worldly prize. If that is to be narrow, if that is to be selfish, then it's very well. I am not frightened by such words; I am not even displeased; I am only sorry that you should make a mistake. Others might have done so, but I am surprised that you should. You might know a gentleman when you see one, — you might know a fine mind. Mr. Osmond makes no mistakes! He knows everything; he understands everything; he has the kindest, gentlest, highest spirit. You have got hold of some false idea; it's a pity, but I can't help it; it regards you more than me." Isabel paused a moment, looking at her cousin with an eye illuminated by a sentiment which contradicted the careful calmness of her manner, — a mingled sentiment, to which the angry pain excited by his words and the wounded pride of having needed to justify a choice of which she felt only the nobleness and purity equally contributed. Although she paused, Ralph said nothing; he saw she had more to say. She was superb, but she was eager; she was indifferent, but she was secretly trembling. "What sort of a person should you have liked me to marry?" she asked, suddenly. "You talk about one's soaring and sailing, but if one marries at all one touches the earth. One has human feelings and needs, one has a heart in one's bosom, and one must marry a particular individual. Your mother has never forgiven me for not having come to a better understanding with Lord Warburton, and she is horrified at my contenting myself with a person who has none of Lord Warburton's great advantages, — no property, no title, no honors, no houses, nor lands, nor position, nor reputation, nor brilliant belongings of any sort. It is the total absence of all these things that pleases me. Mr. Osmond is simply a man; he is not a proprietor!"

Ralph had listened with great attention, as if everything she said merited deep consideration; but in reality he was only half thinking of the things she said; he was for the rest simply accommodating himself to the weight of his total impression, — the impression of her passionate good faith. She was wrong, but she believed; she was deluded, but she was consistent. It was wonderfully characteristic of her that she had invented a fine theory about Gilbert Osmond, and loved him, not for what he really possessed, but for his very poverties dressed out as honors. Ralph remembered what he had said to his father about wishing to put it into Isabel's power to gratify her imagination. He had done so, and the girl had taken full advantage of the privilege. Poor Ralph felt sick; he felt ashamed. Isabel had uttered her last words with a low solemnity of conviction which virtually terminated the discussion, and she closed it formally by turning away and walking back to the house. Ralph walked beside her, and they passed into the court together, and reached the big staircase. Here Ralph stopped, and Isabel paused, turning on him a face full of a deep elation at his opposition having made her own conception of her conduct more clear to her.

"Shall you not come up to breakfast?" she asked.

"No; I want no breakfast, — I am not hungry."

"You ought to eat," said the girl; "you live on air."

"I do, very much, and I shall go back into the garden and take another mouthful of it. I came thus far simply to say this: I said to you last year that if you were to get into trouble I should feel terribly sold. That's how I feel to-day."

"Do you think I am in trouble?"

"One is in trouble when one is in error."

"Very well," said Isabel; "I shall

never complain of my trouble to you!" And she moved up the staircase.

Ralph, standing there with his hands in his pockets, followed her with his eyes; then the lurking chill of the high-walled court struck him, and made him shiver, so that he returned to the garden, to breakfast on the Florentine sunshine.

XXXIV.

Isabel, when she strolled in the Cascine with her lover, felt no impulse to tell him that he was not thought well of at the Palazzo Crescentini. The discreet opposition offered to her marriage by her aunt and her cousin made, on the whole, little impression upon her; the moral of it was simply that they disliked Gilbert Osmond. This dislike was not alarming to Isabel; she scarcely even regretted it; for it served mainly to throw into higher relief the fact, in every way so honorable, that she married to please herself. One did other things to please other people; one did this for a more personal satisfaction; and Isabel's satisfaction was assured by her lover's admirable good conduct. Gilbert Osmond was in love, and he had never deserved less than during these still, bright days, each of them numbered, which preceded the fulfillment of his hopes, the harsh criticism passed upon him by Ralph Touchett. The chief impression produced upon Isabel's mind by this criticism was that the passion of love separated its victim terribly from every one but the loved object. She felt herself disjoined from every one she had ever known before: from her two sisters, who wrote to express a dutiful hope that she would be happy, and a surprise, somewhat more vague, at her not having chosen a consort of whom a richer portrait could be painted; from Henrietta, who, she was sure, would come out, too late, on purpose to remonstrate; from Lord Warburton, who would certainly console himself, and from Caspar Goodwood, who perhaps would not; from her aunt, who had cold, shallow ideas about marriage, for which she was not sorry to manifest her contempt; and from Ralph, whose talk about having great views for her was surely but a whimsical cover for a personal disappointment. Ralph apparently wished her not to marry at all, — that was what it really meant, — because he was amused with the spectacle of her adventures as a single woman. His disappointment made him say angry things about the man she had preferred even to him. Isabel flattered herself that she believed Ralph had been angry. It was the more easy for her to believe this, because, as I say, she thought, on the whole, but little about it, and accepted as an incident of her lot the idea that to prefer Gilbert Osmond as she preferred him was perforce to break all other ties. She tasted of the sweets of this preference, and they made her feel that there was, after all, something very invidious in being in love, much as the sentiment was theoretically approved of. It was the tragical side of happiness; one's right was always made of the wrong of some one else. Gilbert Osmond was not demonstrative; the consciousness of success, which must now have flamed high within him, emitted very little smoke for so brilliant a blaze. Contentment, on his part, never took a vulgar form; excitement, in the most self-conscious of men, was a kind of ecstasy of self-control. This disposition, however, made him an admirable lover; it gave him a constant view of the amorous character. He never forgot himself, as I say; and so he never forgot to be graceful and tender, to wear the appearance of devoted intention. He was immensely pleased with his young lady; Madame Merle had made him a present of incalculable value. What could be a finer thing to live with than a high spirit attuned to softness? For would not the

softness be all for one's self, and the strenuousness for society, which admired the air of superiority? What could be a happier gift in a companion than a quick, fanciful mind, which saved one repetitions, and reflected one's thought upon a scintillating surface? Osmond disliked to see his thought reproduced literally, — that made it look stale and stupid; he preferred it to be brightened in the reproduction. His egotism, if egotism it was, had never taken the crude form of wishing for a dull wife; this lady's intelligence was to be a silver plate, not an earthen one, — a plate that he might heap up with ripe fruits, to which it would give a decorative value, so that conversation might become a sort of perpetual dessert. He found the silvery quality in perfection in Isabel; he could tap her imagination with his knuckle and make it ring. He knew perfectly, though he had not been told, that the union found little favor among the girl's relations; but he had always treated her so completely as an independent person that it hardly seemed necessary to express regret for the attitude of her family. Nevertheless, one morning, he made an abrupt allusion to it.

"It 's the difference in our fortune they don't like," he said. "They think I am in love with your money."

"Are you speaking of my aunt, — of my cousin?" Isabel asked. "How do you know what they think?"

"You have not told me that they are pleased, and when I wrote to Mrs. Touchett, the other day, she never answered my note. If they had been delighted I should have learnt it, and the fact of my being poor and you rich is the most obvious explanation of their want of delight. But of course, when a poor man marries a rich girl, he must be prepared for imputations. I don't mind them; I only care for one thing, — your thinking it 's all right. I don't care what others think. I have never cared much, and why should I begin to-day, when I have taken to myself a compensation for everything? I won't pretend that I am sorry you are rich; I am delighted. I delight in everything that is yours, whether it be money or virtue. Money is a great advantage. It seems to me, however, that I have sufficiently proved that I can get on without it; I never in my life tried to earn a penny, and I ought to be less subject to suspicion than most people. I suppose it is their business to suspect, — that of your own family; it 's proper, on the whole, they should. They will like me better some day; so will you, for that matter. Meanwhile, my business is not to bother, but simply to be thankful for life and love. . . . It has made me better, loving you," he said, on another occasion; "it has made me wiser, and easier, and brighter. I used to want a great many things before, and to be angry that I did n't have them. Theoretically, I was satisfied, as I once told you. I flattered myself that I had limited my wants. But I was subject to irritation; I used to have morbid, sterile, hateful fits of hunger, of desire. Now I am really satisfied, because I can't think of anything better. It is just as when one has been trying to spell out a book in the twilight, and suddenly the lamp comes in. I had been putting out my eyes over the book of life, and finding nothing to reward me for my pains; but now that I can read it properly I see that it 's a delightful story. My dear girl, I can't tell you how life seems to stretch there before us, — what a long summer afternoon awaits us. It 's the latter half of an Italian day, with a golden haze, and the shadows just lengthening, and that divine delicacy in the light, the air, the landscape, which I have loved all my life, and which you love to-day. Upon my word, I don't see why we should n't get on. We have got what we like, — to say nothing of having each other. We have the fac-

ulty of admiration, and several excellent beliefs. We are not stupid, we are not heavy, we are not under bonds to any dull limitations. You are very fresh, and I am well seasoned. We have got my poor child to amuse us; we will try and make up some little life for her. It is all soft and mellow; it has the Italian coloring."

They made a good many plans, but they left themselves also a good deal of latitude; it was a matter of course, however, that they should live for the present in Italy. It was in Italy that they had met; Italy had been a party to their first impressions of each other, and Italy should be a party to their happiness. Osmond had the attachment of old acquaintance, and Isabel the stimulus of new, which seemed to assure her a future of beautiful hours. The desire for unlimited expansion had been succeeded in her mind by the sense that life was vacant without some private duty which gathered one's energies to a point. She told Ralph that she had "seen life" in a year or two, and that she was already tired, not of life, but of observation. What had become of all her ardors, her aspirations, her theories, her high estimate of her independence, and her incipient conviction that she should never marry? These things had been absorbed in a more primitive sentiment, — the joy of Gilbert Osmond's being dear to her, the bliss of being dear to him. This feeling answered all questions, satisfied all needs, solved all difficulties. It simplified the future at a stroke; it came down from above, like the light of the stars, and it needed no explanation. There was explanation enough in the fact that he was her lover, her own, and that she was able to be of use to him. She could marry him with a kind of pride; she was not only taking, but giving.

He brought Pansy with him two or three times to the Cascine, — Pansy, who was very little taller than a year before, and not much older. That she would always be a child was the conviction expressed by her father, who held her by the hand when she was in her sixteenth year, and told her to go and play while he sat down a while with the pretty lady. Pansy wore a short dress and a long coat; her hat always seemed too big for her. She amused herself with walking off, with quick, short steps, to the end of the alley, and then walking back, with a smile that seemed an appeal for approbation. Isabel gave her approbation in abundance, and it was of that demonstrated personal kind which the child's affectionate nature craved. She watched her development with a kind of amused suspense; Pansy had already become a little daughter. She was treated so completely as a child that Osmond had not yet explained to her the new relation in which he stood to the elegant Miss Archer. "She does n't know," he said to Isabel, "she does n't suspect; she thinks it perfectly natural that you and I should come and walk here together, simply as good friends. There seems to me something enchantingly innocent in that; it 's the way I like her to be. No, I am not a failure, as I used to think; I have succeeded in two things. I am to marry the woman I adore, and I have brought up my child as I wished, in the old way."

He was very fond, in all things, of the "old way;" that had struck Isabel as an element in the picturesqueness of his character.

"It seems to me you will not know whether you have succeeded until you have told her," she said. "You must see how she takes your news. She may be horrified, she may be jealous."

"I am not afraid of that; she is too fond of you on her own account. I should like to leave her in the dark a little longer, to see if it will come into her head that if we are not engaged we ought to be."

Isabel was impressed by Osmond's

æsthetic relish of Pansy's innocence, her own appreciation of it being more moral. She was perhaps not the less pleased when he told her, a few days later, that he had broken the news to his daughter, who made such a pretty little speech: "Oh, then I shall have a sister!" She was neither surprised nor alarmed; she had not cried, as he expected.

"Perhaps she had guessed it," said Isabel.

"Don't say that; I should be disgusted if I believed that. I thought it would be just a little shock; but the way she took it proves that her good manners are paramount. That is also what I wished. You shall see for yourself; to-morrow she shall make you her congratulations in person."

The meeting, on the morrow, took place at the Countess Gemini's, whither Pansy had been conducted by her father, who knew that Isabel was to come in the afternoon to return a visit made her by the countess on learning that they were to become sisters-in-law. Calling at Casa Touchett, the visitor had not found Isabel at home; but after our young lady had been ushered into the countess' drawing-room, Pansy came in to say that her aunt would presently appear. Pansy was spending the day with her aunt, who thought she was of an age when she should begin to learn how to carry herself in company. It was Isabel's view that the little girl might have given lessons in deportment to the elder lady, and nothing could have justified this conviction more than the manner in which Pansy acquitted herself while they waited together for the countess. Her father's decision, the year before, had finally been to send her back to the convent to receive the last graces, and Madame Catherine had evidently carried out her theory that Pansy was to be fitted for the great world.

"Papa has told me that you have kindly consented to marry him," said the good woman's pupil. "It is very delightful; I think you will suit very well."

"You think I will suit you?"

"You will suit me beautifully; but what I mean is that you and papa will suit each other. You are both so quiet and so serious. You are not so quiet as he, or even as Madame Merle; but you are more quiet than many others. He should not, for instance, have a wife like my aunt. She is always moving, to-day especially; you will see when she comes in. They told us at the convent it was wrong to judge our elders, but I suppose there is no harm if we judge them favorably. You will be a delightful companion for papa."

"For you, too, I hope," Isabel said.

"I speak first of him on purpose. I have told you already what I myself think of you; I liked you from the first. I admire you so much that I think it will be a great good fortune to have you always before me. You will be my model; I shall try to imitate you, though I am afraid it will be very feeble. I am very glad for papa; he needed something more than me. Without you, I don't see how he could have got it. You will be my stepmother; but we must not use that word. You don't look at all like the word; it is somehow so ugly. They are always said to be cruel; but I think you will never be cruel. I am not afraid."

"My good little Pansy," said Isabel, gently, "I shall be very kind to you."

"Very well, then; I have nothing to fear," the child declared, lightly.

Her description of her aunt had not been incorrect; the Countess Gemini was less than ever in a state of repose. She entered the room with a great deal of expression, and kissed Isabel, first on her lips and then on each cheek, in the short, quick manner of a bird drinking. She made Isabel sit down on the sofa beside her, and, looking at our heroine with a variety of turns of the head, de-

livered herself of a hundred remarks, from which I offer the reader but a brief selection.

"If you expect me to congratulate you, I must beg you to excuse me. I don't suppose you care whether I do or not; I believe you are very proud. But I care myself whether I tell fibs or not; I never tell them unless there is something to be gained. I don't see what there is to be gained with you, especially as you would not believe me. I don't make phrases; I never made a phrase in my life. My fibs are always very crude. I am very glad for my own sake that you are going to marry Osmond; but I won't pretend I am glad for yours. You are very remarkable, — you know that 's what people call you; you are an heiress, and very good-looking and clever, very original; so it 's a good thing to have you in the family. Our family is very good, you know, — Osmond will have told you that, — and my mother was rather distinguished; she was called the American Corinne. But we are rather fallen, I think, and perhaps you will pick us up. I have great confidence in you; there are ever so many things I want to talk to you about. I never congratulate any girl on marrying; I think it 's the worst thing she can do. I suppose Pansy ought n't to hear all this; but that 's what she has come to me for, — to acquire the tone of society. There is no harm in her knowing that it is n't such a blessing to get married. When first I got an idea that my brother had designs upon you, I thought of writing to you, to recommend you, in the strongest terms, not to listen to him. Then I thought it would be disloyal, and I hate anything of that kind. Besides, as I say, I was enchanted, for myself; and, after all, I am very selfish. By the way, you won't respect me, and we shall never be intimate. I should like it, but you won't. Some day, all the same, we shall be better friends than you will believe at first. My husband will come and see you, though, as you probably know, he is on no sort of terms with Osmond. He is very fond of going to see pretty women, but I am not afraid of you. In the first place, I don't care what he does. In the second, you won't care a straw for him; you will take his measure at a glance. Some day I will tell you all about him. Do you think my niece ought to go out of the room? Pansy, go and practice a little in my boudoir."

"Let her stay, please," said Isabel. "I would rather hear nothing that Pansy may not!"

Henry James, Jr.

CHANCE.

A LADY comes on the morning mist:
Lovely and terrible she, I wist;
Bands of iron on willful tresses,
Gold and topaz about her wrist.

Both day and dark her lips have kissed;
With prince and peasant she makes her tryst;
She soothes and stings, and beaks her jesses,
And flees, exulting, to whom she list.

FRENCH TRAGEDY.

Mademoiselle Bernhardt's visit has proved to be an event of some mark in our dramatic annals. Unlike that of her greater predecessor in the Théâtre Français, it has been profitable from the beginning and throughout; and, after a widely extended tour through the West and North, she now returns to the East to gather, we may be sure, more dollars into the treasury of the theatrical adventurers to whose enterprise we owe the pleasure of seeing her. Their profits have been so considerable and so constant that the contrast in this respect to the visit of Rachel is very striking. It is difficult to believe that the greatest actress, the greatest histrionic artist, of modern times failed to attract remunerative audiences even in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, — failed to attract a succession of large audiences at comparatively low prices of admission. When Rachel first appeared in New York the price of the best seats, those in the balcony and the parterre, was three dollars, with which that of places in the less desirable parts of the house corresponded; but after a few performances it was found necessary to reduce these prices, and the seats in the parterre were sold at the box office for two dollars, with no advance to be paid to ticket speculators. Indeed, at this low rate she played night after night to houses hardly more than half full; and she had a like experience in other large towns. We are richer now than we were then; but this difference between the money results of these two notable dramatic ventures is not the consequence of our increase in wealth. In the very places which had for years filled their theatres and their opera-houses with large and eager audiences it was difficult to gather a thousand people thrice a week to see her a sight of whom was worth a voyage to Europe. The problem was not to find money for Rachel, but audiences. She couldn't have filled the Academy of Music in New York at twenty-five cents as a general price of admission. Her public might have been said to be "fit, though few," if they had always been the former. Nor does it seem that the remarkable succession of large audiences before whom Mademoiselle Bernhardt has appeared is due to an increased acquaintance with the French language and its dramatic literature. The rustling of the play books, as her hearers follow her performances, with one eye on the actress and one on the translation, forbids us to believe that any large proportion of them understand her much better than they would if she were speaking Russian. And as to the dramatic tastes of these audiences, the published accounts of the receipts at the various performances show a marked preference for the lightest and the thinnest dramas. Frou-Frou has always overtopped Phèdre. The great increase of the Bernhardt over the Rachel audience seems to be the consequence on the one hand of the Parisian habits acquired by a very large proportion of our people in their vast annual summer migrations to Paris during the last twenty-five years, and on the other to the large additions which have been made in that time to our foreign-born population. In all respects the Rachel performances were of a much higher order. The principal artist was a very much greater histrionic personage; the company by which she was supported was very much abler and more complete; and all the material adjuncts of the drama, costumes and what not, were much more attractive. Yet Rachel was a comparative failure pecuniarily in the United States, and Bernhardt has been "a great success."

The general public interest in the distinguished German-French-Hebrew actress, and the fact that she whose memory the artist of to-day revives and rivals made her reputation almost exclusively in the highest walks of the French drama, from which the other, however, does not withhold her feet, make a consideration of that drama at least not inopportune.

The most significant and the most striking fact which such a scrutiny reveals is that France, the country which is now more prolific in dramatic authors than any other, which now supplies the theatres of all other countries with at least the ground-work and the substance of the greater number of the plays performed in them, and which alone cultivates the art of Roscius to such a degree as to produce a school of highly trained actors, is the only civilized country, Russia perhaps excepted, — if Russia as a country may be called civilized, — which has no national drama. Among the people who have produced Corneille, Racine, and the greater Molière, Talma and Rachel, the drama is an exotic. French tragedy is Greek; French comedy, Spanish. Whatever is not Spanish in French comedy is not dramatic, although it may be comic; whatever is not Greek in French tragedy is neither tragic nor dramatic. Other civilized peoples, notably the English, have a drama which is strongly marked with national traits, which has been developed by the hands of genius from rude, indigenous germs, and which, although modified externally in its perfected strength, or in its decay by the influence of other schools, still retains its national form and spirit. But France, under the pernicious influence of its Academy, and of that suckling Academy the Hôtel Rambouillet, cast aside as barbarous the crude, chaotic plays of original and elemental substance which she, like other nations, once possessed, and which yet had within them the germs of a new and characteristic dramatic literature, and deliberately assumed the position of an imitator.

The French drama is not a spontaneous growth; it is an artificial manufacture. The Hôtel Rambouillet and the Academy said, "Go to! let us make to ourselves a drama. In comedy we will form it upon the intrigue of the Spanish stage; in tragedy we will emulate the severe simplicity of the Greeks. It shall be very correct and proper according to the rules of art and *convenance*, if not very decent morally; certain words shall be allowed to the comic writers, and certain others to the tragic, and it shall be literary felony for either to use the other's language; and let us beware that the unities are rigidly observed." And they did so: and thus it is that in the French drama what is essential is foreign, and what is national is adventitious.

It is true that both the Hôtel and the Academy criticised severely the very plays which they were the means of calling into existence, and which often succeeded in spite of the condemnation of both. But those plays were none the less the fruits of an effort to conform to the decrees of those tribunals; which very naturally assumed the right and the function of deciding their degree of conformity to the standard which had been thus set up and which the dramatists accepted.

The progress of the English drama may be traced up through the rude Mysteries (which have now an existing semblance in the Oberammergau Passion Play), and the hardly less rude Moralities, to the first crude attempts at comedy and tragedy, and thence rapidly onward to the glory and perfection of Elizabeth's later years. Not to go further back, in Marlowe, and Shakespeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher, and Chapman, and Massinger, and Middleton, and Shirley, and in their contemporaries, we find traits common to their works, and

to those anomalous things in which personified human vices and virtues, and God and Satan, and patriarchs, saints, and prophets, were brought upon the stage in company with personages of the time and the ever-present buffoon, who as Vice or Fool supplied the humor or the coarse sarcasm of the piece, and who has his lineal descendant and representative in Touchstone, in Dogberry, in the grave-digger in Hamlet, and in the heroic Fool in King Lear. Attempts have been made at various times to impinge classic forms upon the English drama, but in vain. Jonson essayed it, and, although lauded by scholars and critics, failed utterly. For more than a hundred and fifty years his classic plays have been positively unknown in English theatres; and who now would even read Sejanus except as a laborious literary task? The classic scion soon died and fell away, because it had no affinity with the sturdy stock, selfish and insolent, upon which it had been grafted. Even the compromise in Dryden's rhyming tragedies was more than we could bear; and as to the classic drama pure and simple, a manager would now be as likely to produce Norton and Sackville's tragedy, Gorbuduc, which was written twenty years before Shakespeare was born, and which Sir Philip Sidney commends as "full of stately speeches," and Pope admired for "propriety in the sentiments and dignity in the sentences," as Cato by Addison, who succeeded Shakespeare at the distance of a century, and who by his formal, dead-and-alive performance won the warm approval of the French critics that looked upon him of Avon as a barbarian. We have had no Academy and no Hôtel Rambouillet, or have had counterparts of the latter only to laugh at their decrees; and thus it is that among our literary riches we have a drama in which what is essential is of ourselves, and whatever is adventitious is foreign. That which lives upon the English stage must show us the truth of nature through a medium of English common sense. Even the surpassing wit of the School for Scandal no longer serves to counterpoise its artificiality and the lack of real character in its personages. It is played, but as a dramatic curiosity, and for the opportunities it affords to one or two actors. Its days upon the stage are numbered; and with the whole school of which it is the crowning glory it will ere long disappear from the theatre, — if, indeed, we are to have a theatre which is more than burlesque and spectacle. Boucicault and other playwrights may make clever adaptations of clever French plays which obtain a momentary success, but only to die out of the public memory before their very eyes. To achieve immortality a generation long they must write comedies which are more than adaptations or imitations.

That this estimate of the difference between the French drama and that of other peoples, — our own, for example, — and of the cause of that difference, is correct, may be shown by a brief examination of the transition period of the drama in France, by which we shall see that the Academy and the *coterie* Rambouillet, or the educated and high-bred class of whose tastes and opinions they were the all-powerful exponents, crushed the nascent vitality of the French stage at that epoch, and perhaps forever.

Corneille, who, although not quite the great Corneille that Frenchmen fondly think him, had more dramatic genius than any man of his own or of the succeeding century, always excepting that glory of the French stage, the truly great Molière, — Corneille had written some comedies, by which he had attracted attention and even gained distinction, when the success of Mairet's Sophonisbe suggested to the younger poet that it would be for him a good deed and a profitable to write a classical play; and he wrote Medée, which won for its au

thor something like renown. It was followed by the Cid, which soon filled France with his fame. The Academy, however, and the Hôtel Rambouillet, where wit and learning kept bad taste in countenance and tied genius up in leading-strings, criticised those plays, particularly the latter, very severely, not because they were dull, or characterless, or lacking in dramatic interest, but because they were not correct; they were not *selon les règles;* and it was not until Les Horaces and Cinna appeared that those tribunals admitted that real tragedy had been produced. The French classic drama had then taken form; its type had been created, or rather manufactured; and thenceforward dramatic authors knew what they had to do, or what fate they must expect.

What was it, we may therefore ask, that Corneille had done? How did he cause himself to be accepted then, and acknowledged since then, as the founder and the great Apollo of the French stage? He had merely settled down into imitating the Greek and Latin dramatists, as well as a Frenchman writing for the court of Louis XIV. and using the French language could imitate them. And strange to say, the best French critics, in announcing the advent of their great dramatic poet, unite with their eulogies a *naïf* confession that he was a mere imitator; nay, they seem to glory in his lack of originality in form and in spirit, and, strangest of all, his lack of Frenchness. "*Voici*," exclaims Voltaire, referring to the soliloquy in the fourth scene of the first act of Medée, — "*voici des vers qui annonce Corneille!*" And in our own time Guizot says that they do even more: "*Ils annoncaient la tragédie; elle avait enfin apparut à Corneille, et ses traits, qu'encore grossièrement* ébauchés, *ne se peuvent plus méconnaître*," — a sufficiently comprehensive declaration of the French dramatic creed. But Voltaire adds, — sneering or boasting, who can say? — "*Ce monologue est* tout entière imité *de Seneque le tragique.*" And thus Corneille, guided by the Academy and the Hôtel Rambouillet, inaugurated tragedy in France by imitation. Indeed, the greater part of Medée is little more than a translation of Seneca's tragedy on the same subject (like Ben Jonson's long dead-and-buried classic dramas); and although Corneille soon ceased to produce mere French adaptations from the Latin or the Greek dramatists, both he and Racine, and also their successors, who sought merely to follow in their footsteps, aimed only, by their own confession, at composing tragedies as much like those of Sophocles, Euripides, and Seneca as they could make them; doing away with the chorus, indeed, but introducing those *personnages protatiques* who, as Corneille himself admits, "*ne sont introduits que pour écouter la narration du sujet.*" Such are those hapless personages who come tagging in after the Theseus, the Pyrrhus, or the Orestes of the play, dressed in sad-colored robes, to listen, mostly in silent martyrdom, to the relation of the experience of their distinguished friends, and on the appearance of another person of quality retire, toady-like, to the background to eat humble-pie. Very dramatic personages they are, and very dramatic must be the tragedy of which they form a necessary part!

But the common sense of the world, which, be it ever remembered, is on all points as far as possible from affinity with the dominant opinion of a day, and which therefore rarely errs, has decided that imitations are inevitably feeble reductions of their originals; as the borrowed light of every satellite is cold and wan and lifeless. Never has this general truth had stronger confirmation in a particular instance than in the French classic drama. Corneille and Racine could imitate the conventional and the formal in the Greek drama, and use its materials; but they could do nothing more; nothing, at least, more admirable.

Æschylus and Sophocles lift us above the level of common life; but while in creating their ideal drama they eliminated from it all that is homely, they were careful to preserve nothing which is not forever true. They show us heroes and demigods suffering the wrath of the superior divinities or the sterner doom of Fate. But their heroes are heroes because of some human trait exalted to sublimity; the demigods are not monsters, but men as gods, knowing good and evil; and we, bending our eyes intently upon the grand spectacle, can free our souls from the bondage of the mere material conditions of human life, and sit in wrapt and awe-ful admiration.

The great French tragedians, however, in imitating this ideal tragedy, succeeded only in showing us that which is neither human nor heroic. They are artificial without being stately; their personages are pompous but not majestic, and lofty but not serene. They repress our sympathy without commanding our admiration; and human nature, wearied and outraged, has but the alternative, — to yawn or to laugh.

One agent which French dramatists employed in debasing the ancient classic type of the drama was Love, which as a controlling power, if not as a dramatic motive, has no place in Greek tragedy. But it would not do to write tragedies for the court of the Grand Monarque, and have no love in them; and therefore there is one continuous cry, *amour, amour, amour*, upon their classic stage. Think of the grand and single purpose of the men who show us the defiance of Prometheus, the woes of Œdipus, the sad devotion of Antigone, and the frenzy of Medea; and then think, in tragedy written on their model, of bringing Cupid on the scene, — Cupid wearing a flowing peruke and red-heeled shoes, if nothing else!

How trivial the manliest of French dramatists could be, even when he was most nearly original, and of what a sustained weakness he was capable, we can easily see by looking through Corneille's Horaces, the tragedy which is admitted to be one of his best three, and which La Harpe says is "*de tous les ouvrages de Corneille celui où il a du le plus à son génie. Ni les anciens ni les modernes ne lui ont rien fourni.*" Now whatever in this tragedy is not a bald relation of fact is a cold statement of psychological truth without dramatic purpose, or an equally undramatic exchange of "sentiments" between the speakers; and all this is constantly put in the form of epigram and antithesis. The facts that Camille has a lover and Sabine a husband in one camp, and each a father and a brother in the other, are reiterated in wearisome antitheses about *fille* and *femme*, *père* and *époux*, *frère* and *amant*, six syllables being always devoted with a dexterous union, Rhadamanthine justice, and arithmetical accuracy, to each relationship. Here are a few instances: —

"Son *sang* dans une armée, et son *amour* dans l'autre."
"On peut changer d'*amant*, mais non changer d'*époux*."
"Avec une allégresse aussi plaine et sincère,
Que j'ai épousai la *sœur*, je combattrai le *frère*."
"Près d'épouser la *sœur*, qu'il faut tuer le *frère*."
"En l'une je suis *femme*, en l'autre je suis *fille*."
"En l'une je suis *fille*, en l'autre je suis *femme*."
"Est-ce la mort d'un *frère*, ou celle d'un *époux*?"

But it is not only the peculiar relations which Mademoiselle Camille and Madame Sabine bear to Monsieur Curiace and the Messieurs Horace (*père et fils*) that afford occasion for this antithetical and epigrammatic style of classic tragedy. For example, Mademoiselle Camille says, —

"Ce jour nous fut propice et funeste a la fois;
Unissant nos maisons, il desunit nos vois;
Un même instant conclut notre hymen et la guerre
Fait naître notre espoir, et le jeta par terre."

Monsieur Curiace ingeniously remarks,

"Cependant tout est libre attendant qu'on les nomme,
Rome est dans notre camp, et notre camp dans Rome;"

which jingle of words and see-saw of

thought all must admit bears the grand heroic stamp of the days of legendary Rome. So also does what he soon after adds : —

"La gloire en est pour vous, et la perte pour eux;
Il nous fait immortelle, et les rend malheureux;"

and again, in a moment or two : —

"Tu m'as commis ton sort, je t'en rendrai bon compte;
Je vivrai sans reproche ou je pererai sans honte."

Glancing down the page, we remark too the following specimens of the grand style of Corneille. Camille, speaking of her approaching marriage to Curiace (about which, by the bye, the French dramatist makes the dear creature "all in a twitter," just like any Christian girl of nowadays), says, —

"Quand, pour comble de joie, il obtint de mon père
Que de ses *chastes feux* je serai le *salaire*."

It is difficult to express in words the effect produced by the representation of one of the Curiatii asking the head of the Horatii for his daughter as "*le salaire*" of his "*chastes feux*"! But Monsieur Curiace does say something to Monsieur Horace (*fils*) upon the stage almost equal to this, enforced thereto by the proprieties of the French classic drama and the exigencies of rhyme : —

"Je vois que votre honneur demande tout mon sang,
Que tout le mien consist à vous *percer le flanc*."

"*Percer le flanc*," like Bardolph's "accommodated," is "a good phrase, a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command."

The consolation which Monsieur Horace, *père* (we really must be careful thus to distinguish these gentlemen from each other, for their age is the only point of unlikeness between them), offers to his daughter, upon the death of him of whose chaste flame she was to be *le salaire*, is another characteristic specimen of this grand style : —

"En la mort d'un amant vous ne perdez *qu'un homme*,
Dont la perte est *aisée de reparer en Rome*."

True beyond possibility of doubt. Pity that there was not in French the adage, "There 's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught." But think what, under such circumstances, Shakespeare, or Fletcher, or Massinger, might have made a father say!

Again, when Procule meets Horace, *jeune*, at the end of the fourth act, he says, —

"Vous deviez la traiter avec moins de rigueur."

As "*la*" refers to Mademoiselle Camille, for whom Monsieur Horace has just *perce le flanc*, it will be generally admitted that Procule has reason, and that Madame Sabine, who comes in at the moment, very properly asks him, —

"A quoi s'arrête ici votre *illustre colère*?"

His illustrious anger should have been arrested before, or allowed to go further; although it must be admitted that he atones somewhat for his indiscretion by addressing to her immediately these consoling and complimentary words : —

"Seche tes pleurs, Sabine, ou les caches à ma vue,
Rends toi digne du nom de ma *chaste moitié*."

When, upon such a trifling occasion as that of piercing the flank of a sister, a Roman addresses his wife as his better half, we may approximately guess under what great and subduing grief such a lofty personage might melt into the tenderness of calling her his rib.

These are examples, taken almost at hap-hazard, of Corneille's diction in Les Horaces. We open Polyeucte, and find Severe and Pauline parting after a scene of lofty sentiment, in the French style. Severe says, —

"Adieu, trop vertueux objet, et trop charmant;"

and Pauline, not to be surpassed in compliment, yet preserving Severe's model, rejoins, and rhymes : —

"Adieu, trop malheureux et trop parfait amant."

Perhaps it must be admitted that this is better than "Adieu, too, too fascinating Julia;" but when we consider the advantages of poetic diction, of writing

in the grand classic style, and of imitating the severe Greek drama, which Corneille had, we see why his verse is so neat and his sentiment so appropriate.

In these passages Corneille does not quite equal Racine in like specimens of the grand style, which the latter scatters from a full hand through *his* classic tragedies: such, for instance, as that in which Pyrrhus, when Andromaque comes before him, says (hear! for the son of Achilles speaks to the widow of Hector), —

"Me cherchiez-vous, Madame?
Un espoir si charmant me serait-il permis?"

But Pyrrhus is a bold fellow, as his father's son has a right to be, and soon he presumes to permit himself yet more charming hopes: —

"Je vous offre mon bras. Puis-je espérer encore
Que vous accepterez un cœur qui vous adore?"

I do not hesitate to declare that neither Homer nor Æschylus ever wrote any thing like that. But when Achilles' son says: "*Je vous offre mon bras,*" are we quite sure of the sense in which he uses the last word? Would it surprise us to see "the rugged Pyrrhus" crook his elbow, offer his arm with a profound bow, and, *otant son chapeau*, gallant Madame Andromaque off the stage? It is often difficult to believe that Racine did not purposely, or at least consciously, write burlesque; but this doubt never occurs with regard to Corneille, who has a terse vigor of expression often enough to show that he meant his people to be in earnest.

And Corneille's French critics assure us that in Les Horaces there are grand passages. Of the personages, anon: let us first look at the two most vaunted and best known of these grand passages. The first Voltaire calls "*ce trait de plus grand sublime, cet mot auquel il n'en est aucun comparable dans toute l'antiquité.*" Now what is this which surpasses all that is to be found in the Prometheus, the Œdipus, and the two Iphigenias? It is Horace, *pere's*, reply to Julie's question what Horace, *fils*, would do against three, "*qu'il mourut.*" The second, which is lauded by the same writer, is the line —

"Faites votre devoir, et laissez faire aux dieux."

As to the first (which is plainly the origin of the other *mot*, "the guard dies"), could any clever school-boy well up in his Viri Romæ and his Livy fail to make a Roman give such an answer to such a question? The other is merely the English commonplace, Do your duty and leave the rest to God. As to both, may we not ask in wonder, What must be the wealth of a dramatic literature of which these are the brightest jewels?

Next in importance to the undramatic form of the diction in French tragedy is the defect of a lack of character in the personages. This is so great as to amount to a lack of human interest. Neither Corneille nor Racine gave individuality to any one of his personages; and it is needless to say that where they failed there was no success on the part of their feeble imitators. They have Trojans, Greeks, Romans, Spaniards, and Frenchmen on their stage; but their Trojan differs from their Greek, their Spaniard from their Frenchman, their every one man from their every other, only in age and in rank. They all have the same feeling, the same manner, and use the same language. In this respect, indeed, even the *personnages protatiques* and the servants do not differ from the kings and queens; and we learn the characters and even the very ages of the *dramatis personæ* only by description, or by the manner in which the actors make up for them on the stage. True, we know something of most of them historically or mythologically; but no thanks to the dramatist therefor. It is essential to dramatic art and distinctive of it that it shall *unfold* character, not describe it; that is the province of narration. Greek tragedy, conventional as its form was, did not neglect this requirement. Antigone and

Ismene, for instance, have not spoken a dozen sentences each before we see that the former is imaginative, generous, impulsive, unselfish, and devoted, while the latter is cold, calculating, correct, and prudent. They each have individuality of soul; and we feel that we might be sure how each would act under given circumstances. In the whole range of classic French tragedy there is hardly one personage of whom this is true. Camille, Hermione, Phèdre, Roxane, are not what they are of themselves. We connect with their names only vague and general notions of a Roman maiden, a good Grecian girl, a bad Grecian woman, and a barbarous Sultana. They are distinguished from each other only by their ages and their circumstances. Their being is all objective: subjectively they have no existence.

Of the national traits with which Corneille has been thought by some French critics to have endowed his personages, it is only to be said that these traits consist of nothing but what in dramatic art is called costume, which includes not only dress, but manners, habits of life, and such expressions as mark epoch and nationality. Thus, for instance, Shakespeare, who frequently, almost continually, errs in this respect, as all the great painters have erred, — and what matter? — violates costume in making Apemantus say grace before he eats at Timon's feast. But correctness in costume, like most of the points in regard to accuracy on which pedants afflict their souls, is the easily attained result of a little study and a great deal of care about small things; and personages that have no other merit, and not a spark of life within them, may be without fault in this respect, yet mere puppets correctly dressed, assuming the habits and using the language of a certain period; while others, Shakespeare's Greeks and Romans, for instance, or even Fletcher's, may violate costume, and yet be in their mental and moral traits our very ideal of the men of their period. And thus it is that Corneille's classic personages, although they have the proper dresses on their backs, the proper words in their mouths, do the proper deeds and utter the proper sentiments, are spouting shams. He tried to make Romans in Les Horaces; and what is Horace, *fils*, but a big Frenchman with a bowie-knife, rolling his *r*'s and his eyes through interminable Alexandrines? The difference between him and Curiace is merely that which is made by the facts of Livy's story: *mutatis mutandis*, one is but the other; "change places, and, handy dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?"

Racine's people pass us by undistinguishable, a homogeneous crowd. To all of them may be applied the remark made by Corneille upon those in Bajazet, — that they were Frenchmen in foreign costume; a criticism which showed that the critic's censorship did not, like his charity, begin at home. As to the way in which such lay figures are made to have a semblance of life upon the stage, it is simply through the vital force and the art of the actor, who, conceiving the character and fully feeling the situation, acts almost irrespective of the spoken words, except in so far as they suggest the character and the situation and the consequent emotion. The actors of Racine's dramas are called upon to do this constantly. His works are evidently the productions of a man of whom it might well be said, as it is said in his epitaph, written by Boileau, "*Il* s'appliqua longtemps *à composer des tragédies.*" But to the making of tragedies there goes something more than long application.

To these great and essential faults the French drama adds another, which, although adventitious, does more than any other to make French tragedy tedious and French comedy superficial. It makes the stage a place for *causerie*. The proverb that speech is silvern but silence gold-

en is not of Gallic origin. Frenchmen think, with Bonnard, that —

"Le silence est l'esprit des sots;"

but they forget that he added, —

"Et l'une des vertus du sage;"

and it is not surprising that, cultivating the art of talking, and excelling in it, as Frenchmen do, they should have made the great mistake of supposing that the stage is the place for *causerie*. In French tragedy the personages come upon the stage and talk about what has happened or what will happen. What they say has rarely much to do with the progress of the action. In French comedy, if we read it, we find in it little more than clever talk or tongue-manœuvre of some sort; if we see it, its dramatic interest depends entirely on the use which the actors make of the situations. In the best French comedies — those of Molière always excepted — the best scenes are but smart conversations between people who, in general, are going about their ordinary affairs in an ordinary way. All this is often very clever, but unless it is acted, — when the acting is not the writer's work, — what real dramatic value or purpose has it? What phases of human nature does it turn to the light? What emotion does it portray? What character unfold? None. It shows us groups of, generally, well-behaved people getting each other into intellectual corners, from which they must fight their way out by skill in tongue-fence. This has become the character of French comedy, which now follows its Spanish model only so far as that brings its personages into situations perilous to their happiness or their reputations, and from which they are to be extricated by their wit. And it is astonishing to see with what success a French dramatist will make a wife defend herself to her lover for having been found alone with her husband, or a maiden justify herself for consenting to marriage with a man whom she detests, that she may be free to enjoy the companionship of another whom she loves.

The easy flow of French conversation, — which makes seeing French comedy like having our going into society done for us (as the Turk would have his dancing), — when it ceases to flow and sparkle irregularly, and swells into the solemn waves of Alexandrian verses, each like the other, rising six syllables, pausing an instant, and falling six into the trough of rhyme, becomes as dreary as a stage prospect of an artificial ocean; and we think, If this is poetry, how delightful must have been the life-long speech of Monsieur Jourdain! And yet of such eternal talk in verse all French tragedies are made up. Even Phèdre's curse of Œnone, which Rachel made so terrible, is mostly didactic: —

"Je ne t'écoute plus. Va-t'en, monstre exécrable!
Va, laisse-moi le soin de mon sort déplorable.
Puisse le juste ciel dignement te payer!
Et puisse ton supplice à jamais effrayer
Tous ceux qui, comme toi, par de lâches adresses
Des princes malheureux nourrissent les faiblesses
Les poussent au penchant où leur cœur est enclin,
Et leur osent du crime aplanir le chemin!
Détestables flatteurs, présent le plus funeste
Qui puisse faire aux vois la colère céleste."

Those last six lines, which should be the flaming climax of the imprecation, are a very pertinent, cool, judicious, moral reflection, and have no place in a malediction; which, however, Phèdre's reply to Œnone is not, except in the first four lines. The rest was evidently written to be recited with dignity to Œnone, but at the Grand Monarque. Rachel fused the whole speech into one consuming outburst of hate and horror; but the fire of her genius, not that of Racine's, lighted the volcano.

I am able to say that this appreciation of French tragedy was that of Rachel herself. I knew her and talked with her about her art; and one evening, when there was no one else by to listen, she spoke without reserve of the dullness of French tragedy, and its lack of character. She condemned it wholly; and expressed her great regret that she did

not know Shakespeare until it was too late for her to study his plays, even to act them in translation; for she could not speak English. She spoke with enthusiastic admiration of Shakespeare, and almost with contempt of Corneille and Racine. And although she knew me as the author of Shakespeare's Scholar, which had just then been published, she was somewhat older than I was, and, being a woman, was really much older. Moreover, she was the great tragedian of the age, and I but a young dilettante author; and therefore there is no reason to believe that this comparison and confession were in compliment to a man of English blood and speech, and a student of Shakespeare. I saw that she meant and felt all that she said. Others, indeed, shared with us this appreciation of the French drama; but I have never seen the reasons for it particularly set forth; and the light which her genius cast upon its dull formalities was by some who should have been sharper-eyed mistaken for its own.

Richard Grant White.

FRIENDS: A DUET.

XIV.

"If it could be — Oh, all in vain!
The restless trouble of my soul
Sets, like the great tide to the moon,
Toward your control."

RELIANCE herself did not talk, nor ask what was the matter. She knew that she was rather sick, but the indifference of her condition was on her young frame. It seemed equally easy to live or to die. Myrtle hung over her without one rebuke. Nobody mentioned Mr. Griggs or the temperance work. Nobody scolded her. And nobody knew that she had found out from Janet that he was doing well, and that it was all worth while. She yielded herself to the novelty of disease, and was ill with all her might for a while.

There were always flowers in the room during this illness; unobtrusive flowers, not too heavily-scented, — mignonnette, small rosebuds, pansies, — quiet things that did not assert themselves to invalid perceptions; only ivy leaves sometimes, and ferns often. No message came with these softly-appealing thoughts, and she did not ask whose they were.

As she grew better she found reasons for deferring a meeting with Nordhall. She could not have told why. An instinct or a presentiment possessed her. She feared him. She did not go down till days after she was able. She was not strong enough to understand how cruel she was.

But one day, finding herself out of excuses for playing the invalid any longer, she unexpectedly came down-stairs, and stayed all the afternoon. She had her first tea in the little library (which was warmest), where the ebony desk was, and the one window. Myrtle and Janet had brightened up the dull place. Cushions and color were in it, the open fire and the tea-tray on a crimson cloth, and Reliance lay on the old sofa, and looked about peacefully. After all, it was pleasant to be alive. She drank her tea, and felt of her own warm hand.

She was lying there all alone, for Myrtle had gone to her own supper, as Reliance preferred, — alone, and very quiet and forgetful of all the world, — when he (for he would be deferred no longer) came in. He had his hat in his hand, and flowers. He laid them both down for they shook. He came and

stood by the sofa. Neither could speak. She had not looked at him. She was afraid, and she knew she was afraid.

"But I saved my man!" she cried suddenly, lifting her eyes, as men bare the neck to the axe.

"You saved one man, — yes. You have almost killed another."

She felt, as she lay looking up at him, that this was simply true. The whole man looked shrunken and old; his cheek as thin, almost, as hers.

He stood leaning over her. It seemed to be enough for him to look at her. She covered her face with both her hands; not passionately, but with a deprecating motion, as if she appealed to him to spare her.

He did spare her, moved as he was. He stirred, walked about the room, found a vase for his flowers, occupied himself, and gave her time. Then he came back and sat down close beside her sofa, and without speaking lifted one of her hands, and laid it gently down again, with that air of relinquishing what was precious which he could not control when he touched her, because he did not know that he had it.

"It was a good while," he said at last, "not to be able to see you, — not to know" —

"Ah, but you know *now!*" she faltered.

"Yes, *I know now*," repeated Nordhall, with an emphasis which escaped her.

"And Dr. Bishop says" —

"*Dr. Bishop*" — began Nordhall, but choked his own words back.

"Have you been jealous of the poor doctor *again?*" she cried, breaking into an unexpected little laugh. This laugh changed the aspect of the scene, somewhat, for these two nervous, overwrought people. When she saw him smile, Reliance drew her breath, and began to be less afraid of him. With the perverseness of her sex, however, she struck out once more for her balance.

"We had some lovely talks, while I was getting better. You can't think how I enjoyed them."

"What did you talk about?"

He would not groan and he could not smile.

"Oh, protoplasm, and homœopathy, and — let me see! — bilious affections! All sorts of delightful things."

"Well, I can't help it," said Nordhall, in a patient way. "I can't help anything," he added, with the inanity or insanity of feeling too long a prisoner, now a beating rebel at his lips. "May I just sit and look at you?" he continued, after a gentle pause. "That is all I'll ask."

Now Reliance felt more afraid of his gentleness than she did of anything else. He might be jealous, he might be angry, he might be cross, or cold, or whatever he chose; she would rather he did not speak like this. Once again her eyes said, Spare me!

But this time he did not spare.

That little library was mercilessly bright. All the color, all the flame and flash and fever of it, deepened slowly in the habitually grave place, like conscious and cruel desires in a mind unused to them. Each coal in the grate became a watchful eye. The walls looked on, aware. It was as if the whole room were a lover. Reliance could have leaped from it.

"It's of no use," said Nordhall, suddenly overcome by the groan which he could not command. "I know I might have the grace to be still a little longer, — and you so feeble yet. But I can't do it. I can't stand it; I can't *bear* any more. It is of no use pretending any longer, Reliance Strong. It is not friendship, and I won't lie about it another living day. It is not friendship, and I know it. It is not friendship, and you shall know it, too!"

"But if I know it *is?* If I say it *is?*"

All her beauty seemed to yearn over

him, while it defied him. She pitied him, she was fond of him, she needed him (and oh, yes, she feared him!); but she warned, she would protect, she would save him.

"*Don't* go on! Don't say any more to-night! Wait and think" —

"I have done enough of that," said Nordhall, in a dull way. "I have loved you — I have *known* that I did — ever since we were in Bethlehem. I did not mean to tell you. I kept it to myself all winter. But when you got so sick," — the tempest of his feeling rose upon him now, — "and I could n't get to you; it was not proper for me to go up, though you died there, — you at the head of the stairs and I at the foot — Good God! there are no rights of any sort to this sham we 've called friendship, — no rights, no place, no name, no power! I trample on it, I disown the thing! I will have none of its lies and traps! I am *not* content to be your friend! You are a woman and I am a man, and I love you!"

The tempest of his passion was upon them; Reliance bowed her head before it, — lower now beneath his silence than beneath his cry.

"O my darling!" he said softly, "I am sorry for you."

The noble fellow had forgotten at that moment that he suffered; to witness her pain was his self-annihilation.

When she had come in some measure to herself, she said in a tone where pity and reproach went struggling, —

"You have forgotten John!"

"*Forgotten* John? Your husband has been dead a long while, Mrs. Strong. I 've served for this hour with almost a seven years' silence. Don't be more cruel than you can help. *Forgotten* John!"

"Oh, I did n't mean forgotten!" she wailed incoherently. And then, for she was weak and sore bestead, and did not know what to do or what to say, but only what to think, and only to think that they were both miserable, she buried her face in the pillows, and cried as if her heart would break.

He made no effort to check or comfort her. He was too conscious of needing strength to be able to expend any. He leaned back in his chair and watched her in a wretched way. All he could think was that he had ruined their happiness, and that he could not have helped it, and should do it again, and was glad he had. A dull delight in having the truth out possessed him.

"You 'll hurt yourself, crying," he said at last, stolidly, "and it will be my fault. Everything will be my fault," he added, for she had not answered him.

"Oh, no! Oh, no, no, no!" Reliance came up from her tears like a flower from a storm, and was a woman again, and took the man into her management. "Oh, don't blame yourself so! — I can't bear *that*. Don't talk about your fault."

"Whose fault shall I talk about? Tell me!"

"Mine — a little."

"I do not understand you."

"Oh, because I might — I ought — Dear Mr. Nordhall, I think perhaps I *ought* to have known! I did n't!" she added, in a quick, ringing, honest voice.

"I know you did n't. You *could n't*."

"I never had any other friend, — not a friend like you, I mean; one I leaned on, and who helped me and was a comfort. I never had any other, except my husband," she said simply. "I did not know about such things. I thought a man and woman could be — could have — Oh, it is all over!" she cried, with sudden piteousness. "I thought a friendship like ours was one of the noblest things I ever heard of. I thought you one of the noblest men!"

Nordhall's whole soul quivered under this appeal, as the Alpine climber may quiver on the narrow ledge of ice to which one false step has hurled him. Height is above him, — cold, cruel, white, and lost. Depth is below him, — the

glacier's. He cannot climb. He will not fall. He clings to an icicle, which imperceptibly melts.

"And now you will think me one of the — no, not one of the worst!" he cried, with grand eyes. "You can never think I have not tried to spare you, tried to be what you needed, to be true in God's sight and yours — and your husband's. And I 'm glad I told you what I have to-night, even though it makes you miserable (poor girl, poor girl!), and I would give my life to make you happy. At least it was *honest* to tell you. I never played a part about any matter before this winter. It has worn me out. The whole world might know every thought I have had about you, and yet I have felt guilty. I am glad it 's over, — though it has spoiled everything, as you say."

They looked at one another compassionately. Each seemed to be appealing to the other for help neither knew how to give, or to withhold.

"Now the mischief is done," he said, "I want it done thoroughly. We will have no more concealment, nor half-thoughts, or after-thoughts, and doubts about this matter. Understand me, Mrs. Strong. I have not lightly yielded to — a light emotion. I have made it the purpose of my life for all these years to be loyal to my dead friend, and, if possible, to make his poor wife happy, — have I not? Answer me, dear! Have I, or have I not?"

"Oh, you have!"

"In this purpose I have failed at last. I am not a dead man, unfortunately. I am alive, and I love you."

"Poor fellow!" she said, as if she had been speaking not to him, but about him.

"I want you to understand," he went on, with gathering patience, "I want you to know, that I have fought against it till there 's no more fight left in me. I am beaten. I never meant to love you in *that* way. I love you in just that way."

"Oh, hush! hush!"

"No," he said, firmly and gently, "I shall not hush. The time is past for that. You must hear me out."

"I cannot," she moaned; "I *cannot* hear you now."

"Why not now? When will there be a better time?"

"Oh, there need never be any time. I don't want to hear it at all. It is bad enough to understand it. It is bad enough to know that we can never be happy again. It is all spoiled. There is no way" —

"Yes," he interrupted hoarsely, — "there is a way" —

She raised her left hand with a gesture full of dignity, pathos, and entreaty. He respected it, like the gentleman he was.

"I have tired you," he said. "Forgive me, and let me go."

If she had anything to say, she had not said it. If she had need of him, the room was empty. The fire was falling. The great glow on the walls had sunk. The listening room turned a cold eye upon her. She felt unprotected and exposed. She felt as if the whole world were searching her heart to its lowest deep.

Well, it might; the whole round, wise world might know — and welcome to it! — everything there was to know. She had not coquetted with this good man; nor, what was quite as definite and important a moral fact, had she consciously coquetted with her own soul.

Myrtle came, and Janet, and Kaiser, who was suspicious and jealous to the last degree; and they fanned the dying fire, which fluttered and throbbed into flame. To Reliance, lying there, with her weak body and wild brain, this revival of color and warmth was incredibly strengthening. In her excitement, the fitful, moody room seemed to blossom about her like one of those June lilies that her husband used to love.

"Shall I play to you?" asked Myr-

tle, whose good nature always outweighed her perspicacity. Reliance hesitated, turning her feverish cheek towards this other woman, helplessly.

"I will sing," said Myrtle; "that will be better. You need diversion and rest."

Myrtle had one alto song. It was written for her by a German music-master she once had, and carefully adapted to her voice. (It was one of the undesirable traits of her sister-in-law that she never recovered from the conviction that there had been tender passages between Myrtle and that music-master.) Myrtle lowered the gas, and in the half-lit room, to a low, irregular melody, began: —

"We sail a sea without a shore,
I on the one side, thou on the other.
(Oh, for a breath of the pine and clover!)
What if the tempest crouch and roar?
Heart unto heart like a wave goes over.
For we love with a love that is more and more.
Child and mother,
Brother and brother,
Wife and lover,
Love as they may,
Love as they will,
We are not as they.
For the sea has no shore,
No shore, no shore,
(Oh, for a breath of the pine and the clover!)
And the breaker is never still.
Hands may not clasp, when the soul is a rover;
Only heart unto heart goes over."

XV.

"Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you."
As You Like It.

It is not easy to say which of these two people felt more keenly, now, the form of bondage to which their acquaintance had reduced them.

The woman, perceiving their mutual subjection as clearly as the man, without the man's consciousness of either its danger or its delight, was more perplexed, and, in her way, no less pained.

It seemed to Reliance that the sun stood still in mid-heaven of her little world. Nothing could happen after this. The worst was. All laws and precedents of action had failed her. A man who would not remain her friend, and must not become her lover, had no place in a woman's life. Yet he had taught and wrought upon that life till it clung to his own with a tenacity terribly like tenderness, and a dependence less dreadful only than that of love.

A selfish anger with him, for what he inflicted upon her, alternated sharply with her womanly pity for what she must inflict on him. At times, she thought she would write and bid him stay away from her forever. It seemed as if she could never look upon his face again.

For a few days she kept her room, and lost strength.

Nordhall had not called again.

On the fourth day, she began to think that he had perhaps accepted the finality of her treatment of himself, and simply forestalled any necessity upon her part for dispensing with his acquaintance. She remembered that he had undeniably the right to do this. She remembered that a man would sometimes stand upon his rights.

She got up that afternoon, dressed, and tried to go out; but drove only half a mile or so, said she was chilled through, came home, and crept to the library fire. After breathing warmth a little, she asked for her visitors' book, and pored over her list of poor people for a time. Mr. Griggs called while she was thus occupied. She received him for a few minutes, but it made her very faint to talk. She had to let the poor man go. She comforted herself by sending Myrtle to the Mission with him, with a view to discovering the exact merits of the last disagreement in the temperance society, which threatened to rend that warlike organization to its foundation; and then, when Myrtle was gone, she lay still and wondered when she would

be quite strong, and able to be of use to anybody again. She tried not to mind it. She would not have thought it could be so hard to live an unshared life. She would not have thought it had meant so much to her, all these years, that there was any one person more than any other to whom all that she did was of supreme importance because she did it, and every care, or wish, or thought of hers a matter of strong interest because it was her own. She would not have thought it could have required so much courage to begin all over again, quite alone, a lonely life at best, and now spoiled with a feeling that had no name, nor place, nor right in the world; spent by a dependence cruel in proportion as it was falsely calculated, weakened by leaning against a support weaker than herself.

"Why do you cry?"

She drew one great breath, but did not uncover her face. She was lying crushed down among the pillows, almost as he had left her that last time. It was as if she and her mood had not advanced or altered all these days. But the man had undergone a change. His first accent vibrated with it.

"Tell me, Reliance, what do you cry for? There, — I will sit down and wait till you can speak."

"You need not wait, sir; I am *not* crying!"

"No? Well, never mind. I hoped you were. *I* should cry in your place."

"Cry, then, if you want to!" said she petulantly. "*I* got through with that the other evening."

She sat up against the crimson pillows, brilliant in her white shawls. There was splendid color on her cheeks. At first he could only sit and look at her. Then he remembered that he had not come there to admire her beauty, nor to dry her tears, relieve her solitude, endure her sweet caprices, submit to her velvet tyrannies. No more of that, now. Nordhall, too, had spent these four days in reflection more compelling than emotion, and emotion clearer than reflection. His next step was as distinct to him as his next breath. All his moral atmosphere (he would have said) had cleared. He knew now, or he thought he knew, or he wished to think he knew, what it was right for him to do. Oh, she was a woman! Let her be as velvet as she would, — keep him back by the giant strength of gentleness. His love was iron. He was a man. Silken thread and metal fibre should have it out.

He drew a chair beside her, selecting the one he wanted with deliberate calm, and they resumed for a few moments almost the identical positions of that other evening. Reliance, however, sat up with more strength against the pillows, and after a short time slipped her feet from the lounge to the floor.

"You had better lie still," he said, with some authority. "You are still weak. Very well, then. If you won't, I will bring a cricket or something. I want you to be comfortable, for I am going to talk with you."

"I am quite comfortable, thank you," she said, stiffly. He paid no attention to this little gust, but brought the cricket, and she put her feet upon it, and he sat down again.

"I have been thinking," he began, as if they were resuming a conversation but a moment since interrupted by a slight accident, — "I have been thinking what we had better do."

"I don't see that there is anything to do," replied Reliance, drearily.

"On the contrary, something must be done. This cannot go on — as it is."

Her heart gave one bound; then seemed to sink, and sink, and sink, as if it were a life leaping from a precipice.

"You *see* that, do you?"

"Why, of course I see" —

"Excuse me; you do not see it. A woman is so blind at such a time, — *you* are, I mean. I don't know about other women. Confess you are a little glad

I don't! Yes, you are, poor girl! After all, you *do* care for me a little."

"I care more than a little," said Reliance, with quickening breath; "you know I care — have always cared — a great deal. . . . You are cruel to me!" she blazed, unexpectedly.

Perhaps she would not have said it if she had seen the expression that overswept his responsive face. Perhaps she would not have said it if she had not expected to be contradicted. He did not contradict her. He passed the outbreak by, as if it were the passion of a child; only gave a slight motion of the hand, as if he put something from him. The whole man now strode steadily to his purpose.

"What I want to say is this: We have tried Platonic friendship a long while, and must admit that we have made a failure of it. It means different things to both of us, but it means something to each. You will grant as much as this?"

She nodded, with melancholy eyes.

"It does n't work," went on the man simply, "and I want the right to see if something else cannot be made to. That is what I have come to say."

"I do not understand you, Mr. Nordhall."

"I think you *do*. Excuse me. But I will be plainer. We are neither of us very happy. Let us be patient with each other. Listen to me a minute, while I explain it all a little more clearly. There is this difference between us: you are sad because you want friendship; I am mad because I want *you*."

She did not cry out, nor protest, as he perhaps had expected. He leaned back in his chair, brought his lips together grimly, and watched her. It was a good while before she spoke, and then it was without indignation or excitement, in an inexpressibly sad and patient tone.

"It seems as if it must be, somehow, my fault that I can have come to this; that I can sit here and listen while you say such things. It is so *dreadful!*"

"I can't see why," said Nordhall.

"No, you can't; you are a man. Oh, I wish I had died before it came to this!" she added, desolately.

"You can't die," he said, with imperious brusqueness. "You 've got to live. It is natural to live."

"It is not natural to be so miserable!"

"Then give me the right to try and make you happy."

"A woman can give that right but once." She had risen now, and spoke in a rich, resonant voice.

He had to look up to her as he pleaded with her: —

"Some women do, — think how many! Why, Reliance, it is no sin to be happy, a second time. Listen to me! I 'm not as selfish as I seem. I know it would be better for you. *I know* I could make you happy!"

Her lip quivered like a rose-leaf blown by the wind; but her splendid eyes shone down without one shade. They blinded him, they were so clear.

"I tried to be loyal to John!" he cried. He felt compelled to defend himself, as if before an invisible and awful tribunal.

"We will not talk about my husband, if you please." She lifted her head and turned from him, swaying slightly in the bright, warm air, as if she leaned against unseen support. "That is all over now. You did the best you could; I do not blame you. But I can never talk about him any more, with *you*."

He would have been of a far less delicate texture than he was, had he not experienced a slight shock of regret at this, and something akin to shame. His ardent face fell.

"I was comforted by your help and strength," proceeded Reliance, in that low, firm voice of hers, which he was familiar with when *she* had the mastery of their mutual mood. "I was grateful for your friendship all this while. Why should I not say it? I wanted you, — I *want* you for my friend."

"And I want you for my wife," he said doggedly. "Why should I not say *that?*"

With this, he sprang to his feet, and stood facing her poised height in a manly rage. She grew pale a little, but did not flinch. Only a breath of the sheltered, fire-lit air separated them. Twilight was stealing on. Out in the garden, the shadows on the snow had turned to a fixed and resolute blue. Nordhall stretched out his hands. He stood there like a cry of outraged and omnipotent nature, and she like an inexorable moral law. She shook her head.

"And yet," he cried, "you love me!"

"I am fond of you. That is not love."

"I will be content with your fondness!"

"*You* content with my — Now you are wandering. Now you are not sane. If I could wrong myself, Charles Nordhall, I would not so wrong you, in the sight of God!"

"God knows I should be a blessed man to be so wronged."

"It would be a wicked thing!"

"I am ready to bear the blame of such a wickedness."

"But *you* can't be right for *me*. Oh, don't let us talk so any longer! Don't torment me! Don't make it any harder . . . than it must be" . . .

She hid her face in both her hands upon the high top of the carved chair. Nordhall stood so near that he fancied he could hear the agitated beating of her heart. The imperfect light had lessened. Only a breath of darkness now stood sentinel between them. His arms leaned towards her yielding attitude, as the wave leans to the shore, the fire to the sun, the river to the sea. That which was natural seemed that which was right. God made it. What was a frail creature like this, that she should set a nature against a nature, create a right above a right?

"Oh, come!" he pleaded; "it is natural to be happy."

In the dividing dark, she raised her head.

"It is natural to be true!" she cried. "Charles Nordhall, it is natural for a woman to be true. I beg you to leave me to myself. I ask you to respect what you cannot understand. I have only this one thing to guide me, . . . that I loved my husband. I do not love you like *that*. I am lonely; but loneliness is not love. I want to do the right and noble thing; it is not right to marry when one does not altogether love. That is not a good and beautiful marriage. I don't know about you men, but *we* are not like that. We should be sorry; there would be always something beyond, something lost. It seems to me as if I should do a wrong to all the world. I want to do . . . I am trying to be . . . the best and truest, right thing. It must be possible to find the right, — not to be mistaken. You should not hinder me. That is not noble in you."

His outstretched, empty arms fell back. Across that inch or two of dividing dark he could no more have touched her now than across the great gulf fixed. It seemed to him that if he did, he should touch a dead man's hand. She had awful protection.

He had to do something, for they heard Myrtle ringing at the great front door. He had to speak, and so he said, hoarsely and hurriedly, without extending his hand, —

"I 'll do the best I can. I won't desert you because of this, if I can manage it. But don't exact too much of me."

"I have no right to exact anything," she interrupted, humbly.

"Don't *expect* too much of me, then. I 'll see what I can do. But you 're on a level I can't reach."

"I hope" — began the woman, with a little womanly wistfulness. She hoped he would reverence that level, and her for being there. She would have felt stronger to know that he did. But that was

not a thing to be said. She checked herself.

He did not finish her sentence for her, nor answer it. It was true that he solemnly revered her for the high, fine quality of her denial. It was true that he knew her to be a nobler woman than if she had "mistaken loneliness for love." It was true that he the more passionately worshiped her for the loyalty of soul which separated her from himself. But it was not in man nature to tell her so. If his idol had stepped from its pedestal, it would have crept into his arms.

He felt that her reply was final, and that it was for her, at least, the best solution of their difficulties. Just then, he could not have urged one small, selfish pang against a decision with which the strongest in himself took sides, despite the treason of his weakest. He bowed his head before it.

He wished he had been braver. He wished he had never told her. He was like one to whom the secret of select heroism has whispered itself, and then recoiled, leaving him with a sense of having betrayed a tender and terrible confidence.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

A TASTE OF MAINE BIRCH.

THE traveler and camper-out in Maine, unless he penetrates its more northern portions, has less reason to remember it as a pine-tree State than a birch-tree State. The white-pine forests have melted away like snow in the spring and gone down stream, leaving only patches here and there in the more remote and inaccessible parts. The portion of the State I saw, the valley of the Kennebec and the woods about Moxie Lake, had been shorn of its pine timber more than forty years before, and is now covered with a thick growth of spruce and cedar and various deciduous trees. But the birch abounds. Indeed, when the pine goes out the birch comes in; the race of men succeeds the race of giants. This tree has great stay-at-home virtues. Let the sombre, aspiring, mysterious pine go; the birch has humble every-day uses. In Maine, the paper or canoe birch is turned to more account than any other tree. Uncle Nathan, our guide, said it was made especially for the camper-out; yes, and for the woodman and frontiersman generally. It is a magazine, a furnishing store set up in the wilderness, whose goods are free to every comer. The whole equipment of the camp lies folded in it, and comes forth at the beck of the woodman's axe; tent, water-proof roof, boat, camp utensils, buckets, cups, plates, spoons, napkins, table-cloths, paper for letters or your journal, torches, candles, kindling wood, and fuel. The canoe birch yields you its vestments with the utmost liberality. Ask for its coat, and it gives you its waistcoat also. Its bark seems wrapped about it layer upon layer, and comes off with great ease. We saw many rude structures and cabins shingled and sided with it, and hay-stacks capped with it. Near a maple-sugar camp there was a large pile of birch-bark sap-buckets, — each bucket made of a piece of bark about a yard square, folded up as the tinman folds up a sheet of tin to make a square vessel, the corners bent around against the sides and held by a wooden pin. When, one day, we were overtaken by a shower in traveling through the woods, our guide quickly stripped large sheets of the bark from a near tree, and we had each a perfect umbrella as by

magic. When the rain was over, and we moved on, I wrapped mine about me like a large leather apron, and it shielded my clothes from the wet bushes. When we came to a spring, Uncle Nathan would have a birch-bark cup ready before any of us could get a tin one out of his knapsack, and I think water never tastes so sweet as from one of these bark cups. It is exactly the thing. It just fits the mouth, and it seems to give new virtues to the water. It makes me thirsty now when I think of it. In our camp at Moxie we made a large birch-bark box to keep the butter in; and the butter in this box, covered with some leafy boughs, I think improved in flavor day by day. Maine butter needs something to mollify and sweeten it a little, and I think birch bark will do it. In camp Uncle Nathan often drank his tea and coffee from a bark cup; the china closet in the birch-tree was always handy, and our vulgar tinware was generally a good deal mixed, and the kitchen-maid not at all particular about dish-washing. We all tried the oatmeal with the maple syrup in one of these dishes, and the stewed mountain cranberries, using a birch-bark spoon, and never found service better. Uncle Nathan declared he could boil potatoes in a bark kettle, and I did not doubt him. Instead of sending our soiled napkins and table-spreads to the wash, we rolled them up into candles and torches, and drew daily upon our stores in the forest for new ones.

But the great triumph of the birch is of course the bark canoe. When Uncle Nathan took us out under his little wood-shed, and showed us, or rather modestly permitted us to see, his nearly finished canoe, it was like a first glimpse of some new and unknown genius of the woods or streams. It sat there on the chips and shavings and fragments of bark like some shy, delicate creature just emerged from its hiding-place, or like some wild flower just opened. It was the first boat of the kind I had ever seen, and it filled my eye completely. What wood-craft it indicated, and what a wild free life, sylvan life, it promised! It had such a fresh, aboriginal look as I had never before seen in any kind of handiwork. Its clear yellow-red color would have become the cheek of an Indian maiden. Then its supple curves and swells, its sinewy stays and thwarts, its bow-like contour, its tomahawk stem and stern rising quickly and sharply from its frame, were all vividly suggestive of the race from which it came. An old Indian had taught Uncle Nathan the art, and the soul of the ideal red man looked out of the boat before us. Uncle Nathan had spent two days ranging the mountains looking for a suitable tree, and had worked nearly a week on the craft. It was twelve feet long, and would seat and carry five men nicely. Three trees contribute to the making of a canoe beside the birch, namely, the white cedar for ribs and lining, the spruce for roots and fibres to sew its joints and bind its frame, and the pine for pitch or rosin to stop its seams and cracks. It is hand-made and home-made, or rather wood-made, in a sense that no other craft is, except a dug-out, and it suggests a taste and a refinement that few products of civilization realize. The design of a savage, it yet looks like the thought of a poet, and its grace and fitness haunt the imagination. I suppose its production was the inevitable result of the Indian's wants and surroundings, but that does not detract from its beauty. It is, indeed, one of the fairest flowers the thorny plant of necessity ever bore. Our canoe, as I have intimated, was not yet finished, when we first saw it, nor yet when we took it up, with its architect, upon our metaphorical backs and bore it to the woods. It lacked part of its cedar lining and the rosin upon its joints, and these were added after we reached our destination.

Though we were not indebted to the

birch-tree for our guide, Uncle Nathan, as he was known in all that country, yet he matched well these woodsey products and conveniences. The birch-tree had given him a large part of his tuition, and kneeling in his canoe and making it shoot noiselessly over the water with that subtle yet indescribably expressive and athletic play of the muscles of the back and shoulders, the boat and the man seemed born of the same spirit. He had been a hunter and trapper for over forty years; he had grown gray in the woods, had ripened and matured there, and everything about him was as if the spirit of the woods had had the ordering of it; his whole make-up was in a minor and subdued key, like the moss and the lichens, or like the protective coloring of the game, — everything but his quick sense and penetrative glance. He was as gentle and modest as a girl; his sensibilities were like plants that grow in the shade. The woods and the solitudes had touched him with their own softening and refining influence; had indeed shed upon his soil of life a rich deep leaf mould that was delightful, and that nursed, half concealed, the tenderest and wildest growths. There was grit enough back of and beneath it all, but he presented none of the rough and repelling traits of character of the conventional backwoodsman. In the spring he was a driver of logs on the Kennebec, usually having charge of a large gang of men; in the winter he was a solitary trapper and hunter in the forests.

Our first glimpse of Maine waters was Pleasant Pond, which we found by following a white, rapid, musical stream from the Kennebec three miles back into the mountains. Maine waters are for the most part dark-complexioned, Indian-colored streams, but Pleasant Pond is a pale-face among them both in name and nature. It is the only strictly silver lake I ever saw. Its waters seem almost artificially white and brilliant, though of remarkable transparency. I think I detected minute shining motes held in suspension in it. As for the trout, they are veritable bars of silver until you have cut their flesh, when they are the reddest of gold. They have no crimson or other spots, and the straight lateral line is but a faint pencil mark. They appeared to be a species of lake trout peculiar to these waters, uniformly from ten to twelve inches in length. And these beautiful fish, at the time of our visit (last of August) at least, were to be taken only in deep water upon a hook baited with salt pork. And then you needed a letter of introduction to them. They were not to be tempted or cajoled by strangers. We did not succeed in raising a fish, although instructed how it was to be done, until one of the natives, a young and obliging farmer living hard by, came and lent his countenance to the enterprise. I sat in one end of the boat and he in the other, my pork was the same as his and I manœuvred it as directed, and yet those fish knew his hook from mine in sixty feet of water, and preferred it four times in five. Evidently, they did not bite because they were hungry, but solely for old acquaintance' sake.

Pleasant Pond is an irregular sheet of water, two miles or more in its greatest diameter, with high rugged mountains rising up from its western shore, and low rolling hills sweeping back from its eastern and northern, covered by a few sterile farms. I was never tired, when the wind was still, of floating along its margin and gazing down into its marvelously translucent depths. The bowlders and fragments of rocks were seen at a depth of twenty-five or thirty feet strewing its floor, and apparently as free from any covering of sediment as when they were dropped there by the old glaciers æons ago. Our camp was amid a dense grove of second growth of white pine on the eastern shore, where, for one, I found a most admirable cradle in a little depression, outside of the tent,

carpeted with pine needles, in which to pass the night. The camper-out is always in luck if he can find, sheltered by the trees, a soft hole in the ground, even if he has a stone for a pillow. The earth must open its arms a little for us even in life, if we are to sleep well upon its bosom. I have often heard my grandfather, who was a soldier of the Revolution, tell with great gusto how he once bivouacked in a little hollow made by the overturning of a tree, and slept so soundly that he did not wake up till his cradle was half full of water from a passing shower.

What bird or other creature might represent the divinity of Pleasant Pond I do not know, but its demon, as of most northern inland waters, is the loon; and a very good demon he is too, suggesting something not so much malevolent, as arch, sardonic, ubiquitous, circumventing, with just a tinge of something inhuman and uncanny. His fiery red eyes gleaming forth from that jet-black head are full of meaning. Then his strange horse laughter by day and his weird, doleful cry at night, like that of a lost and wandering spirit, recall no other bird or beast. He suggests something *super-avis* in his alertness and amazing quickness, cheating the shot and the bullet of the sportsman out of their aim. I know of but one other bird so quick, and that is the humming-bird, which I have never been able to kill with a gun. The loon laughs the shot-gun to scorn, and the obliging young farmer above referred to told me he had shot at them hundreds of times with his rifle, without effect, — they always dodged his bullet. We had in our party a breech-loading rifle, which weapon is perhaps an appreciable moment of time quicker than the ordinary muzzle loader, and this the poor loon could not or did not dodge. He had not timed himself to that species of fire-arms, and when, with his fellow, he swam about within rifle range of our camp, letting off volleys of his wild, ironical *ha-ha*, he little suspected the dangerous gun that was matched against him. As the rifle cracked both loons made the gesture of diving, but only one of them disappeared beneath the water; and when he came to the surface in a few moments, a hundred or more yards away, and saw his companion did not follow, but was floating on the water where he had last seen him, he took the alarm and sped away in the distance. The bird I had killed was a magnificent specimen, and I looked him over with great interest. His glossy checkered coat, his banded neck, his snow-white breast, his powerful lance-shaped beak, his red eyes, his black, thin, slender, marvelously delicate feet and legs, issuing from his muscular thighs, and looking as if they had never touched the ground, his strong wings well forward, while his legs were quite at the apex, and the neat, elegant model of the entire bird, speed and quickness and strength stamped upon every feature, — all delighted and lingered in the eye. The loon appears like anything but a silly bird, unless you see him in some collection, or in the shop of the taxidermist, where he usually looks very tame and goose-like. Nature never meant the loon to stand up, or to use his feet and legs for other purposes than swimming. Indeed, he cannot stand except upon his tail in a perpendicular attitude, but in the collections he is poised upon his feet like a barn-yard fowl, all the wildness and grace and alertness gone out of him. My specimen sits upon a table as upon the surface of the water, his feet trailing behind him, his body low and appressed, his head elevated and slightly turned as if in the act of bringing that fiery eye to bear upon you, and vigilance and power stamped upon every lineament.

The loon is to the fishes what the hawk is to the birds; he swoops down to unknown depths upon them, and not even the wary trout can elude him. Uncle Nathan said he had seen the loon disappear, and in a moment come up with

a large trout, which he would cut in two with his strong beak, and swallow piecemeal. Neither the loon nor the otter can bolt a fish under the water; he must come to the surface to dispose of it. (I once saw a man eat a cake under water in London.) Our guide told me he had seen the parent loon swimming with a single young one upon its back. When closely pressed it dove, or "div" as he would have it, and left the young bird sitting upon the water. Then it too disappeared, and when the old one returned and called it came out from the shore. On the wing overhead, the loon looks not unlike a very large duck, but when it alights it plows into the water like a bombshell. It probably cannot take flight from the land, as the one Gilbert White saw and describes in his letters was picked up in a field, unable to launch itself into the air.

From Pleasant Pond we went seven miles through the woods to Moxie Lake, following an overgrown lumberman's "tote" road, our canoe and supplies, etc., hauled on a sled by the young farmer with his three-year old steers. I doubt if birch-bark ever made a rougher voyage than that. As I watched it above the bushes, the sled and the luggage being hidden, it appeared as if tossed in the wildest and most tempestuous sea. When the bushes closed above it I felt as if it had gone down, or been broken into a hundred pieces. Billows of rocks and logs, and chasms of creeks and spring runs, kept it rearing and pitching in the most frightful manner. The steers went at a spanking pace; indeed, it was a regular bovine gale; but their driver clung to their side amid the brush and bowlders with desperate tenacity, and seemed to manage them by signs and nudges, for he hardly uttered his orders aloud. But we got through without any serious mishap, passing Mosquito Creek and Mosquito Pond, and flanking Mosquito Mountain, but seeing no mosquitoes, and brought up at dusk at a lumberman's old hay-barn, standing in the midst of a lonely clearing on the shores of Moxie Lake.

Here we passed the night, and were lucky in having a good roof over our heads, for it rained heavily. After we were rolled in our blankets and variously disposed upon the haymow, Uncle Nathan lulled us to sleep by a long and characteristic yarn.

I had asked him, half jocosely, if he believed in "spooks;" but he took my question seriously, and without answering it directly, proceeded to tell us what he himself had known and witnessed. It was, by the way, extremely difficult either to surprise or to steal upon any of Uncle Nathan's private opinions and beliefs about matters and things. He was as shy of all debatable subjects as a fox is of a trap. He usually talked in a circle, just as he hunted moose and caribou, so as not to approach his point too rudely and suddenly. He would keep on the lee side of his interlocutor in spite of all one could do. He was thoroughly good and reliable, but the wild creatures of the woods, in pursuit of which he had spent so much of his life, had taught him a curious gentleness and indirection, and to keep himself in the background; he was careful that you should not scent his opinions upon any subject at all polemic, but he would tell you what he had seen and known. What he had seen and known about spooks was briefly this: In company with a neighbor he was passing the night with an old recluse who lived somewhere in these woods. Their host was an Englishman, who had the reputation of having murdered his wife some years before in another part of the country, and, deserted by his grown-up children, was eking out his days in poverty amid these solitudes. The three men were sleeping upon the floor, with Uncle Nathan next to a rude partition that divided the cabin into two rooms. At his head there was a door that opened into this other apart-

ment. Late at night, Uncle Nathan said, he awoke and turned over, and his mind was occupied with various things, when he heard somebody behind the partition. He reached over and felt that both of his companions were in their places beside him, and he was somewhat surprised. The person, or whatever it was, in the other room moved about heavily, and pulled the table from its place beside the wall to the middle of the floor. "I was not dreaming," said Uncle Nathan; "I felt of my eyes twice to make sure, and they were wide open." Presently the door opened; he was sensible of the draught upon his head, and a woman's form stepped heavily past him; he felt the "swirl" of her skirts as she went by. Then there was a loud noise in the room, as if some one had fallen their whole length upon the floor. "It jarred the house," said he, "and woke everybody up. I asked old Mr. —— if he heard that noise. 'Yes,' said he, 'it was thunder.' But it was not thunder, I know that;" and then added, "I was no more afraid than I am this minute. I never was the least mite afraid in my life. And my eyes were wide open," he repeated; "I felt of them twice; but whether that was the speret of that man's murdered wife or not I cannot tell. They said she was an uncommon heavy woman." Uncle Nathan was a man of unusually quick and acute senses, and he did not doubt their evidence on this occasion any more than he did when they prompted him to level his rifle at a bear or a moose.

Moxie Lake lies much lower than Pleasant Pond, and its waters compared with those of the latter are as copper compared with silver. It is very irregular in shape; now narrowing to the dimensions of a slow moving grassy creek, then expanding into a broad deep basin with rocky shores, and commanding the noblest mountain scenery. It is rarely that the pond-lily and the speckled trout are found together, — the fish the soul of the purest spring water, the flower the transfigured spirit of the dark mud and slime of sluggish summer streams and ponds; yet in Moxie they were both found in perfection. Our camp was amid the birches, poplars, and white cedars near the head of the lake, where the best fishing at this season was to be had. Moxie has a small oval head, rather shallow, but bumpy with rocks; a long, deep neck, full of springs, where the trout lie; and a very broad chest, with two islands tufted with pine-trees for breasts. We swam in the head, we fished in the neck, or in a small section of it, a space about the size of the Adam's apple, and we paddled across and around the broad expanse below. Our birch-bark was not finished and christened till we reached Moxie. The cedar lining was completed at Pleasant Pond, where we had the use of a *bateau*, but the rosin was not applied to the seams till we reached this lake. When I knelt down in it for the first time, and put its slender maple paddle into the water, it sprang away with such quickness and speed that it disturbed me in my seat. I had spurred a more restive and spirited steed than I was used to. In fact, I had never been in a craft that sustained so close a relation to my will, and was so responsive to my slightest wish. When I caught my first large trout from it, it sympathized a little too closely, and my enthusiasm started a leak, which, however, with a live coal and a piece of rosin, was quickly mended. You cannot perform much of a war-dance in a birch-bark; better wait till you get on dry land. Yet as a boat it is not so shy and "ticklish" as I had imagined. One needs to be on the alert, as becomes a sportsman and an angler, and in his dealings with it must charge himself with three things, — precision, moderation, and circumspection.

Trout weighing four and five pounds have been taken at Moxie, but none of that size came to our hand. I realized

the fondest hopes I had dared to indulge in when I hooked the first two-pounder of my life, and my extreme solicitude lest he get away I trust was pardonable. My friend, in relating the episode in camp, said I had implored him to row me down in the middle of the lake that I might have room to manœuvre my fish. But the slander has barely a grain of truth in it. The water near us showed several old stakes broken off just below the surface, and my fish was determined to wrap my leader about one of these stakes; it was only for the clear space a few yards further out that I prayed. It was not long after that my friend found himself in an anxious frame of mind. He hooked a large trout, which came home on him so suddenly that he had not time to reel up his line, and in his extremity he stretched his tall form into the air and lifted up his pole to an incredible height. He checked the trout before it got under the boat, but dare not come down an inch, and then began his amusing further elongation in reaching for his reel with one hand, while he carried it ten feet into the air with the other. A step ladder would perhaps have been more welcome to him just then than at any other moment during his life. But the trout was saved, though my friend's buttons and suspenders suffered.

We learned a new trick in fly fishing here, worth disclosing. It was not one day in four that the trout would take the fly on the surface. When the south wind was blowing and the clouds threatened rain, they would at times, notably about three o'clock, rise handsomely. But on all other occasions it was rarely that we could entice them up through the twelve or fifteen feet of water. Earlier in the season they are not so lazy and indifferent, but the August langour and drowsiness were now upon them. So we learned by a lucky accident to fish deep for them, even weighting our leaders with a shot, and allowing the flies to sink nearly to the bottom. After a moment's pause we would draw them slowly up, and when half or two thirds of the way to the top the trout would strike, when the sport became lively enough. Most of our fish were taken in this way. There is nothing like the flash and the strike at the surface, and perhaps only the need of food will ever tempt the genuine angler into any more prosaic style of fishing; but if you must go below the surface, a shotted leader is the best thing to use.

Our camp fire at night served more purposes than one; from its embers and flickering shadows, Uncle Nathan read us many a tale of his life in the woods. They were the same old hunter's stories, except that they evidently had the merit of being strictly true, and hence were not very thrilling or marvelous. Uncle Nathan's tendency was rather to tone down and belittle his experiences than to exaggerate them. If he ever bragged at all (and I suspect he did just a little, when telling us how he outshot one of the famous riflemen of the American team, whom he was guiding through these woods), he did it in such a sly, roundabout way that it was hard to catch him at it. His passage with the rifleman referred to shows the difference between the practical off-hand skill of the hunter in the woods and the science of the long-range target hitter. Mr. Bull's Eye had heard that his guide was a capital shot and had seen some proof of it, and hence could not rest till he had had a trial of skill with him. Uncle Nathan, being the challenged party, had the right to name the distance and the conditions. A piece of white paper the size of a silver dollar was put upon a tree twelve rods off, the contestants to fire three shots each offhand. Uncle Nathan's first bullet barely missed the mark, but the other two were planted well into it. Then the great rifleman took his turn, and missed every time.

"By hemp!" said Uncle Nathan,

"I was sorry I shot so well, Mr. —— took it so to heart; and I had used his own rifle, too. He did not get over it for a week."

But far more ignominious was the failure of Mr. Bull's Eye when he saw his first bear. They were paddling slowly and silently down Dead River, when the guide heard a slight noise in the bushes just behind a little bend. He whispered to the rifleman, who sat kneeling in the bow of the boat, to take his rifle. But instead of doing so he picked up his two-barreled shot-gun. As they turned the point, there stood a bear not twenty yards away, drinking from the stream. Uncle Nathan held the canoe, while the man who had come so far in quest of this very game was trying to lay down his shot-gun and pick up his rifle. "His hand moved like the hand of a clock," said Uncle Nathan, "and I could hardly keep my seat. I knew the bear would see us in a moment more, and run." Instead of laying his gun by his side, where it belonged, he reached it across in front of him, and laid it upon his rifle, and in trying to get the latter from under it a noise was made; the bear heard it, and raised his head. Still there was time, for as the bear sprang into the woods he stopped and looked back, — "as I knew he would," said the guide; yet the marksman was not ready. "By hemp! I could have shot three bears," exclaimed Uncle Nathan, "while he was getting that rifle to his face!"

Poor Mr. Bull's Eye was deeply humiliated. "Just the chance I had been looking for," he said, "and my wits suddenly left me."

As a hunter Uncle Nathan always took the game on its own terms, that of still-hunting. He even shot foxes in this way, going into the fields in the fall just at break of day, and watching for them about their mousing haunts. One morning, by these tactics, he shot a black fox; a fine specimen, he said, and a wild one, for he stopped and looked and listened every few yards.

He had killed over two hundred moose, a large number of them at night on the lakes. His method was to go out in his canoe and conceal himself by some point or island, and wait till he heard the game. In the fall the moose comes into the water to eat the large fibrous roots of the pond-lilies. He splashes along till he finds a suitable spot, when he begins feeding, sometimes thrusting his head and neck several feet under water. The hunter listens, and when the moose lifts his head and the rills of water run from it, and he hears him "swash" the lily roots about to get off the mud, it is his time to start. Silently as a shadow he creeps up on the moose, who, by the way, it seems, never expects the approach of danger from the water side. If the hunter accidentally makes a noise the moose looks toward the shore for it. There is always a slight gleam on the water, Uncle Nathan says, even in the darkest night, and the dusky form of the moose can be distinctly seen upon it. When the hunter sees this darker shadow he lifts his gun to the sky and gets the range of its barrels, then lowers it till it covers the mark, and fires.

The largest moose Uncle Nathan ever killed is mounted in the State House at Augusta. He shot him while hunting in winter on snow-shoes. The moose was reposing upon the ground, with his head stretched out in front of him, as one may sometimes see a cow resting. The position was such that only a quartering shot through the animal's hip could reach its heart. Studying the problem carefully, and taking his own time, the hunter fired. The moose sprang into the air, turned, and came with tremendous strides straight toward him. "I knew he had not seen or scented me," said Uncle Nathan, "but, by hemp, I wished myself somewhere else just then; for I was lying right down in his path." But the

noble animal stopped a few yards short, and fell dead with a bullet hole through his heart.

When the moose yard in the winter, that is, restrict their wanderings to a well-defined section of the forest or mountain, trampling down the snow and beating paths in all directions, they browse off only the most dainty morsels first; when they go over the ground a second time they crop a little cleaner; the third time they sort still closer, till by and by nothing is left. Spruce, hemlock, poplar, the barks of various trees, everything within reach, is cropped close. When the hunter comes upon one of these yards the problem for him to settle is, Where are the moose? for it is absolutely necessary that he keep on the lee side of them. So he considers the lay of the land, the direction of the wind, the time of day, the depth of the snow, examines the spoor, the cropped twigs, and studies every hint and clew like a detective. Uncle Nathan said he could not explain to another how he did it, but he could usually tell in a few minutes in what direction to look for the game. His experience had ripened into a kind of intuition or winged reasoning that was above rules.

He said that most large game, deer, caribou, moose, bear, when started by the hunter and not much scared, were sure to stop and look back before disappearing from sight; he usually waited for this last and best chance to fire. He told us of a huge bear he had seen one morning while still-hunting foxes in the fields; the bear saw him, and got into the woods before he could get a good shot. In her course some distance up the mountain was a bald, open spot, and he felt sure when she crossed this spot she would pause and look behind her; and sure enough, like Lot's wife, her curiosity got the better of her; she stopped to have a final look, and her travels ended there and then.

Uncle Nathan had trapped and shot a great many bears, and some of his experiences revealed an unusual degree of sagacity in this animal. One April, when the weather began to get warm and thawy, an old bear left her den in the rocks, and built a large, warm nest of grass, leaves, and the bark of the white cedar, under a tall balsam fir that stood in a low, sunny, open place amid the mountains. Hither she conducted her two cubs, and the family began life in what might be called their spring residence. The tree above them was for shelter, and for refuge for the cubs in case danger approached, as it soon did in the form of Uncle Nathan. He happened that way soon after the bear had moved. Seeing her track in the snow, he concluded to follow it. When the bear had passed, the snow had been soft and sposhy, and she had "slumped," he said, several inches. It was now hard and slippery. As he neared the tree the track turned and doubled, and tacked this way and that, and led through the worst brush and brambles to be found. This was a shrewd thought of the old bear; she could thus hear her enemy coming a long time before he drew very near. When Uncle Nathan finally reached the nest, he found it empty, but still warm. Then he began to circle about and look for the bear's foot-prints or nail-prints upon the frozen snow. Not finding them the first time, he took a larger circle, then a still larger; finally he made a long *détour*, and spent nearly an hour searching for some clew to the direction the bear had taken, but all to no purpose. Then he returned to the tree and scrutinized it. The foliage was very dense, but presently he made out one of the cubs near the top, standing up amid the branches, and peering down at him. Further search only revealed a mass of foliage apparently more dense than usual, but a bullet sent into it was followed by loud whimpering and crying, and the other baby bear came tumbling down. In

leaving the place, greatly puzzled as to what had become of the mother bear, Uncle Nathan followed another of her frozen tracks, and after about a quarter of a mile saw beside it, upon the snow, the fresh trail he had been in search of. In making her escape the bear had stepped exactly in her old tracks that were hard and icy, and had thus left no mark till she took to the snow again.

During his trapping expeditions into the woods in mid-winter, I was curious to know how Uncle Nathan passed the nights, as we were twice pinched with the cold at that season in our tent and blankets. It was no trouble to keep warm, he said, in the coldest weather. As night approached he would select a place for his camp on the side of a hill. With one of his snow-shoes he would shovel out the snow till the ground was reached, carrying the snow out in front, as we scrape the earth out of the side of a hill to level up a place for the house and yard. On this level place, which, however, was made to incline slightly toward the hill, his bed of boughs was made. On the ground he had uncovered he built his fire. His bed was thus on a level with the fire, and the heat could not thaw the snow under him and let him down, or the burning logs roll upon him. With a steep ascent behind it the fire burned better, and the wind was not so apt to drive the smoke and blaze in upon him. Then, with the long curving branches of the spruce stuck thickly around three sides of the bed, and curving over and uniting their tops above it, a shelter was formed that would keep out the cold and the snow, and that would catch and retain the warmth of the fire. Rolled in his blanket in such a nest Uncle Nathan had passed hundreds of the most frigid winter nights.

One day we made an excursion of three miles through the woods to Bald Mountain, following a dim trail. We saw, as we filed silently along, plenty of signs of caribou, deer, and bear, but were not blessed with a sight of either of the animals themselves. I noticed that Uncle Nathan, in looking through the woods, did not hold his head as we did, but thrust it slightly forward, and peered under the branches like a deer, or other wild creature.

The summit of Bald Mountain was the most impressive mountain top I had ever seen, mainly, perhaps, because it was one enormous crown of nearly naked granite. The rock had that gray, elemental, eternal look which granite alone has. One seemed to be face to face with the gods of the fore-world. Like an atom, like a breath of to-day, we were suddenly confronted by abysmal geologic time, the eternities past and the eternities to come. The enormous cleavage of the rocks, the appalling cracks and fissures, the rent bowlders, the smitten granite floors, gave one a new sense of the power of heat and frost. In one place we noticed several deep parallel grooves made by the old glaciers. In the depressions on the summit there was a hard, black, peaty-like soil that looked indescribably ancient and unfamiliar. Out of this mould, that might have come from the moon, or the interplanetary spaces, were growing mountain cranberries and blueberries, or huckleberries. We were soon so absorbed in gathering the latter that we were quite oblivious of the grandeurs about us. It is these blueberries that attract the bears. In eating them, Uncle Nathan said, they take the bushes in their mouths, and by an upward movement strip them clean of both leaves and berries. We were constantly on the lookout for the bears, but failed to see any. Yet a few days afterward, when two of our party returned here and encamped upon the mountain, they saw five during their stay, but failed to get a good shot. The rifle was in the wrong place each time. The man with the shot-gun saw an old bear and two cubs lift themselves from behind a rock and twist their noses

around for his scent, and then shrink away. They were too far off for his buckshot. I must not forget the superb view that lay before us, a wilderness of woods and waters stretching away to the horizon on every hand. Nearly a dozen lakes and ponds could be seen, and in a clearer atmosphere the foot of Moosehead Lake would have been visible. The highest and most striking mountain to be seen was Mount Bigelow, rising above Dead River, far to the west, and its two sharp peaks notching the horizon like enormous saw teeth. We walked around and viewed curiously a huge bowlder on the top of the mountain that had been split in two vertically, and one of the halves moved a few feet out of its bed. It looked recent and familiar, but suggested gods instead of men. The force that moved the rock had plainly come from the north. I thought of a similar bowlder I had seen not long before on the highest point of the Shaungunk Mountains, in New York, one side of which is propped up with a large stone, as wall-builders prop up a rock to wrap a chain around it. The rock seems poised lightly, and has but a few points of bearing. In this instance, too, the power had come from the north.

The prettiest botanical specimen my trip yielded was a little plant that bears the ugly name of horned bladderwort (*Utricularia cornuta*), and which I found growing in marshy places along the shores of Moxie Lake. It has a slender, naked stem nearly a foot high, crowned by two or more large deep yellow flowers, — flowers the shape of little bonnets or hoods. One almost expected to see tiny faces looking out of them. This illusion is heightened by the horn or spur of the flower, which projects from the hood like a long tapering chin, — some masker's device. Then the cape behind, — what a smart upward curve it has, as if spurned by the fairy shoulders it was meant to cover! But perhaps the most notable thing about the flower was its fragrance, — the richest and strongest perfume I have ever found in a wild flower. This our botanist, Gray, does not mention, as if one should describe the lark and forget its song. The fragrance suggested that of white clover, but was more rank and spicy.

The woods about Moxie Lake were literally carpeted with Linnæa. I had never seen it in such profusion. In early summer, the period of its bloom, what a charming spectacle the mossy flowers of these remote woods must present! The flowers are purple rose-color, nodding and fragrant. Another very abundant plant in these woods was the *Clintona borealis*. Uncle Nathan said it was called "bear's corn," though he did not know why. The only noticeable flower by the Maine roadsides at this season that is not common in other parts of the country is the harebell (*Companula rotundifolia*). Its bright blue bell-shaped corolla shone out from amid the dry grass and weeds all along the route. It was one of the most delicate roadside flowers I had ever seen.

The only new bird I saw in Maine was the Pileated woodpecker or black "log cock," called by Uncle Nathan "wood cock." I had never before seen or heard this bird, and its loud cackle in the woods about Moxie was a new sound to me. It is the wildest and largest of our Northern woodpeckers, and the rarest. Its voice and the sound of its hammer are heard only in the depths of the Northern woods. It is about as large as a crow, and nearly as black.

We stayed a week at Moxie, or until we became surfeited with its trout, and had killed the last merganser duck that lingered about our end of the lake. The trout that had accumulated on our hands we had kept alive in a large champagne basket submerged in the lake, and the morning we broke camp the basket was towed to the shore and opened; and after we had feasted our eyes upon the

superb spectacle, every trout, twelve or fifteen in number, some of them two-pounders, was allowed to swim back into the lake. They went leisurely, in couples and in trios, and were soon kicking up their heels in their old haunts. I expect that the divinity who presides over Moxie will see to it that every one of those trout, doubled in weight, come to our basket in the future.

John Burroughs.

WHITTIER'S KING'S MISSIVE, AND OTHER RECENT POETRY.

One test for determining the precise quality of a poetic genius as respects endurance is to observe the choice of development that it makes in maturity, and especially in the latest years of life. Some poets, it is true, do not perceptibly alter their early bent in the matter of expression; but there is among others a tendency either towards increased complexity, or towards a more and more reserved simplicity. Longfellow and Whittier have always held to the clear and simple utterance which makes poetry the meek handmaid of daily life; but in their latest work, as was observable in the Ultima Thule, and now appears in The King's Missive,[1] they seem to limit themselves more than ever, if that be possible, to a style so gentle, subdued, and transparent that one thinks involuntarily of some kindly patriarch addressing children in a strain of sweet and quiet reflection. Here, indeed, in Mr. Whittier's new volume, is a charming poem which is exactly that, — the poem called A Name; a pensive monologue on the poet's Christian name of Greenleaf, inscribed to a young kinsman or namesake.

> "A life not void of pure intent,
> With small desert of praise or blame,
> The love I felt, the good I meant,
> I leave thee with my name."

Something of this touching gentleness and pensive retrospection pervades the whole of the little book. The Voyage of the Jettie — a pretty piece of improvisation — is made into an allegory of departing life, by one who at evening time recalls "the morning gladness." Abram Morrison is an old man's boyish recollection; The Minister's Daughter brings sweetly before us the influence of a child's love on her father's stern doctrine. Then there is an echo of the antislavery crusade in the memorial lines on Garrison; and in three noble sonnets on Bayard Taylor the poet pays reverence to another departed friend. These lines on Taylor reach the sublime: —

> "Let the home voices greet him in the far,
> Strange land that holds him; let the messages
> Of love pursue him o'er the chartless seas
> And unmapped vastness of his unknown star!
> Love's language, heard beyond the loud discourse
> Of perishable fame,
> . . . . . .
> Shall reach our traveler, softening the surprise
> Of his rapt gaze on unfamiliar skies!"

Yet how simple, dependent, trustful a yearning of human love they embody! The Dead Feast of the Kol-Folk reflects in another form, with its pathetic invocation of the dead, "Come home," return and rest, and warm yourselves and eat rice with us. The mind of deepest insight always looks forward, even when thinking of the past and the lost; and when age comes, that forward gaze penetrates more and more into the world beyond ours. Consonant with this mood are the religious sonnets and the brief inscriptions and Oriental maxims which Mr. Whittier has added to his collection. Perhaps the most artistic

[1] *The King's Missive and Other Poems.* By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

piece in the book is the Dead-Feast just referred to; but The King's Missive is certainly one of the most spirited of the author's New England narratives, sung in that informal, lilting verse which he knows how to use with effect, and likely to endure a good deal longer than the memory of a recent controversy as to the historic value of the poem. In the elegy on Daniel Webster, The Lost Occasion, Mr. Whittier, bringing late mercy to the grave of the statesman, attains to a dignity of sympathy and mourning very impressive. Altogether, the volume, small as it is, illustrates peculiarly well the different motives of the poet's life, continuing the various notes he has sounded hitherto; and in reading it one is struck with the persistence of a poetic faculty, which, never straining itself to a painful subtlety, always avoiding overrichness of expression, preserves its early force along the accustomed range.

The contrast is sharp, and not wholly pleasing, when we turn from these soft cadences to the elaborate metres, the dazzling adjectives, the antithetic phrases and violent extremes, of Mr. Swinburne. His latest productions [1] display all the mannerisms of the work by which he first became known; and these are, if anything, intensified, while the novelty of his tone and the appearance of passion which he once maintained are faded. In the long and verbose Song for the Centenary of Walter Savage Landor, there are sonorous lines, like these: —

"When with stretched clouds like wings
The god-like giant, softening, spread
A shadow of stormy shelter round the new-born head."

But the eloquence of eulogy is exhausted, and if one may say so reëxhausted, in cloying superlatives. Landor is called

"The mightiest heart since Milton's leapt,
The gentlest since the gentlest heart of Shakespeare slept."

A weak rhyme, by the way, this conjunction of "'s leapt" and "slept;" the syllables being virtually identical. So, in the outburst called After Nine Years, Mazzini is thus apostrophized: —

"Thou wast as very Christ, — not he
Degraded into Deity,
. . . . . .
But the man crowned with suffering days.
God only," etc.

Nor can Mr. Swinburne contemplate the glory of the sun without becoming a pagan, a fire-worshiper. Off Shore is purely a hymn in abject praise of the supreme luminary, which Mr. Swinburne, to use his own phrase, "degrades into Deity," calling it —

"The Saviour and healer and singer, the living and visible God;"

and the conclusion of By the North Sea sounds the same chord. All this is in keeping with the extravagance which leads him, in the prefatory note to the Grand Chorus of Birds from Aristophanes, to call that comedian "the half-divine humorist, in whose incomparable genius" were fused the highest qualities of Rabelais and Shelley. (This translation, by the way, following the original metre, whatever its merits as an approximate reproduction, is not a successful English poem.) What most impresses us, throughout, is Mr. Swinburne's straining for effect; his desire to astound by excess; and the melancholy result, as of a man who, feeling his powers limited or failing, breaks into furies of mouthing and gesticulation, to prove that he is still efficient. A certain music there is in these poems, largely mechanical and jingling though it be, and traces of beauty here and there appear; but surely, in the pride of his technical resources, the author grows careless when he writes so dry and bald a measure as this: —

"Could love make worthy things of worthless,
My song were worth *an ear*."

It occurs in Six Years Old, which just misses being a sweet and flower-like poem, and misses it by Mr. Swinburne's mournful inability to be pure, unaffected,

[1] *Studies in Song.* By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. New York: R. Worthington. 1880.

and child-like, even when writing to a child.

Mr. Charles De Kay is a writer distinctly of another school than that in which our older poets rank. Without being an imitator, by any means, he seems naturally to ally himself with Swinburne and Morris, and to some extent with Browning also; though he certainly is not *like* them. It is partly in the choice of theme, partly in his eager and full response to sensuous beauty, that he recalls the first two; and in occasional turns of phrase or uncouth constructions that he makes one think, at instants, of Browning.

"The good old times were *blester*"

is a rather cumbrous device for supplying a rhyme to "Esther," in a preceding line; one of those after-thoughts, careless expedients, in which Browning indulges so often. But these remarks, intended merely to suggest points in which Mr. De Kay stands quite apart from the traditions of Bryant and Longfellow and Whittier, for instance, do him injustice if taken to imply a want of originality. His Vision of Nimrod[1] warrants quite a different conclusion. Indeed, it shows him to be original, forcible, and eloquent, with strong qualities of passion, and a gift for beautiful description. Here is a fine incidental burst of enthusiasm, a description of spring, which is full of feeling, and in quality fresh and vigorous: —

"Know you how Spring ascends the mountain-valleys
In fragrant dances on the line of snows,
Enrobed in wind half-cool, half-warm, that dallies
With vineyards now, and now by snow peak blows?
When vernal hills are green with dainty guesses,
With hope, with promise of delicious pain,
And sun from udders of the glacier presses
The foamy milk, life to the thirsty plain, —
Know you the zest that fills
Spring in the hills?"

The legend which Mr. De Kay has woven about Nimrod is a singular and powerful one, — a curious study in imagination. As the author says, the kernel of the tale is not to be found in books. He has attempted to penetrate into and describe the condition of the ancient monarch, to depict him amid the gorgeousness of his triumphant reign, and then to show the half-deified king as one of the actors in a struggle of passion and intellect centring upon Esther, a priestess of the sun. The situation is set forth with much detail; clearly, richly, and with a firm hold that moves the story finely to its climax. The imagination shown is abundant, and the book contains passages of great beauty. It is very questionable, however, whether the deed of Nimrod in overcoming the chastity of the priestess forms a fit culmination — judged by the canons of the truest art (which also involves moral meaning, a sequence and conclusion of ideas) — for so elaborate a study. The story really ends at that point; there being an introduction and conclusion which have little to do with it, and the object of which it is not easy to discover. Mr. De Kay hints that there is more to come; but his poem is already too long for its theme, and the incompletion of the design gives the whole the look of a bulky fragment. Diffuseness is one of the grave faults of The Vision of Nimrod, and with this, related to it, there are lapses into inadequate and prosaic phraseology, in parts.

The poems of Robert K. Weeks, both those published before his death and those issued posthumously, have been collected in a single volume,[2] bound with some originality, and delightfully printed. They are without question worthy of this friendly care. Few men have attained so early as Mr. Weeks a purity of style, a chaste, lovely, and reserved beauty of verse, like

[1] *The Vision of Nimrod.* By CHARLES DE KAY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle and Rivington. 1881.

[2] *Poems.* By ROBERT K. WEEKS. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1881.

those which meet us in these pages. He was not a writer of marked originality, in general; but there is one poem in his book very striking in its fresh imagination; we mean Medusa.

"No sound was in the frosty air,
No light below the skies;
I looked above, and unaware
Looked in Medusa's eyes:

"The eyes that neither laugh nor weep,
That neither hope nor fear;
That neither watch, nor dream, nor sleep,
Nor sympathize nor sneer.

. . . . . .

"O love that will not be forgot!
O love that leaves alone!
O love that blinds, and blesses not!
O love that turns to stone!"

His affection for nature manifests itself in numerous pieces devoted to the silent play of her beauties and changes, — short pieces, dreamy in feeling, and not always sufficing as to purport, but containing exquisite touches; and in his ballad of Gudrun and Song for Lexington he revealed a singular firmness of line, as one may say, together with much skill in suggestion. So far as he went, he was a master; he seldom attempted anything without giving it a certain completeness and reposeful grace. In this way he becomes an interesting study to lovers of poetry, who will find it curious to compare his gray tone, his conservative dignity, with the more opulent coloring, the rolling chords and ingenious novelties, of Mr. De Kay.

When a popular novelist is able to send forth a book containing some two hundred and seventy rhymed effusions, no one of which enjoys very high reputation, it is safe to conclude that verse is not the author's fittest vehicle. This is precisely what we conclude, in looking over the collection of her metrical pieces, which the author of John Halifax has made.[1] Nevertheless, there will be found, among these, some evidences of a poetic tendency, and many more evidences of a nature that has been peculiarly open to the varied events and emotions of a lifetime, and has responded to them with natural eloquence, some passion, and much piety. The most graceful thing in the book — a brief, musical lyric, dewy with sunlit tears — is prosaically entitled, A Silly Song; and this accords with a certain comfortable English-matronly common-sense pervading the pages. A number of the contributions are meant for children; and others concern family and personal matters known only to the author. Sometimes they are mere playful rhymes, of no great value; for she has not been self-critical in her selection. But as the general public is not composed of literary artists, what may be called "the law of average appreciation" will make this volume of Mrs. Mulock-Craik's welcome in many households where Whittier's poetry is also read. The planes of art on which the two writers stand are by no means the same, and the basis of varied interests in Whittier is of course much broader, — not so personal; but people will be content with the sincerity and heart in Thirty Years, and will hardly notice the difference.

"In this lyric I have endeavored to represent the very stupid and comfortless doctrine of the Greeks with regard to the state of human souls after death." Such is the cheerfully self-confident, but not very inviting explanation, which Prof. John Stuart Blackie appends to his verses on The Wail of an Idol, in a newly issued second edition of some of his poems.[2] These Lays and Legends are a part of an earlier volume, now weeded in such manner as to make the group consist of seventeen ballads and other compositions interpreting Greek myths or philosophies. To each the author prefixes one or more quotations

[1] *Thirty Years: Poems New and Old.* By the Author of John Halifax, Gentleman, etc. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

[2] *Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece.* By John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. William Blackwood and Sons: Edinburgh and London. 1880.

in Greek, and he furnishes, besides, brief scholarly notes referring to his own and other prose writings on the subjects treated. Professor Blackie never loses the erudite point of view in the poetic. These labored stanzas are little more than rhymed commentaries on special points in the Greek mythology. What inspiration can be found in lines like those at the close of his Prometheus?

> "And whoso rests
> From labor let him rest from life.
> To live 's to strive; and in the strife
> To move the rock, to stir the clod,
> Man makes himself a god."

Yet they give a fair example of Mr. Blackie's work; mechanical, unmelodious, and based on dogmatism as it is throughout. "Stupid and comfortless" — the words which he applies to the Greek doctrine referred to above — recur as befitting his own effusions. But all that it suffices our present purpose to note is the danger which a man who is not a poet runs, in adopting the plain vocabulary and straightforward style which, in hands like Whittier's and Longfellow's, yields such happy results. Mr. Blackie might have been less tedious (though not substantially better) had he surrendered to the influences of what his Scotch school terms "spasmodic" poetry. William Gibson, "Commander, United States Navy," has done this to some extent, in a little volume recently issued;[1] and although his talent is essentially feeble, he conceals the fact partially under an occasional richness of verbiage and a flow of harmonious lines.

It would be hard to say just what direction Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly's development is taking. In his latest volume,[2] the closing poem — The Mutiny of the Chains — continues the strain of those wild Australian legends which gave such novel interest to this poet's first publications; but the force of the strain is here somewhat diminished. The title poem, on the other hand, is an elaborate study in blank verse, — verse at times so melodious as to have the effect of rhyme, — the scope of which, for want of a better word, we might define as "psychological." But even here, where finish is sought, the fourth line from the beginning is redundant: —

> "Inert amid a million stones, responds to this."

In many of the pieces will be found similar evidences of hasty work. But Mr. O'Reilly deliberately adopts formlessness in Muley Malek, From the Earth, a Cry, and A Song for the Soldiers. The second of these — which is the voice of the mob, of the suffering millions who

> "Grind forever in gloom, that the privileged few may live" —

is more fittingly cast in such rough mould; but no good end is served by its adoption in the other cases. Moreover, Mr. O'Reilly, while plainly following in the wake of Walt Whitman, does not convey through his irregular lines the sense of a long billow-like rhythm which Whitman manages to get into his best fragments. His attempts in this direction are rough draughts of poems, and have not that inner harmony controlling apparent lawlessness which alone can give to any piece of writing high poetic worth. Of underlying passion and intense, though not always deep, conception there is an uncommon stock in these pages. On the other hand, Mr. O'Reilly gives us a few charming lyrics and lays, like Jacqueminots, which is throbbing with lover's ardor, or the amusing fable which he calls The Temple of Friendship; and scattered through the book are sundry bright and brief ebullitions of wit, or fancy, or reflection, which disclose in the author a singular talent for minute perfection of statement.

[1] *Poems of Many Years and Many Places.* By William Gibson, Commander, United States Navy. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1881.

[2] *The Statues in the Block, and Other Poems.* By John Boyle O'Reilly. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1881.

"The Infinite always is silent;
It is only the Finite speaks.
Our words are the idle wave-caps
On the deep that never breaks."

This volume, then, presents Mr. O'Reilly in two lights, and it is scarcely possible to say which shows him most truly. A man of strong feeling and possessing the poetic talent he appears, in either, though not always doing his gift justice. But the present volume marks a transitional state in his progress, which, unless he should allow his productions to mature more deeply hereafter, will not lead to increased merit of achievement.

FIVE AMERICAN NOVELS.

Is it by chance only that of the five recent American novels which seem most worthy of notice, four have to do wholly, or in part, with foreign life? Must Americans live in Rome, or St. Petersburg, or an English village, to catch the eye of an artist? Does Europe make the only true background for a picture of American life and character? Are contrasts to be found only by looking back and forth across the Atlantic? Has the Pacific no rights which an author is bound to respect? Is there springing up a literature of two worlds, for which a special chapter of international law will be required? We ask questions for other people to answer; but before they answer let them read the books upon our list, and then tell us whether, after all, running to and fro and increasing of knowledge does not have its petty as well as its great side.

We are invited, to begin with, to a story of life By the Tiber.[1] Well, Rome is by the Tiber, and one may conjure a whole world of antiquity and art and hoary ecclesiasticism by naming Rome to himself. Hawthorne gave a singular revelation of the spiritual contrasts inhering in the residence of Americans in Rome, and one catches in The Marble Faun the fine shadows cast by the Old World on the New; there was a poem, moreover, involved in the whole frame-work of his tale. But what have we here? We have the American colony in Rome, a glimpse of Italian life, high and low; and the impression left upon the reader cannot be expressed more concisely than by the author herself, when she says that it was "a society which has, perhaps, a lower tone than any other in the world." There is scarcely a relief in the book to one wearying round of petty intrigue and ignoble jealousy. The story is of an American girl, a writer, who so far reveals her individuality as to remark, in passing, that her book, when it came back from America, had a pretty conceit of four-leaved clover on the cover, and whose life is rendered wretched by contact with prying, mean people, until finally, after incarceration in an insane asylum, she gets released only to go to heaven. We are warned not to take the book as a disclosure of personal experience, but almost its only excuse for being must be found in such a reason. If it is only fiction, then it is fiction with a very paltry *motif*. There are clever passages and sometimes episodes of beauty, but one reads half the book before he discovers any story, and the other half to find that it is not a story at all, but a miserable narrative. A fine power is squandered on a trivial theme, and the chief value of the book must be found in its tract character. It might

[1] *By the Tiber.* By the Author of Signor Monaldini's Niece. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1881.

be put into the hands of young people who are feverish for artist-life in Rome.

One may go farther and fare worse so far as writing goes, but better for his own comfort of mind. The Tsar's Window [1] is one of the No Name Series, and may be taken by the reader, according to his taste, as a light-headed book of travel, or a faintly-instructive novel. In either case he will be likely to be more entertained by the amateurishness of the book than impressed by its skill. It records in the form of a journal, which forgets to be a journal, aided by a few letters, the experience in sight-seeing and love of an American party residing or traveling in Russia. Both processes go on at once, so that no time is lost. The author pretends to be a little in doubt about the lovers in the book, but there is only the most amiable kind of misunderstanding, and the reader ambles along the pages with no fear of being thrown, and with plenty of time to examine the landscape, architecture, and groups of people passed on the road. We venture the safe guess that the author is a lively talker and letter writer, and we wish all her readers the good luck to take up this book after having read By the Tiber, and before coming to the next book on our list.

For A Lazy Man's Work [2] has not the potent charm of amateur work, while it shares with a good many American novels the demerit of being written by an untrained mind; untrained, we mean, in the art of novel-writing. It often happens, as in this book, that there are pages of life-likeness and incidental situations of interest, while the backbone of the book is weak. This novel has characters and a plot; the people walk and dress and play with a certain accuracy, and behave themselves in the main with due regard to the habits of ladies and gentlemen; but the author has conceived a plot turning upon a suspicion of poisoning, which is not evolved from the characters, nor natural to their mutual relations. It follows that there is a certain insanity of action and sanity of individual behavior which are grotesquely combined. The reader finds the sensational part of the book preposterous and out of keeping with the generally commonplace nature of the persons to whom he is introduced. It is as if the author had the characters, and felt rightly that she could not make their ordinary life interesting, so imported into their society a wholly foreign element. The result is a masquerade, and in choosing a title she happily hit upon one characteristic of the book. There is a lazy man in it, and he figures in the scenes; but the story is not at all the product of his work, unless one accepts a very far-fetched interpretation.

A Lazy Man's Work, though found in a series which, with one other exception, is devoted to reprints, does not travel beyond the country; the company which it keeps reminds us how much more workman-like the average English novel is apt to be than the average American. We come back in A Fair Barbarian [3] to another of the crosses in literature. Mrs. Burnett is English born and bred, we believe, having personal acquaintance with social life on both sides of the Atlantic. She is also American by willing adoption, and in this story somewhat aggressively American in her choice of subject and treatment. The fair barbarian is the daughter of a bonanza king, who suddenly lights in a slow, old-fashioned English village, modeled apparently as much upon Cranford as upon actual places, and astonishes the natives by her graceful audacity. Mrs.

[1] *The Tsar's Window.* Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1881.

[2] *A Lazy Man's Work.* By Frances Campbell Sparhawk. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1881. [Leisure Hour Series, No. 122.]

[3] *A Fair Barbarian.* By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1881.

Burnett would have us believe that the fair Octavia, with her free Western ideas, was also a consummate little lady, not only well dressed and graceful, but exquisitely refined in all the habits of her mind. It is pleasant to believe all this. It is delightful to know that Octavia with her lightsomeness exposes the crass, insular English gentry; that out of the feverish life of a Western mining town is sent forth a delicate image of self-reliant innocence to put to shame the careful selections of an old civilization. Have we not our little revenge? Have we not a triumphant answer to the social sneer, Who knows an American lady?

It is scarcely worth while to analyze very closely a half-idle story like this, but we may just venture the doubt if Octavia's biographer is not also her attorney, and under no obligation to disclose all of her client's character. Certainly, as we read, the suspicion steals over us that in actual life a flower growing from so thin a soil as that furnished by Miss Bassett's surroundings may have but a short life and a quickly exhausted fragrance. A pure, refined womanhood is not, thank Heaven, confined to old and formal society; it may blossom in the most unexpected field; yet, as a typical product, it is found most perfect beside the still waters and in the green pastures.

The slightness of Mrs. Burnett's book, which has been tossed off, apparently, in a pretty, defiant way, will be missed by the reader who takes up the last book on our list, A Nameless Nobleman.[1] If we have seemed to set little value on the American literary discovery of Europe, let us make some amends by recognizing the honest intention of this book, which makes a more solid use of the two continents. The Nameless Nobleman is a French baron, whom fortune has cast upon these shores after he had been estranged from his native country by the faithlessness of a young girl, who had fallen into the snare of court life when he was ready to offer her a pure, unselfish love. Chance brings him in a bruised condition to the door of a Falmouth cottage, and he is nursed in secrecy by the daughter of the house, whom he learns to love and contrives to marry by the aid of his companion, a French abbé. They are separated immediately, and meet only after some years, when he claims his bride and carries her off to Boston. On the way he halts at Plymouth, where as a surgeon he had lately been of service, and he is invited by the grave townsmen to remain as country doctor. He accepts, and the rest of his days are spent there. His old life is never revealed to his wife, who calls him by the name she had overheard from the abbé of Le Baron, and that name he accepts for his own.

The contrasts involved in the persons and situations are strong and capable of an artistic expression which has not been missed. There is besides an added element in the restless movements of the abbé, who comes and goes in various disguises, but always in an intriguing spirit of devotion to mother church; in the passion of the first love which flames up now and then; and in the complications caused by the opposition of religious faiths. The actual historical basis of this romance is slight. There was an unknown Frenchman who took the name of Le Baron and married a Mary Wilder and settled in Plymouth at the time of this story, — that is, near the close of the seventeenth century; but the author has found her materials where all romance is found. In the interest of her plot, indeed, she draws a little too much upon the credulity of her readers when she builds a most secret mission of the Romish church in some back street in Boston, but her use of the circumstance and character of the time does not generally overpass historic fact, except as there is imparted a warmer glow to the life than historians would have us per-

[1] *A Nameless Nobleman.* [Round Robin Series.] Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1881.

ceive. We suspect that a self-restraint has been imposed by the very severity of the materials used in composition, and the result is all the more agreeable. Once in a while there is a fluttering about the flame of a passionate intrigue, but only to shoot a dash of red into the gray texture. The work is careful, well proportioned, and sincere. We wish readers for the book; it will be a pity if this excursion into the field of American historical romance should serve only to discourage writers from undertaking what at its best is very good literature.

CARLYLE'S REMINISCENCES.

In these Reminiscences[1] are etched the lineaments of many persons, obscure or notable, particularly of the author's relatives, and of Irving, Jeffrey, Southey, and Wordsworth. Occasionally, as comment on these sketches, sparse literary criticism is furnished, and at intervals a random flash or two of the old fire flares out; but the volume has most interest as a fragmentary autobiography, and most value in furthering our acquaintance with Carlyle. It is an old man who is talking, depressed with calamity (the moaning *ay de mi!* too constant, too painful), garrulous, but with the secure and confiding garrulity of long fireside converse. The cumbersome detail, however, is not useless, especially that concerning his diversely branching genealogy; it is no new thing to indicate the debt of his genius to a Scotch extraction, but this avuncular anecdotage marks out the obligation sharply, and registers him as born in the savage and brawling border-land, lately reclaimed to civility and orderliness, — his father, as he writes, "of the second race of religious men in Annandale." But his father did more than transmit to him a hardy strain of blood: special traits in the taciturn, fearless, toiling, half-loved, half-feared, farmer-mason — his gift of lively, picturesque portraiture, his intensity of isolated emotion, his sombre veneration — are recognizably the son's inheritance; and spiritual fraternity shines unmistakably in this, which was one of his last sayings to his still obscure, though man-grown child: "Man, it's surely a pity that thou shouldst sit yonder with nothing but the eye of Omniscience to see thee, and thou with such a gift to speak!" A noble type of peasanthood, worth recording in this loving sketch of him; worth reflection, too, were there space here for more than Carlyle's self.

The ineffaceable impression left by these records as a whole is of the habitual solitude in which Carlyle dwelt, and of the fierceness, almost ferocity, of the struggle that went on in it. Not merely in youth, — "life tinted with hues of imprisonment and impossibility, hope practically not there, only obstinacy and a grim steadfastness to strive without hope as with;" not merely in the apprenticeship time, — "nightly working at the thing [Schiller] in a serious, sad, and totally solitary way;" but throughout active life at least, the delirious depression of spirit and intensity of effort, from which youthful genius, uncertain of its own faculty and of the world's opportunity, is seldom relieved, haunted him. He seized upon

[1] *Reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle.* Edited by James Anthony Froude. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881. The Same. Library and Franklin Square Editions. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1881.

his work with a tenacity well-nigh savage, and his work held him like a spell of evil. During the French Revolution period, for example, he describes himself as taking his daily afternoon walk, "always heavy laden, grim of mood, sometimes with a feeling (not rebellious or impious toward God Most High), but otherwise too similar to Satan's stepping the burning marl. Once or twice, among the flood of equipages at Hyde Park corner, I recollect sternly thinking, 'Yes; and perhaps none of you could do what I am at.' But generally my feeling was, 'I shall finish this book, throw it at your feet, buy a rifle and spade, and withdraw to the transatlantic wilderness, far from human beggaries and basenesses.'" For three years "that grim book" held him "in a fever blaze;" at the end he stood leaning against a mile-stone, with his face toward Annan, whither he had gone to soothe his "wild excitation of nerves," his purpose to write the book, though he should die, accomplished. "Words cannot utter the wild and ghastly expressiveness of that scene to me; it seemed as if Hades itself and the gloomy realms of death and eternity were looking out on me through those poor old familiar objects."

The thirteen years of Friedrich were not different: "a desperate dead-lift pull all that time; my whole strength devoted to it; alone, withdrawn from all the world, and desperate of ever getting through (not to speak of 'succeeding'); left solitary 'with the nightmares' (as I sometimes expressed it); 'hugging unclean creatures' (Prussian blockheadism) 'to my bosom, trying to caress and flatter their secret out of them!'" In such a fashion, with no repose in the idea, no ease in the utterance, he struggled on alone, except for the constant attendance of "the desperate hope," until he got some response to his questionings; not winning it by any gracious Prospero serenity, but rather extorting the secret by putting his own life upon the rack.

The answer, however, was sufficient for himself, and has proved helpful to others. The ideal of conduct and formula of excellence he reached made him indifferent to the world's verdict upon his life or his works. If the world judged not by his standards, its judgments were hollow. At first he had not been so wholly careless; but the "conscript fathers" of literature were silent. From the six copies of "poor Sartor" sent to six Edinburgh literary friends he got "no smallest whisper, even of receipt, — a thing which," he grimly adds, "has silently and insensibly led me never since to send any copy of a book to Edinburgh, or, indeed, to Scotland at all, except in unliterary cases." He was thus forced to a self-reliance not difficult for his nature; and so, when Thackeray praised him in the Times, "one other poor judge voting," he thought, "but what is he or such as he?" The only true criticism for him, respecting that French Revolution spectre-drama, was his own to his wife: "What they will do with this book none knows, my Jeannie, lass; but they have not had for a two hundred years any book that came more truly from a man's very heart, and so let them trample it under foot and hoof as they see best!" His final feeling towards his works and their value to the world is shown by this remark on the Friedrich: "It has now become κόπρος to me, insignificant as the dung of a thousand centuries ago. I did get through, thank God! Let it now wander into the belly of oblivion forever!"

The world's standards were not for him; nevertheless, his standards were for all the world. His equanimity in applying them would resemble that of the careless gods, were his humor not so undeniably atrabiliar, in consequence of which a greater number of fools, bores, and blockheads are here set down

by name than would have been found in one of his own little German courts. This pinning of flies in a posthumous work, with a constant "See! this is a fly!" — why, even the sentimental "Get thee gone, poor devil!" is better stuff. As each nonentity pops into the field of vision and collapses, there comes into the mind "Jeannie's" old grandfather, and how he made each new acquaintance stand up to be measured, inches being infallibly indicative of worth, and one falls to thinking of the futility of all standards that disregard specific faculty and opportunity even in the humblest. Nor is the mensuration flawless when these tests are applied to the celebrities whom our author knew. To borrow his description of Wordsworth's delineations, these men are seen "only as through the reversed telescope, and reduced to the size of a mouse and its nest, or little more." This, of De Quincey, is one of the best of such pictures: "One of the smallest man figures I ever saw; shaped like a pair of tongs, and hardly above five feet in all. When he sate, you would have taken him, by candle-light, for the beautifullest little child, blue-eyed, sparkling face, had there not been a something, too, which said, '*Eccovi*, — this child has been in hell.'" Etched work, as has been observed above; the acid has bitten in; the chief result is an *effect*. Take this of Leigh Hunt, for a pleasanter sort: "Dark complexion, copious, clean, strong, black hair, beautifully shaped head, fine, beaming, serious hazel eyes; seriousness and intellect the main expression of the face. He would lean on his elbow against the mantel-piece (fine, clean, elastic figure, too, he had, five feet ten or more), and look round him nearly in silence before taking leave for the night; 'as if I were a Lar,' said he once, 'or permanent household god here' (such his polite, aerial-like way)." Were all these sketches as admirable, there could be only thankfulness for such naturalness, force, veracity; but when his mind estimates while his eye sees, when he mixes judgment with his drawing, — in Coleridge, Mill, Lamb, — there is blur and error, ending often lamely and impotently in grotesque results. In singular contrast with this inability of Carlyle to distribute exact justice to men, either nobodies or notorieties, is his appreciation of those nearest to him: his father, whose natural endowment, he thinks, possibly greater than Robert Burns's, and his wife, who exceeded, it seemed to him, "all the Sands and Eliots and babbling *coterie* of celebrated scribbling women that have strutted over the world in my time, if all boiled down and distilled to essence." In his exceeding solitariness it seemed so; for what with his fever and battle, the sufficiency to him of the solution he gave the sphinx riddle, his trust in his standards of work done and thrusting itself on the senses, life lost to his eye its true relief; all fine and various proportions vanished in exaggerations and diminutions. In what further and worse obscurities he was involved when he passed from the individual to the mass of humanity, in Latter-Day Pamphlets and the like, these records show little sign, except for an outbreak about the "beautiful nigger agony" and a quaver over "poor Davis." Poor Davis! much good may it do the Mississippi planter with the "drippin' red" hands, for such a man will never again use like language of him.

To draw this brief note upon Carlyle to a close, it is clear that our impression of his life is a painful one; but it does not differ, we believe, in any important respect, from that of his loyal disciples in these last years. He taught us much, but at the end he stood in a tragic isolation from the men in whom the fire of his thought burned most clearly. He denounced their aims, he put their hopes from him; the trend of the new civilization, with its democracies, its philan-

thropies, its prosperities, was, it seemed to him, downward to the pit, and he sang his Tiresiad to the last. These autobiographic fragments, however, do something to disclose, though darkly, a unity that explains the *dénoûment* of his career. So to speak, his own nature imprisoned him, his own effort obstructed him, his own development dwarfed him. "A haggard existence, that of his," said he to Southey of Shelley. His own existence was grim and gaunt, a wrestling with far other than the angel of the Lord; with dark spirits, indeed, "as of a man [it is his own account] shrouded since youthhood in continual gloom and grimness, set too nakedly versus the devil and all men." His struggle was heroic, and fruitful of spiritual good to men beyond all others of his generation; however defective in joy, in humanity, in repose, his life now takes its place among the noblest of English men of letters.

THE RENAISSANCE IN FRANCE.[1]

One would say that the writings of Charles Dickens were not the quarter in which to look for theories of art. It was the one domain which, perhaps through lack of natural bias, he most carefully avoided. Yet there is a whimsical interest in noting that he constitutes himself, in his novel of Hard Times, almost the only champion who has ever appeared in opposition to the most cherished views of the present time and the fundamental principle of the whole Gothic period, — the constructive or rational system of decoration. He identifies it, it may be remembered, with all the rigid harshness of his personage, Gradgrind, a mere bloodless epitome of "facts." He shows us Gradgrind, at the school examination, asking, "Boys and girls, would you paper a room with a paper containing representations of horses? No. And why not? Because you never see horses running along the walls of a room in reality. Girl number twenty! If you had a floor to carpet, would you choose a carpet representing flowers? Would you put down tables and chairs on them, and have people trampling over them with their heavy boots?" Girl number twenty makes a timid defense that it would do them no harm; they would be the likeness of something very pretty and agreeable, and she could imagine — "Aha! that is just the point," exclaims Thomas Gradgrind. "Facts! facts! facts! You never should imagine anything whatsoever."

The Renaissance system, to speak of it seriously, and by no means with derogatory intent, offers in practice the theory of girl number twenty, and no other. It had something very pretty and agreeable in the way of decoration to present; and if this were not strictly logical in its origin and manner of application, logic was a very crusty and ascetic quality, and had better be given the go-by at once. The Renaissance system was ministering to the pleasure of a gay and smiling world, which had ceased to quake under constant theological terrors, and proposed to enjoy its actual, mortal days, brief though they were. It did not wish to be too reasonable. There was an intense pleasure taken, in all departments of life, in the fragments of classic antiquity lately discovered, and hardly a possibility of get-

[1] *La Renaissance en France.* Par Léon Palustre. Dessins et Gravures sous la Direction de Eugène Sadoux. Paris: A. Quantin. 1879–1880. [New York: J. W. Bouton.]

ting too much of them. The times were tired of straight lines and sharp corners of every sort. The Renaissance was permitted to have brackets acanthus-leaf-shaped, ostensibly capable of supporting nothing but themselves; festoons of fruits and flowers, realistically modeled; and dormer windows in the shape of helmets or corselets of armor. All temperance of lines was lost, at length, in one revel of windings, fantastic scrolls, and columniations, as in the eccentric Rococo period, which produced its own reaction in the modern Gothic revival.

The true Gothic, and perhaps one may fairly say the rational, system ornaments the lines and features which grow out of the actual necessities of the construction. The Renaissance erects its building, and applies and incrusts ornamentation upon it which is apt to be quite independent of the construction. There is a certain perversity in liking the Renaissance. It has produced no great apologists, no enthusiasts, in print; and has against it, on the other hand, no end of writers, — to mention only the very able Viollet le Duc and Ruskin, who have scathed it with the fiercest denunciations, and left it hardly a leg to stand upon. Yet like it we do, very distinctly. There is little to be said in its favor; it controverts received principles at some part of even the most successful examples; but it is apparently, in its comfortable level lines, its air of contented worldliness and open luxury, an object in itself. It survives denunciation easily. One has but to cast his eye about a little, indeed, upon the Colonial and Queen Anne, the Elizabethan, Francis I., and Henri II., mansions going up in our principal cities, after the latest fashion, to observe that the Gothic revival is waning in its turn, and Renaissance ideas obtaining again an extraordinary ascendency.

The work before us, which is mentioned as one of the most expensive of the century, and comes with the features of superb vellum paper, rubricated initials, head and tail pieces, prodigious margins, and illustrations consisting of profuse etchings of extraordinary excellence, cannot fail in some of its aspects to satisfy the lover of fine architecture, whatever his prejudices. The complete work is to be issued in thirty parts, each containing five large, full-page (small folio size) etchings, and ten to fifteen others in the text. These parts are to be devoted, in space more or less according to their importance, to the old provinces of monarchical France. The three parts up to this time issued comprise Flanders, Artois, and Picardy; the modern department of Oise, of the Ile de France, and Aisne, of the same province. The etchings, in these opening numbers, are almost beyond compare, for the kind of subjects. They are lovely in the extreme. Eugène Sadoux is himself a master hand, and has obtained from his aids, in preparing these beautiful designs, an excellence not inferior to his own.

Were it not that M. Palustre is no doubt entitled to the credit of selecting and verifying the examples displayed, which are of an unhackneyed sort and taken from the best period, we should much incline to reverse the names in their order of importance on the title-page, and speak of the work as The Renaissance in France, by M. Sadoux, with text by M. Palustre; and, even as it is, it must depend for its success upon the charming illustrations. The letter-press is by no means comparable to them in merit. There is no general introduction to the subject, which must be noted as a serious lack; no mention of the specific differences or manifestations of development in the separate provinces. The writer plunges at once, in the very first pages, into a dry, technical treatment of a selected edifice in one of his departments, and even into the driest detail of this, the verification of a date.

This is his ruling proclivity throughout. The persistence with which he devotes his attention to some possible quibbling expert, and goes on, page after page, to determine whether it was in 1534 or 1554 that a certain bit of carving was made, or whether or not it is likely that there were three architects of the name of Jean Vast, while we wait, in vain generally, for either critical appreciation or historical commentary of the more enlarged sort, becomes irritating. The letterpress — of no superabundant quantity, by reason of the large type and generous margins — is too valuable to be wasted in petty controversy, which does not become a splendid work of this kind. There should have been some such author as Taine to write to the etchings of Sadoux. He would have given us, with his warm fancy, a keener sense of the beauty of the monuments, — unconstructive in the sense of the logicians and purists though they be, — and, without neglecting the side of art, perhaps a trait of character or two of the sulking Constable de Bourbon, who, in his seasons of disgrace at court, occupied his time in building the stately châteaux of Ecouen and Chantilly.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

We have long known that there was nothing new under the sun, but only recently have we been taught that there is nothing old, either; or rather that no human element is old compared with the æons by which Mother Nature reckons her birthdays. Hence, Adam and the patriarchs existed, as one might say, but yesterday, though it is a yesterday that has become somewhat vague and obliterated by the march of subsequent events. It is also true that we cannot apply the words "old" and "new" to any philosophy or theory of life, except in regard to peculiar manifestations of these at certain epochs in the history of the world. Especially are we accustomed to consider the doctrine of woman's equality with man as something of comparatively recent growth. But here we are all wrong. It is old, — old as — not perhaps as the hills, but older than the Sowsis, or the Golden Age, or the book of Genesis; older, in fact, than Eve, having been first brought to light in the Garden of Eden by Eve's predecessor, Lilith, who gave Adam so much trouble with her opinions that he finally caused her to be expelled from his abode, to make way for the society of the more docile Eve.

Poor Lilith was assigned to the devil as his bride; but that is no more in the way of persecution than has been accorded since by the intelligence and enterprise of man to those who have followed in her footsteps. Lilith, in fact, as is often said of great geniuses, lived at too early a period to be appreciated. She was a martyr to her convictions; and because she maintained that her position as a woman was in no wise inferior to that of Adam as a man, he dismissed her from Paradise, and the ancient and respectable rabbins who have told her story quietly consigned her to the devil. But the glory of vindicating her remains to posterity. There are other legends to be told, besides those commonly extant, concerning Lilith, two or three of which will, we hope, not be uninteresting; for they seem to us curiously significant in consideration of some of the problems agitating our own day. The first is as follows: —

It came to pass that one day Adam

and Lilith were walking near the borders of the garden, and they heard exceeding shrill cries, as of birds in pain or terror. They looked about them to see what caused the sounds, and beheld a large and a small bird in fierce conflict. They shortly perceived that the smaller bird was defending its nest. The piteous sight moved Lilith's heart, and she was about to run forward to rescue the little creature and restore it to the nest, but Adam restrained her.

"Why hold me back?" said Lilith. "Dost thou not behold the cruelty and injustice of that quarrel? Shall not the little bird enjoy the fruit of its own labor? It has toiled to build the nest for itself and its young, and now why should we allow a wicked enemy to devastate what was wrought so patiently and well?"

"Lilith," answered Adam sternly, "why wilt thou always give way to thine untutored impulses? What dost thou know of justice and injustice, save as I shall see fit to teach thee? The world belongs to the strong. Those who are too weak to maintain themselves must of necessity suffer; and it is well it should be so, for they cumber the ground. What a man will do battle for and win, that is his right. So let me hear no more of thy doctrine."

"But, Adam," persisted Lilith, "is it not a blessed thing for us who are stronger than all to assist others? And is it not better to help the weak bird, who does battle for what is his own as bravely as the other, who is but a robber? Wouldst thou not rather give thy aid to those who have need of it than to those who can take care of themselves?"

At this Adam was exceeding wrathful. "By my posterity, Lilith," said he, — "and I sorely doubt whether thou art found worthy to share its glory with me, — thy language almost moveth me to chasten thee! Who art thou, that presumest to answer me again? Shall I not have peace and submission in mine own borders? Go now and curb thy froward tongue, or it shall be the worse for thee."

"I will go," said Lilith, "though I warn thee that I cannot agree with thee in this matter; and why I should be submissive unto thee I cannot tell, since I was created at the same time that thou wast, and from the same clay." And Lilith departed into another part of the garden, leaving Adam in great wrath; but she secretly rejoiced that she had had the last speech, for she was not altogether without weakness.

In the mean time, the large bird had slain the smaller one, and scattered his feathers to the four winds. Also it had broken the eggs, and carried the nest away for its young to peck at in sport.

A short time after this, as Adam was passing through a brook in the garden, he cut his foot against a sharp pebble in the bed of the stream. He cried to Lilith to help him; and she came and bound up the wound with soft leaves and healing herbs, of which she had learned the use. As she stanched the blood, she said, "How wonderful is the making of our flesh! How greatly would I like to know whence cometh the red fluid in our bodies, and what causeth it to flow when we are hurt, and what is the formation of the hard substances that support our frames!"

"Lilith," said Adam, not over-wrathfully, for she had not then finished binding up his wound, "why must thou always be wanting to know things? Rest content with the duties that have been given thee, nor seek to learn matters thou hast not the mind to comprehend aright. I shall tell thee of all these things when it is good for thee to know them."

"If thou wouldst tell me now," said Lilith demurely, "then I should know still better how to treat thy hurts. I should also know what is healthful for my children, and how to keep them from doing what would be evil and harmful to them."

"Thou babblest like a fool, Lilith!" answered Adam. "Shall I not be here to watch over them as well as thou? Is it likely I should permit them to do aught to their disadvantage? If it were best for us to know what is inside our bodies, we should have been made so that we could see therein. But thou art never content with what appertains to thee." This he spoke with anger, for Lilith had finished binding his foot, and the pain was much abated.

"Nevertheless, tell me somewhat now," said Lilith, "or peradventure I shall think thou dost not know."

"Lilith!" cried Adam, with a loud voice. "Thy stiff-necked behavior has caused me to be angry with thee many times, but never so much as now! How darest thou presume to tell me what I know and what I do not know! Get thee from my sight instantly, and think thyself exceeding fortunate that I do not thrust thee from the garden altogether, as I well foresee I shall some day be compelled to do, if thou changest not thy conduct marvelously!"

And Lilith went forth smiling to herself, for she well perceived that Adam knew no more of the matter than she herself.

At last there came a day when an angel descended into the garden, and met Adam and Lilith with a gracious and heavenly smile.

"I have come to visit thee," said he, "and to tell thee of things it is good to know."

"Thou art welcome, my lord," said Adam. "Haste thee, Lilith, and prepare a feast, so that my lord may have wherewithal to refresh himself We will in to the garden in the mean time, and discourse upon themes too high for thee to have any interest in."

"I will indeed hasten," answered Lilith, making a courteous obeisance to the angel, who looked at her kindly; "but I beseech my lord to remember that there are many things I, too, long to understand. I am, perchance, not so poor of intellect as thou thinkest, and though I am ignorant I would fain be wise."

"Thou art right, Lilith," said the angel, regarding her with favor, though Adam scowled and was full of wrath; "but do not be afraid. There is so much to learn that thou and Adam could not of any possibility comprehend more than the smallest iota of it all if thou wert to live thousands of years. Therefore, prepare the feast, and fear not afterwards to ask of me all that is in thy mind to learn."

Then Lilith was exceeding joyful, and prepared a marvelous banquet of fruit and roots cut in dainty devices, and laid out in glorious fashion, to give the angel delight; for she thought it a noble thing to serve in this manner, and took much pleasure in it.

When all was ready she called them. And the angel praised her skill, but Adam said nothing, for his heart was full of bitterness, and he reflected that Lilith had done what was her duty to do, and no more. And at the banquet they held very high and wonderful discourse, and the angel told Lilith of many marvelous things, so that she was greatly uplifted thereby. And Lilith showed herself passing quick of apprehension, and extremely desirous of gaining knowledge; so that the angel delighted in her, and held much converse with her, till the hour came when he should depart.

But after he had left Adam and Lilith alone, Adam turned upon his wife with rage. "This shall be the end," said he, "of all thy misbehavior and thy froward and stubborn pride. Is it not enough that I have borne with thee so far, but that thou must display thy folly before my lord, the angel, causing him to talk to thee of presumptuous matters wherein thou shouldst have held thy vain tongue? Also I wished myself to converse, but thou filled the time with thy chatter. But never shalt thou do this

thing again; for I will drive thee forth from the garden, and a new companion shall be given unto me, who will know what is obedience and what is fitting to her, as thou hast never known."

So Adam drave Lilith forth from the garden, and troubled himself no more concerning her.

And Eve was made in her stead.

— The London Spectator, in a review of Mr. James's Washington Square, makes some general criticisms that are sound and some that seem to me strained. It points to the fact that Mr. James "is always more or less embarrassed by what he very likely regards as the artificial necessity of making a whole." The unsatisfactoriness of tales which appear to have no real conclusion is something that all readers must feel. The short story may very properly concern itself with no more than a bit out of the middle of a life history; but we expect more in the novel, with its larger scope, and ask of the author that he shall at least furnish our imagination with material out of which to construct the future fate of the hero and heroine after the curtain has dropped between them and us. In The American Mr. James certainly seems to reply to this our natural and reasonable request that it would be superfluous for him to give us any hints as to the probable course of life or condition of soul of his hero. After taking Newman through an experience that must have powerfully and permanently affected him, the author gives not the slightest indication of what he did with his altered life, and leaves the fancy to wander helplessly among conjectures too various to choose from. As this novel is rightly called by the Spectator Mr. James's most powerful book, it is the greater pity that this complaint of its final unsatisfactoriness can be legitimately brought against it. The Spectator, however, makes this charge a too sweeping one. I cannot see that the stricture applies to any other of the novels proper that preceded Washington Square. The Spectator asks wherefore we are not told why it is that Catherine Sloper's "dead, dull weight of sorrow did not sour her." The answer is given in the character itself, so carefully put before us; a temper like that of this poor heroine never does sour under any circumstances, and one pictures her future life easily enough, without much aid from the author.

"Mr. James strikes us as in nothing less humane than in the indifference with which he treats his characters after he has brought them through such melancholy shifts in their lot as he generally provides for them," the Spectator continues complainingly. There are two methods of telling a tale, one of which is finely and strikingly exemplified in Tourgenef's tales, where the author "effaces himself" completely, allowing no judgments of his to intrude; where we look upon the picture presented as we do upon life, with no commentator at hand to interfere with the simplicity of the impression. It cannot be denied that this mode of relation is a highly effective one, and that the picture as such gains in force and life-likeness. But the other method is very possibly the more "humane," and the author's commentary may be useful provided it be not too voluminous. There are novels — Mr. Trollope's, shall we say? — which we might enjoy more if we were favored with less of the author's company through the progress of the story. Even the great Thackeray is tedious at times; not in the easy, colloquial style of the narrative itself, which is always delightful, but in the interjected pages of moralizing, which we could so readily spare when once we have become familiar with the constant tone of them.

To say of Mr. James that he cares nothing for the "moral equities of life" is to make a hard accusation on insufficient grounds. If his sympathy with the moral equities is not so often nor

so warmly expressed as it might be, it seems to me always clearly enough indicated not to be misunderstood. And to say that if he "would only become suddenly aware of the real existence of a moral world" his tales would increase in interest is certainly a perversion of judgment upon him. What is the interest of Roderick Hudson if not an ethical one? There are two kinds of moral teaching: that which is direct and of purpose, as in George Eliot's novels, and that which is only indirectly moral, as the spectacle of life itself is. If an author presents us with true pictures of moral human character and life, he gives us the pregnant text from which we may draw our own moral application; and though he may not lift us above ourselves and give us insight into a world of higher spiritual thought and endeavor, as the great writer just referred to undoubtedly does, yet in his lighter way the undidactic novelist may benefit us, too. I have sometimes fancied that Mr. James suspects himself of an inclination to be too moral, and that it is out of a somewhat exaggerated care to guard against the artistic blunder of preaching that he occasionally makes the opposite mistake of seeming too little concerned about the moral equities.

What we do miss in Mr. James's books is humor, a quality which is to be found, undoubtedly, in the most humane writers, and which is the saving grace of some who have not the tenth of Mr. James's literary strength and skill.

— That there is not a little pleasure in finding motes in our brother's eye, although we may be aware of the presence of very large beams in our own, few will deny; and particularly is this so when this same brother has been successful in showing us the presence of the beams.

I must confess, then, to a bit of wicked gratification, on reading Mr. Grant White's Recollections, in the March Atlantic, to find that Homer had nodded. In support of his opinion that the Church of England is a great conservative force, and chiefly valued as such, Mr. White quotes from her catechism the answer to the question, "What is thy duty towards thy neighbor?" and gives us the answer: —

"My duty to my neighbor is . . . to submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters; to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters; . . . and to learn and labor truly to get mine own living and to do my duty in that state of life *to which it has pleased God to call me.*"

Mr. White then goes on to tell of his difficulty as a boy in reconciling these words, especially those in italics, with the constant striving to better one's condition seen even in the religious world around him. We are afraid that Mr. White's "spiritual pastors" neglected the training of their flock, or else this particular lamb early learned to stray away from "catechising." We have consulted various English and American Prayer Books, but in none of them can we find our "duty" as quoted by Mr. White. "To do my duty in that state of life to which *it shall please* God to call me" the catechism of the English Church of to-day, as well as of her American daughter, teaches, and in Prayer Books of many years ago we find no difference.

Mr. White should have remembered that the catechism was drawn up for no one class in society, but for "all sorts and conditions of men," and to be learned by *all* who are brought to the bishop; and that its sentences have been so wisely framed that they can be and are taught alike to the royal children at Marlborough House and the charity children at the Temple.

— About that last town-crier in America having been in Newport, R. I., in 1878, as stated in the Club in the May number, — that is all a mistake. At the Sherburne House, on the island of

Nantucket, for the last four years, one of our amusements in our summer sojourns there has been to hear the town-crier. Last summer (1880) a second one had been added for the season, apparently because the amount of business required it. All our knowledge of daily events, of the coming concerts, and the auctions, and the returning Nantucketers who had reached New Bedford after a sea voyage, came with the ringing of the bell of the crier and his announcement. He would be heard nearly all day in some part of the town; and if you wished to know the news you could stroll off in the direction of the sound, and learn what the latest novelty was. It is one of the boasts of the islanders that this "institution" has been maintained there, with many others equally quaint. But as the natives speak of the rest of America as "the continent," and do not really concede that their island is not a world by itself, perhaps Mr. White and the writer in the May Contributors' Club can claim that my town-crier is not in America proper, but out at sea.

— I send you a poetical translation of that perfect epitaph of Martial's, — the one on the little girl Erotion. My version is quite literal, I think, yet free enough to express the fullness of meaning that the old Latin poet has compressed into his terse, pregnant lines. I have tried especially to render to the full the sentiment of the last two lines, which are, in both translation and original, the soul of the whole epitaph.

EPITAPH ON EROTION.

(Martialis, Liber V. xxxiv.)

To you, my parents, I my child intrust,
The while I place beside your graves her dust;
Let not my darling fear the dreadful shade,
Nor Cerberus' fierce jaws.
Her death, delayed
As many days, had seen her life extend
Through six cold winters. Now 't is at an end.
Between ye two, gray patrons, let her play,
And lisp my name, in childhood's prattling way.
. . . . . .
Let not the sod too stiffly stretch its girth
Above those tender limbs, erstwhile so free;
Press lightly on her form, dear Mother Earth,
Her little footsteps lightly fell on thee.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Poetry and the Drama. The Statues in the Block gives the title to the volume of poems by John Boyle O'Reilly, in which it stands first. A little of the author's personal history may be read between the lines, but it will not be only for this that the book will be read. (Roberts.) — Mr. Franklin E. Denton, of Chardon, Ohio, sends us two poems, Kallotron and Autumn-Day Musings. They are quickly read, though one may linger over some lines, as in the partial description of a poet: —

"His eyes, large, eloquent and glowing orbs,
Were haloed with unutterable light;
For 'neath his marble cupola of mind
A genius great peered thro' the windows wild."

— The fourteenth volume of Mr. Hudson's Harvard Shakespeare contains Julius Cæsar and Hamlet. (Ginn & Heath.) — Gondaline's Lesson and other Poems, by Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, is sent us by C. Kegan Paul & Co., London. There is a fatal facility about the poems. — Buds, by Miss C. E. Ricker (Boston: Goodwin & Drisko), is the title of a thin volume of verses. — Giorgio and other Poems, by Stuart Sterne (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), follows the narrative poem of Angelo, published a few years since.

History and Antiquities. Mr. Rushton M. Dorman has written a volume on The Origin of Primitive Superstitions, and their development into the worship of spirits and the doctrine of spiritual agency among the aborigines of America. (Lippincott.) The book is a contribution to the comparative study of myths, with a reference to the progressive character of spiritual manifestations. It is, however, not only a collection of pertinent facts, but an argument in support of a theory. — The Origin of Nations, by George Rawlinson (Scribners), is an inquiry into early civilizations and ethnic affinities, with a purpose to substantiate the views supposed to be derived from the biblical narrative. — The Harpers have begun the issue of the Memoirs of Prince Metternich, and have sent out two volumes in the Franklin Square Library. The same work is issued in library style by Charles

Scribner's Sons. — Dr. Henry Cabot Lodge's A Short History of the English Colonies in America (Harpers) is based on the author's course of lectures before the Lowell Institute, and aims at a view of the colonies not so exclusively political as that given by most general histories.

Biography. A second series of Great Singers, by George T. Ferris, uniform with the first, has been published in Appleton's New Handy-Volume Series. The range is from Malibran to Titiens, and excludes living singers, except where these have retired from the stage. Grisi, Alboni, Lind, Schröder-Devrient, are included, and the sketches are compact, but animated. — Mr. Froude's Cæsar has been reprinted by the Harpers, in the interest of poor scholars, in two cheap editions. — The Life of George the Fourth, including his Letters and Opinions, with a view of the men, manners, and politics of his reign, by Percy Fitzgerald, has been issued by the Harpers in one volume 8vo, and in two numbers of the Franklin Square Library. The work will be found to justify Thackeray's silhouette, and the minute detail with which this picture is drawn gives one a sense of thankfulness that a wit and literary artist has made it unnecessary for the busy man to linger before it. — Divine Guidance is the title which Gail Hamilton gives to her Memorial of Allen W. Dodge, her kinsman. Much of the work is drawn from Mr. Dodge's own journals and letters, and some of the interest follows from Mr. Dodge's attitude on religious questions, since he went over from the popular to the unpopular side in New England, and did it with excellent grace. (Appleton.) — Mrs. Mary Swift Lamson's Life and Education of Laura Dewey Bridgman, the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, has been issued in a new edition by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The phenomenal character of Miss Bridgman's life renders any light thrown upon it of value, and Mrs. Lamson, as her teacher for many years, had exceptional advantages for describing her pupil.

Education and Text-Books. The ninth number of The Reading Club and Handy Speaker has been edited by George M. Baker. It contains selections, chiefly in verse, and including serious, humorous, pathetic, patriotic, and dramatic subjects. The elocutionary rather than the literary test has been applied. (Lee & Shepard.) — Mr. Henry B. Buckham, Principal of the State Normal School in Buffalo, has prepared the first of a series of Handbooks for Young Teachers (Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen), intended to give hints and suggestions which occur to an experienced teacher. The points are made quickly and in a spirit of common sense. — Advanced Readings and Recitations is a combination of Reader and Speaker, by Austin B. Fletcher, Professor of Oratory in Brown University and Boston University School of Law, intended for use in advanced classes in colleges, as the editor says. It would seem as if by the time students had reached college classes the selection might be made by themselves. (Lee & Shepard.) — Common Schools of Cincinnati is a bulky pamphlet issued by the Board of Education of that city, and containing the annual report and a hand-book of the schools. It is immensely statistical. — We would call attention to the continued enterprise by which Education, an international magazine (New England Publishing Co., Boston), is made to serve as a medium for thought and discussion upon the whole range of the subject. — The essays which Mr. Hudson has been printing in his current edition of Shakespeare have been collected into a little volume entitled English in School, a Series of Essays (Ginn & Heath), and it is much to be desired that readers who have missed his school Shakespeare should get this volume, and see how many shrewd things he has to say on the important subject of teaching English literature. — Outlines of Elocution and Comprehensive Manual of Principles, by G. Walter Dale (Danville, Indiana: Normal Teacher Publishing House), is an appalling book; if the student ever masters the Dale style, and adjusts his vocal mechanism according to the inscrutable Dale methods, he has still before him a hopeless mixture of good and bad selections to practice upon.

Social Science. Ireland continues to invite the attention of students and writers. The riddle is attacked in four recent volumes published by Macmillan: The Life's Work in Ireland of a Landlord who Tried to do his Duty, by W. Bence Jones, a series of papers combining experience and reflection; Disturbed Ireland, being the letters written during the winter of 1880–81, by Bernard H. Becker, special commissioner of the Daily News; The Irish Land Laws, by Alexander G. Richey, who aims to present these in untechnical and popular form; and New Views on Ireland, or Irish Land, Grievances, Remedies, by Charles Russell, of which the second edition followed quickly on the first. — Rev. S. H. Tyng, Jr., has written a paper for Harper's Magazine in defense of the current life-insurance business, under the title Life Insurance does Assure, which has been published in pamphlet form by E. P. Coby & Co., New York. — In the Franklin Square Library (Harpers) has been published Social Etiquette and Home Culture, the Glass of Fashion, which purports to be a universal hand-book of social etiquette for ladies and gentlemen; and as it is furnished with a full index any one who is conscious of his defect in some small particular, as in the care of his nails, or in the skill of matching guests, may use it as a book of reference. — The Annual Report of the Operations of the United States Life-Saving Service (Government Printing Office), besides its array of statistics, has an amount of thrilling narrative, which if copyrighted and published would help pay the national debt. — The third number of the Civil Service Reform Association publications (Putnams) is Mr. Dorman B. Eaton's The Spoils System and Civil Service Reform in the Custom-House and Post-Office at New York. It is a history and an argument.

Fiction. Lady Clara de Vere is a story by Spielhagen, in Appleton's New Handy-Volume series, and strikes one as a discovery of a Germanic England. — Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford's two tales, Azarian and The Amber Gods, have been

reissued by Holt in the Leisure Hour Series. Many will be glad to renew their early impressions. Never was New England more tropically regarded. — His Little Mother gives the title to a volume of short tales and sketches, of which it is the first, by the author of John Halifax, — it is sufficiently known by this time what Mr. Halifax's occupation was. Among the sketches is one of Sydney Dobell. The Harpers publish the book both in cloth and in the Franklin Square Library. — We should be glad if we could place here Buried Alive, or Ten Years of Penal Servitude in Siberia, by Fedor Dostoyeffsky, translated from the Russian by Marie von Thilo. (Holt.) The introductory explanation of the work partakes of the hackneyed devices of novelists, and yet the earnestness of the writer seems born of positive experience. It is doubtless based upon life in that vast prison house, which is Russia's contribution to imaginative history. — Every month now seems to bring a new book by Henry Gréville, — at least the translation of one; this time it is Xenie's Inheritance, translated by Laura E. Kendall. (Peterson.) — In the Franklin Square Library (Harpers) recent issues have been The Glen of Silver Birches, by E. Owens Blackburne, a novel of the Irish peasant and the English landlord; The Wards of Plotinus, by Mrs. John Hunt, an attempt at historical romance in the line of Kingsley's Hypatia and Dr. Ware's Zenobia, and dedicated to Dean Stanley; Into the Shade, and other Stories, by Mary Cecil Hay, author of Old Myddelton's Money, a score of short tales; From Exile, by James Payn, a most industrious novelist; Miss Williamson's Divagations, by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie (Miss Thackeray), and we cannot pretend to know what they were. — Meta Wallace, or the Seen and the Unseen, by Agnes D. Randolph, (Boston: Congregational Publishing Society), is a Sunday-school book of objectionable type, artificial and unwholesome, professing religion and teaching worldliness. — The Woman in Black (Peterson) is further described as the story of a handsome and ambitious woman; it is called also a companion to the Woman in White, but the Man in Red is its real companion. — Shadows of Shasta is Mr. Joaquin Miller's latest piece of story-telling. It was born, he says in his indignant introduction, of the wrongs done the Indian; it is, however, carried to its conclusion upon the wild horses of the author's imagination. (Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.) — Knights of To-Day, or Love and Science, by Charles Barnard (Scribners), is a collection of seven tales ingeniously built upon "all the modern improvements."

Literature. In the series of English Men of Letters, the most recent volume is Saintsbury's Dryden. (Harpers.) A better subject for a purely literary sketch could scarcely be found. — Mr. John Burroughs's latest volume is entitled Pepacton (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), that being the special title of the first of eight essays which make the book, — essays which will be read again and again. The subjects are all drawn from the observation of a genuine lover of nature, who has a fine sense of the value of brevity of expression.

Philosophy and Religion. A History of the Christian Religion to the Year Two Hundred, by Charles B. Waite (Chicago: C. V. Waite), is distinctively a history of the doctrines, and of the books in which these doctrines were formulated. The result reached by the author excludes the immaculate conception, the miracles of Christ, and his material resurrection. — The work on Christian Institutions, by Dean Stanley, to which we referred last month, has been issued also by Harper & Brothers, in what they style a popular edition. — The Rev. Henry Cowles is a learned and patient Bible student, who, in his work on Matthew and Mark (Appleton), completes a series of sixteen volumes of comment on the Bible. The entirely modest yet confident bearing of this expositor wins the attention of readers. — Rabbi Jeshua, an Eastern story (Holt), is a thinly disguised sketch of the Saviour, in which the writer, professing to rescue the historical character from the fictions of later romancers, really drives it back into limits which are rendered impossible by the very fact of the writing of this book. In other words, Christianity is the answer to this piece of trivial satire. — Rev. James Freeman Clarke has attacked the same subject in a somewhat different manner. His The Legend of Thomas Didymus, the Jewish skeptic (Lee & Shepard), professes to occupy a middle ground between a rationalistic and a theological view of the Saviour. He conceives the supernatural to be an integral part of the gospel narrative, and explains what he can by reference to natural law; what he cannot understand he would leave unexplained, but not therefore inexplicable. The doubts are not the doubts of Thomas, but of the nineteenth century. — The Student's Dream (Jansen, McClurg & Co.) is a modest little venture in philosophy, by a beginner who has been reading Herbert Spencer carefully. He describes his book farther as "a horoscope of mental growth, containing a metaphysical discovery."

Fine Arts. The Magazine of Art (Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.) appears in its enlarged form as a liberally illustrated publication of about fifty pages. The special articles are followed by a few pages of art notes, discussing current events in the art circles abroad. The April number contains articles on The Dulwich Gallery, Wood-Carving, Italian Modern Sepulchral Art, Symbolism in Art, Léon Bonnat (with a portrait of the artist), A Roman Majolica Manufactory, Architectural Sculpture, The Story of an Artist's Struggle, The Ideal in Ancient Painting, The Story of an Old Picture, The Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition.

Travel and Geography. Mr. Laurence Oliphant, who has been interested in colonization schemes, both in this country and in Palestine, has written a work on The Land of Gilead, with Excursions in the Lebanon (Appleton), which grew out of his personal experience there. The book is thus a book both of travel and of economic exploration. — Turkish Life in War Time, by Henry O. Dwight (Scribners), contains the well-digested observations and reflections of a Tribune correspondent during the progress of the late Eastern war.

THE Editor and Publishers of THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY here record with sorrow the death of JAMES THOMAS FIELDS, one of the early publishers of this magazine, and its editor from 1862 to 1871. To his tact and ability in both these positions the magazine is greatly indebted for the place it occupies in American periodical literature. So much seems proper to state at the present moment. The eminent services which MR. FIELDS rendered to men of letters in his own country and in England are not to be so briefly acknowledged.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

IN MEMORY OF J. T. F.

UNTIL we meet again! That is the meaning
Of the familiar words, that men repeat
    At parting in the street.
Ah yes, till then! but when death intervening
Rends us asunder, with what ceaseless pain
    We wait for the Again!

The friends who leave us do not feel the sorrow
Of parting, as we feel it, who must stay
    Lamenting day by day,
And knowing, when we wake upon the morrow,
We shall not find in its accustomed place
    The one beloved face.

It were a double grief, if the departed,
Being released from earth, should still retain
    A sense of earthly pain;
It were a double grief, if the true-hearted,
Who loved us here, should on the farther shore
    Remember us no more.

Believing, in the midst of our afflictions,
That death is a beginning, not an end,
    We cry to them, and send
Farewells, that better might be called predictions,
Being fore-shadowings of the future, thrown
    Into the vast Unknown.

Faith overleaps the confines of our reason,
And if by faith, as in old times was said,
    Women received their dead
Raised up to life, then only for a season
Our partings are, nor shall we wait in vain
    Until we meet again!

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**** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address, on receipt of the price by the Publishers,* MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., *4 Park Street, Boston. Prices are given on the last page.*

"Seven Years in South Africa." — No recent books of travel have been read with more eager interest than those which describe the interior of Africa, which has been to a great extent an unknown region in respect to the character of its inhabitants, its climate, soil, and its resources for civilization. Dr. Livingstone's books have been read by hundreds of thousands, who have been equally delighted with the heroic character of the explorer, and the interesting nature of the reports he brought back of the countries and peoples which he found, and which he introduced to the knowledge of the civilized world. A very interesting work has just appeared, entitled "Seven Years in South Africa," describing travels, researches, and hunting adventures between the Diamond Fields and the Zambesi River, in three journeys by Dr. Emil Holub, in the years from 1872 to 1879. His researches have been so thorough and minute that Sir Bartle Frere asserts that in South Africa the information given by Dr. Holub is regarded as entirely trustworthy, and his statements are accepted with perfect confidence. The self-devotion which characterized his work, and the zeal and industry with which by his own exertions he procured the means for prosecuting his labors, will win for him the sympathy and admiration of those who read his adventures. The work, which has been carefully translated from the German, comprises two volumes, containing about 200 original illustrations and four maps. It can hardly fail to be one of the most instructive and valuable, as well as entertaining, of recent books of travel.

An Important Work on Theism. — One of the most important and interesting series of lectures recently delivered before the Lowell Institute at Boston was that given last year by Prof. J. L. Diman, of Brown University, on "The Theistic Argument as affected by Recent Theories." The lectures contained a very distinct and comprehensive statement of the theories of Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Professor Huxley, and other writers of eminence whose views have gained wide currency, and whose theories are regarded as more or less directly opposed to the theory of a personal God.

In the discussion of the questions involved, Professor Diman showed remarkable familiarity with the views of these distinguished writers, and while treating them with the utmost fairness, and allowing them their full proper weight, marshaled in opposition to them facts of history, deductions of science, and principles of human nature, which in the judgment of those who listened with eager interest to the whole course of his lectures, refuted successfully the anti-theistic positions of those whose views he combated, and furnished new and apparently unassailable arguments for the belief in theism. The vigorous reasoning of the lectures was clothed in language of so exquisite precision and beauty that the effect upon the hearers was unusually impressive. They were a delight to the understanding and to the taste, and probably very few courses of lectures, involving so much thought, have been presented in rhetoric at once so chaste and so perfect as to make it a pleasure to follow the lecturer, even in the most abstruse portions of his argument. These lectures will soon be published under the very competent editorship of Prof. George P. Fisher, of New Haven, and it cannot be doubted that they will find a large circle of readers, and a general welcome among thoughtful Americans.

Emerson Birthday Book. — The "Longfellow Birthday Book," which was published on Mr. Longfellow's birthday, has been received with so much favor, that a similar Birthday Book will appear on Mr. Emerson's birthday, May 25th, prepared after the same general plan. On the left-hand pages will be extracts from Mr. Emerson's writings, both prose and poetry, and on the right-hand pages will be the names and dates of birth of distinguished individuals, and the dates of historic events of special significance. Wherever it has been possible, the selections on the left-hand page have more or less direct reference to the persons or events named upon the right-hand pages, thus lending to the volume a special interest. The book will contain a fine new portrait of Mr. Emerson, engraved by Closson, and will be, like the Longfellow Book, a happy combination of gift-book and album, which the admirers of Mr. Emerson will doubtless be very glad to procure.

The Republic of God. — In 1870 appeared, under the name of "The Nation," a volume which immediately attracted the admiring attention of statesmen and thoughtful readers. Senator Sumner wrote to Dr. Lieber with reference to this book: "When you write to Dr.

Mulford, say to him that I am one of his pupils."

Dr. Mulford has just finished a work of equal or greater value on religious ideas and principles. Although he is an Episcopalian, his book is not a theological treatise in the interest of any church or any creed, but is an original, resolute study of the fundamental questions of religion. It treats with marked ability the relations of science and religion, the points of difference between Trinitarians and Unitarians, and in short all leading questions on which religious thinkers are at variance.

The subjects of the chapters of this important work are: The Being of God ; The Personality of God ; The Precedent Relations of Religion and Philosophy to the Revelation of God ; The Revelation of God ; The Revelation of God in the Christ; The Conviction of the World ; The Justification of the World ; The Redemption of the World ; The Life of Spirit.

"The Gospel of the Resurrection" is the title of a significant book just published. It is an attempt to restate the doctrine of the resurrection so as to free it from the features which have made it a stumbling block to many and which have lent to skepticism one of its most effective weapons. While it is stated so as to harmonize with the best tendencies of modern thought, this statement is shown to be entirely consistent with the teachings of the New Testament on the subject, if not indeed the only statement which represents adequately the words of Jesus Christ. The writer, Rev. James M. Whiton, is well known as the author of a remarkable essay, "Is Eternal Death Endless?" His work is scholarly, reverent, not controversial, but manifestly a sincere effort to restore to the idea of the resurrection something of the infinite significance and the profound joy which it held in the Apostles' days. Dr. Whiton dedicates his book as follows :—

To the Brotherhood of the bereaved who long to know all that may be known of the state of the dead, these studies upon the Resurrection are dedicated by one of their number.

Another Dainty Book.— Mr. Aldrich's "XXXVI Lyrics and XII Sonnets" have been so popular both on account of the exquisite character of the poetry and the equally charming style of the little volume, that another similar volume has been prepared, containing as its title poem "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book," with certain other long poems included in Mr. Aldrich's volumes of poetry, "Cloth of Gold" and "Flower and Thorn." The style of the book is the same as that of the other, being printed upon linen paper, with an illuminated title-page, and bound in vellum. Both in its contents and in its external features, it is a little book of the most charming character, which cannot fail to commend itself to lovers of poetry and lovers of tasteful books.

"The Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe" commends itself to travelers by its conveniently small size, its clear directions, and its trustworthiness. As the *Boston Traveller* well says:—

It is concise, includes everything of importance, and aims throughout at economy and comfort. Differing on the one hand from the prolix and confusing volumes so often purchased unwarily by the inexperienced traveler, and, on the other, from the bald itinerary, it tells what is best worth seeing, how the best may be seen at the least expense, and in what manner the sight-seer may provide for his personal comfort. The tenth edition of the "Satchel Guide" is just issued, giving the latest information with regard to changes in hotels, art collections, routes, etc. No outfit for a foreign tour is complete without this little book.

The *Portland Press* pronounces it "a model of conciseness and good sense."

"Pepacton," John Burroughs's new volume of out-door essays, promises to be one of the most popular and acceptable summer books the coming season. Those who have found his previous books ("Wake Robin," "Winter Sunshine," "Birds and Poets," and "Locusts and Wild Honey") unusually fresh and delightful will need no suggestion to read "Pepacton." The *Boston Traveller* says:—

In this little volume we follow him down the Pepacton on a summer voyage, making curious discoveries and studying unsophisticated nature face to face; we stoop to drink at the secluded spring, or trace the honey-bee to its forest home and bear away rich stores of nectar; we look at nature through the poet's eyes and learn something new of the wonderful exactitude and breadth of Shakespeare's knowledge; we have revealed to us some curious discoveries of obscure animals and their ways; even a bunch of weeds is made the subject of an entertaining monologue; then we have a series of winter pictures, North and South, concluding the round of the seasons. We glide along, seeing where we have been blind before, and are amazed at the myriad things we have overlooked as trivial. There is everywhere that rare art of suggesting whole pictures at a touch.

"Pepacton" is a book to be taken into the country and read in the open air. The aroma of the woods and fields and the songs of the birds breathe and echo through its pages.

Thoreau's "Early Spring in Massachusetts" wins marked attention both by reason of the striking peculiarities of Thoreau's life and character, and because the extracts from his journal are in themselves so pungent and noteworthy. The *Boston Advertiser* says :—

No one of Thoreau's books is richer in single, concise thoughts, or in characteristic sayings, than this volume of selections. All that he has thought of love and friendship, labor and life, seems to be condensed in passages scattered through these pages; and Mr. Blake has succeeded in giving a wonderfully complete and graphic representation of the man whom he so honors, and whose life seems to him of the worthiest.

Laura Bridgman's Life, by Mrs. Lamson, is justly regarded as one of the most curiously interesting books recently published. The *Philadelphia Bulletin* says :—

Every page of this minute account of Laura Bridgman's life is affecting, surprising, or fascinating. She appears in it truly depicted as a heroine of noble and lovely qualities, that have been

brought out of the darkness, deafness, and dumbness of her singular condition through the scarcely less heroic devotion of Mrs. Lamson, the late Dr. Howe, and the other brave, faithful, and wise teachers to whose care she was happily consigned when she was taken from her native home in New Hampshire. The portraits and the specimens of her handwriting given in the book are the best illustrations that could be desired to complete this absorbingly interesting narrative of the life of Laura Bridgman.

The *New York Observer* says: —

Doubtless the case of Laura Bridgman is the most remarkable in the history of education.

Spedding's "Bacon." — The recent death of Mr. James Spedding has called attention to the somewhat unique character of his literary ambition and labors. Although possessing a strong and original mind, his modesty caused him not to aspire after the fame which comes from research in remote fields, but rather to investigate with the utmost care and thoroughness special subjects which had for him an overmastering interest and importance. Some of his critical essays on Shakespeare have been unsurpassed for their acumen and convincing arguments; but the great work of his life was his edition of Bacon's works, and his history of Bacon's career. Hardly any other author, unless it be Shakespeare, has received so profound and exhaustive study as Mr. Spedding gave to the life and the literary works of the man whom he regarded as one of the greatest intellectual lights in history. The *London Athenæum*, speaking of him and his works, says: —

It is unnecessary to comment on the value of a work which has now taken its place as the only complete edition of Bacon. Never was so much care bestowed upon the text of a great author. . . . The life of Bacon, at the conclusion of the work, was treated with the same exhaustive minuteness. It is a life which, as every one knows, has furnished matter for many controversies, both as to matters of fact and as to its moral complexion generally. But whatever views may be entertained on the subject, it is universally conceded that Mr. Spedding's labors have for the first time put the whole facts within the reach of every one, and that no reader need look farther than his volumes for the means of forming an opinion.

Mr. Spedding's edition of Bacon's works is issued in this country by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in two styles, — the Riverside edition in fifteen volumes ($33.75), the Popular edition in two volumes ($5.00). The Life of Bacon is in two volumes ($5.00).

"Just the Book for Young Men." — Mr. Munger's "On the Threshold" continues to receive the heartiest commendation as one of the wisest, most cheerful and helpful of books for aiding young men to find and keep the road to manly character and genuine success. The *Syracuse Journal* says: —

It is indeed a way-mark that ought to be in every young man's hands, and might be invaluable to those between the ages of fifteen and twenty years, who need just such healthful stimulus and friendly warnings. "Make the most and the best of yourself," is the key-note of the volume. Do not make the mistake of judging the book dull or prosy. It is as far from that as sunshine is from shadow. Its healthful, vigorous tone is also bright and cheerful; and its sound suggestions, while stirring up serious thought, show plainly the better way of living. We feel that at the present juncture too much cannot be said for such a book as this. Let the mothers see that it is placed in the hands of their boys, and they will find in it a most powerful ally in the good work they are trying to perform.

"Thirty Years." — There must be a great many people who would find peculiar satisfaction in these poems if they only knew how simple and delightful they are. *The Churchman* says: —

The many admirers of Mrs. Mulock's writings will be especially glad to know that there is now a complete edition of her poems, including both her earlier and later productions. Few poets of the present century have surpassed her in sweetness of expression, delicacy of feeling, or purity of thought.

How Mr. Lowell is regarded in England. — Apropos of the publication of a new and excellent library edition of Mr. Lowell's complete works, it is interesting to note the high esteem in which he is held in England. The *London Daily News* says: —

No American minister has more favorably impressed the official personages with whom he has been brought into business relations, and none has been more welcome in general society. The presence of Mr. Lowell has been felt as a distinct and valuable addition to the representation of literature in the capital of the English-speaking world. It is to the credit of the United States that it has chosen so many of its diplomatic representatives in Europe from the ranks of men of purely intellectual eminence. Mr. Lowell is a signally appropriate representative of his country here, and especially of that new America which has sprung out of the great civil conflict. His best known, if not perhaps his best, poems belong to history, interpreting the strife of sentiment and conviction out of which the war arose. Mr. Russell Lowell represents the highest literary culture and the truest political sentiment of American democracy as few of his countrymen could do.

Björnson's Novels. — The first volume of the American edition of the novels of Björnstjerne Björnson, the eminent Norwegian writer, is now ready. It is carefully translated by Professor R. B. Anderson of the University of Wisconsin, who prefaces the story with an interesting biographical sketch of the author. From this sketch we extract a paragraph relating to the book just published: —

His first novel, produced in 1857, was "Synnöve Solbakken," the volume now presented to the reader in an English dress. It at once made a profound impression, and established his reputation both at home and abroad, not only on account of the simple and charming plot, but also for the short, direct, pithy, saga style in which it was written. . . . . It became the corner-stone of a new school of literature. . . . . It was the first great national work unimpressed with the old Danish stamp. . . . . There has been no interruption in Björnson's literary activity, and he has given the world a series of novels and dramas, which have found their way into all lands and been translated into many tongues. They all reveal a startling psychological insight and acquaintance with the deepest laws of human life.

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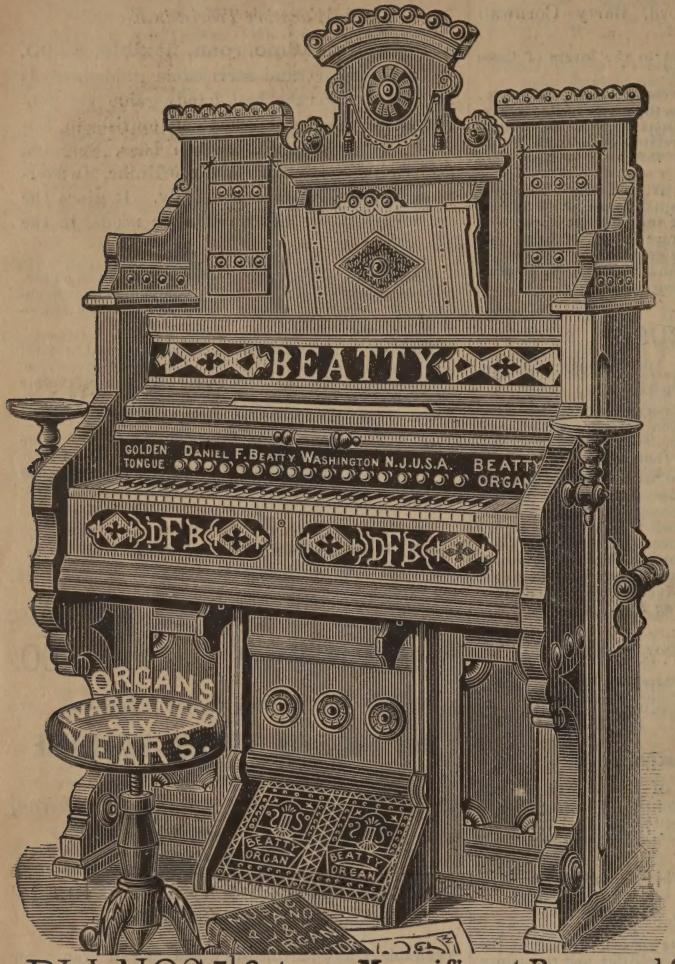

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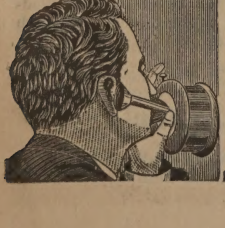

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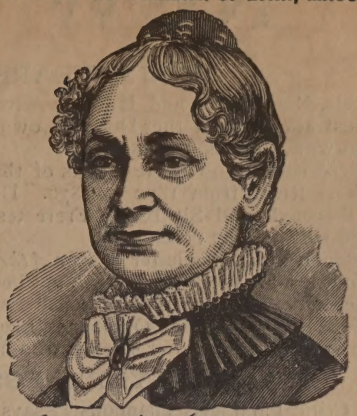

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